

ELEGANT EXTRACTS:

or useful and Entertaining
PIECES of POETRY,
Selected for the
IMPROVEMENT of YOUTH,

I. N.º

Speaking, Reading, Thinking, Composing;
and in the

CONDUCT of LIFE;

being similar in Design to
ELEGANT EXTRACTS IN PROSE.)



There's is the Sunshine of the Breast.
Gray.

LONDON

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1791



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P R E F A C E.

SINCE Poetry affords young persons an innocent pleasure, a taste for it, under certain limitations, should be indulged. Why should they be forbidden to expatiate, in imagination, over the flowery fields of Arcadia, in Elysium, in the Isles of the Blest, and in the Vale of Tempè? The harmless delight which they derive from Poetry, is surely sufficient to recommend an attention to it, at an age when pleasure is the chief pursuit, even if the sweets of it were not blended with utility.

But if pleasure were the ultimate object of Poetry, there are some who, in the rigour of austere wisdom, would maintain that the precious days of youth might be more advantageously employed than in cultivating a taste for it. To obviate their objections, it is necessary to remind them, that Poetry has ever claimed the power of conveying instruction in the most effectual manner, by the vehicle of pleasure.

There is reason to believe that many young persons of natural genius would have given very little attention to learning of any kind, if they had been introduced to it by books appealing only to their reason and judgment, and not to their fancy. Through the pleasant paths of Poetry, they have been gradually led to the heights of science: they have been allured, on first setting out, by the beauty of the scene presented to them, into a delightful land, flowing with milk and honey; where, after having been nourished like the infant from the mother's breast, they have gradually acquired strength enough to relish and digest the solidest food of philosophy.

This opinion seems to be confirmed by actual experience; for the greatest men, in every liberal and honourable profession, have given their early years to the charms of Poetry. Many of the most illustrious worthies in the church and in the state, were allured to the land of learning by the song of the Muse; and they would perhaps have never entered it, if their preceptors had forbidden them to lend an ear. Of so much consequence is Poetry to the general advancement of learning.

A

And

And as to morals, "Poetry," in the words of Sir Philip Sydney, "doth not only shew the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect of the way, as will entice any man to enter into it; nay, the Poet doth, as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the very first give you a cluster of grapes, that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions, but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well-enchancing skill of music;—and with a tale;—he cometh unto you with a tale, *which holdeth children from play*, and old men from the chimney-corner. Even those hard-hearted evil men, who think virtue a school-name, and despise the austere admonitions of the philosopher, and feel not the inward reasons they stand upon, yet will be contented to be delighted; which is all the good fellow Poet seems to promise; and so steal to see the form of goodness; which seen, they cannot but love, ere themselves be aware, as if they took a *medicine of cherries*."

Thus Poetry, by the gentle, yet certain method of allurements, leads both to learning and to virtue. I conclude, therefore, that, under a few self-evident restrictions, it is properly addressed to all young minds, in the course of a liberal education.

It must be confessed, at the same time, that many sensible men, both in the world and in the schools of philosophy, have objected to it. They have thought that a taste for it interfered with an attention to what they call the MAIN CHANCE. *What poet ever fined for sheriff?* says Oldham. *It is seldom seen that any one discovers mines of gold and silver in Parnassus*, says Mr. Locke. Such ideas have predominated in the exchange and in the warehouse; and while they continue to be confined to those places, may perhaps, in some instances, be advantageous. But they ought not to operate on the mind of the gentleman, or the man of a liberal profession; and indeed there is no good reason to be given why the mercantile classes, at least of the higher order, should not amuse their leisure with any pleasures of polite literature.

That some object to the study of Poetry as a part of education, is not to be wondered at, when it is considered that many, from want of natural sensibility, or from long habits of inattention to every thing but sordid interest, are totally unfurnished with faculties for the perception of poetical beauty. But shall we deny the cowslip and violet their vivid colour and sweet fragrance, because the quadruped who feeds in the meadow, tramples over them without perceiving either their hues or their odours? Against the opposers of Poetry, the taste of mankind, from China to Peru, powerfully militates.

Young

Young minds have commonly a taste for Poetry. Unseduced by the love of money, and unhacknied in the ways of vice, they are indeed delighted with nature and fact, though unembellished; because all objects with them have the grace of novelty: but they are transported with the charms of Poetry, where the sunshine of fancy diffuses over every thing the fine gloss, the rich colouring, of beautiful imagery and language. "Nature" (to cite Sir Philip Sydney again) "never set forth the earth in so rich tapestry as diverse poets have done, "neither with so pleasant rivers, fruitful trees, sweet-smelling flowers, nor "whatsoever may make the earth more lovely.—The world is a *brazen* world "—the poets only deliver a GOLDEN; which whoever dislike, *the fault is in their* "judgment, quite out of taste, and not in the sweet food of SWEETLY-UTTERED "KNOWLEDGE."

It will be readily acknowledged, that ideas and precepts of all kinds, whether of morality or science, make a deeper impression when inculcated by the vivacity, the painting, the melody of poetical language. And what is thus deeply impressed will also long remain; for metre and rhyme naturally catch hold of the memory, as the tendrils of the vine cling round the branches of the elm.

Old Orpheus and Linus are recorded in fable to have drawn the minds of savage men to knowledge, and to have polished human nature, by Poetry. And are not children in the state of nature? And is it not probable that Poetry may be the best instrument to operate on them, as it was found to be on nations in the savage state? Since, according to the mythological wisdom of the ancients, Amphion moved stones, and Orpheus brutes, by music and verse, is it not reasonable to believe, that minds which are dull, and even brutally insensible, may be penetrated, sharpened, softened, and irradiated, by the warm influence of fine Poetry?

But it is really superfluous to expatiate either on the delight or the utility of Poetry. The subject has been exhausted; and, whatever a few men of little taste and feeling, or of minds entirely sordid and secular, may object, such are the charms of the Goddess, such her powerful influence over the heart of man, that she will never want voluntary votaries at her shrine. The Author of Nature has kindly implanted in man a love of Poetry, to solace him under the labours and sorrows of life. A great part of the Scriptures is poetry and verse. The wise son of Sirach enumerates, among the most honourable of mankind, SUCH AS FOUND OUT MUSICAL TUNES, AND RECITED VERSES IN WRITING.

With respect to this Compilation, the principal subject of this Preface (but from which I have been seduced into a digression, by giving my suffrage in favour of an art I love)—if I should be asked what are its pretensions, I must

freely answer, that it professes nothing more than (what is evident at first sight) to be a larger Collection of English Verse, FOR THE USE OF SCHOOLS, than has ever yet been published IN ONE VOLUME. The original intention was to comprize in it a great number and variety of such pieces as were already in use in schools, or which seemed proper for the use of them; such a number and variety as might furnish something satisfactory to every taste, and serve as a little Poetical Library for school-boys, precluding the inconvenience and expence of a multitude of volumes.

Such was the design of the Publication. The Editor can claim no praise beyond that of the design. The praise of ingenuity is all due to the Poets whose works have supplied the materials. What merit can there be in directing a famous and popular passage to be inserted from Shakspeare, Milton, Pope, Gray, and many others of less fame, indeed, but in great esteem, and of allowed genius? Their own lustre pointed them out, like stars of the first magnitude in the heavens. There was no occasion for singular acuteness of vision, or of optical glasses, to discover a brightness which obtruded itself on the eye. The best pieces are usually the most popular. They are loudly recommended by the voice of Fame, and indeed have been already selected in a variety of volumes of preceding collections. To confess an humiliating truth, in making a book like this, the hand of the artisan is more employed than the head of the writer. Utility and innocent entertainment are the sole designs of the Editor; and if they are accomplished, he is satisfied, and cheerfully falls back into the shade of obscurity. He is confident that the Book cannot but be useful and entertaining; but he is, at the same time, so little inclined to boast of his work, that he is ready to confess, that almost any man, willing to incur a considerable expence, and undergo a little trouble, might have furnished as good a collection.

As taste will for ever differ, some may wish to have seen in it passages from some favourite, yet obscure poet, and some also from their own works; but it was the business of the Editor of a *school-book like this*, not to insert scarce and curious works, such as please *virtuoso readers*, chiefly from *their rarity*, but to collect such as were *publicly known and universally celebrated*. The more known, the more celebrated, the better they were adapted to this Collection; which is not designed, like the lessons of some dancing-masters, for *grown gentlemen*, but for *young learners only*; and it will readily occur to every one, that what is old to men and women, may be, and for the most part must be, *new to boys and girls receiving their education*. Private judgment, in a work like this, must often give way to public. Some things are inserted in this Volume, entirely in submissive deference to public opinion; which when general and long continued,

is the least fallible test of merit in the fine arts, and particularly in Poetry. Whatever was found in previous collections, which experience had pronounced proper for schools, has been freely taken and admitted: the stamp of experience gave it currency. The freedom of borrowing, it is hoped, will be pardoned, as the collectors, with whom it has been used, first set the example of it.

It is unnecessary, and perhaps might be deemed impertinent, to point out the mode of using the Collection to the best advantage. It is evident that it may be used in schools, either in recitation, transcription, the exercise of the memory, or in imitation. It furnishes an abundance of models, which are the best means of exciting genius. Such *Arts of Poetry* as those of Gildon, Bysshe, Newbery, and their imitators, effect but little in the dry method of technical precept; and the young Poet, like the Sculptor, will improve most by working after a model. It is evident that this Collection may be usefully read at ENGLISH SCHOOLS, in the classes, just as the Latin and Greek authors are read at the grammar-schools, by explaining every thing grammatically, historically, metrically, and critically; and then giving a portion to be learned by memory. The Book, it is hoped, will be particularly agreeable and useful in the private studies of the amiable young student, whose first love is the love of the Muse, and who courts her in his summer's walk, and his winter's solitude.

In the latter part many little pieces are admitted, mere *lusus poetici*, chiefly for the diversion of the student. They are, it must be confessed, no more than flowrets at the bottom of Parnassus; but it is hoped, that their admission will be approved, as they may gradually lead the scholar to ascend higher up the hill, who might have been deterred from approaching it if he had seen nothing in the first prospect, but the sublime, the solemn, and the sombrous.

To every Edition a great variety of long and valuable Poems has been added, and the volume is consequently much enlarged. A few pieces have been of necessity omitted, the insertion of which would have rendered the Book unwieldy. Their omission is amply supplied by the copious addition of new Materials.—If some mistakes have insinuated themselves, in consequence of the Editor's distance from the press, it is hoped they will be considered with candour.

The reader will have no cause to complain, if, instead of *Extracts*, he often finds whole poems inserted. This has been done whenever it seemed consistent with the design, and could be done without *injustice*. In this matter, the opinion of those who must be supposed best qualified to give it, was asked, and followed. The wish was to take nothing but what seemed to lie on the common, relinquished or neglected by the lord of the manor.

Though the Book is divided into Four Parts, yet the formality of regular and systematical arrangement of the component pieces, has not been strictly observed. Such compilations as these have not unfrequently been called garlands and nosegays: but in a garland or nosegay, who would place the tulips, the lilies, the pinks, and the roses in separate compartments? In this artificial disposition, their beauty and fragrance would be less pleasing than if they were carelessly mingled with all the ease and wildness of natural variety. I hope the analogy will hold; if not, I must throw myself in this, as I do in all other circumstances of this Publication, upon my readers indulgence. I expect not praise; but I confide in receiving pardon.

Perhaps the reader will be the more inclined to extend it towards me, if I do not weary him with apologies. I will then conclude my Preface with the ideas of Montaigne:—"I have here only made a nosegay of culled flowers, and have brought nothing of my own but the thread that ties them."

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ELEGANT

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

P O E T I C A L.

BOOK THE FIRST.

SACRED AND MORAL.

§ 1. *An Address to the Deity.* THOMSON.

FATHER of light and life! Thou GOOD
SUPREME!

O teach me what is good. Teach me THYSELF!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice;
From ev'ry low pursuit! and feed my soul
With knowledge, conscious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, substantial, never-fading bliss!

§ 2. *Another Address to the Deity.* YOUNG.

O THOU great Arbiter of life and death!
Nature's immortal, immaterial Sun!
Whose all-prolific beam late call'd me forth
From darkness, teeming darkness, where I lay
The worm's inferior, and in rank beneath
The dust I tread on, high to bear my brow;
To drink the spirit of the golden day,
And triumph in existence; and couldst know
No motive but my bliss; and hast ordain'd
A rise in blessing! with the Patriarch's joy,
Thy call I follow to the land unknown.
I trust in Thee, and know in whom I trust;
Or life or death is equal; neither weighs!
All weight in this—O let me live to Thee!

§ 3. *The Morning Hymn of Adam and Eve.* MILTON.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wond'rous then!
Unspeaking, who sitt'st above these Heavens
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and pow'r divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels; for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,

Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n,
On earth, join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou Sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou
fall'st.

Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies,
And ye five other wand'ring fires that move
In mystic dance, not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of Nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye Mists and Exhalations that now rise
From hill or streaming lake, dusky or grey,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise!
Whether to deck with clouds th'uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye Pines,
With ev'ry plant in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow
Melodious murmurs, warbling, tune his praise.
Join voices, all ye living Souls; ye Birds,
That singing up to Heav'n's gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep;

B

Witness



Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain, or fresh shade
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

§ 4. *The Universal Prayer.* POPE.
Deo opt. max.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime, ador'd,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!
Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confin'd
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;
Yet gave me, in this dark estate
To see the good from ill;
And, binding nature fast in fate,
Left free the human will.
What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This teach me more than hell to shun;
That more than heav'n pursue.
What blessings thy free bounty gives
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
T'enjoy is to obey.
Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think Thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.
Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.
If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, Oh teach my heart
To find that better way.
Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent;
At aught thy wisdom has deny'd,
Or aught thy goodness lent.
Teach me to feel another's woe;
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.
Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me wherefoe'er I go,
Thro' this day's life or death.
This day, be bread and peace my lot:
All else beneath the sun
Thou know'st if best bestow'd or not;
And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whose temple is all space;
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies!
One chorus let all being raise!
All nature's incense rise!

§ 5. *Hymn on Gratitude.* ADDISON.

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys;
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare
That glows within my ravish'd heart?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in pray'r.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
Thro' hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.
When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face,
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.
Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts;
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The glorious theme renew.
When nature fails, and day and night
Divide thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.
Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise!

§ 6. *Hymn*

§ 6. *Hymn on Providence, from Psalm 23d.*
ADDISON.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care :
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountains pant ;
To fertile vales, and dewy meads,
My weary wand'ring steps he leads ;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Tho' in the paths of Death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Through devious lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile :
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd ;
And streams shall murmur all around.

§ 7. *Hymn, from the beginning of the 19th Psalm.*
ADDISON.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their Great Original proclaim :
Th'unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball !
What tho' nor real voice nor sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found !
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
" The hand that made us is divine".

§ 8. *Hymn.* Mrs. ROWE.

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, Almighty King,
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee :
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be !

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature, everywhere around,
Displays thy excellence !

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise
With silent elegance.

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art still more fair,
When in the East its beams revive,
To gild the fields of air.

The fragrant, the refreshing breeze
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom
In balmy whispers own, from Thee
Their pleasing odours come.

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause,
With diff'rent voices call.

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be ?

No ; rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising Thee !

§ 9. *Hymn.* Mrs. ROWE.

THOU didst, O mighty God ! exist
Ere time began its race ;
Before the ample elements
Fill'd up the void of space :

Before the pond'rous earthly globe
In fluid air was stay'd ;
Before the ocean's mighty springs
Their liquid stores display'd :

Ere through the gloom of ancient night
The streaks of light appear'd ;
Before the high celestial arch
Or starry poles were rear'd :

Before the loud melodious spheres
Their tuneful round begun ;
Before the shining roads of heav'n
Were measur'd by the sun :

Ere thro' the empyrean courts
One hallelujah rung ;
Or to their harps the sons of light
Extatic anthems sung :

Ere men ador'd, or angels knew,
Or prais'd thy wond'rous name ;
Thy bliss, O sacred Spring of life !
Thy glory was the same.

And when the pillars of the world
With sudden ruin break,
And all this vast and goodly frame
Sinks in the mighty wreck ;

When from her orb the moon shall start,
Th'astonish'd sun roll back,
And all the trembling starry lamps
Their ancient course forsake;

For ever permanent and fix'd,
From agitation free,
Unchang'd in everlasting years,
Shall thy existence be.

§ 10. *Hymn, from Psalm 148th.* OGILVIE.

BEGIN, my soul, th'exalted lay!
Let each enraptur'd thought obey,
And praise th'Almighty's name:
Lo! heaven and earth, and seas and skies,
In one melodious concert rise,
To swell th'inspiring theme.

Ye fields of light, celestial plains,
Where gay transporting beauty reigns,
Ye scenes divinely fair!
Your Maker's wondrous power proclaim;
Tell how he form'd your shining frame,
And breath'd the fluid air.

Ye angels, catch the thrilling sound!
While all th'adoring thrones around
His boundless mercy sing:
Let ev'ry lift'ning faint above
Wake all the tuneful soul of love,
And touch the sweetest string.

Join, ye loud spheres, the vocal choir:
Thou dazzling orb of liquid fire,
The mighty chorus aid:
Soon as grey ev'ning gilds the plain,
Thou moon protract the melting strain,
And praise him in the shade.

Thou heav'n of heav'ns, his vast abode,
Ye clouds, proclaim your forming God,
Who call'd yon worlds from night:
"Ye shades, dispel!"—th'Eternal said!
At once th'involving darkness fled,
And nature sprung to light.

Whate'er a blooming world contains,
That wings the air, that skims the plains,
United praise bestow:
Ye dragons sound his awful name
To heav'n aloud! and roar acclaim
Ye swelling deeps below.

Let ev'ry element rejoice:
Ye thunders, burst with awful voice
To him who bids you roll;
His praise in softer notes declare,
Each whispering breeze of yielding air,
And breathe it to the soul.

To him, ye graceful cedars, bow;
Ye tow'ring mountains, bending low,
Your great Creator own;
Tell when affrighted nature shook,
How Sinai kindled at his look,
And trembled at his frown.

Ye flocks that haunt the humble vale,
Ye insects fluttering on the gale,

In mutual concurrence rise:
Crop the gay roses vermeil bloom,
And waft its spoils, a sweet perfume,
In incense to the skies.

Wake all ye mounting tribes, and sing;
Ye plummy warblers of the spring,
Harmonious anthems raise
To him who shap'd your finer mould,
Who tipp'd your glittering wings with gold,
And turn'd your voice to praise.

Let man, by nobler passions sway'd,
The feeling heart the judging head,
In heav'nly praise employ;
Spread his tremendous name around,
Till heav'n's broad arch rings back the sound,
The gen'ral burst of joy.

Ye whom the charms of grandeur please,
Nurs'd on the downy lap of ease,
Fall prostrate at his throne:
Ye princes, rulers, all adore;
Praise him, ye kings, who make your pow'r
An image of his own.

Ye fair by nature, form'd to move,
O praise th'eternal Source of love,
With youth's enlivening fire:
Let age take up the tuneful lay,
Sigh his blest'd name—then soar away,
And ask an angel's lyre.

§ 11. *Hymn.* ANON.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord?
How sure is their defence!
Eternal Wisdom is their guide;
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breath'd in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,
And fear in ev'ry heart,
When waves on waves, and gulphs in gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of pray'r
My soul took hold on thee.

For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will ;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.
In midst of dangers, fears, and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

§ 12. Hymn. ANON.

WHEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker face to face,
O ! how shall I appear ?
If yet, while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought ;
When thou, O Lord shalt stand disclos'd
In majesty severe,
And sit in judgment on my soul,
O ! how shall I appear !
But thou hast told the troubled soul,
Who does her sins lament,
The timely tribute of her tears
Shall endless woes prevent.
Then see the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late ;
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
To give those sorrows weight.
For never shall my soul despair
Her pardon to procure,
Who knows the only Son has dy'd
To make that pardon sure.

§ 13. Psalm 4th. MERRICK.

DEFENDER of my rightful cause,
While anguish from my bosom draws
The deep-felt sigh, the ceaseless pray'r,
O make thy servant still thy care.
That aid, which oft my griefs has heal'd,
To aid again, intreated, yield.
How long, ye sons of pride, how long
Shall falshood arm your impious tongue,
And erring rage your breast inflame,
My pow'r to thwart, my acts defame ?
To God my heart shall vent its woe,
Who, prompt his blessing to bestow
On each whose breast has learn'd his fear,
Bows to my plaint the willing ear.
Him would'st thou please ? With rev'rent awe
Observe the dictates of his Law :
In secret on thy couch reclin'd
Search to its depth thy restless mind,
Till hush'd to peace the tumult lie,
And wrath and strife within thee die.

With purest gifts approach his shrine,
And safe to him thy care resign.
I hear a hopeless train demand,
" Where's now the wish'd Deliv'rer's hand ?"
Do Thou, my God, do thou reply,
And let thy presence from on high,
In full effusion o'er our head
Its all-enliv'ning influence shed.
What joy my conscious heart o'erflows !
Not such th'exulting lab'rer knows,
When to his long expecting eyes
The Vintage and the harvests rise,
And, shadowing wide the cultur'd soil,
With full requital crown his toil.
My weary eyes in sleep I close ;
My limbs, secure, to rest compose ;
For Thou, great God, shall screen my head,
And plant a guard around my bed.

§ 14. Psalm 5th. MERRICK.

THE words that from my lips proceed, [read]
My thoughts (for Thou those thoughts can'st
My God, my King, attentive weigh,
And hear, O hear me, when I pray.
With earliest zeal, with wakeful care,
To Thee my soul shall pour its pray'r,
And, ere the dawn has streak'd the sky,
To thee direct its longing eye :
To Thee, whom nought obscur'd by stain
Can please ; whose doors to feet profane
Inexorable stand ; whose Law
Offenders from thy sight shall awe.
Let each whose tongue to lies is turn'd,
Who lessons of deceit has learn'd,
Or thirsts a brother's blood to shed,
Thy hate and heaviest vengeance dread.
But I, whose hope thy Love supports
(How great that Love !) will tread thy Courts,
My knees in lowliest rev'rence bend,
And tow'rd thy shrine my hands extend.
Do thou, just God, my path prepare,
And guard me from each hostile snare ;
O lend me thy conducting ray,
And level to my steps thy way.
Behold me by a troop inclos'd,
Of falshood and of guilt compos'd :
Their throat a sepulchre displays,
Deep, wide, insatiate ; in their praise
Lurks flatt'ry, and with specious art
Belies the purpose of their heart.
O let the mischiefs they intend,
Retorted on themselves descend,
And let thy wrath correct their sin,
Whose hearts thy mercy fails to win.
May all whose trust on Thee is plac'd
Peace and delight perpetual taste,
Sav'd by thy care, in songs of joy
Their ever grateful voice employ,
And share the gifts on those bestow'd,
Who love the name of Jacob's God.
To each who bears a guiltless heart,
Thy grace its blessings shall impart ;
Strong as the brazen shield, thy aid
Around him casts its cov'ring shade.

§ 15. *Psalms 6th.* MERRICK.

O SPARE me, Lord, nor o'er my head
 The fulness of thy vengeance shed.
 With pitying eye my weakness view,
 Heal my vex'd Soul, my strength renew!
 And O, if yet my sins demand
 The wise corrections of thy hand,
 Yet give my pains their bounds to know,
 And fix a period to my woe.
 Return, great God, return, and save
 Thy servant from the greedy grave.
 Shall Death's long-silent tongue, O say,
 The records of thy pow'r display,
 Or pale Corruption's startled ear
 Thy praise within its prison hear?
 By languor, grief, and care oppress'd,
 With groans perpetual heaves my breast,
 And tears, in large profusion shed,
 Incessant lave my sleepless bed.
 My life, though yet in mid career,
 Beholds the winter of its year
 (While clouds of grief around me roll,
 And hostile storms invade my soul)
 Relentless from my cheek each trace
 Of youth and blooming health erase,
 And spread before my wasting sight
 The shades of all-obscuring night.

Hence, ye profane: My Saviour hears;
 While yet I speak, he wipes my tears,
 Accepts my pray'r, and bids each foe
 With shame their vain attempts forego,
 And, struck with horror from on high,
 In wild disorder backward fly.

§ 16. *Psalms 8th.* MERRICK.

Immortal King! through Earth's wide frame
 How great thy honour, praise, and name!
 Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
 Whose glory heav'n's vast height transcends!
 From infants Thou canst strength upraise,
 And form their lisping tongues to praise:
 By these the vengeance-breathing Foe,
 Thy mightier terrors taught to know,
 In mute astonishment shall stand,
 And bow beneath thy conqu'ring hand.
 When, rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
 I view the wonders of the sky,
 Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head
 In rich magnificence have spread,
 The silent Moon, with waxing horn
 Along th'ethereal region borne;
 The Stars with vivid lustre crown'd,
 That mighty walk their destin'd round,
 Lord! What is man, that in thy care
 His humble lot should find a share!
 Or what the Son of Man, that Thou
 Thus to his wants thy ear shouldst bow?
 His rank awhile, by thy decree,
 Th'Angelic Tribes beneath them see,
 Till round him thy imparted rays
 With unextinguish'd glory blaze.
 Subjected to his feet by thee,
 To Him all Nature bows the knee;

The beasts in him their Lord behold
 The grazing herd, the bleating fold,
 The savage race, a countless train,
 That range at large th'extended plain,
 The fowls, of various wing, that fly
 O'er the vast desert of the sky,
 And all the wat'ry tribes, that glide
 Through paths to human sight deny'd.
 Immortal King! through Earth's wide frame,
 How great thy honour, praise, and name!

§ 17. *Psalms 23d.* MERRICK.

Lo, my Shepherd's hand divine!
 Want shall never more be mine.
 In a pasture fair and large
 He shall feed his happy Charge,
 And my couch with tend'rest care,
 'Midst the springing grass prepare.
 When I faint with summer's heat,
 He shall lead my weary feet
 To the streams that still and slow
 Though the verdant meadow flow.
 Here my soul anew shall frame,
 And, his mercy to proclaim,
 When through devious paths I stray,
 Teach my steps the better way.
 Though the dreary vale I tread,
 By the shades of death o'erspread;
 There I walk from terror free,
 While my ev'ry wish I see
 By thy rod and staff supply'd;
 This my guard, and that my guide.
 While my foes are gazing on,
 Thou thy fav'ring care hast shown;
 Thou my plenteous board hast spread;
 Thou with Oil refresh'd my head;
 Fill'd by Thee, my cup o'erflows;
 For thy Love no limit knows:
 Constant, to my latest end,
 This my footsteps shall attend,
 And shall bid thy hallow'd Dome
 Yield me an eternal home.

§ 18. *Psalms 122d.* MERRICK.

1.
 THE festal Morn, my God, is come,
 That calls me to thy honour'd Dome,
 Thy presence to adore:
 My feet the summons shall attend,
 With willing steps thy Courts ascend,
 And tread the hallow'd floor.

2.
 Ev'n now to our transported eyes
 Fair *Sion's* tow'rs in prospect rise;
 Within her gates we stand,
 And, lost in wonder and delight,
 Behold her happy Sons unite
 In friendship's firmest band.

3.
 Hither from *Judah's* utmost end
 The Heav'n-protected Tribes ascend;

Their

Their off'rings hither bring;
Here, eager to attest their joy,
In hymns of Praise their tongues employ,
And hail th'immortal King.

4.
By his Command impell'd, to Her
Contending Crowds their cause refer;
While Princes from her Throne,
With equal doom, th'unerring Law
Dispense, who boast their birth to draw
From *Jesse's* favour'd Son.

5.
Be Peace by each implor'd on Thee,
O *Salem*, while with bended knee
To *Jacob's* God we pray:
How blest, who calls himself thy Friend!
Success his labour shall attend,
And safety guard his way.

6.
O may'st thou, free from hostile fear,
Nor the loud voice of tumult hear,
Nor war's wild wastes deplore:
May plenty nigh thee take her stand,
And in thy Courts with lavish hand
Distribute all her store.

7.
Seat of my Friends and Brethren, hail!
How can my tongue, O *Salem*, fail
To bleis thy lov'd Abode?
How cease the zeal that in me glows
Thy good to seek, whose walls inclose
The mansion of my God!

§ 19. *The 8th Psalm translated.*

CHRISTOPHER PITT.

O KING eternal and divine!
The world is thine alone:
Above the stars thy glories shine,
Above the heav'ns thy throne.
How far extends thy mighty name!
Where'er the Sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim,
Thy deeds from pole to pole.
The infant's tongue shall speak thy power,
And vindicate thy laws!
The tongue that never spoke before
Shall labour in thy cause.
For when I lift my thoughts and eyes,
And view the heav'ns around,
Yon stretching waste of azure skies,
With Stars and Planets crown'd;
Who in their dance attend the Moon,
The empress of the night,
And pour around her silver throne
Their tributary light:
Lord! what is mortal man? that he
Thy kind regard should share?
What is his Son, who claims from thee,
And challenges thy care?

Next to the blest Angelic kind,
Thy hands created man,
And this inferior world assign'd,
To dignify his span.

Him all revere, and all obey
His delegated reign;
The flocks that through the valley stray,
The herds that graze the plain.

The furious tiger speeds his flight,
And trembles at his power;
In fear of his Superior might,
The lions cease to roar.

Whatever horrid monsters tread
The paths beneath the sea,
Their King at awful distance dread,
And sullenly obey.

O Lord, how far extends thy name!
Where'er the sun can roll,
That sun thy wonders shall proclaim;
Thy deeds from pole to pole.

§ 20. *Psalms the 24th, paraphrased.* PITT.

FAR as the world can stretch its bounds,
The Lord is King of all,
His won'rous power extends around
The circuit of the ball.

For he within the gloomy deeps
Its dark foundations cast,
And rear'd the pillars of the earth
Amid the watery waste.

Who shall ascend his Sion's hill,
And see Jehovah there?
Who from his sacred shrine shall breathe
The sacrifice of prayer?

He only whose unfully'd soul
Fair virtue's paths has trod,
Who with clean hands and heart regards
His neighbour and his God.

On him shall his indulgent Lord
Diffusive bounties shed;
From God his Saviour shall descend
All blessings on his head.

Of those who seek his righteous ways
Is this the chosen race,
Who bask in all his bounteous smiles,
And flourish in his grace.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty rev'rence rise;
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see! the King of Glory comes
Along th'ethereal road:
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumph of your God.

Who is this great and glorious King ?

Oh ! 'tis the Lord, whose might
Decides the conquest, and suspends
The balance of the fight.

Lift up your stately heads, ye doors,
With hasty rev'rence rise ;
Ye everlasting doors, who guard
The passes of the skies.

Swift from your golden hinges leap,
Your barriers roll away,
Now throw your blazing portals wide,
And burst the gates of day.

For see ! the King of Glory comes
Along th'ethereal road :
The cherubs through your folds shall bear
The triumphs of their God.

Who is this great and glorious King ?

Oh ! 'tis the God, whose care
Leads on his Israel to the field,
Whose pow'r controuls the War.

§ 21. *Psalms 29th.* PITT.

YE mighty princes, your Oblations bring,
And pay due honours to your awful King ;
His boundless power to all the world proclaim,
Bend at his shrine, and tremble at his name.
For hark ! his voice, with unresisted sway,
Rules and controuls the raging of the Sea ;
Within due bounds the mighty ocean keeps,
And in their watery cavern awes the deeps :
Shook by that voice, the nodding groves around
Start from their roots, and fly the dreadful sound.
The blasted cedars low in dust are laid,
And Lebanon is left without a shade.
See ! when he speaks, the lofty mountains crowd,
And fly for shelter from the thundering God :
Sirion and Lebanon, like hinds, advance,
And in wild measures lead th'unwieldy dance.
His voice, his mighty voice, divides the fire,
Back from the blast the shrinking flames retire.
Ev'n Cades trembles when Jehovah speaks ;
With all his Savages the desert shakes.
At the dread sound the hinds with fear are stung,
And in the lonely forest drop their young :
While in his hallow'd temple all proclaim
His glorious honours, and adore his name.
High o'er the foaming surges of the sea
He sits, and bids the listening deeps obey :
He reigns o'er all ; for ever lasts his power
Till nature sinks, and time shall be no more.
With strength the sons of Israel shall he bless,
And crown our tribes with happiness and peace.

§ 22. *Psalms 46th paraphrased.* PITT.

ON God we build our sure defence ;
In God our hope repose :
His hand protects us in the fight,
And guards us from our woes.
Then, be the earth's unwieldy frame
From its foundations hurl'd,
We may, unmov'd with fear, enjoy
The ruins of this world.

What though the solid rocks be rent ?

In tempests whirl'd away ?
What though the hills should burst their roots,
And roll into the Sea ?

Thou sea, with dreadful tumults swell,
And bid thy waters rise
In furious surges, till they dash
The flood-gates of the skies.

Our minds shall be serene and calm,
Like Siloah's peaceful flood ;
Whose soft and silver streams refresh
The City of our God.

Within the proud delighted waves
The wanton turrets play ;
The streams lead down their humid train,
Reluctant to the Sea.

Amid the scene the temple floats,
With its reflected towers,
Gilds all the surface of the flood,
And dances to the shores.

With wonder see what mighty power
Our sacred Sion cheers,
Lo ! there, amidst her stately walls,
Her God, her God appears.

Fixt on her basis we shall stand,
And, innocently proud,
Smile on the tumults of the world,
Beneath the wings of God.

See ! how their weakness to proclaim,
The heathen tribes engage !
See ! how with fruitless wrath they burn,
And impotence of rage !

But God has spoke ; and lo ! the world,
His terrors to display,
With all the melting globe of earth,
Drops silently away.

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God,
Our succour and support.

Hither, ye numerous nations, crowd,
In silent rapture stand,
And see o'er all the earth display'd
The wonders of his hand.

He bids the din of war be still,
And all its tumults cease ;
He bids the guiltless trumpet sound
The harmony of peace.

He breaks the tough reluctant bow,
He bursts the brazen spear ;
And in the crackling fire his hand
Consumes the blazing car.

Hear then his formidable voice,
" Be still and know the Lord ;
" By all the heathen I'll be fear'd ;
" By all the earth ador'd."

Still to the mighty Lord of hosts
Securely we resort ;
For refuge fly to Jacob's God !
Our succour and support.

Psalms

§ 23. *Psalms 90th paraphrased.* PITT.

THY hand, O Lord, through rolling years
Has sav'd us from despair,
From period down to period stretch'd
The prospects of thy care.
Before the world was first conceiv'd,
Before the pregnant earth
Call'd forth the Mountains from her womb,
Who struggled to their birth;
Eternal God! thy early days
Beyond duration run,
Ere the first race of startling time
Was measur'd by the Sun.
We die; but future nations hear
Thy potent voice again,
Rise at the summons, and restore
The perish'd race of man;
Before thy comprehensive sight,
Duration fleets away;
And rapid ages on the wing,
Fly swifter than a day.
As great Jehovah's piercing eyes
Eternity explore,
The longest æra is a night;
A period is an hour.
We at thy mighty call, O Lord,
Our fancy'd beings leave,
Rous'd from the flattering dream of life,
To sleep within the grave.
Swift from their barrier to their goal
The rapid moments pass,
And leave poor man, for whom they run,
The emblem of the grass.
In the first morn of life it grows,
And lifts its verdant head;
At noon decays, at evening dies,
And withers in the mead.
We in the glories of thy face
Our secret sins survey,
And see how gloomy those appear;
How pure and radiant they.
To death as our appointed goal
Thy anger drives us on;
To that full period fix'd at length
This tale of life is done,
With winged speed, to stated bounds
And limits we must fly;
While seventy rolling suns complete
Their circles in the sky.
Or if ten more around us roll,
'Tis labour, woe, and strife,
Till we at length are quite drawn down
To the last dregs of life.
But who, O Lord, regards thy wrath,
Though dreadful and severe?
That wrath, whatever fear he feels,
Is equal to his fear.
So teach us, Lord, to count our days,
And eye their constant race,
To measure what we want in time,
By wisdom and by grace.

With us repent, and on our hearts
Thy choicest graces shed,
And show'r from thy celestial throne
Thy blessings on our head.
Oh! may thy mercy crown us here,
And come without delay;
Then our whole course of life will seem
One glad triumphant day.
Now the blest years of joy restore,
For those of grief and strife,
And with one pleasant drop allay
The bitter draught of life.
Thy wonders to the world display,
Thy servants to adorn,
That may delight their future sons,
And children yet unborn;
Thy beams of Majesty diffuse;
With them thy great commands,
And bid prosperity attend
The labours of our hands.

§ 24. *Psalms 144th paraphrased.* PITT.

MY soul, in raptures rise to bless the Lord,
Who taught my hands to draw the fatal sword;
Led by his arm, undaunted I appear
In the first ranks of death, and front of war.
He taught me first the pointed spear to wield,
And mow the glorious harvest of the field.
By him inspir'd, from strength to strength I pass,
Plung'd through the troops, and laid the battle
In him my hopes I center and repose, [waste.
He guards my life, and shields me from my foes.
He held his ample buckler o'er my head,
And screen'd me trembling in the mighty shade:
Against all hostile violence and power,
He was my sword, my bulwark, and my tower.
He o'er my people will maintain my sway,
And teach my willing subjects to obey.
Lord! what is man, of vile and humble birth,
Sprung with his kindred reptiles from the earth,
That he should thus thy secret counsels share?
Or what his son, who challenges thy care?
Why does thine eye regard this nothing, man?
His life a point, his measure but a span!
The fancy'd pageant of a moment made,
Swift as a dream, and fleeting as a shade.
Come in thy power, and leave th' ethereal plain,
And to thy harness'd tempest give the rein;
Yon starry arch shall bend beneath the load,
So load the chariot, and so great the God!
Soon as his rapid wheels Jehovah rolls,
The folding skies shall tremble to the poles:
Heaven's gaudy axle with the world shall fall,
Leap from the centre, and unhinge the ball.
Touch'd by thy hands, the lab'ring hills expire,
Thick clouds of smoke, and deluges of fire;
On the tall groves the red destroyer preys,
And wraps th' eternal mountains in the blaze:
Full on my foes may all thy lightnings fly,
On purple pinions through the gloomy sky.
Extend thy hand, thou kind all-gracious God,
Down from the heaven of heavens, thy bright
abode,

And

And shield me from my foes, whose towering pride
 Lowrs like a storm, and gathers like a tide:
 Against strange children vindicate my cause,
 Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
 Who fear not vengeance which they never felt,
 Train'd to blaspheme, and eloquent in guilt:
 Their hands are impious, and their deeds profane;
 They plead their boasted innocence in vain.

Thy name shall dwell for ever on my tongue,
 And guide the sacred numbers of my song;
 To Thee my Muse shall consecrate her lays,
 And every note shall labour in thy praise;
 The hallow'd theme shall teach me how to sing,
 Swell on the lyre, and tremble on the string.

Oft has thy hand from fight the monarch led,
 When death flew raging, and the battle bled;
 And snatch'd thy servant, in the last despair,
 From all the rising tumult of the war.

Against strange children vindicate my cause,
 Who curse thy name, and trample on thy laws;
 That our fair sons may smile in early bloom,
 Our sons, the hopes of all our years to come:
 Like plants that nurs'd by fostering showers arise,
 And lift their spreading honours to the skies;
 That our chaste daughters may their charms
 display,

Like the bright pillars of our temple, gay,
 Polish'd, and tall, and smooth, and fair as they.
 Pil'd up with plenty let our barns appear,
 And burst with all the Seasons of the Year;
 Let pregnant flocks in ev'ry quarter bleat,
 And drop their tender young in ev'ry street.
 Safe from their labours may our oxen come,
 Safe may they bring the gather'd summer home.
 Oh! may no sighs, no streams of sorrow flow,
 To stain our triumphs with the tears of woe.

Bless'd is the nation, how sincerely bless'd!
 Of such unbounded happiness possess'd,
 To whom Jehovah's sacred name is known,
 Who claim the God of Israel for their own.

§ 25. *The 3d Chapter of Job.* PITT.

JOB curs'd his birth, and bade his curses flow
 In words of grief, and eloquence of woe;
 Lost be that day which dragg'd me to my doom,
 Recent to life, and struggling from the womb;
 Whose beams with such malignant lustre shone,
 Whence all my years in anxious circles run.
 Lost be that night in undetermin'd space,
 And veil with deeper shades her gloomy face,
 Which crowded up with woes this slender span,
 While the dull mafs rose quick'ning into man.
 O'er that curs'd day let sable darkness rise,
 Shroud the blue vault, and blacken all the skies;
 May God o'erlook it from his heavenly throne,
 Nor rouse from sleep the sedentary sun
 O'er its dark face, to shed his genial ray,
 And warm to joy the melancholy day.
 May the clouds frown, and livid poisons breathe,
 And stain heaven's azure with the shade of death.

May ten-fold darkness from that dreadful night
 Seize and arrest the straggling gleams of light:

To pay due Vengeance for its fatal crime,
 Still be it banish'd from the train of time;
 Nor in the radiant list of months appear,
 To stain the shining circle of the Year:
 There through her dusky range may silence
 roam,

There may no ray, no glimpse of gladness come;
 No voice to cheer the solitary gloom.
 May every star his gaudy light with-hold,
 Nor through the vapour shoot his beamy gold;
 Nor let the dawn with radiant skirts come on,
 Tipp'd with the glories of the rising sun;
 Because that dreadful period fix'd my doom,
 Nor seal'd the dark recesses of the womb.
 To that original my ills I owe;
 Heir of affliction, and the son of woe.
 Oh! had I dy'd unexercis'd in pain,
 And wak'd to life, to sleep in death again!
 Why did not Fate attend me at my birth,
 And give me back to my congenial earth?
 Why was I, when an infant, sooth'd to rest,
 Lull'd on the knee, or hung upon the breast?
 For now the grave would all my cares compose,
 Conceal my sorrows, and inter my woes:
 There wrapp'd and lock'd within his cold embrace,
 Safe had I slumber'd in the arms of peace;
 There with the mighty kings, who lie inroll'd
 In clouds of incense, and in beds of gold:
 There with the princes, who in grandeur shone,
 And aw'd the trembling nations from the throne,
 Afflicted Job an equal rest must have,
 And share the dark retirement of the grave;
 Or as a shapeless Embryo seek the tomb,
 Rude and imperfect from the abortive womb:
 Ere motion's early principle began,
 Or the dim substance kindled into man. [cease,

There from their monstrous crimes the wicked
 Their labouring guilt is weary'd into peace;
 There blended sleep the coward and the brave;
 Stretch'd with his lord, the undistinguish'd slave
 Enjoys the common refuge of the grave.
 An equal lot the mighty Victor shares,
 And lies amidst the captives of his wars;
 With his, those captives mingle their remains,
 The same in death, nor lessen'd by their chains.
 Why are we doom'd to view the genial ray!
 Why curs'd to bear the painful light of day!
 O! with what joy the wretches yield their breath!
 And pant in bitterness of soul for death!
 As a rich prize, the distant bliss they crave,
 And find the glorious treasure in the grave.
 Why is the wretch condemn'd without relief
 To combat woe, and tread the round of grief,
 Whom in the toils of Fate his God has bound,
 And drawn the line of Miseries around?

When nature calls for aid, my sighs intrude;
 My tears prevent my necessary food:
 Like a full stream o'ercharg'd, my sorrows flow
 In bursts of anguish, and a tide of woe;
 For now the dire affliction which I fled,
 Pours like a roaring torrent on my head.
 My terrors still the phantom view'd, and wrought
 The dreadful image into every thought:
 At length pluck'd down, the fatal stroke I feel,
 And lose the fancy'd in the real ill.

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§ 26. *The 25th Chapter of Job paraphrased.*

PITT.

Then will vain man complain and murmur still?
 And stand on terms with his Creator's will?
 Shall this high privilege to clay be given?
 Shall dust arraign the providence of Heaven?
 With reason's line the boundless distance scan?
 Oppose heaven's awful Majesty to man!
 To what a length his vast dimensions run!
 How far beyond the journies of the sun!
 He hung yon golden balls of light on high,
 And launch'd the planets through the liquid sky:
 To rolling worlds he mark'd the certain space,
 Fixt and sustain'd the elemental peace.

Unnumber'd as those worlds his armies move,
 And the gay legions guard his realms above!
 High o'er th'ethereal plains the myriads rise,
 And pour their flaming ranks along the skies:
 From their bright arms incessant splendors stream,
 And the wide azure kindles with the gleam.

To this low world he bids the light repair,
 Down through the gulphs of undulating air:
 For man he taught the glorious fun to roll,
 From his bright barrier to his western goal.

How then shall man, thus insolently proud,
 Plead with his Judge, and combat with his God?
 How from his mortal mother can he come,
 Unstain'd from sin, untinctur'd from the womb?

The Lord from his sublime empyreal throne,
 As a dark globe, regards the silver moon.
 Those stars, that grace the wide celestial plain,
 Are but the humblest sweepings of his train;
 Dim are the brightest splendors of the sky;
 And the sun darkens in Jehovah's eye.
 But does not sin diffuse a fouler stain,
 And thicker darkness cloud the soul of man?
 Shall he the depths of endless wisdom know?
 This short-liv'd sovereign of the world below?
 His frail original confounds his boast, [dust.
 Sprung from the ground, and quicken'd from the

§ 27. *The Song of Moses, in the Fifteenth Chapter of Exodus, paraphrased.* PITT.

THEN to the Lord, the vast triumphant throng
 Of Israel's sons, with Moses, rais'd the song.
 To God our grateful accents will we raise,
 And every tongue shall celebrate his praise:
 Behold display'd the wonders of his might;
 Behold the Lord triumphant in the fight!
 With what immortal fame and glory grac'd!
 What trophies rais'd amid the watery waste!
 How did his power the steeds and riders sweep,
 Ingulph'd in heaps, and whelm'd beneath the deep?
 Whom should we fear, while he, heav'n's awful
 Unsheaths for Israel his avenging sword? [Lord,
 His outstretch'd arm, and tutelary care,
 Guarded and sav'd us in the last despair:
 His mercy eas'd us from our circling pains,
 Unbound our shackles, and unlock'd our chains.
 To him our God, our father's God, I'll rear
 A sacred temple, and adore him there
 With vows and incense, sacrifice and prayer. }

The Lord commands in war; his matchless
 might

Hangs out and guides the balance of the fight:
 By him the war the mighty leaders form,
 And teach the hovering tumult where to storm.
 His name, O Israel, heav'n's eternal Lord,
 For ever honour'd, reverenc'd, and ador'd.

When to the fight from Egypt's fruitful soil,
 Pour'd forth in myriads all the sons of Nile;
 The Lord o'erthrew the courser and the car,
 Sunk Pharaoh's pride, and o'erwhelm'd his war.
 Beneath th'encumber'd deeps his legions lay,
 For many a league impurpling all the sea:
 The chiefs, and steeds, and warriors whirl'd
 around,

Lay midst the roarings of the surges drown'd.
 Who shall thy power, thou mighty God,
 withstand,

And check the force of thy victorious hand?
 Thy hand, which red with wrath in terror rose,
 To crush that day thy proud Egyptian foes.
 Struck by that hand, their drooping squadrons fall,
 Crowding in death; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

Soon as thy anger, charg'd with vengeance came,
 They sunk like stubble cracking in the flame.
 At thy dread voice the summon'd billows crowd,
 And a still silence lulls the wondering flood:
 Roll'd up, the crystal ridges strike the skies,
 Waves peep o'er waves, and seas o'er seas arise,
 Around in heaps the listening surges stand,
 Mute and observant of the high command.
 Congeal'd with fear attends the watery train,
 Rous'd from the secret chambers of the main.

With savage joy the sons of Egypt cry'd
 (Vast were their hopes, and boundless was their
 Let us pursue those fugitives of Nile, [pride)
 This servile nation, and divide the spoil:
 And spread so wide the slaughter, till their blood
 Dyes with a stronger red the blushing flood.
 Oh! what a copious prey their hosts afford,
 To glut and fatten the devouring sword!

As thus the yawning gulf the boasters pass'd,
 At thy command rush'd forth the rapid blast.
 Then, at the signal given, with dreadful sway,
 In one huge heap roll'd down the roaring sea;
 And now the disentangled waves divide,
 Unlock their folds, and thaw the frozen tide.
 The deeps alarm'd, call terribly from far
 The loud embattled surges to the war;
 Till her proud sons astonish'd Egypt found
 Cover'd with billows, and in tempests drown'd.

What God can emulate thy power divine,
 Or who oppose his miracles to thine?
 When joyful we adore thy glorious name,
 Thy trembling foes confess their fear and shame.
 The world attends thy absolute command,
 And nature waits the wonders of thine hand.
 That hand, extended o'er the swelling sea,
 The conscious billows rev'rence and obey.
 O'er the devoted race the surges sweep,
 And whelm the guilty nation in the deep.
 That hand redeem'd us from our servile toil,
 And each insulting tyrant of the Nile:
 Our nation came beneath that mighty hand,
 From Egypt's realms to Canaan's sacred land.

Thou

Thou wert their Guide, their Saviour, and their God,
To smoothe the way, and clear the dreadful road.
The distant kingdoms shall thy wonders hear,
The fierce Philistines shall confess their fear;
Thy fame shall over Edom's princes spread,
And Moab's kings, the universal dread;
While the vast scenes of miracles impart
A thrilling horror to the bravest heart.
As through the world the gathering terror runs,
Canaan shall shrink, and tremble for his sons,
Till thou hast Jacob from his bondage brought,
At such a vast expence of wonders bought,
To Canaan's promis'd realms and blest abodes,
Led through the dark recesses of the floods.
Crown'd with their tribes shall proud Moriah rise,
And rear his summit nearer to the skies.

Through ages, Lord, shall stretch thy bound-
less power,

Thy throne shall stand when time shall be no more:
For Pharaoh's steeds, and cars, and warlike train,
Leap'd in, and boldly rang'd the sandy plain,
While in the dreadful road and desert way,
The shining crowds of gasping fishes lay:
Till, all around with liquid toils beset,
The Lord swept o'er their heads the watery net.
He freed the ocean from his secret chain,
And on each hand discharg'd the thundering main.
The loosen'd billows burst from every side,
And whelm the war and warriors in the tide;
But on each hand the solid billows stood,
Like lofty mounds to check the raging flood;
Till the blest race to promis'd Canaan past
O'er the dry path, and trod the watery waste.

§ 28. *The 139th Psalm paraphrased.* PITT.

O DREAD Jehovah! thy all-piercing eyes
Explore the motions of this mortal frame,
This tenement of dust: Thy stretching sight
Surveys th'harmonious principles, that move
In beauteous rank and order, to inform
This cask, and animated mass of clay.
Nor are the prospects of thy wond'rous sight
To this terrestrial part of man confin'd;
But shoot into his soul, and there discern
The first materials of unfashion'd thought;
Yet dim and undigested, till the mind,
Big with the tender images, expands,
And, swelling, labours with th'ideal birth.
Where'er I move, thy cares pursue my feet
Attendant. When I drink the dews of sleep,
Stretch'd on my downy bed, and there enjoy
A sweet forgetfulness of all my toils,
Unseen, thy sov'reign presence guards my sleep,
Wafts all the terrors of my dreams away,
Sooths all my soul, and softens my repose.
Before conception can employ the tongue,
And mould the ductile images to sound;
Before imagination stands display'd,
Thine eye the future eloquence can read,
Yet unarray'd with speech. Thou, mighty Lord!
Hast moulded man from his congenial dust,
And spoke him into being: while the clay,
Beneath thy forming hand, leap'd forth, inspir'd,
And started into life: through every part,

At thy command, the wheels of motion play'd,
But such exalted knowledge leaves below,
And drops poor man from its superior sphere.

In vain, with reason's ballast, would he try
To stem th'unfathomable depth; his bark
O'ersets, and founders in the vast abyss.
Then whither shall the rapid fancy run,
Though in its full career, to speed my flight
From thy unbounded presence? which, alone,
Fills all the regions and extended space
Beyond the bounds of nature! Whither, Lord!
Shall my unrein'd imagination rove,
To leave behind thy Spirit, and outfly [spread,
Its influence, which, with brooding wings out-
Hatch'd unfledg'd nature from the dark profound.

If mounted on my tow'ring thoughts I climb
Into the heaven of heavens, I there behold
The blaze of thy unclouded Majesty!
In the pure empyrean thee I view,
High thron'd above all height, thy radiant shrine,
Throng'd with the prostrate Seraphs, who receive
Beatitude past utterance! If I plunge
Down to the gloom of Tartarus profound,
There too I find thee, in the lowest bounds
Of Erebus, and read thee in the scenes
Of complicated wrath: I see thee clad
In all the majesty of darkness there.

If, on the ruddy morning's purple wings
Upborne, with indefatigable course
I seek the glowing borders of the east,
Where the bright sun, emergent from the deeps,
With his first glories gilds the sparkling seas,
And trembles o'er the waves; ev'n there thy hand
Shall through the watery desert guide my course,
And o'er the broken surges pave my way,
While on the dreadful whirls I hang secure,
And mock the warring ocean. If, with hopes
As fond as false, the darkness I expect
To hide, and wrap me in its mantling shade,
Vain were the thought; for thy unbounded ken
Darts thro' the thick'ning gloom, and pries thro'
The palpable obscure. Before thy eyes [all
The vanquish'd night throws off her dusky shroud,
And kindles into day: the shade and light
To man still various, but the same to thee.
On thee is all the structure of my frame
Dependant. Lock'd within the silent womb,
Sleeping I lay, and rip'ning to my birth;
Yet, Lord, thy outstretch'd arm preserv'd me there;
Before I mov'd to entity, and trod
The verge of being. To thy hallow'd name
I'll pay due honours; for thy mighty hand
Built this corporeal fabric, when it laid
The ground-work of existence. Hence I read
The wonders of thy art. This frame I view
With terror and delight; and, wrapt in both,
I startle at myself. My bones, unform'd
As yet, nor hardening from the viscous parts,
But blended with th'unanimated mass,
Thy eye distinctly view'd; and, while I lay
Within the earth, imperfect, nor perceiv'd
The first faint dawn of life, with ease survey'd
The vital glimmerings of the active seeds,
Just kindling to existence, and beheld
My substance scarce material. In thy book

Was

Was the fair model of this structure drawn,
Where every part, in just connection join'd,
Compos'd and perfected th'harmonious piece,
Ere the dim speck of being learn'd to stretch
Its ductile form, or entity had known
To range and wanton in an ampler space.
How dear, how rooted in my inmost soul,
Are all thy counsels, and the various ways
Of thy eternal providence! the sum
So boundless and immense, it leaves behind
The low account of numbers, and outflies
All that imagination e'er conceiv'd:
Less numerous are the sands that crowd the shores,
The barriers of the ocean. When I rise
From my soft bed, and softer joys of sleep,
I rise to thee. Yet lo! the impious flight
Thy mighty wonders. Shall the sons of vice
Elude the vengeance of thy wrathful hand,
And mock thy ling'ring thunder which withholds
Its forked terrors from their guilty heads? [fly
Thou great tremendous GOD;—Avaunt, and
All ye who thirst for blood!--for, swol'n with pride,
Each haughty wretch blasphemes thy sacred name,
And bellows his reproaches to affront
Thy glorious Majesty. Thy foes I hate
Worse than my own. O Lord! explore my soul!
See if a flaw or stain of sin infects
My guilty thoughts; then, lead me in the way
That guides my feet to thy own heaven and thee.

§ 29. *An Hymn to the Supreme Being. An Imitation of the 104th Psalm.* BLACKLOCK.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac decorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?* HOR.

ARISE, my soul! on wings seraphic rise!
And praise th'almighty Sov'reign of the skies;
In whom alone essential glory shines,
Which not the heav'n of heav'ns, nor boundless
space confines.

When darkness rul'd with universal sway,
He spoke, and kindled up the blaze of day;
First, fairest offspring of th'omnific word!
Which like a garment cloath'd its sov'reign Lord.
On liquid air he bade the columns rise,
That prop the starry concave of the skies;
Diffus'd the blue expanse from pole to pole,
And spread circumfluent æther round the whole.

Soon as he bids impetuous tempests fly,
To wing his sounding chariot thro' the sky,
Impetuous tempests the command obey,
Sustain his flight, and sweep th'aërial way.
Fraught with his mandates, from the realms on
Unnumber'd hosts of radiant heralds fly [high,
From orb to orb, with progress unconfin'd,
As lightning swift, resistless as the wind.

In ambient air this pond'rous ball he hung,
And bade its centre rest for ever strong;
Heav'n, air, and sea, with all their storms, in vain
Assault the basis of the firm machine.
At thy almighty voice old Ocean raves,
Wakes all his force, and gathers all his waves;

Nature lies mantled in a wat'ry robe,
And shoreless billows revel round the globe:
O'er highest hills the higher surges rise,
Mix with the clouds, and meet the fluid skies.
But when in thunder the rebuke was giv'n,
That shook th'eternal firmament of heav'n;
The grand rebuke th'affrighted waves obey,
And in confusion scour their uncouth way;
And posting rapid to the place decreed,
Wind down the hills, and sweep the humble mead.
Reluctant in their bounds the waves subside;
The bounds, impervious to the lashing tide,
Restrain its rage; whilst with incessant roar,
It shakes the caverns, and assaults the shore.

By him, from mountains cloath'd in lucid snow,
Through fertile vales and mazy rivers flow;
Here the wild horse, unconscious of the rein,
That revels boundless o'er the wide campaign,
Imbibes the silver surge, with heat oppress'd,
To cool the fever of his glowing breast. [pride,

Here rising boughs, adorn'd with summer's
Project their waving umbrage o'er the tide;
While, gently perching on the leafy spray,
Each feather'd warbler tunes his various lay:
And, while thy praise they symphonize around,
Creation echoes to the grateful sound.
Wide o'er the heav'ns the various bow he bends;
Its tinctures brighten, and its arch extends:
At the glad sign the airy conduits flow,
Softens the hills, and cheer the meads below:
By genial fervour and prolific rain,
Swift vegetation clothes the smiling plain:
Nature profusely good, with bliss o'erflows,
And still is pregnant, tho' she still bestows.

Here verdant pastures wide extended lie,
And yield the grazing herd exuberant supply.
Luxuriant waving in the wanton air,
Here golden grain rewards the peasant's care:
Here vines mature with fresh carnation glow,
And heav'n above diffuses heav'n below.
Erect and tall her mountain cedars rise,
Way in the starry vault, and emulate the skies.
Here the wing'd crowd that skim the yielding
With artful toil their little domes prepare; [air,
Here hatch their tender young, and nurse the
rising care.

Up the steep hill ascends the nimble doe,
While timid conies scour the plains below,
Or in the pendant rock elude the scenting foe.

He bade the silver majesty of night
Revolve her circles, and increase her light;
Assign'd a province to each rolling sphere,
And taught the sun to regulate the year.
At his command, wide hov'ring o'er the plain,
Primæval night resumes her gloomy reign:
Then from their dens, impatient of delay,
The savage monsters bend their speedy way,
Howl thro' the spacious waste, and chase their
frighted prey.

Here stalks the shaggy monarch of the wood,
Taught from thy providence to ask his food!
To thee, O Father, to thy bounteous skies,
He rears his mane, and rolls his glaring eyes;
He roars; the desert trembles wide around,
And repercussive hills repeat the sound,

Now

Now orient gems the eastern skies adorn,
And joyful nature hails the op'ning morn:
The rovers, conscious of approaching day,
Fly to their shelters, and forget their prey.
Laborious man with mod'rate slumber blest,
Springs cheerful to his toil from downy rest;
Till grateful evening, with her argent train,
Bids labour cease, and ease the weary swain.

"Hail sov'reign goodness! all-productive mind!
On all thy works thyself inscrib'd we find:
How various all, how variously endow'd,
How great their number, and each part how good!
How perfect then must the great Parent shine,
Who, with one act of energy divine,
Laid the vast plan, and finish'd the design!"

Where'er the pleasing search my thoughts pur-
Unbounded goodness rises to my view: [sue,
Nor does our world alone its influence share;
Exhaustless bounty and unwearied care
Extends thro' all th'infinity of space,
And circles nature with a kind embrace.

The azure kingdoms of the deep below,
Thy pow'r, thy wisdom, and thy goodness show:
Here multitudes of various beings stray,
Crowd the profound, or on the surface play:
Tall navies here their doubtful way explore,
And ev'ry product waft from shore to shore;
Hence meagre want expell'd, and sanguine strife,
For the mild charms of cultivated life;
Hence social union spreads from soul to soul,
And India joins in friendship with the pole.
Here the huge potent of the scaly train
Enormous sails incumbent o'er the main,
An animated isle! and in his way,
Dashes to heav'n's blue arch the foamy sea:
When skies and ocean mingle storm and flame,
Portending instant wreck to nature's frame,
Pleas'd in the scene, he mocks with conscious
pride,

The volley'd lightning and the furling tide;
And while the watchful elements engage,
Fomented with horrid sport the tempest's rage.
All these thy watchful providence supplies,
To thee alone they turn their waiting eyes;
For them thou open'st thy exhaustless store,
Till the capacious wish can grasp no more.

But, if one moment thou thy face should'st hide,
Thy glory clouded, or thy smiles deny'd,
Then widow'd nature veils her mournful eyes,
And vents her grief in universal cries:
Then gloomy death, with all his meagre train,
Wide o'er the nations spreads his dismal reign;
Sea, earth, and air the boundless ravage mourn,
And all their hosts to native dust return.

But when again thy glory is display'd,
Reviv'd creation lifts her cheerful head;
New rising forms thy potent smiles obey,
And life rekindles at the genial ray:
United thanks replenish'd nature pays, [praise.
And heav'n and earth resound their Maker's

When time shall in eternity be lost,
And hoary nature languish into dust,
For ever young, thy glory shall remain,
Vast as thy being, endless as thy reign.

Thou from the regions of eternal day,
Viewest all thy works at one immense survey:
Pleas'd thou behold'st the whole propensely tend
To perfect happiness, its glorious end.

If thou to earth but turn thy wrathful eyes,
Her basis trembles, and her offspring dies:
Thou smit'st the hills, and at th'Almighty blow,
Their summits kindle, and their inwards glow.

While this immortal spark of heav'nly flame
Distends my breast, and animates my frame,
To thee my ardent praises shall be borne
On the first breeze that wakes the blushing morn;
The latest star shall hear the pleasing sound,
And nature in full choir shall join around.
When full of thee my soul exursive flies
Thro' earth, air, ocean, or thy regal skies;
From world to world, new wonders still I find,
And all the Godhead flashes on my mind.
When wing'd with whirlwinds, vice shall take its
To the deep bosom of eternal night, [flight
To thee my soul shall endless praises pay;
Join, men and angels, join th'exalted lay!

§ 30. *A Hymn on the Seasons.* THOMSON.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, these
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleasing Spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;
And every sense and every heart is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the Summer months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection thro' the swelling year:
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks,
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and storms
Around Thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! On the whirlwind's wing,
Riding sublime, Thou bidst the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.

Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep-felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole,
That as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wandering oft, with rude unconscious gaze,
Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots steaming thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring,
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day;
Feeds ev'ry creature; hurls the tempest forth,
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.

Nature, attend! join, every living soul
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and ardent raise

One

One general song ! To him, ye vocal gales,
 Breathe soft, whose spirit in your freshness breathes:
 Oh talk of him in solitary glooms,
 Where o'er the rock the scarcely waving pine
 Fills the brown shade with a religious awe !
 And ye, whose bolder note is heard afar,
 Who shake th'astonish'd world, lift high to heav'n
 Th'impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
 His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
 And let me catch it as I muse along.
 Ye headlong torrents, rapid and profound;
 Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
 Along the vale; and thou majestic main,
 A secret world of wonders in thyself,
 Sound his stupendous praise, whose greater voice
 Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
 So roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
 In mingled clouds to Him, whose sun exalts,
 Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil
 paints.

Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
 Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
 As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
 Ye that keep watch in heav'n, as earth asleep
 Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
 Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
 Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
 Great source of day ! blest image here below
 Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
 From world to world, the vital ocean round,
 On nature write with every beam his praise.
 The thunder rolls : he hush'd the prostrate world;
 While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
 Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
 Retain the sound : the broad responsive lowe,
 Ye vallies, raise; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
 And his *unsuffering* kingdom yet will come.
 Ye woodlands all awake : a boundless song
 Burst from the groves ! and when the restless day,
 Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
 Sweetest of birds ! sweet Philomela, charm
 The listening shades, and teach the night his praise.
 Ye chief for whom the whole creation smiles;
 At once the head, the heart, the tongue of all,
 Crown the great hymn ! in swarming cities vast,
 Assembled men to the deep organ join
 The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
 At solemn pauses, thro' the swelling base;
 And, as each mingling flame encreases each,
 In one united ardor rise to heav'n.
 Or if you rather chuse the rural shade,
 And find a fane in every sacred grove;
 There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
 The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
 Still sing the God of Seasons as they roll.
 For me, when I forget the darling theme,
 Whether the blossom blows; the Summer ray
 Rustles the plain; *inspiring* Autumn gleams;
 Or Winter rises in the blackening east;
 Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
 And dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the farthest verge
 Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
 Rivers unknown to song; where first the sun
 Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
 Flames on th'Atlantic isles, 'tis nought to me:
 Since God is ever present, ever felt,
 In the void waste as in the city full;
 And where He vital spreads, there must be joy.
 When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
 And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
 I cheerful will obey; there with new powers,
 Will rising wonders sing: I cannot go
 Where universal love not smiles around,
 Sustaining all yon orbs, and all their suns:
 From *seeming* evil still educating good,
 And *better* thence again, and *better* still,
 In infinite progression.—But I lose
 Myself in Him, in light ineffable!
 Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

§ 31. *Hymn for Morning**. PARNELL.

SEE the star that leads the day,
 Rising, shoots a golden ray
 To make the shades of darkness go
 From heaven above and earth below;
 And warn us early with the light,
 To leave the beds of silent night;
 From an heart sincere and sound,
 From its very deepest ground;
 Send devotion up on high,
 Wing'd with flame to reach the sky.
 See the time for sleep has run,
 Rise before, or with the sun:
 Lift thy hands, and humbly pray,
 The Fountain of eternal day;
 That, as the light serenely fair,
 Illustrates all the tracts of air,
 The Sacred Spirit so may rest,
 With quickening beams, upon thy breast;
 And kindly clean it all within
 From darker blemishes of sin;
 And shine with grace until we view
 The realm it gilds with glory too.
 See the day that dawns in air,
 Brings along its toil and care:
 From the lap of night it springs,
 With heaps of bus'ness on its wings;
 Prepare to meet them in a mind,
 That bows submissively resign'd;
 That would to works appointed fall,
 That knows that God has order'd all.
 And whether, with a small repast,
 We break the sober morning fast;
 Or in our thoughts and houses lay
 The future methods of the day;
 Or early walk abroad to meet
 Our business, with industrious feet:
 Whate'er we think, whate'er we do,
 His glory still be kept in view.
 O, Giver of eternal bliss,
 Heavenly Father, grant me this:

* These pieces of Parnell seem to have been left in an incorrect and unfinished state; but as they breathe a glowing piety, and are not deficient in poetry, they are here inserted.

Grant it all, as well as me,
All whose hearts are fix'd on thee;
Who revere thy Son above,
Who thy Sacred Spirit love.

§ 32. *Hymn for Noon.* PARNELL.

THE sun is swiftly mounted high,
It glitters in the southern sky;
Its beams with force and glory beat,
And fruitful earth is fill'd with heat.
Father, also with thy fire
Warm the cold, the dead desire,
And make the sacred love of thee,
Within my soul, a sun to me.
Let it shine so fairly bright,
That nothing else be took for light;
That worldly charms be seen to fade,
And in its lustre find a shade.
Let it strongly shine within,
To scatter all the clouds of sin
That drive, when gusts of passion rise,
And intercept it from our eyes.
Let its glory more than vie
With the sun that lights the sky:
Let it swiftly mount in air,
Mount with that, and leave it there;
And soar with more aspiring flight,
To realms of everlasting light.
Thus, while here I'm forc'd to be,
I daily wish to live with thee;
And feel that union which thy love
Will, after death, complete above.
From my soul I send my prayer,
Great Creator, bow thine ear;
Thou, for whose propitious sway
The world was taught to see the day;
Who spoke the word, and earth begun,
And shew'd its beauties in the sun;
With pleasure I thy creatures view,
And would, with good affection too;
Good affection sweetly free,
Loose from them, and move to thee;
O, teach me due returns to give,
And to thy glory let me live;
And then my days shall shine the more,
Or pass more blessed than before.

§ 33. *Hymn for Evening.* PARNELL.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,
And evening spreads obscurer skies:
The twilight will the night forerun,
And night itself be soon begun.
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,
And pray the Lord of glory, now
To fill thy breast, or deadly sin
May cause a blinder night within.
And whether pleasing vapours rise,
Which greatly dim the closing eyes;
Which makes the weary members blest,
With sweet refreshment in their rest;
Or whether spirits in the brain
Dispel their soft embrace again;

And on my watchful bed I stay,
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;
Be God for ever in my view,
And never he forsake me too;
But still as day concludes in night,
To break again with new-born light,
His wondrous bounty let me find,
With still a more enlighten'd mind;
When grace and love in one agree;
Grace from God, and love from me;
Grace that will from heaven inspire;
Love that seals it in desire:
Grace and love that mingle beams,
And fill me with increasing flames.
Thou that hast thy palace far
Above the moon and every star;
Thou that sittest on a throne
To which the night was never known,
Regard my voice and make me blest,
By kindly granting its request.
If thoughts on thee my soul employ,
My darkness will afford me joy
Till thou shalt call, and I shall soar,
And part with darkness evermore.

§ 34. *The Soul in Sorrow.* PARNELL.

WITH kind compassion hear my cry,
O, Jesu, Lord of Life, on high!
As when the summer's seasons beat
With scorching flame and parching heat,
The trees are burnt, the flowers fade,
And thirsty gaps in earth are made;
My thoughts of comfort languish so,
And so my soul is broke by woe.
Then on thy servant's drooping head
Thy dews of blessing sweetly shed;
Let those a quick refreshment give,
And raise my mind, and bid me live.
My fears of danger, while I breathe,
My dread of endless hell beneath:
My sense of sorrow for my sin,
To springing comfort, change within;
Change all my sad complaints for ease,
To cheerful notes of endless praise;
Nor let a tear mine eyes employ,
But such as owe their birth to joy:
Joy transporting, sweet and strong,
Fit to fill and raise my song;
Joy that shall refounded be,
While days and nights succeed for me,
Be not as a Judge severe;
For so thy presence who may bear?
On all my words and actions look
(I know they're written in thy book);
But then regard my mournful cry,
And look with mercy's gracious eye;
What needs my blood, since thine will do,
To pay the debt to Justice due?
O, tender mercy's art divine!
Thy sorrow proves the cure of mine!
Thy dropping wounds, thy woeful smart,
Allay the bleedings of my heart:
Thy death, in death's extreme of pain,
Restores my soul to life again.

Guide me then, for here I burn,
To make my Saviour some return.
I'll rise (if that will please him, still ;
And sure I've heard him own it will) ;
I'll trace his steps, and bear my cross,
Despising every grief and loss ;
Since he, despising pain and shame,
First took up his, and did the same.

§ 35. *The Happy Man.* PARNELL.

HOW blest'd the man, how fully so,
As far as man is blest'd below,
Who, taking up his cross, essays
To follow Jesus all his days ;
With resolution to obey,
And steps enlarging in his way !
The Father of the saints above
Adopts him with a father's love,
And makes his bosom thoroughly shine
With wondrous stores of grace divine ;
Sweet grace divine, the pledge of joy,
That will his soul above employ ;
Full joy, that, when his time is done,
Becomes his portion as a son.
Ah me ! the sweet infus'd desires,
The fervid wishes, holy fires,
Which thus a melted heart refine,
Such are his, and such be mine.
From hence despising all besides
That earth reveals, or ocean hides ;
All that men in either prize,
On God alone he sets his eyes.
From hence his hope is on the wings,
His health renews, his safety springs,
His glory blazes up below,
And all the streams of comfort flow.
He calls his Saviour King above,
Lord of mercy, Lord of love ;
And finds a kingly care defend,
And mercy smile, and love descend,
To cheer, to guide him in the ways
Of this vain world's deceitful maze :
And though the wicked earth display
Its terrors in their fierce array ;
Or gape so wide that horror shows
Its hell replete with endless woes ;
Such succour keeps him clear of ill,
Still firm to good, and dauntless still.
So, fix'd by Providence's hands,
A rock amidst an ocean stands ;
So bears without a trembling dread,
The tempest beating round its head ;
And with its side repels the wave,
Whose hollow seems a coming grave :
The skies, the deeps, are heard to roar ;
The rock stands settled as before.
I, all with whom he has to do,
Admire the life which blesses you ;
That feeds a foe, that aids a friend,
Without a bye designing end ;
Its knowing real interest lies
On the bright side of yonder skies,
Where, having made a title fair,
It mounts, and leaves the world to care.

While he that seeks for pleasing days
In earthly joys and evil ways,
Is but the fool of toil or fame
(Though happy be the specious name)
And made by wealth, which makes him great,
A more conspicuous wretch of state.

§ 36. *The Way to Happiness.* PARNELL.

HOW long, ye miserable blind,
Shall idle dreams engage your mind ;
How long the passions make their flight
At empty shadows of delight !
No more in paths of error stray,
The Lord thy Jesus is the way,
The spring of happiness ; and where
Should men seek happiness but there ?
Then run to meet him at your need,
Run with boldness, run with speed,
For he forsook his own abode
To meet thee more than half the road.
He laid aside his radiant crown,
And love for mankind brought him down
To thirst and hunger, pain and woe,
To wounds, to death itself below ;
And he, that suffer'd these alone
For all the world, despises none.
To bid the soul that's sick, be clean ;
To bring the lost to life again ;
To comfort those that grieve for ill,
Is his peculiar goodness still.
And, as the thoughts of parents run
Upon a dear and only son,
So kind a love his mercies show,
So kind and more extremely so.
Thrice happy men ; (or find a phrase
That speaks your bliss with greater praise)
Who most obedient to thy call,
Leaving pleasures, leaving all,
With heart, with soul, with strength incline,
O sweetest Jesu ! to be thine.
Who know thy will, observe thy ways,
And in thy service spend their days :
Ev'n death, that seems to set them free,
But brings them closer still to thee.

§ 37. *The Convert's Love.* PARNELL.

BLESSED light of saints on high,
Who fill the mansions of the sky ;
Sure defence, whose mercy still
Preserves thy subjects here from ill ;
Oh, my Jesus ! make me know
How to pay the thanks I owe !
As the fond sheep that idly strays,
With wanton play, through winding ways,
Which never hits the road of home,
O'er wilds of danger learns to roam,
Till, wearied out with idle fear,
And passing there, and turning here,
He will, for rest, to covert run,
And meet the wolf he wish'd to shun :
Thus wretched I, through wanton will,
Run blind and headlong on in ill :
'Twas thus from sin to sin I flew,
And thus I might have perish'd too ;

C

But

But mercy dropt the likeness here,
And shew'd and sav'd me from my fear.
While o'er the darkness of my mind
The sacred spirit purely shin'd,
And mark'd and brighten'd all the way
Which leads to everlasting day;
And broke the thickening clouds of sin,
And fix'd the light of love within.

From hence my ravish'd soul aspires,
And dates the rise of its desires:
From hence to thee, my God! I turn,
And fervent wishes say I burn;
I burn thy glorious face to see,
And live in endless joy with thee.

There's no such ardent kind of flame
Between the lover and the dame;
Nor such affection parents bear
To their young and only heir;
Though join'd together, both conspire,
And boast a doubled force of fire.
My tender heart, within its seat,
Dissolves before the scorching heat;
As softening wax is taught to run
Before the warmth of the sun.

Oh, my flame, my pleasing pain,
Burn and purify my stain;
Warm me, burn me, day by day,
Till you purge my earth away;
Till at the last I thoroughly shine,
And turn a torch of love divine.

§ 38. *A Desire to Praise.* PARNELL.

PROFITIOUS Son of God, to thee,
With all my soul, I bend my knee;
My wish I send, my want impart,
And dedicate my mind and heart;
For as an absent parent's son,
Whose second year is only run,
When no protecting friend is near,
Void of wit and void of fear,
With things that hurt him fondly plays,
Or here he falls, or there he strays;
So, should my soul's eternal guide,
The sacred spirit, be deny'd,
Thy servant soon the loss would know,
And sink in sin, or run to woe.

O, spirit bountifully kind,
Warm, possess, and fill my mind;
Disperse my sins with light divine,
And raise the flames of love with thine;
Before thy pleasures rightly priz'd,
Let wealth and honor be despis'd;
And let the Father's glory be
More dear than life itself to me.

Sing of Jesus! Virgins sing
Him, your everlasting King!
Sing of Jesus! cheerful youth,
Him, the God of love and truth!
Write, and raise a song divine,
Or come and hear, and borrow mine.
Son Eternal, word supreme,
Who made the universal frame,
Heaven, and all its shining show,
Earth, and all it holds below;

Bow with mercy, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here;
Son Eternal, ever-blest,
Resting on the Father's breast,
Whose tender love for all provides,
Whose power over all presides;
Bow with pity, bow thine ear,
While we sing thy praises here!

Thou, by pity's soft extreme,
Mov'd, and won, and set on flame,
Assum'd the form of man, and fell
In pains, to rescue man from hell;
How bright thine humble glories rise,
And match the lustre of the skies,
From death and hell's dejected state
Arising, thou resum'd thy seat;
And golden thrones of bliss prepar'd
Above, to be thy saints reward!

How bright thy glorious honors rise,
And with new lustre grace the skies!
For thee, the sweet seraphic choir
Raise the voice and tune the lyre;
And praises with harmonious sound
Through all the highest heaven rebound.

O make our notes with theirs agree,
And bless the souls that sing of thee!
To thee the churches here rejoice,
The solemn organs aid the voice;
To sacred roofs the sound we raise,
The sacred roofs resound thy praise:
And while our notes in one agree,
O! bless the church that sings to thee!

§ 39. *On Happiness in this Life.* PARNELL.

THE morning opens, very freshly gay,
And life itself is in the month of May.
With green my fancy paints an arbour o'er,
And flow'rets, with a thousand colours more;
Then falls to weaving that, and spreading these,
And softly shakes them with an easy breeze.
With golden fruit adorns the bending shade,
Or trails a silver water o'er its bed.
Glide, gentle water, still more gently by,
While in this summer-bower of bliss I lye,
And sweetly sing of sense-delighting flames,
And nymphs and shepherds, soft invented names;
Or view the branches which around me twine,
And praise their fruit, diffusing sprightly wine;
Or find new pleasures in the world to praise,
And still with this return adorn my lays;
"Range round your gardens of eternal spring,
"Go, range my senses, while I sweetly sing:"

In vain, in vain, alas! seduc'd by ill,
And acted wildly by the force of will!
I tell my soul, it will be constant May,
And charm a season never made to stay;
My beauteous arbour will not stand a storm;
The world but promises, and can't perform:
Then fade, ye leaves; and wither, all ye flowers;
I'll doat no longer in enchanted bowers;
But sadly mourn, in melancholy song,
The vain conceits that held my soul so long;
The lusts that tempt us with delusive show;
And sin, brought forth for everlasting woe.

Thus

Thus shall the notes to Sorrow's object rise,
While frequent rests procure a place for sighs;
And, as I moan upon the naked plain,
Be this the burthen closing every strain:
"Return, my senses; range no more abroad;
"He'll only find his bliss who seeks for God."

§ 40. *Extacy.* PARNELL.

THE fleeting joys, which all affords below,
Work the fond heart with unperforming show;
The wish that makes our happier life complete,
Nor grasps the wealth nor honors of the great;
Nor loosely sails on Pleasure's easy stream,
Nor gathers wreaths from all the groves of fame;
Weak man, whose charms to these alone confine,
Attend my prayer, and learn to make it thine.

From thy rich throne, where circling trains of
Make day that's endless, infinitely bright; [light
Thence Heav'nly Father! thence with mercy dart
One beam of brightness to my longing heart:
Dawn thro' the mind, drive Error's clouds away,
And still the rage in Passion's troubled sea;
That the poor banish'd soul, serene and free,
May rise from earth, to visit heaven and thee!

Come, Peace divine! shed gently from above,
Inspire my willing bosom, wondrous Love;
Thy purpled pinions to my shoulders tye,
And point the passage where I want to fly.

But whither, whither now! what powerful fire
With this blest'd influence equals my desire?
I rise (or Love, the kind deluder, reigns,
And acts in fancy such enchanted scenes);
Earth lessening flies, the parting skies retreat,
The fleecy clouds my waving feathers beat;
And now the sun and now the stars are gone,
Yet still methinks the spirit bears me on,
Where tracts of æther purer blue display,
And edge the golden realm of native day.

Oh, strange enjoyment of a bliss unseen!
Oh, ravishment! Oh, sacred rage within!
Tumultuous pleasure, rais'd on peace of mind,
Sincere, excessive, from the world refin'd;
I see the light that veils the throne on high,
A light unpierc'd by man's impurer eye;
I hear the words, that issuing thence proclaim,
"Let God's attendants praise his awful name!"
Then heads unnumber'd bend before the shrine,
Mysterious seat of Majesty divine!
And hands unnumber'd strike the silver string,
And tongues unnumber'd Hallelujah sing.
See, where the shining Seraphims appear,
And sink their decent eyes with holy fear.
See flights of angels all their feathers raise,
And range the orbs, and, as they range, they praise!
Behold the great Apostles, sweetly met,
And high on pearls of azure æther set.
Behold the Prophets, full of heavenly fire,
With wandering finger wake the trembling lyre;
And hear the Martyrs tune, and all around
The church triumphant makes the region sound.
With harps of gold, with bows of ever-green,
With robes of white, the pious throngs are seen;
Exalted anthems all their hours employ;
And all is music and excess of joy!

Charm'd with the sight, I long to bear a part;
The pleasure flutters at my ravish'd heart.
Sweet saints and angels of the heavenly choir,
If love has warm'd you with celestial fire,
Assist my words, and, as they move along,
With Hallelujahs crown the burthen'd song.

Father of all above, and all below,
O great, and far beyond expression so;
No bounds thy knowledge, none thy power confine,
For power and knowledge in their source are thine;
Around thee glory spreads her golden wing:
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

Son of the Father, first-begotten Son,
Ere the short measuring line of time begun,
The world has seen thy works, and joy'd to see
The bright effulgence manifest in thee. [spring;
The world must own the Love's unfathom'd
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

Proceeding Spirit, equally divine,
In whom the Godhead's full perfections shine,
With various graces, comforts unexpress'd,
With holy transports you refine the breast;
And earth is heavenly where your gifts you bring;
Sing, glittering angels, Hallelujah sing.

But where's my rapture, where my wondrous
What interruption makes my bliss retreat? [heat?
This world's got in, the thoughts of t'other's crost,
And the gay picture's in my fancy lost.
With what an eager zeal the conscious soul
Would claim its seat, and, soaring, pass the pole!
But our attempts these chains of earth restrain,
Deride our toil, and drag us down again.
So from the ground aspiring meteors go,
And, rank'd with planets, light the world below;
But their own bodies sink them in the sky, [to fly.
When the warmth's gone that taught them how

§ 41. *On Divine Love, by meditating on the Wounds of Christ.* PARNELL.

HOLY Jesus! God of Love!
Look with pity from above:
Shed the precious purple tide
From thine hands, thy feet, thy side;
Let thy streams of comfort roll,
Let them please and fill my soul;
Let me thus for ever be
Full of gladness, full of thee!
This, for which my wishes pine,
Is the cup of love divine;
Sweet affections flow from hence,
Sweet, above the joys of sense;
Blessed philtre! how we find
Its sacred worships! how the mind,
Of all the world, forgetful grown,
Can despise an earthly throne;
Raise its thoughts to realms above,
Think of God, and sing of love!

Love celestial, wondrous heat,
O, beyond expression great!
What resistless charms were thine,
In thy good, thy best design!
When God was hated, Sin obey'd,
And man undone without thy aid,

From the seats of endless peace
They brought the Son, the Lord of Grace;
They taught him to receive a birth,
To clothe in flesh, to live on earth;
And after, lifted him on high,
And taught him on the cross to die.

Love celestial, ardent fire,
O, extreme of sweet desire!
Spread thy brightly raging flame
Through and over all my frame;
Let it warm me, let it burn,
Let my corpse to ashes turn;
And, might thy flame thus act with me,
To set the soul from body free,
I next would use thy wings, and fly
To meet my Jesus in the sky!

§ 42. *A Night Piece on Death.* PARNELL.

BY the blue taper's trembling light
No more I waste the wakeful night,
Intent with endless view to pore
The schoolmen and the sages o'er:
Their books from wisdom widely stray,
Or point, at best, the longest way.
I'll seek a readier path, and go
Where wisdom's surely taught below.

How deep yon azure dies the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumber'd lie;
While thro' their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth, and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire;
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night;
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate;
And think, as softly-sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,

'Time was, like thee, they life possést;
'And time shall be, that thou shalt rest.'

Those graves, with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away)
A middle race of mortals own,
Men half ambitious, all unknown.

The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptur'd stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These, all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great;
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

Ha! while I gaze, pale Cynthia fades,
The bursting earth unveils the shades!
All slow, and wan, and wrapp'd with shrouds,
They rise in visionary crowds;
And all with sober accent cry,

"Think, mortal, what it is to die!"
Now, from yon black and fun'ral view,
That bathes the charnel-house with dew,
Methinks, I hear a voice begin—
(Ye ravens, cease your croaking din;
Ye tolling clocks, no time resound
O'er the long lake and midnight ground)—
It sends a peal of hollow groans,
Thus speaking from among the bones:

"When men my scythe and darts supply,
How great a King of Fears am I!
They view me like the last of things;
They make, and then they dread, my stings.
Fools! if you less provok'd your fears,
No more my spectre-form appears:
Death's but a path that must be trod,
If man would ever pass to God:
A port of calms, a state of ease,
From the rough rage of swelling seas.

Why, then, thy flowing fable stoles,
Deep pending cypress, mourning poles,
Loose scarfs to fall athwart thy weeds,
Long palls, drawn hearises, cover'd steeds,
And plumes of black, that, as they tread,
Nod o'er the 'scutcheons of the dead?

Nor can the parted body know,
Nor wants the soul, these forms of woe:
As men who long in prison dwell,
With lamps that glimmer round the cell,
Whene'er their suff'ring years are run,
Spring forth to greet the glittering sun;
Such joy, tho' far transcending sense,
Have pious souls at parting hence.
On earth, and in the body plac'd,
A few and evil years they waste:
But, when their chains are cast aside,
See the glad scene unfolding wide;
Clap the glad wing, and tow'r away,
And mingle with the blaze of day.

43. *Messiah, a Sacred Eclogue.* POPE.

YE Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song,
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,
Delight no more.—O Thou my voice inspire,
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!
Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:
Th'ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade;
All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail,
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;

Peace

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.
 Swift fly the years, and rise th'expected morn!
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreathes to bring,
 With all the incense of the breathing spring;
 See lofty Lebanon his head advance,
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance,
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
 Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
 A God, a God! the vocal hills reply:
 The rocks proclaim th'approaching Deity.
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!
 Sink down, ye mountains, and, ye vallies, rise!
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars, homage pay;
 Be smooth, ye rocks; ye rapid floods, give way!
 The SAVIOUR comes! — by ancient Bards
 foretold;

Hear him, ye deaf! and, all ye blind, behold!
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day:
 'Tis he th'obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
 And bid new music charm th'unfolding ear;
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
 No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.
 In adamant chains shall death be bound,
 And hell's grim tyrant feel th'eternal wound.
 As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air,
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects:
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms;
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
 The promis'd Father of the future age.
 No more shall nation against nation rise,
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
 But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
 And the broad faulchion in a plowshare end.
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd sire begun;
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
 And the same hand that sow'd shall reap the field.
 The swain in barren deserts, with surprise,
 Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds, to hear
 New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
 On rifted rocks, the dragons late abodes,
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods;
 Waste sandy vallies, once preplex'd with thorn,
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn;
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palm succeed,
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed. [mead,
 The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead;
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
 And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet;
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,

Pleas'd, the green lustre of their scales survey,
 And with their fork'd tongue shall innocently play.
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!
 See a long race thy spacious courts adorn;
 See future sons and daughters, yet unborn,
 In crowding ranks on ev'ry side arise,
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
 See barb'rous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend;
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings,
 And heap'd with products of Sabæan springs!
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
 And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day.
 No more the rising Sun shall gild the morn,
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn;
 But lost, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine;
 The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away,
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains:
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

44. *An Elegy, written in a Country Church-Yard.* GRAY.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
 The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
 The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
 And leaves the world to darkness and to me.
 Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
 And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
 Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
 And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;
 Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
 The moping owl does to the Moon complain
 Of such, as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
 Molest her ancient, solitary reign.
 Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
 Each in his narrow cell for ever laid, [heap,
 The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.
 The breezy call of incense-breathing morn, [shed,
 The swallow, twitt'ring from the straw-built
 The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
 No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.
 For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
 Or busy housewife ply her evening care:
 Nor children run to lisp their fire's return,
 Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.
 Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield;
 Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
 How jocund did they drive their teams afield!
 How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy
 stroke!
 Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
 Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
 Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
 The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
 And all that beauty, all that health e'er gave,
 Await, alike, th'inevitable hour;
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
 Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
 If mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
 Where thro' the long-drawn file and fretted vault,
 The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.
 Can storied urn, or animated bust,
 Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath!
 Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
 Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of death.
 Perhaps, in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire:
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
 Or wak'd to extasy the living lyre.
 But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
 Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
 Chill Penury express'd their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul.
 Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
 The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
 Full many a flow'r is born to blush unseen,
 And waste its sweetness on the desert air.
 Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
 The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
 Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest;
 Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.
 Th'applause of list'ning senates to command,
 The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
 To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
 And read their history in a nation's eyes,
 Their lot forbade: nor circumscrib'd alone [fin'd;
 Their growing virtues, but their crimes con-
 Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
 And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;
 The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
 To quench the blushes of ingenious shame,
 Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
 With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.
 Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
 Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
 Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
 They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.
 Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect,
 Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
 With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture
 Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. [deck'd,
 Their name, their years, spelt by th'unletter'd
 The place of fame and elegy supply: [muse,
 And many a holy text around the strews,
 That teach the rustic moralist to die.
 For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing, ling'ring, look behind?
 On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of nature cries;
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th'unhonour'd dead,
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate:
 Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
 Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.
 There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That writhes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that bubbles by.
 Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies, he would rove;
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.
 One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree:
 Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
 The next, with dirges due, in sad array, [borne,
 Slow thro' the church-yard path we saw him
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send:
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear; [a friend.
 He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wish'd)
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

§ 45. Hymns. By Mrs. BARBAULD.

*Quid prius dicam solitis parentis
 Laudibus? qui res hominum, ac Deorum,
 Qui mare, ac terras, variisque mundum
 Temperat horis?* HORAT.

HYMN I.

JEHOVAH reigns: let ev'ry nation hear,
 And at his footstool bow with holy fear;
 Let heav'n's high arches echo with his name,
 And the wide peopl'd earth his praise proclaim;
 Then send it down to hell's deep glooms re-
 founding, [ing.
 Thro' all her caves in dreadful murmurs found-
 He rules with wide and absolute command
 O'er the broad ocean and the steadfast land;
 Jehovah reigns, unbounded, and alone;
 And all creation hangs beneath his throne:
 He reigns alone; let no inferior nature
 Usurp, or share the throne of the Creator.
 He saw the struggling beams of infant light
 Shoot thro' the massy gloom of ancient night;
 His

His spirit hush'd the elemental strife,
And brooded o'er the kindling seeds of life :
Seasons and months began the long procession,
And measur'd o'er the year in bright succession,
The joyful sun sprung up th'ethereal way,
Strong as a giant, as a bridegroom gay ;
And the pale moon diffus'd her shadowy light
Superior o'er the dusky brow of night ;
Ten thousand glitt'ring lamps the skies adorning,
Numerous as dew - drops from the womb of
morning.

Earth's blooming face with rising flow'rs he
drest,
And spread a verdant mantle o'er her breast ;
Then from the hollow of his hand he pours
The circling waters round her winding shores ;
The new-born world in their cool arms em-
bracing,
And with soft murmurs still her banks caressing.

At length the rose complete in finish'd pride,
All fair and spotless, like a virgin bride ;
Fresh with untarnish'd lustre as she stood,
Her Maker bless'd his work, and call'd it good ;
The morning-stars, with joyful acclamation,
Exulting sung, and hail'd the new creation.

Yet this fair world, the creature of a day,
Tho' built by God's right hand, must pass away ;
And long oblivion creep o'er mortal things,
The fate of empires, and the pride of kings :
Eternal night shall veil their proudest story,
And drop the curtain o'er all human glory.

The sea himself, with weary clouds oppress'd,
Shall in his silent, dark pavilion rest ;
His golden urn shall, broke and uselefs, lie
Amidst the common ruins of the sky !
The stars rush headlong in the wild commotion,
And bathe their glitt'ring foreheads in the ocean.

But fix'd, O God ! for ever stands thy throne ;
Jehovah reigns, a universe alone ;
Th'eternal fire that feeds each vital flame,
Collected or diffus'd, is still the same.
He dwells within his own unfathom'd essence,
And fills all space with his unbounded presence.

But oh ! our highest notes the theme debase,
And silence is our least injurious praise : {troul.
Cease, cease your songs, the daring flight con-
Revere him in the stillness of the soul ;
With silent duty meekly bend before him,
And deep within your inmost hearts adore him.

§ 46. HYMN II.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise *,
For the love that crown our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let thy praise our tongues employ ;
For the blessings of the field,
For the stores the gardens yield,

For the vine's exalted juice,
For the gen'rous olive's ule :

Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripen'd grain,
Clouds that drop their fatt'ning dews,
Suns that temp'rate warmth diffuse :

All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land :
All that lib'ral Autumn pours
From her rich o'erflowing stores :

These to thee, my God, we owe ;
Source whence all our blessings flow ;
And for these, my soul shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet should rising whirlwinds tear
From its stem the rip'ning ear ;
Should the fig-tree's blasted shoot
Drop her green untimely fruit ;
Should the vine put forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store ;
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall ;

Should thine alter'd hand restrain
The early and the latter rain ;
Blast each op'ning bud of joy,
And the rising year destroy ;

Yet to thee my soul should raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
And, when ev'ry blessing's flown,
Love thee—for thyself alone.

§ 47. HYMN III.

For Easter-Sunday.

AGAIN the Lord of Life and Light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

O what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.

Ten thousand diff'ring lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

Jesus, the friend of human kind,
With strong compassion mov'd,
Descended, like a pitying God,
To save the souls he lov'd.

* Although the fig-tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines, the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat, the flocks shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls : yet I will rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. HABAKKUK iii. 17, 18.

The pow'rs of darkness leagu'd in vain
To bind his soul in death;
He shook their kingdom when he fell,
With his expiring breath.

Not long the toils of hell could keep
The hope of Judah's line;
Corruption never could take hold
On aught so much divine.

And now his conqu'ring chariot wheels
Ascend the lofty skies;
While broke, beneath his pow'ful cross,
Death's iron sceptre lies.

Exalted high at God's right hand,
And Lord of all below,
Thro' him is pard'ning love dispens'd,
And boundless blessings flow.

And still for erring, guilty man,
A brother's pity flows;
And still his bleeding heart is touch'd
With mem'ry of our woes.

To thee, my Saviour and my King,
Glad homage let me give;
And stand prepar'd like thee to die,
With thee that I may live.

§ 48. HYMN IV.

BEHOLD where, breathing love divine,
Our dying Master stands!
His weeping followers gath'ring round,
Receive his last commands.

From that mild Teacher's parting lips
What tender accents fell!
The gentle precept which he gave
Became its Author well.

"Bless'd is the man whose soft'ning heart

"Feels all another's pain;

"To whom the supplicating eye

"Was never rais'd in vain:

"Whose breast expands with gen'rous warmth

"A stranger's woes to feel;

"And bleeds in pity o'er the wound

"He wants the pow'r to heal.

"He spreads his kind supporting arms

"To ev'ry child of grief;

"His secret bounty largely flows,

"And brings unask'd relief.

"To gentle offices of love

"His feet are never slow;

"He views, thro' mercy's melting eye,

"A brother in a foe.

"Peace from the bosom of his God.

"My peace to him I give;

"And when he kneels before the throne,

"His trembling soul shall live.

"To him protection shall be shewn;

"And mercy from above

"Descend on those who thus fulfil

"The perfect law of love."

§ 49. HYMN V.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes,
See where thy foes against thee rise,
In long array, a num'rous host;
Awake my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant danger threat'ning stands,
Must'ring his pale terrific bands;
There pleasure's filken banners spread,
And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard ev'ry part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come then, my soul, now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Put on the armour from above
Of heav'nly truth and heav'nly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
And pow'rs of earth, and pow'rs of hell:
The Man of Calvary triumph'd here;
Why should his faithful followers fear?

§ 50. An Address to the Deity.

MRS. BARBAULD.

Deus est quodcunque vides, quocunque moveris.

LUCAN.

GOD of my life! and Author of my days!
Permit my feeble voice to lisp thy praise;
And, trembling, take upon a mortal tongue
That hallow'd name to harps of Seraphs sung:
Yet here the brightest Seraphs could no more
Than hide their faces, tremble, and adore.
Worms, angels, men, in ev'ry diff'rent sphere
Are equal all; for all are nothing here.
All nature faints beneath the mighty name
Which Nature's works, thro' all her parts, pro-
claim.

I feel that name my inmost thoughts controul,
And breathe an awful stillness thro' my soul;
As by a charm the waves of grief subside,
Impetuous passion stops her headlong tide:
At thy felt presence all emotions cease,
And my hush'd spirit finds a sudden peace,
Till ev'ry worldly thought within me dies,
And earth's gay pageants vanish from my eyes;
Till all my sense is lost in infinite,
And one vast object fills my aching sight.

But soon, alas! this holy calm is broke;
My soul submits to wear her wonted yoke;
With shackled pinions strives to soar in vain,
And mingles with the dross of earth again.
But he, our gracious Master, kind as just,
Knowing our frame, remembers man is dust.
His spirit, ever brooding o'er our mind,
Sees the first wish to better hopes inclin'd;
Marks the young dawn of ev'ry virtuous aim,
And fans the smoking flax into a flame.

His

His ears are open to the softest cry,
His grace descends to meet the lifted eye;
He reads the language of a silent tear;
And sighs are incense from a heart sincere.
Such are the vows, the sacrifice I give;
Accept the vow, and bid the suppliant live:
From each terrestrial bondage set me free;
Still ev'ry wish that centers not in thee;
Bid my fond hopes, my vain disquiets cease,
And point my path to everlasting peace.

If the soft hand of winning pleasure leads
By living waters, and thro' flow'ry meads,
When all is smiling, tranquil and serene,
And vernal beauty paints the flatt'ring scene,
Oh! teach me to elude each latent snare,
And whisper to my sliding heart, Beware!
With caution let me hear the Syren's voice,
And doubtful, with a trembling heart, rejoice.
If friendless, in a vale of tears I stray,
Where briars wound, and thorns perplex my way,
Still let my steady soul thy goodness see,
And with strong confidence lay hold on thee;
With equal eye my various lot receive,
Resign'd to die, or resolute to live;
Prepar'd to kiss the sceptre or the rod,
While God is seen in all, and all in God.

I read his awful name, emblazon'd high
With golden letters on th'illumin'd sky;
Nor less the mystic characters I see
Wrought in each flow'r, inscrib'd on ev'ry tree;
In ev'ry leaf that trembles to the breeze
I hear the voice of God among the trees;
With thee in shady solitudes I walk;
With thee in busy crowded cities talk;
In ev'ry creature own thy forming pow'r;
In each event thy providence adore.
Thy hopes shall animate my drooping soul,
Thy precepts guide me, and thy fear controul.
Thus shall I rest, unmov'd by all alarms,
Secure within the temple of thine arms;
From anxious cares, from gloomy terrors free,
And feel myself omnipotent in thee.
Then when the last, the closing hour draws nigh,
And earth recedes before my swimming eye;
When trembling on the doubtful edge of fate
I stand and stretch my view to either state,
Teach me to quit this transitory scene
With decent triumph and a look serene;
Teach me to fix my ardent hopes on high,
And having liv'd to thee, in thee to die!

§ 51. *A Summer Evening's Meditation.*

Mrs. BARBAULD.

One sun by day, by night ten thousand shine.

YOUNG.

'TIS past! The sultry tyrant of the south
Has spent his short-liv'd rage: more grate-
ful hours
Move silent on; the skies no more repel
The dazzled sight, but with mild maiden beams
Of temper'd light, invite the cherish'd eye
To wander o'er their sphere; where hung aloft
Dian's bright crescent, like a silver bow
New strung in heaven, lifts high its beamy horns,

Impatient for the night, and seems to push
Her brother down the sky. Fair Venus shines
Ev'n in the eye of day: with sweetest beam
Propitious shines, and shakes a trembling flood
Of soften'd radiance from her dewy locks.
The shadows spread apace; while meek en'd eve,
Her cheek yet warm with blushes, slow retires
Thro' the Hesperian gardens of the west,
And shuts the gates of day. 'Tis now the hour
When contemplation, from her sunless haunts,
The cool damp grotto, or the lonely depth
Of unpierc'd woods, where wrapt in solid shade
She mus'd away the gaudy hours of noon,
And fed on thoughts unripen'd by the sun,
Moves forward; and with radiant finger points
To yon blue concave swell'd by breath divine,
Where, one by one, the living eyes of heav'n
Awake, quick kindling o'er the face of aether
One boundless blaze; ten thousand trembling
fires,

And dancing lustres, where th'unsteady eye,
Restless and dazzled, wanders unconfin'd
O'er all this field of glories: spacious field,
And worthy of the Master: he, whose hand
With hieroglyphics elder than the Nile,
Inscrib'd the mystic tablet, hung on high
To public gaze, and said, Adore, O man,
The finger of thy God! From what pure wells
Of milky light, what soft o'erflowing urn,
Are all these lamps so fill'd? these friendly lamps,
For ever streaming o'er the azure deep
To point our path, and light us to our home.
How soft they slide along their lucid spheres!
And silent as the foot of time, fulfil
Their destin'd courses: Nature's self is hush'd,
And but a scatter'd leaf, which rustles thro'
The thick-wove foliage, not a sound is heard
To break the midnight air, tho' the rais'd ear,
Intensely list'ning, drinks in ev'ry breath.
How deep the silence, yet how loud the praise!
But are they silent all? or is there not
A tongue in ev'ry star that talks with man,
And wooes him to be wise? nor wooes in vain.
This dead of midnight is the noon of thought,
And wisdom mounts her zenith with the stars.
At this still hour the self-collected soul
Turns inward, and beholds a stranger there
Of high descent, and more than mortal rank;
An embryo God; a spark of fire divine,
Which must burn on for ages, when the sun
(Fair transitory creature of a day!)
Has clos'd his golden eye, and, wrapt in shades,
Forgets his wonted journey thro' the east.

Ye citadels of light, and seats of Gods!
Perhaps my future home, from whence the soul
Revolving periods past, may oft look back,
With recollected tenderness, on all
The various busy scenes she left below,
Its deep laid projects and its strange events,
As on some fond and doating tale that sooth'd
Her infant hours; O be it lawful now
To tread the hallow'd circle of your courts,
And with mute wonder and delighted awe
Approach your burning confines. Seiz'd in
On fancy's wild and roving wing I sail [thought,
From

From the green borders of the peopled earth,
 And the pale moon, her duteous fair attendant ;
 From solitary Mars ; from the vast orb
 Of Jupiter, whose huge gigantic bulk
 Dances in ether like the lightest leaf ;
 To the dim verge, the suburbs of the system,
 Where cheerless Saturn, 'midst his wat'ry moons,
 Girt with a lucid zone, in gloomy pomp,
 Sits like an exil'd monarch : fearless thence
 I launch into the trackless deeps of space,
 Where, burning round, ten thousand suns appear,
 Of elder beam ; which ask no leave to shine
 Of our terrestrial star, nor borrow light
 From the proud regent of our scanty day ;
 Sons of the morning, first-born of creation,
 And only less than Him who marks their track,
 And guides their fiery wheels. Here must I stop,
 Or is there aught beyond ? what hand unseen
 Impels me onward thro' the glowing orbs
 Of habitable nature, far remote,
 To the dread confines of eternal night,
 To solitudes of vast unpeopled space,
 The deserts of creation, wide and wild ;
 Where embryo systems and unkindled suns
 Sleep in the womb of chaos ? Fancy droops,
 And thought astonish'd, stops her bold career.
 But oh thou mighty mind ! whose pow'rful word
 Said, *Thus let all things be*, and thus they were,
 Where shall I seek thy presence ? how unblam'd
 Invoke thy dread perfection !
 Have the broad eye-lids of the morn beheld thee ?
 Or does the beamy shoulder of Orion
 Support thy throne ? O look with pity down
 On erring, guilty man ; not in thy names
 Of terror clad ; not with those thunders arm'd
 That conscious Sinai felt, when fear appal'd
 The scatter'd tribes ; thou hast a gentler voice,
 That whispers comfort to the swelling heart,
 Abash'd, yet longing to behold her Maker.

But now my soul, unus'd to stretch her pow'rs
 In flight so daring, drops her weary wing,
 And seeks again the known accustom'd spot.
 Drest up with sun, and shade, and lawns, and
 A mansion fair and spacious for its guest, [streams,
 And full replete with wonders. Let me here,
 Content and grateful, wait th'appointed time,
 And ripen for the skies : the hour will come
 When all these splendours bursting on my sight
 Shall stand unveil'd, and to my ravish'd sense
 Unlock the glories of the world unknown.

§ 52. *Hymn to Content.* Mrs. BARBAULD.

— *natura brevis*

Omnibus esse dedit, si quis cognoverit uti.

CLAUDIAN.

O THOU, the Nymph with placid eye !
 O seldom found, yet ever nigh !
 Receive my temp'rate vow :
 Not all the storms that shake the pole
 Can e'er disturb thy halcyon soul,
 And smooth unalter'd brow.

O come, in simple vest array'd,
 With all thy sober cheer display'd,

To bless my longing sight ;
 Thy mein compos'd, thy even pace,
 Thy meek regard, thy matron grace,
 And chaste subdu'd delight.

No more by varying passions beat,
 O gently guide my pilgrim feet
 To find thy hermit cell ;
 Where in some pure and equal sky,
 Beneath thy soft indulgent eye,
 The modest virtues dwell.

Simplicity in attic vest,
 And Innocence with candid breast,
 And clear undaunted eye ;
 And Hope, who points to distant years,
 Fair op'ning thro' this vale of tears
 A vista to the sky.

There Health, thro' whose calm bosom glide
 The temp'rate joys in even tide,
 That rarely ebb or flow ;
 And Patience there, thy sister meek,
 Presents her mild, unvarying cheek
 To meet the offer'd blow.

He influence taught the Phrygian sage
 A tyrant master's wanton rage
 With settled smiles to meet :
 Inur'd to toil and bitter bread,
 He bow'd his meek submitted head,
 And kiss'd thy faintest feet.

But thou, oh Nymph retir'd and coy !
 In what brown hamlet dost thou joy
 To tell thy tender tale ?
 The lowliest children of the ground,
 Moss-rose and violet blossom round,
 And lily of the vale.

O say what soft propitious hour
 I best may choose to hail thy pow'r,
 And court thy gentle sway ?
 When Autumn, friendly to the Muse,
 Shall thy own modest tints diffuse,
 And shed thy milder day.

When Eve, her dewy star beneath,
 Thy balmy spirit loves to breathe,
 And ev'ry storm is laid ;
 If such an hour was e'er thy choice,
 Oft let me hear thy soothing voice
 Low whisp'ring thro' the shade.

§ 53. *To Wisdom.* Mrs BARBAULD,

*Dona presentis rape lætus horæ, ac
 Linque severa.* HORAT.

O WISDOM ! if thy soft controul
 Can sooth the sickness of the soul ;
 Can bid the warring passions cease,
 And breathe the calm of tender peace ;
 Wisdom ! I bless thy gentle sway,
 And ever, ever will obey.

But if thou com'st with frown austere
 To nurse the brood of care and fear ;
 To bid our sweetest passions die,
 And leave us in their room a sigh ;

O if

O if thine aspect stern have pow'r
To wither each poor transient flow'r
That cheers this pilgrimage of woe,
And dry the springs whence hope should flow ;
Wisdom, thine empire I disclaim,
Thou empty boast of pompous name !
In gloomy shade of cloisters dwell,
But never haunt my cheerful cell.

Hail to pleasure's frolic train !
Hail to fancy's golden reign !
Festive mirth and laughter wild,
Free and sportful as the child !
Hope with eager sparkling eyes,
And easy faith, and fond surprise !
Let these, in fairy colours drest,
For ever share my careless breast :
Then, tho' wife I may not be,
The wife themselves shall envy me.

§ 54. *Despondency. An Ode. BURNS.*

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh :
O life, thou art a galling load,
A long, a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I !
Dim-backward as I cast my view,
What sick'ning scenes appear !
What sorrows yet may pierce me thro',
Too justly may I fear !
Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom ;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb !

Happy ! ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard !
Ev'n when the wished end's deny'd,
Yet while the busy means are ply'd,
They bring their own reward :
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an aim,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night
And joyless morn the same :
You, bustling and justling,
Forget each grief and pain ;
I, listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all forgetting, all forgot,
Within his humble cell ;
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well ;
Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream :
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to Heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

Than I no lonely Hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part,
The lucky moment to improve,
And just to stop, and just to move,
With self-respecting art :
But ah ! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The Solitary can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest !
He needs not, he needs not,
Or human love or hate ;
Whilst I here, must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate !

Oh ! enviable early days,
When dancing thoughtless Pleasure's maze,
To care to guilt unknown !
How ill exchange'd for riper times,
To feel the follies or the crimes
Of others, or my own !
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish !
The losses, the crosses,
That active man engage ;
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim declining Age !

55. *Death. Dr. PORTEUS, Bp. of London.*

FRIEND to the wretch whom every friend
forsakes,
I woo thee, Death ! In fancy's fairy paths
Let the gay songster rove, and gently trill
The strain of empty joy. Life and its joys
I leave to those that prize them. At this hour,
This solemn hour, when silence rules the world,
And wearied nature makes a gen'ral pause ;
Wrapt in night's fable robe, through cloysters
And charnels pale, tenanted by a throng [drear
Of meagre phantoms shooting cross my path
With silent glance, I seek the shadowy vale
Of Death. Deep in a murky cave's recess,
Lav'd by Oblivion's listless stream, and fenc'd
By shelving rocks, and intermingled horrors
Of yew and cypress shade, from all intrusion
Of busy noontide beam, the Monarch sits
In unsubstantial majesty enthron'd.
At his right hand, nearest himself in place
And frightfulness of form, his parent Sin
With fatal industry and cruel care
Busies herself in pointing all his stings,
And tipping every shaft with venom drawn
From her infernal store : around him rang'd
In terrible array, and mixture strange
Of uncouth shapes, stand his dread Ministers.
Foremost Old Age, his natural ally
And firmest friend : next him diseases thick,
A motly train ; Fever, with cheek of fire ;
Consumption wan ; Palsy, half warm with life,
And half a clay-clod lump ; joint-tort'ring Gout,
And ever-gnawing Rheum ; Convulsion wild !
Swoln Dropsy ; panting Asthma ; Apoplex
Full-gorg'd. There too the Pestilence that walks
In

In darkness, and the Sickness that destroys
At broad noon-day. These, and a thousand more,
Horrid to tell, attentive wait; and, when
By Heav'n's command Death waves his ebon wand,
Sudden rush forth to execute his purpose,
And scatter desolation o'er the earth.

Ill-fated Man, for whom such various forms
Of mis'ry wait, and mark their future prey!
Ah! why, all-righteous Father, didst thou make
This creature, Man? why wake th'unconscious
To life and wretchedness? O better far [dust
Still had he slept in uncreated night,
If this the lot of Being! Was it for this
Thy Breath divine kindled within his breast
The vital flame? For this was thy fair image
Stamp'd on his soul in godlike lineaments?
For this dominion giv'n him absolute
O'er all thy works, only that he might reign
Supreme in woe? From the blest source of Good
Could Pain and Death proceed? Could such foul ills
Fall from fair Mercy's hands? Far be the thought,
The impious thought! God never made a creature
But what was good. He made a *living Soul*;
The wretched Mortal was the work of Man.
Forth from his Maker's hands he sprung to life
Fresh with immortal bloom; no pain he knew,
No fear of change, no check to his desires, [stood
Save one command: that one command, which
'Twixt him and Death, the test of his obedience,
Urg'd on by wanton curiosity,
He broke. There in one moment was undone
The fairest of God's works. The same rash hand,
That pluck'd in evil hour the fatal fruit,
Unbarr'd the gates of Hell, and let loose Sin
And Death, and all the family of Pain,
To prey on Mankind. Young Nature saw
The monstrous crew, and shook thro' all her frame.
Then fled her new-born lustre, then began
Heaven's cheerful face to lowr, then vapours
choak'd

The troubled air, and form'd a veil of clouds
To hide the willing Sun. The earth, convuls'd
With painful throes, threw forth a bristly crop
Of thorns and briars! and Insect, Bird, and Beast,
That went before with admiration fond
To gaze at Man, and fearless crowd around him,
Now fled before his face, shunning in haste
Th'infection of his misery. He alone,
Who justly might, th'offended Lord of Man,
Turn'd not away his face; he, full of pity,
Forsook not in this uttermost distress
His best lov'd work. That comfort still remain'd
(That best, that greatest comfort in affliction)
The countenance of God; and thro' the gloom
Shot forth some kindly gleams, to cheer and warm
Th'offender's sinking soul. Hope sent from Heav'n,
Uprais'd his drooping head, and shew'd afar
A happier scene of things; the Promis'd Seed
Trampling upon the Serpent's humbled crest;
Death of his sting disarm'd; and the dark grave,
Made pervious to the realms of endless day,
No more the limit but the gate of life. [ground,

Cheer'd with the view, Man went to till the
From whence he rose; sentenc'd indeed to toil
As to a punishment, yet (ev'n in wrath,

So merciful is Heav'n) this toil became
The solace of his woes, the sweet employ
Of many a live-long hour, and surest guard
Against Disease and Death. Death, tho'denounc'd,
Was yet a distant ill, by feeble arm
Of Age, his sole support, led slowly on.
Not then, as since, the short-liv'd sons of men
Flock'd to his realms in countless multitudes;
Scarce in the course of twice five hundred years
One solitary ghost went shiv'ring down
To his unpeopled shore. In sober state,
Through the sequester'd vale of rural life,
The venerable Patriarch guileless held
The tenor of his way; Labour prepar'd
His simple fare, and Temp'rance rul'd his board.
Tir'd with his daily toil, at early eve
He sunk to sudden rest; gentle and pure
As breath of evening Zephyr, and as sweet,
Were all his slumbers; with the Sun he rose,
Alert and vigorous as He, to run [strength,
His destin'd course. Thus nerv'd with giant
He stemm'd the tide of time, and stood the shock
Of ages rolling harmless o'er his head.
At life's meridian point arriv'd, he stood,
And looking round, saw all the vallies fill'd
With nations from his loins; full-well content
To leave his race thus scatter'd o'er the earth,
Along the gentle slope of life's decline
He bent his gradual way, till full of years
He dropt like mellow fruit into his grave.

Such in the infancy of time was Man;
So calm was life, so impotent was Death!
O had he but preserv'd these few remains,
The shatter'd fragments of lost happiness,
Snatch'd by the hand of Heav'n from the sad wreck
Of innocence primæval, still had he liv'd
In ruin great; tho' fall'n, yet not forlorn;
Though mortal, yet not everywhere beset
With Death in every shape! But he, impatient
To be completely wretched, hastes to fill up
The measure of his woes.—'Twas Man himself
Brought Death into the world; and Man himself
Gave keenness to his darts, quicken'd his pace,
And multiply'd destruction on mankind.

First Envy, eldest-born of Hell, embrued
Her hands in blood, and taught the Sons of Men
To make a Death which Nature never made,
And God abhorr'd; with violence rude to break
The thread of life ere half its length was run,
And rob a wretched brother of his being.
With joy Ambition saw, and soon improv'd
The execrable deed. 'Twas not enough
By subtle fraud to snatch a single life:
Puny impiety! 'whole kingdoms fell
To satiate the lust of power: more horrid still,
The foulest stain and scandal of our nature
Became its boast. One Murder made a Villain,
Millions a Hero. Princes were privileg'd
To kill; and numbers sanctified the crime.
Ah! why will Kings forget that they are Men?
And Men that they are brethren? Why delight
In human sacrifice? Why burst the ties
Of Nature, that should knit their souls together
In one soft bond of amity and love?
Yet still they breathe destruction, still go on
Inhumanly

Inhumanly ingenious to find out
New pains for life, new terrors for the grave,
Artificers of Death! Still Monarchs dream
Of universal empire growing up
From universal ruin. Blast the design,
Great God of Hosts, nor let thy creatures fall
Unpitied victims at Ambition's shrine!

Yet say, should Tyrants learn at last to feel,
And the loud din of battle cease to bray;
Should dove-ey'd Peace o'er all the earth extend
Her olive branch, and give the world repose,
Would Death be foil'd? Would health, and
strength, and youth

Defy his pow'r? Has he no arts in store,
No other shafts save those of war? Alas!
Ev'n in the smile of Peace, that smile which sheds
A heav'nly sunshine o'er the soul, there basks
That serpent Luxury. War its thousands slays,
Peace its ten thousands. In th'embattled plain
Tho' Death exults, and claps his raven wings;
Yet reigns he not ev'n there so absolute,
So merciless, as in yon frantic scenes
Of midnight revel and tumultuous mirth,
Where in th'intoxicating draught conceal'd,
Or couch'd beneath the glance of lawless Love,
He snares the simple youth, who nought suspecting,
Means to be blest—but finds himself undone.

Down the smoothstream of life the stripling darts,
Gay as the morn; bright glows the vernal sky,
Hope swells his sails, and passion steers his course.
Safe glides his little bark along the shore
Where virtue takes her stand; but if too far
He launches forth beyond discretion's mark,
Sudden the tempest scowls, the furies roar,
Blot his fair day, and plunge him in the deep.
O sad but sure mischance! O happier far
To lie like gallant Howe 'midst Indian wilds
A breathless corse, cut off by savage hands
In earliest prime, a generous sacrifice
To freedom's holy cause, than so to fall,
Torn immature from life's meridian joys,
A prey to Vice, Intemp'rance, and Disease.

Yet die ev'n thus, thus rather perish still,
Ye Sons of Pleasure, by th'Almighty strick'n,
Than ever dare (though oft, alas! ye dare)
To lift against yourselves the murd'rous steel,
To wrest from God's own hand the sword of
Justice,

And be your own avengers! Hold, rash Man,
Though with anticipating speed thou'st rang'd
Through every region of delight, nor left
One joy to gild the evening of thy days;
Though life seem one uncomfortable void,
Guilt at thy heels, before thy face despair;
Yet gay this scene, and light this load of woe,
Compar'd with thy hereafter. Think, O think,
And, ere thou plunge into the vast abyss,
Pause on the verge a while, look down and see
Thy future mansion. Why that start of horror?
From thy slack hand why drops th'uplifted steel?
Didst thou not think such vengeance must await
The wretch that, with his crimes all fresh about
Rushes irreverent, unprepar'd, uncall'd, [him,
Into his Maker's presence, throwing back
With insolent disdain his choicest gift?

Live then, while Heav'n in pity lends thee life,
And think it all too short to walk away,
By penitential tears and deep contrition,
The scarlet of thy crimes. So shalt thou find
Rest to thy soul, so unappall'd shalt meet
Death when he comes, not wantonly invite
His ling'ring stroke. Be it thy sole concern
With innocence to live, with patience wait
Th'appointed hour; too soon that hour will come,
Tho' Nature run her course. But Nature's God,
If need require, by thousand various ways,
Without thy aid, can shorten that short span,
And quench the lamp of life. O when he comes,
Rous'd by the cry of wickedness extreme
To Heav'n ascending from some guilty land,
Now ripe for vengeance; when he comes array'd
In all the terrors of Almighty wrath,
Forth from his bosom plucks his ling'ring arm,
And on the miscreants pours destruction down,
Who can abide his coming? Who can bear
His whole displeasure? In no common form
Death then appears, but starting into size
Enormous, measures with gigantic stride
Th'astonish'd earth, and from his looks throws
Unutterable horror and dismay. [round

All nature lends her aid. Each element
Arms in his cause. Ope fly the doors of heav'n;
The fountains of the deep their barriers break;
Above, below, the rival torrents pour,
And drown Creation; or in floods of fire
Descends a livid cataract, and consumes
An impious race. Sometimes, when all seems peace,
Wakes the grim whirlwind, and with rude embrace
Sweeps nations to their grave, or in the deep
Whelms the proud wooden world; full many a
Floats on his wat'ry bier, or lies unwept [youth
On some sad desert shore! At dead of night,
In sullen silence stalks forth Pestilence:
Contagion, close behind, taints all her steps
With pois'nous dew; no limiting hand is seen,
No sound is heard, but soon her secret path
Is mark'd with desolation; heaps on heaps
Promiscuous drop. No friend, no refuge, near;
All, all, is false and treacherous around;
All that they touch, or taste, or breathe, is Death.

But ah! what means that ruinous roar? why fail
These tott'ring feet? Earth to its center feels
The Godhead's power, and trembling at his touch
Through all its pillars, and in ev'ry pore,
Hurls to the ground with one convulsive heave
Precipitating domes, and towns, and tow'rs,
The work of ages. Crush'd beneath the weight
Of gen'ral devastation, millions find
One common grave; not ev'n a widow left
To wail her sons: the house, that should protect,
Entombs its master; and the faithless plain,
If there he flies for help, with sudden yawn
Starts from beneath him. Shield me, gracious
Heav'n,

O snatch me from destruction! If this Globe,
This solid Globe, which thine own hand hath made
So firm and sure, if this my steps betray;
If my own mother Earth, from whence I sprung,
Rise up with rage unnatural to devour
Her wretched offspring, whither shall I fly?
Where

Where look for succour? Where, but up to thee,
 Almighty Father? Save, O save, thy suppliant
 From horrors such as these! At thy good time
 Let Death approach; I reckon not—let him but come
 In genuine form, not with thy vengeance arm'd,
 Too much for man to bear. O rather lend
 Thy kindly aid to mitigate his stroke;
 And at that hour when all aghast I stand
 (A trembling candidate for thy compassion)
 On this World's brink, and look into the next;
 When my soul starting from the dark unknown
 Casts back a wishful look, and fondly clings
 To her frail prop, unwilling to be wrench'd
 From this fair scene, from all her custom'd joys,
 And all the lovely relatives of life;
 Then shed thy comforts o'er me, then put on
 The gentlest of thy looks. Let no dark crimes,
 In all their hideous forms then starting up,
 Plant themselves round my couch in grim array,
 And stab my bleeding heart with two-edg'd
 torture,
 Sense of past guilt, and dread of future woe.
 Far be the ghastly crew? And in their stead
 Let cheerful Memory, from her purest cells,
 Lead forth a goodly train of Virtues fair,
 Cherish'd in earliest youth, now paying back
 With tenfold usury the pious care,
 And pouring o'er my wounds the heav'nly balm
 Of conscious innocence. But chiefly Thou,
 Whom soft-eyed Pity once led down from Heav'n
 To bleed for man, to teach him how to live,
 And, oh! still harder lesson! how to die;
 Disdain not Thou to smooth the restless bed
 Of Sickness and of Pain. Forgive the tear
 That feeble Nature drops, calm all her fears,
 Wake all her hopes, and animate her faith,
 Till my rapt Soul, anticipating Heav'n,
 Bursts from the thralldom of incumb'ring clay,
 And on the wing of Extasy upborne,
 Springs into Liberty, and Light, and Life.

§ 56. *The Grave.* ROBT. BLAIR.

The house appointed for all living. JOB.

WHILST some affect the sun, and some the
 shade,
 Some flee the city, some the hermitage
 (Their aims as various as the roads they take
 In journeying through life) the task be mine
 To paint the gloomy horrors of the tomb;
 Th'appointed place of rendezvous, where all
 These travellers meet. Thy succours I implore,
 Eternal King! whose potent arm sustains
 The keys of hell and death. The Grave, dread
 thing!
 Men shiver when thou'rt nam'd: Nature appal'd
 Shakes off her wonted firmness. Ah! how dark
 Thy long-extended realms and rueful wastes,
 Where nought but silence reigns, and night, dark
 Dark as was Chaos ere the infant sun [night,
 Was roll'd together, or had tried its beams
 Athwart the gloom profound! The sickly taper,
 By glimm'ring thro' thy low-brow'd misty vaults,
 Furr'd round with mouldy damps, and ropy slime,

Lets fall a supernumerary horror,
 And only serves to make thy night more irksome.
 Well do I know thee by thy trusty yew,
 Cheerless, unsocial plant! that loves to dwell
 'Midst skulls and coffins, epitaphs and worms;
 Where light-heel'd ghosts, and visionary shades,
 Beneath the wan cold moon (as fable reports)
 Embodied thick, perform their mystic rounds.
 No other merriment, dull tree! is thine.

See yonder hallow'd fane! the pious work
 Of names once fam'd, now dubious or forgot,
 And buried 'midst the wreck of things which were;
 There lie interr'd the more illustrious dead.
 The wind is up: hark how it howls! Methinks,
 Till now, I never heard a sound so dreary: [bird
 Doors creak, and windows clap, and night's foul
 Rook'd in the spire screams loud; the gloomy iles
 Black plaster'd, and hung round with shreds of
 scutcheons,

And tatter'd coats of arms, send back the sound
 Laden with heavier airs, from the low vaults,
 The mansions of the dead. Rous'd from their
 In grim array the grisly spectres rise, [slumbers,
 Grim horrible, and obstinately fullen
 Pass and repass, hush'd as the foot of night.
 Again! the screech-owl shrieks: ungracious sound!
 I'll hear no more; it makes one's blood run chill.

Quite round the pile, a row of rev'rend elms,
 Coeval near with that all ragged shew,
 Long lash'd by the rude winds: some rift half down
 Their branchless trunks: others so thin a-top,
 That scarce two crows could lodge in the same
 tree.

[pen'd here:
 Strange things, the neighbours say, have hap-
 Wild shrieks have issued from the hollow tombs:
 Dead men have come again, and walk'd about;
 And the great bell has toll'd, unring, untouch'd.
 Such tales their cheer, at wake or gossiping,
 When it draws near to witching-time of night.

Oft in the lone church-yard at night I've seen,
 By glimpse of moon-shine, chequ'ring thro' the
 trees,

The school-boy, with his satchel in his hand,
 Whistling aloud to bear his courage up,
 And lightly tripping o'er the long flat stones
 (With nettles skirted, and with moss o'ergrown)
 That tell in homely-phrases who lie below;
 Sudden he starts! and hears, or thinks he hears,
 The sound of something purring at his heels:
 Full fast he flies, and dares not look behind him,
 Till out of breath he overtakes his fellows;
 Who gather round and wonder at the tale
 Of horrid apparition, tall and ghastly,
 That walks at dead of night, or takes his stand
 O'er some new-open'd grave; and, strange to tell!
 Evanishes at crowing of the cock.

The new-made widow too I've sometimes spied,
 Sad sight! slow moving o'er the prostrate dead:
 Little she crawls along in doleful black,
 While bursts of sorrow gush from either eye,
 Fast falling down her now untasted cheek,
 Prone on the lonely grave of the dear man
 She drops; whilst busy meddling memory,
 In barbarous succession, musters up

The

The past endearments of their softer hours,
Tenacious of its theme. Still, still she thinks
She sees him, and indulging the fond thought,
Clings yet more closely to the senseless turf,
Nor heeds the passenger who looks that way.

Invidious Grave! how dost thou rend in sunder
Whom love has knit, and sympathy made one!
A tie more stubborn far than nature's band.
Friendship! mysterious cement of the soul!
Sweet'ner of life, and folder of society!
I owe thee much. Thou hast deserv'd from me
Far, far beyond what I can ever pay.
Oft have I prov'd the labours of thy love,
And the warm efforts of thy gentle heart,
Anxious to please. O! when my friend and I
In some thick wood have wander'd heedless on,
Hid from the vulgar eye, and sat us down
Upon the sloping cowslip-cover'd bank,
Where the pure limpid stream has slid along
In grateful errors thro' the under-wood [thrush
Sweet murmur'ing, methought, the shrill-tongu'd
Mended his song of love; the sooty blackbird
Mellow'd his pipe, and soften'd ev'ry note;
The eglantine smell'd sweeter, and the rose
Assum'd a dye more deep; whilst ev'ry flower
Vied with his fellow-plant in luxury
Of drefs. O! then the longest summer's day
Seem'd too, too much in haste; still the full heart
Had not imparted half: 'twas happiness
Too exquisite to last. Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!

Dull Grave! thou spoil'st the dance of youth-
ful blood,
Strik'st out the dimple from the cheek of mirth,
And ev'ry smirking feature from the face;
Branding our laughter with the name of madness.
Where are the jesters now? the man of health
Complexionally pleasant? where the droll,
Whose ev'ry look and gesture was a joke
To clapping theatres and shouting crowds,
And made ev'n thick-lipp'd musing Melancholy
To gather up her face into a smile
Before she was aware? Ah! sullen now,
And dumb as the green turf that covers them!

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war,
The Roman Cæsars and the Græcian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brain'd youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all the then discover'd globe;
And cried, forsooth, because his arm was ham-
And had not room enough to do his work? [per'd,
Alas! how slim, dishonorably slim!
And cramm'd into a space we blush to name.
Proud royalty! how alter'd in thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-splangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? pliant and pow'rless now;
Like new-born infant bound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath the sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,

That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hop'd for in the peaceful Grave,
Of being unmolested and alone.
Araby's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honors by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, ev'n to a very scruple;
O cruel irony! these come too late;
And only mock whom they were meant to honor.
Surely, there's not a dungeon-slave that's buried
In the highway, unshrowded and uncoffin'd,
But lies as soft, and sleeps as sound as he.
Sorry pre-eminence of high descent-
Above the vulgar, born to rot in state!

But see! the well-plum'd hearse comes nodding
Stately and slow; and properly attended [on,
By the whole sable tribe, that painful watch
The sick man's door, and live upon the dead,
By letting out their persons by the hour
To mimic sorrow, when the heart's not sad!
How rich the trappings, now they're all unfurl'd
And glitt'ring in the sun! triumphant entries
Of conquerors, and coronation pomps,
In glory scarce exceed. Great gluts of people
Retard th'unwieldly show; whilst from the case-
ments

And house tops, ranks behind ranks close wedg'd,
Hang belying o'er. But tell us, why this waste?
Why this ado in earthing up a carcase
That's fall'n into disgrace, and in the nostril
Smells horrible? Ye undertakers! tell us,
'Midst all the gorgeous figures you exhibit,
Why is the principal conceal'd, for which
You make this mighty stir? 'Tis wisely done:
What would offend the eye in a good picture,
The Painter casts discreetly into shades.

Proud lineage, now how little thou appear'st!
Below the envy of the private man!
Honor, that meddling officious ill,
Pursues thee e'en to death; nor there stops short.
Strange persecution! when the grave itself
Is no protection from the rude sufferance.

Absurd! to think to over-reach the grave,
And from the wreck of names to rescue ours!
The best concerted schemes men lay for fame
Die fast away: only themselves die faster.
The far-fam'd sculptor, and the laurel'd bard,
Those bold insurers of eternal fame,
Supply their little feeble aids in vain.
The tap'ring pyramid, th'Egyptian's pride,
And wonder of the world! whose spiky top
Has wounded the thick cloud, and long out-liv'd
The angry shaking of the winter's storm;
Yet spent at last by th'injuries of heav'n,
Shatter'd with age, and furrow'd o'er with years,
The mystic cone with hieroglyphics crusted,
Gives way. O lamentable sight! at once
The labour of whole ages lumbers down,
A hideous and mis-shapen length of ruins.
Sepulchral columns wrestle but in vain
With all-subduing Time: her cank'ring hand,
With calm deliberate malice, wasteth them:
Worn on the edge of days, the brass consumes,
The busto moulders, and the deep cut marble,
Unsteady to the steel, gives up its charge.

Ambition,

Ambition, half convicted of her folly,
Hangs down the head, and reddens at the tale.

Here all the mighty troublers of the earth,
Who swam to sov'reign rule thro' seas of blood;
Th'oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villains,
Who ravag'd kingdoms, and laid empires waste,
And in a cruel wantonness of pow'r
Thinn'd states of half their people, and gave up
To want the rest, now, like a storm that's spent,
Lie hush'd, and meanly sneak behind thy covert,
Vain thought, to hide them from the gen'ral scorn,
That haunts and dogs them like an injur'd ghost
Implacable. Here too, the petty tyrant,
Whose scant domains geographer ne'er notic'd,
And well for neighb'ring grounds of arm as short;
Who fix'd his iron talons on the poor,
And grip'd them like some lordly beast of prey,
Deaf to the forceful cries of gnawing hunger,
And piteous plaintive voice of misery
(As if a slave was not a shred of nature,
Of the same common nature with his lord)
Now tame and humble, like a child that's whipp'd,
Shakes hands with dust, and calls the worm his
kinsman;

Nor pleads his rank and birthright. Under ground
Precedency's a jest; vassal and lord,
Grossly familiar, side by side consume.

When self-esteem, or others adulation,
Would cunningly persuade us we were something
Above the common level of our kind, [flatt'ry,
The grave gainsays the smooth-complexion'd
And with blunt truth acquaints us what we are.

Beauty! thou pretty plaything! dear deceit!
That steals so softly o'er the stripling's heart,
And gives it a new pulse unknown before!
The Grave discredits thee: thy charms expung'd,
Thy roses faded, and thy lilies soil'd,
What hast thou more to boast of? Will thy lovers
Flock round thee now, to gaze and do thee homage?
Methinks I see thee with thy head low laid;
Whilst surfeited upon thy damask cheek,
The high-fed worm in lazy volumes roll'd,
Riots unscar'd. For this was all thy caution?
For this thy painful labours at thy glass,
T'improve those charms, and keep them in repair,
For which the spoiler thanks thee not? Foul feeder!
Coarse fare and carrion please thee full as well,
And leave as keen a relish on the sense.

Look how the fair one weeps! the conscious tears
Stand thick as dew-drops on the bells of flow'rs:
Honest effusion! the swollen heart in vain
Works hard to put a gloss on its distress.

Strength too! thou furly, and less gentle boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dar'd thee to th' unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? deep groan indeed!
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man
By stronger arm belabour'd, gasps for breath
Like a hard hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! what now avail

The strong-built sinewy limbs and well-spread
shoulders?

See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning! hideous sight!
O! how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!
Whilst the distemper's rank, and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliath,
Just like a child that brawld itself to rest, [boaster!
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well-invented knife!

With study pale, and midnight vigils spent,
The star-surveying sage close to his eye
Applies the sight-invigorating tube;
And trav'ling thro' the boundless length of space,
Marks well the courses of the far-seen orbs
That roll with regular confusion there,
In extacy of thought. But ah! proud man!
Great heights are hazardous to the weak head:
Soon, very soon, thy firmest footing fails;
And down thou dropp'st into that darksome place,
Where nor device nor knowledge ever came.

Here the tongue-warrior lies! disabled now,
Disarm'd, dishonor'd, like a wretch that's gag'd,
And cannot tell his ail to passers-by. [change,
Great man of language! whence this mighty
This dumb despair, and drooping of the head?
Though strong persuasion hung upon thy lip,
And sly Insinuation's softer arts
In ambush lay about thy flowing tongue,
Alas! how chop-fall'n now! thick mists and silence
Rest, like a weary cloud, upon thy breast
Unceasing. Ah! where is the lifted arm,
The strength of action, and the force of words,
The well-turn'd period, and the well-tun'd voice,
With all the lesser ornaments of phrase?
Ah! fled for ever, as they ne'er had been!
Raz'd from the book of fame: or, more provoking,
Perhaps some hackney hunger-bitten scribbler
Insults thy memory, and blots thy tomb
With long flat narrative, or duller rhimes
With heavy halting pace that drawl along;
Enough to rouse a dead man into rage,
And warm with red resentment the wan cheek.

Here the great masters of the healing art,
These mighty mock-defrauders of the tomb!
Spite of their juleps and catholicons,
Resign to fate. Proud Æsculapius' son,
Where are thy boasted implements of art,
And all thy well-cramm'd magazines of health?
Nor hill, nor vale, as far as ship could go,
Nor margin of the gravel-bottom'd brook,
Escap'd thy rifling hand! from stubborn shrubs
Thou wrung'st their shy retiring virtues out,
And vex'd them in the fire; nor fly, nor insect,
Nor writhy snake, escap'd thy deep research.
But why this apparatus? why this cost?

Tell

Tell us, thou doughty keeper from the grave !
Where are thy recipes and cordials now,
With the long list of vouchers for thy cures !
Alas ! thou speak'st not. The bold impostor
Looks not more filly when the cheat's found out.

Here the lank-sided miser, worst of felons !
Who meanly stole, discreditable shift !
From back and belly too their proper cheer ;
Eas'd of a tax it irk'd the wretch to pay
To his own carcase, now lies cheaply lodg'd,
By clam'rous appetites no longer teaz'd,
Nor tedious bills of charges and repairs.
But, ah ! where are his rents, his comings in ?
Aye ! now you've made the rich man poor indeed :
Robb'd of his gods, what has he left behind ?
O cursed lust of gold ! when for thy sake
The fool throws up his int'rest in both worlds,
First starv'd in this, then damn'd in that to come.

How shocking must thy summons be, O Death !
To him that is at ease in his possessions,
Who, counting on long years of pleasure here,
Is quite unfurnish'd for that world to come !
In that dread moment, how the frantic soul
Raves round the walls of her clay tenement,
Runs to each avenue, and shrieks for help,
But shrieks in vain ! how wishfully she looks
On all she's leaving, now no longer hers !
A little longer, yet a little longer,
O might she stay to wash away her stains,
And fit her for her passage ! mournful sight !
Her very eyes weep blood ; and ev'ry groan
She heaves is big with horror : but the foe,
Like a staunch murd'rer steady to his purpose,
Pursues her close through ev'ry lane of life,
Nor misses once the track, but presses on ;
Till, forc'd at last to the tremendous verge,
At once she sinks to everlasting ruin.

Sure 'tis a serious thing to die ! my soul !
What a strange moment must it be, when near
Thy journey's end, thou hast the gulph in view !
That awful gulph no mortal e'er repass'd,
To tell what's doing on the other side !
Nature runs back and shudders at the sight,
And ev'ry life-string bleeds at thoughts of parting !
For part they must : body and soul must part ;
Fond couple ! link'd more close than wedded pair.
This wings its way to its Almighty Source,
The witness of its actions, now its Judge ;
That drops into the dark and noisome grave,
Like a disabled pitcher of no use.

If death was nothing, and nought after death ;
If, when men died, at once they ceas'd to be,
Returning to the barren womb of nothing,
Whence first they sprung, then might the de-
bauchee [drunkard
Untrembling mouthe the heav'ns ; then might the
Reel over his full bowl, and when 'tis drain'd,
Fill up another to the brim, and laugh [wretch
At the poor bugbear Death ;—then might the
That's weary of the world, and tir'd of life,
At once give each inquietude the slip,
By stealing out of being when he pleas'd,
And by what way, whether by hemp or steel :
Death's thousand doors stand open. Who could
force

The ill-pleas'd guest to sit out his full time,
Or blame him if he goes ? Sure he does well
That helps himself as timely as he can,
When able. But if there is an *hereafter*
(And that there is, conscience, uninfluenc'd
And suffer'd to speak out, tells ev'ry man)
Then must it be an awful thing to die ;
More horrid yet to die by one's own hand.
Self-murder ! name it not ; our island's shame,
That makes her the reproach of neighb'ring states.
Shall nature, swerving from her earliest dictate,
Self-preservation, fall by her own act ?
Forbid it, Heav'n ! let not upon disgust
The shameless hand be foully crimson'd o'er
With blood of its own lord. Dreadful attempt !
Just reeking from self-slaughter, in a rage,
To rush into the presence of our Judge !
As if we challeng'd him to do his worst,
And matter'd not his wrath. Unheard-of tortures
Must be reserv'd for such : these herd together ;
The common damn'd shun their society,
And look upon themselves as fiends less foul.
Our time is fix'd ! and all our days are number'd !
How long, how short, we know not : this we know,
Duty requires we calmly wait the summons,
Nor dare to stir till Heav'n shall give permission :
Like centries that must keep their destin'd stand,
And wait th'appointed hour, till they're reliev'd.
Those only are the brave who keep their ground,
And keep it to the last. To run away
Is but a coward's trick : to run away
From this world's ills, that at the very worst
Will soon blow o'er, thinking to mend ourselves
By boldly vent'ring on a world unknown,
And plunging headlong in the dark ! 'tis mad :
No frenzy half so desperate as this.

Tell us, ye dead ! will none of you in pity
To those you left behind disclose the secret ?
O ! that some courteous ghost would blab it out,
What 'tis you are, and we must shortly be.
I've heard, that souls departed have sometimes
Forewarn'd men of their death : 'twas kindly done
To knock and give th'alarm. But what means
This stinted charity ? 'tis but lame kindness
That does its work by halves. Why might you not
Tell us what 'tis to die ? Do the strict laws
Of your society forbid your speaking
Upon a point so nice ? I'll ask no more ;
Sullen, like lamps in sepulchres, your shine
Enlightens but yourselves : well—'tis no matter :
A very little time will clear up all,
And make us learn'd as you are, and as close.

Death's shafts fly thick ! Here falls the vil-
lage swain, [round ;
And there his pamper'd lord ! The cup goes
And who so artful as to put it by ?
'Tis long since Death had the majority ;
Yet, strange ! the living lay it not to heart.
See yonder maker of the dead man's bed,
The sexton, hoary-headed chronicle !
Of hard unmeaning face, down which ne'er stole
A gentle tear ; with mattock in his hand
Digs thro' whole rows of kindred and acquaintance
By far his juniors ! Scarce a scull's cast up,
But well he knew its owner, and can tell

Some passage of his life. Thus, hand in hand,
The sot has walk'd with death twicetwenty years;
And yet ne'er younker on the green laughs louder,
Or clubs a simuttier tale; when drunkards meet,
None sings a merrier catch, or lends a hand
More willing to his cup. Poor wretch! he minds
That soon some trusty brother of the trade [not
Shall do for him what he has done for thousands.

On this side, and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in Autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hale and undegen'rate days
Could scarce have leisure for; fools that we are!
Never to think of death and of ourselves
At the same time! as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours. O more than sottish!
For creatures of a day, in gamestome mood
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when for aught we know
The very first swoln surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a resistless unremitting stream,
Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize. What is this world?
What but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals,
Savage and tame, and full of dead mens bones!
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcases
To cover our own offspring: in their turns
They too must cover theirs. 'Tis here all meet!
The shiv'ring Iclander, and sun-burnt Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before,
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sov'reign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight. Here lie abash'd
The great negociators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems and wiles of courts:
How vain their treaty-skill! Death scorns to treat.
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burthen
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the cruel
tyrant,

With all his guards and tools of pow'r about him,
Is meditating new unheard-of hardships,
Mocks his short arm, and quick as thought escapes,
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the bubbling stream,
Time out of mind the fav'rite seats of love,
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down
Unblasted by foul tongue. Here friends and foes
Lie close, unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Ere while that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister-streams
That some rude interposing rock had split.
Here is the large-limb'd peasant; here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch;
Here is the mother with her sons and daughters;
The barren wife; the long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets

Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose, before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome varant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody, [shrew,
Hears not the voice of mirth: the shrill-tongu'd
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here are the wise, the gen'rous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, the profane,
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean,
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Poor man! how happy once in thy first state!
When yet but warm from thy great Maker's hand,
He stamp'd thee with his image, and well pleas'd,
Smil'd on his last fair work! Then all was well:
Sound was the body, and the soul serene;
Like two sweet instruments ne'er out of tune,
That play their several parts. Nor head, nor heart,
Offer'd to ache; nor was there cause they should,
For all was pure within: no fell remorse,
Nor anxious castings up of what may be,
Alarm'd his peaceful bosom: summer seas
Shew not more smooth when kiss'd by southern
Just ready to expire. Scarce importun'd, [winds,
The gen'rous soil with a luxuriant hand
Offer'd the various produce of the year,
And ev'ry thing most perfect in its kind.
Blessed, thrice blessed days! but ah, how short!
Bless'd as the pleasing dreams of holy men,
But fugitive, like those, and quickly gone.
O slipp'ry state of things! What sudden turns,
What strange vicissitudes, in the first leaf
Of man's sad history! to-day most happy,
And ere to-morrow's sun has set, most abject!
How scant the space between these vast extremes!
Thus far'd it with our Sire; Not long he enjoy'd
His paradise! scarce had the happy tenant
Of the fair spot due time to prove its sweets,
Or sum them up, when straight he must be gone,
Ne'er to return again. And must he go?
Can nought compound for the first dire offence
Of erring man? Like one that is condemn'd,
Fain would he trifle time with idle talk,
And parley with his fate. But 'tis in vain.
Not all the lavish odours of the place,
Offer'd in incense, can procure his pardon,
Or mitigate his doom. A mighty angel
With flaming sword forbids his longer stay,
And drives the loiterer forth; nor must he take
One last and farewell round. At once he lost
His glory and his God. — If mortal now,
And sorely maim'd, no wonder! Man has sinn'd.
Sick of his bliss, and bent on new adventures,
Evil he would needs try: nor try'd in vain.
Dreadful experiment! destructive measure!
Where the worst thing could happen, is success.
Alas! too well he sped: the good he scorn'd
Stalk'd off reluctant, like an ill-us'd ghost,

Not

Not to return; or if it did, its visits,
Like those of angels, short, and far between:
Whilst the black dæmon with his hell-scap'd train,
Admitted once into its better room,
Grew loud and mutinous, nor would be gone;
Lording it o'er the man, who now too late
Saw the rash error, which he could not mend;
An error fatal not to him alone,
But to his future sons, his fortune's heirs.
Inglorious bondage! human nature groans
Beneath a vassalage so vile and cruel,
And its vast body bleeds through ev'ry vein.

What havoc hast thou made, foul monster, Sin!
Greatest and first of ills! the fruitful parent
Of woes of all dimensions! but for thee
Sorrow had never been. All noxious things
Of vilest nature, other sorts of evils,
Are kindly circumscrib'd, and have their bounds.
The fierce volcano, from its burning entrails
That belches molten stone and globes of fire,
Involv'd in pitchy clouds of smoke and stench,
Mars the adjacent fields for some leagues round,
And there it stops. The big swollen inundation,
Of mischief more diffusive, raving loud,
Buries whole tracts of country, threatening more;
But that too has its shore it cannot pass.
More dreadful far than these, sin has laid waste,
Not here and there a country, but a world;
Dispatching at a wide extended blow
Entire mankind, and for their sakes defacing
A whole creation's beauty with rude hands;
Blasting the foodful grain, the loaded branches,
And marking all along its way with ruin.
Accursed thing! O where shall fancy find
A proper name to call thee by, expressive
Of all thy horrors? pregnant womb of ills!
Of temper so transcendently malign,
That toads and serpents of most deadly kind
Compar'd to thee are harmless. Sickneses
Of ev'ry size and symptom, racking pains,
And bluest plagues are thine! See how the fiend
Profusely scatters the contagion round! [heels,
Whilst deep-mouth'd slaughter, bellowing at her
Wades deep in blood new spilt; yet for to-morrow
Shapes out new work of great uncommon daring,
And inly pines till the dread blow is struck.

But hold! I've gone too far; too much discover'd
My father's nakedness, and nature's shame.
Here let me pause! and drop an honest tear,
One burst of filial duty and condolence
O'er all those ample desarts Death hath spread,
This chaos of mankind. O great man-eater!
Whose ev'ry day is carnival, not fated yet!
Unheard-of epicure, without a fellow!
The veriest gluttons do not always cram;
Some intervals of abstinence are sought
To edge the appetite; thou seekest none.
Methinks the countless swarms thou hast devour'd,
And thousands that each hour thou gobblest up,
This, less than this, might gorge thee to the full.
But ah! rapacious still, thou gap'st for more;
Like one whole days defrauded of his meals,
On whom lank hunger lays his skinny hand,
And whets to keenest eagerness his cravings:
As if Diseases, Massacres, and Poison,

Famine and War, were not thy caterers!

But know that thou must render up thy dead,
And with high interest too! they are not thine;
But only in thy keeping for a season,
Till the great promis'd day of restitution;
When loud diffusive sound from brazen trump
Of strong-lung'd cherub shall alarm thy captives,
And rouse the long, long sleepers into life,
Day-light, and liberty.
Then must thy gates fly open, and reveal
The mines that lay long forming under ground,
In their dark cells immur'd; but now full ripe,
And pure as silver from the crucible,
That twice has stood the torture of the fire,
And inquisition of the forge. We know,
Th' Illustrious Deliverer of mankind,
The Son of God, thee foil'd. Him in thy pow'r
Thou couldst not hold; self-vigorous he rose,
And, shaking off thy fetters, soon retook
Those spoils his voluntary yielding lent.
(Sure pledge of our releasement from thy thrall!)
Twice twenty days he sojourn'd here on earth,
And shew'd himself alive to chosen witnesses
By proofs so strong, that the most slow assenting
Had not a scruple left. This having done,
He mounted up to heav'n. Methinks I see him
Climb the aerial heights, and glide along
Athwart the severing clouds; but the faint eye,
Flung backward in the chace, soon drops its hold,
Disabled quite, and jaded with pursuing.
Heaven's portals wide expand to let him in;
Nor are his friends shut out; as some great prince
Not for himself alone procures admission,
But for his train; it was his royal will,
That where he is, there should his followers be.
Death only lies between, a gloomy path!
Made yet more gloomy by our coward fears!
But nor untrod, nor tedious; the fatigue
Will soon go off. Besides, there's no by-road
To bliss. Then why, like ill-condition'd children,
Start we at transient hardships in the way
That leads to purer air and softer skies,
And a ne'er-setting sun? Fools that we are!
We wish to be where sweets unwith'ring bloom;
But strait our wish revoke, and will not go.
So have I seen, upon a summer's even,
Fast by the riv'let's brink a youngster play;
How wishfully he looks to stem the tide!
This moment resolute, next unresolv'd,
At last he dips his foot; but as he dips,
His fears redouble, and he runs away
From th' inoffensive stream, unmindful now
Of all the flow'rs that paint the further bank,
And smil'd so sweet of late. Thrice welcome
That, after many a painful bleeding step, [Death!
Conducts us to our home, and lands us safe
On the long wish'd-for shore. Prodigious change!
Our bane turn'd to a blessing! Death disarm'd
Loses his felness quite; all thanks to him
Who scourg'd the venom out! Sure the last end
Of the good man is peace. How calm his exit!
Night-dews fall not more gently to the ground,
Nor weary worn-out winds expire so soft.
Behold him in the ev'ning-tide of life,
A life well spent, whose early care it was,

His riper years should not upbraid his green :
 By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away ;
 Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting !
 High in his faith and hopes, look how he reaches
 After the prize in view ! and, like a bird
 That's hamper'd, struggles hard to get away !
 Whilst the glad gates of sight are wide expanded
 To let new glories in, the first fair fruits
 Of the fast-coming harvest ! Then ! O then !
 Each earth-born joy grows vile, or disappears,
 Shrunk to a thing of nought. O how he longs
 To have his passport sign'd, and be dismiss'd !
 'Tis done, and now he's happy ! The glad soul
 Has not a wish uncrown'd. Ev'n the lag flesh
 Rests too, in hope of meeting once again
 Its better half, never to sunder more.
 Nor shall it hope in vain : the time draws on
 When not a single spot of burial-earth,
 Whether on land or in the spacious sea,
 But must give back its long committed dust
 Inviolat : and faithfully shall these
 Make up the full account ; not the least atom
 Embezzled, or mislaid, of the whole tale.
 Each soul shall have a body ready furnish'd ;
 And each shall have his own. Hence, ye prophane !
 Ask not, how this can be ? Sure the same pow'r
 That rear'd the piece at first, and took it down,
 Can re-assemble the loose scatter'd parts,
 And put them as they were. Almighty God
 Has done much more ; nor is his arm impair'd
 Thro' length of days ; and what he can he will :
 His faithfulness stands bound to see it done.
 When the dread trumpet sounds, the slumb'ring
 Not unattentive to the call, shall wake ; [dust,
 And ev'ry joint possess its proper place,
 With a new elegance of form, unknown
 To its first state. Nor shall the conscious soul
 Mistake his partner ; but amidst the crowd,
 Singling its other half into its arms,
 Shall rush, with all th'impatience of a man
 That's new come home, who having long been
 absent,
 With haste runs over every different room,
 In pain to see the whole. Thrice happy meeting !
 Nor time, nor death, shall ever part them more.
 'Tis but a night, a long and moonless night,
 We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.
 Thus, at the shut of even, the weary bird
 Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely break
 Cov'rs down, and dozes till the dawn of day,
 Then claps his well-fledg'd wings, and bears away.

§ 57. *On the Eternity of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

HA I L, wond'rous Being, — who in power
 supreme
 Exists from everlasting ! whose great name
 Deep in the human heart, and every atom
 The Air, the Earth, or azure Main contains,
 In undecypher'd characters is wrote —
Incomprehensible ! — O what can words,
 The weak interpreters of mortal thoughts,
 Or what can thoughts (tho' wild of wing they rove
 Thro' the vast concave of the æthereal round) ?

If to the Heaven of Heavens they wing their way
 Adventurous, like the birds of night, they're lost,
 And delug'd in the flood of dazzling day.—

May then the youthful uninspired Bard
 Presume to hymn th'Eternal ? may he soar
 Where Seraph and where Cherubim on high
 Refound th'unceasing plaudits, and with them
 In the grand chorus mix his feeble voice ?

He may—if thou, who from the witless babe
 Ordaineft honor, glory, strength, and praise,
 Uplift th'unpinion'd Muse, and deign'ft t'assist,
 Great Poet of the Universe, his song.

Before this earthly Planet wound her course
 Round Light's perennial fountain ; before Light
 Herself 'gan shine, and at th'inspiring word
 Shot to existence in a blaze of day ;
 Before "the Morning-Stars together sang,"
 And hail'd Thee Architect of countless worlds ;
 Thou art—All-glorious, All-beneficent,
 All Wisdom and Omnipotence thou art.

But is the æra of Creation fix'd
 At when these worlds began ? Could aught retard
 Goodness, that knows no bounds, from blessing
 Or keep th'immense Artificer in sloth ? [ever,
 Avaunt the dust-directed crawling thought,
 The Puissance immeasurably vast,
 And Bounty inconceivable, could rest
 Content, exhausted with one week of action—
 No—in th'exertion of thy righteous power,
 Ten thousand times more active than the Sun,
 Thou reign'd, and with a mighty hand compos'd
 Systems innumerable, matchless all,
 All stamp'd with thine uncounterfeited seal.
 But yet (if still no more stupendous heights
 The Muse unblam'd her aching sense may strain)
 Perhaps wrapt up in contemplation deep,
 The best of Beings on the noblest theme
 Might ruminate at leisure, Scope immense
 Th'eternal Power and Godhead to explore,
 And with itself th'omniscient mind replete.
 This were enough to fill the boundless All.
 This were a Sabbath worthy the Supreme !
 Perhaps enthron'd amidst a choicer few
 Of spirits inferior, he might greatly plan
 The two prime pillars of the Universe,
 Creation and Redemption — and a while
 Pause with the grand presentiments of glory.
 Perhaps—but all's conjecture here below,
 All ignorance, and self-plum'd vanity—
 O Thou, whose ways to wonder at's distrust,
 Whom to describe's presumption (all we can—
 And all we may) be glorify'd, be prais'd. [perish,

A day shall come when all this Earth shall
 Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos ; it shall come
 When all the armies of the elements
 Shall war against themselves, and mutual rage,
 To make Perdition triumph ; it shall come
 When the capacious atmosphere above
 Shall in sulphureous thunders groan, and die,
 And vanish into void ; the earth beneath
 Shall sever to the center, and devour
 Th'enormous blaze of the destructive flames.
 Ye rocks that mock the raving of the floods,
 And proudly frown upon the th'impatient deep,
 Where is your grandeur now ? Ye foaming waves,
 That

That all along th'immenſe Atlantic roar,
In vain ye ſwell; will a few drops ſuffice
To quench the inextinguishable fire? [cedars
Ye mountains, on whoſe cloud-crown'd tops the
Are leſſen'd into ſhrubs, magnific piles,
That prop the painted chambers of the heavens,
And fix the earth continual; Athos, where?
Where, Teneriff's, thy ſtatelineſs to-day?
What, Ætna, are thy flames to theſe? No more
Than the poor glow-worm to the golden ſun.

Nor ſhall the verdant vallies then remain
Safe in their meek ſubmiſſion; they the debt
Of nature and of juſtice too muſt pay.
Yet I muſt weep for you, ye rival fair,
Arno and Andaluſia; but for thee
More largely, and with filial tears muſt weep,
O Albion! O my country! thou muſt join,
In vain diſſever'd from the reſt, muſt join
The terrors of th'inevitable ruin.

Nor thou, illuſtrious monarch of the day;
Nor thou, fair queen of night; nor you, ye ſtars,
Tho' million leagues and million ſtill remote,
Shall yet ſurvive that day; ye muſt ſubmit,
Sharers, not bright ſpectators of the ſcene.

But tho' the earth ſhall to the centre periſh,
Nor leave behind ev'n Chaos; tho' the air
With all the elements muſt paſs away,
Vain as an idiot's dream; tho' the huge rocks,
That brandiſh the tall cedars on their tops,
With humbler vales muſt to perdition yield;
Tho' the gilt Sun, and ſilver treſſed Moon,
With all her bright retinue muſt be loſt;
Yet Thou, Great Father of the world, ſurviv'ſt
Eternal, as thou wert: Yet ſtill ſurvives
The ſoul of man immortal, perfect now,
And candidate for unexpiſing joys. [hear;

He comes! He comes! the awful trump I
The flaming ſword's intolerable blaze
I ſee! He comes! th'Archangel from above.

"Arise ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and ariſe:
"From eaſt to weſt, from the Antarctic pole
"To regions Hyperborean, all ye ſons,
"Ye ſons of Adam, and ye heirs of heav'n—
"Arise ye tenants of the ſilent grave,
"Awake incorruptible, and ariſe."

'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the reſtleſs mind
Shall find itſelf at home; and like the ark,
Fix'd on the mountain-top, ſhall look aloft
O'er the vague paſſage of precarious life;
And, winds and waves, and rocks and tempeſts
Enjoy the everlaſting calm of Heaven: [paſt,
'Tis then, nor ſooner, that the deathleſs ſoul
Shall juſtly know its nature and its riſe:
'Tis then the human tongue new tun'd ſhall give
Praises more worthy the Eternal ear.

Yet what we can, we ought; and therefore Thou,
Purge Thou my heart, Omnipotent and Good!
Purge Thou my heart with hyſſop, leſt like Cain,
I offer fruitleſs ſacrifice, and with gifts
Offend and not propitiate the Ador'd.
Tho' Gratitude were bleſt with all the powers
Her burſting heart could long for, tho' the ſwift,
The fiery-wing'd Imagination ſoar'd
Beyond ambition's wiſh — yet all were vain

To ſpeak Him as he is, who is ineffable.
Yet ſtill let Reason, thro' the eye of Faith
View him with fearful love; let Truth pronounce,
And Adoration on her bended knee,
With heaven-directed hands, confeſs his reign,
And let the angelic, archangelic band,
With all the hoſts of Heaven, cherubic forms,
And forms ſeraphic, with her ſilver trump
And golden lyres attend:—"For Thou art holy,
"For Thou art one, th'Eternal, who alone
"Exerts all goodneſs, and tranſcends all praiſe!"

§ 58. *On the Immensity of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

ONCE more I dare to rouse the ſounding ſtring,
The Poet of my God — Awake, my glory,
Awake, my lute and harp — myſelf ſhall wake,
Soon as the ſtately night-exploding bird
In lively lay ſings welcome to the dawn.

Liſt ye! how nature with ten thouſand tongues
Begins the grand thankſgiving, Hail, all hail,
Ye tenants of the foreſt and the field;
My fellow ſubjects of th'Eternal King,
I gladly join your matins, and with you
Confeſs his preſence, and report his praiſe.

O Thou, who or the lambkin, or the dove,
When offer'd by the lowly, meek and poor,
Prefer'ſt to pride's whole hecatomb, accept
This mean eſſay, nor from thy treaſure-houſe
Of glory immenſe the Orphan's mite exclude.

What tho' the Almighty's regal throne be rais'd
High o'er yon azure Heaven's exalted dome,
By mortal eye unkenn'd -- Where Eaſt nor Weſt,
Nor South, nor bluſtering North has breath to
Albeit He there with angels and with ſaints [blow;
Holds conference, and to his radiant hoſt
Ev'n face to face ſtand viſibly confeſt;
Yet know, that nor in preſence or in power
Shines He leſs perfect here; 'tis man's dim eye
That makes th'obſcurity. He is the ſame;
Alike in all his univerſe the ſame.

Whether the mind along the ſpangled ſky
Meaſures her pathleſs walk, ſtudious to view
The works of vaſter fabric, where the planets
Weave their harmonious rounds, their march di-
Still faithful, ſtill inconstant to the ſun; [recting
Or where the comet, thro' ſpace infinite
(Tho' whirling worlds oppoſe in globes of fire)
Darts like a javelin, to his diſtant goal; [vens,
Or where in Heaven above, the Heaven of Hea-
Burn brighter ſuns, and goodlier planets roll
With ſatellites more glorious — Thou art there.

Or whether on the ocean's boiſterous back
Thou ride triumphant, and with outſtretch'd arm
Curb the wild winds and diſcipline the billows,
The ſuppliant ſailor finds Thee there, his chief,
His only help — When thou rebuk'ſt the ſtorm
It ceaſes — and the veſſel gently glides
Along the gloſſy level of the calm.

O! could I ſearch the boſom of the ſea,
Down the great depth deſcending; there thy works
Would alſo ſpeak thy reſidence; and there
Would I, thy ſervant, like the ſtill profound
Aſtoniſh'd into ſilence muſe thy praiſe!

Behold! behold! th'unplanted garden round
Of vegetable coral, sea-flowers gay,
And shrubs of amber from the pearl-pav'd bottom
Rise richly varied, where the finny race
In blithe security their gambols play:
While high above their heads Leviathan,
The terror and the glory of the main,
His pastime takes with transport, proud to see
The ocean's vast dominion all his own.

Hence thro' the genial bowels of the earth
Easy may fancy pass; till at thy mines,
Gani or Raolconda, she arrive,
And from the adamant's imperial blaze,
Form weak ideas of her Maker's glory.
Next to Pegu or Ceylon let me rove,
Where the rich ruby (deem'd by sages old
Of sov'reign virtue) sparkles ev'n like Sirius,
And blazes into flames. Thence will I go
To undermine the treasure-fertile womb
Of the huge Pyrenean, to detect
The agate and the deep-intrenched gem
Of kindred jasper — Nature in them both
Delights to play the mimic on herself;
And in their veins she oft pours their forms
Of leaning hills, of trees erect, and streams
Now stealing softly on, now thundering down
In desperate cascade, with flowers and beasts,
And all the living landscape of the vale.
In vain thy pencil, Claudio, or Poussin,
Or thine, immortal Guido, would essay
Such skill to imitate — it is the hand
Of God himself — for God himself is there. [vance

Hence with th'ascending springs let me ad-
Thro' beds of magnets, minerals, and spar,
Up to the mountain's summit, there t'indulge
Th'ambition of the comprehensive eye,
That dares to call th'horizon all her own.
Behold the forest, and th'expansive verdure
Of yonder level lawn, whose smooth-shorn sod
No object interrupts, unless the oak
His lordly head uprears, and branching arms
Extends — Behold, in regal solitude
And pastoral magnificence he stands
So simple and so great, the under-wood
Of meaner rank, an awful distance keep.
Yet thou art there, yet God himself is there,
Ev'n on the bush (tho' not as when to Moses
He shone in burning majesty reveal'd).
Nathless conspicuous in the linnets' throat
Is his unbounded goodness — Thee her Maker,
Thee her Preserver chaunts she in her song;
While all the emulative vocal tribe
The grateful lesson learn — no other voice
Is heard, no other sound — for, in attention
Buried, ev'n babbling Echo holds her peace.

Now from the plains, where th'unbounded prof-
Gives liberty her utmost scope to range, [pect
Turn we to yon enclosures, where appears
Chequer'd variety in all her forms,
Which the vague mind attract, and still suspend
With sweet perplexity. What are yon towers,
The work of labouring man and clumsy art,
Seen with the ring-dove's nest? On that tall beech
Her pensile house the feather'd artist builds —
The rocking winds molest her not; for see,

With such due poise the wond'rous fabric's hung,
That, like the compass in the bark, it keeps
True to itself, and steadfast ev'n in storms.
Thou idiot, that asserts there is no God,
View, and be dumb for ever —
Go bid Vitruvius or Palladio build
The bee his mansion, or the ant her cave —
Go call Correggio, or let Titian come [cherry
To paint the hawthorn's bloom, or teach the
To blush with just vermilion — Hence away —
Hence, ye profane! for God himself is here.
Vain were th'attempt, and impious, to trace
Thro' all his works th'Artificer Divine —
And tho' nor shining sun, nor twinkling star
Bedeck'd the crimson curtains of the sky;
Tho' neither vegetable, beast, nor bird
Were extant on the surface of this ball,
Nor lurking gem beneath; tho' the great sea
Slept in profound stagnation, and the air
Had left no thunder to pronounce its Maker;
Yet man at home, within himself might find
The Deity immense, and in that frame,
So fearfully, so wonderfully made,
See and adore his providence and power —
I see, and I adore — O God most bounteous!
O infinite of goodness and of glory, [Thee;
Thee, that thou hast shap'd, shall bend to
The tongue which thou hast tun'd, shall chaunt
thy praise;
And thine own image, the immortal soul,
Shall consecrate herself to Thee for ever.

§ 59. *On the Omniscience of the Supreme Being.*
SMART.

ARISE, divine Urania, with new strains
To hymn thy God! and thou, immortal Fame,
Arise and blow thy everlasting trump!
All glory to the Omniscient, and praise,
And power, and domination in the height!
And thou, cherubic Gratitude, whose voice
To pious ears sounds silverly so sweet,
Come with thy precious incense, bring thy gifts,
And with thy choicest stores the altar crown.
Thou too, my heart, whom He, and He alone
Who all things knows, can know, with love re-
Generate, and pure, pour all thyself [plete,
A living sacrifice before his throne!
And may th'eternal, high mysterious tree,
That in the centre of the arched heavens [branch
Bears the rich fruit of knowledge, with some
Stoop to my humble reach, and bless my toil!
When in my mother's womb conceal'd I lay,
A senseless embryo, then my soul thou knew'st,
Knew'st all her future workings, every thought,
And every faint idea yet unform'd.
When up the imperceptible ascent
Of growing years, led by thy hand, I rose,
Perception's gradual light, that ever dawns
Insensibly to day thou didst vouchsafe,
And taught me by that reason thou inspir'dst,
That what of knowledge in my mind was low,
Imperfect, incorrect — in Thee is wond'rous,
Uncircumscrib'd, unsearchably profound,

And

And estimable solely by itself.

What is that secret power that guides the brutes,
Which Ignorance calls Instinct? 'Tis from Thee,
It is the operation of thine hands
Immediate, instantaneous; 'tis thy wisdom
That glorious shines transparent thro' thy works.
Who taught the pye, or who forwarn'd the jay
To shun the deadly nightshade? Tho' the cherry
Boasts not a glossier hue, nor does the plum
Lure with more seeming sweets the amorous eye,
Yet will not the sagacious birds, decoy'd
By fair appearance, touch the noxious fruit.
They know the taste is fatal, whence alarm'd,
Swift on the winnowing winds they work their way.
Go to, proud reas'ner, philosophic Man,
Hast thou such prudence, thou such knowledge?
Full many a race has fell into the snare [—No.
Of meretricious looks, of pleasing surface;
And oft in desert isles the famish'd pilgrim,
By forms of fruit, and luscious taste beguil'd,
Like his forefather Adam, eats and dies.
For why? his wisdom on the leaden feet
Of slow Experience, dully tedious, creeps
And comes, like vengeance, after long delay.

The venerable sage, that nightly trims
The learned lamp, t'investigate the powers
Of plants medicinal, the earth, the air,
And the dark regions of the fossil world,
Grows old in following what he ne'er shall find;
Studious in vain! till haply, at the last
He spies a mist, then shapes into mountains,
And baseless fabrics from conjecture builds:
While the domestic animal that guards
At midnight hours his threshold, if oppress'd
By sudden sickness, at his master's feet
Begs not that aid his services might claim,
But is his own physician; knows the case,
And from th' emetic herbage works his cure.
Hark! from afar the feather'd matron * screams,
And all her brood alarms! The docile crew
Accept the signal one and all, expert
In the art of Nature and unlearn'd deceit:
Along the sod, in counterfeited death,
Mute, motionless they lie; full well appriz'd
That the rapacious adversary's near.
But who inform'd her of th' approaching danger?
Who taught the cautious mother that the hawk
Was hatch'd her foe, and liv'd by her destruction?
Her own prophetic soul is active in her,
And more than human providence her guard.

When Philomela, ere the cold domain
Of crippl'd Winter 'gins t'advance, prepares
Her annual flight, and in some poplar shade
Takes her melodious leave, who then's her pilot?
Who points her passage thro' the pathless void
To realms from us remote, to us unknown?
Her science is the science of her God.
Not the magnetic index to the North
E'er ascertains her course, nor buoy, nor beacon:
She, Heaven-taught voyager, that sails in air,
Courts nor coy West nor East, but instant knows
What Newton † or not sought, or sought in vain.
Illustrious name! irrefragable proof

* The Hen Turkey.

Of man's vast genius, and the soaring soul!
Yet what wert thou to Him, who knew his works
Before creation form'd them; long before
He measur'd in the hollow of his hand
Th'exulting Ocean, and the highest Heavens
He comprehended with a span, and weigh'd
The mighty mountains in his golden scales;
Who shone supreme, who was himself the light,
Ere yet refraction learn'd her skill to paint,
And bend athwart the clouds her beauteous bow.

When Knowledge at her father's dread com-
Resign'd to Israel's king her golden key, [mand
O! to have join'd the frequent auditors
In wonder and delight, that whilom heard
Great Solomon descanting on the brutes!
O! how sublimely glorious to apply
To God's own honour, and good-will to man,
That wisdom he alone of men possess'd
In plenitude so rich, and scope so rare.
How did he rouse the pamper'd silken sons
Of bloated ease, by placing to their view
The sage industrious Ant, the wisest insect,
And best œconomist of all the field!
Tho' she presumes not by the solar orb
To measure times and seasons, nor consults
Chaldean calculations, for a guide;
Yet, conscious that December's on the march,
Pointing with icy hand to Want and Woe,
She waits his dire approach, and undismay'd
Receives him as a welcome guest, prepar'd
Against the churlish Winter's fiercest blow.
For when as yet the favourable Sun
Gives to the genial earth th'enlivening ray,
Not the poor suffering slave, that hourly toils
To rive the groaning earth for ill-sought gold,
Endures such trouble, such fatigue, as she;
While all her subterraneous avenues, [meet
And storm-proof cells, with management most
And unexempl'd housewifery she forms:
Then to the field she hies, and on her back,
Burthen immense! she bears the cumbrous corn.
Then many a weary step, and many a strain,
And many a grievous groan subdued, at length
Up the huge hill she hardly heaves it home:
Nor rests she here her providence, but nips
With subtle tooth the grain, lest from her garner
In mischievous fertility it steal,
And back to day-light vegetate its way.
Go to the Ant, thou sluggard, learn to live,
And by her wary ways reform thine own.
But if thy deaden'd sense and listless thought
More glaring evidence demand, behold,
Where yon pellucid populous hive presents
A yet uncopied model to the world!
There Machiavel in the reflecting glass
May read himself a fool. The chemist there
May with astonishment invidious view
His toils out-done by each plebeian bee
Who, at the royal mandate, on the wing
From various herbs, and from discordant flowers,
A perfect harmony of sweets compounds.
Avaunt, Conceit, Ambition, take thy flight
Back to the Prince of vanity and air!

The Longitude.

By his Omnipotence, Philosophy
Slowly her thoughts inadequate revolves,
And stands, with all his circling wonders round
Like heavy Saturn in th'ethereal space [her,
Begirt with an inexplicable ring.

If such the operations of his power,
Which at all seasons, and in every place
(Rul'd by establish'd laws and current nature)
Arrest th'attention; who! O who shall tell
His acts miraculous? when his own decrees
Repeals he, or suspends, when by the hand
Of Moses or of Joshua, or the mouths
Of his prophetic seers, such deeds he wrought,
Before th'astonish'd sun's all-seeing eye,
That faith was scarce a virtue. Need I sing
The fate of Pharaoh and his numerous band
Lost in the reflux of the wat'ry walls,
That melted to their fluid state again?
Need I recount how Samson's warlike arm
With more than mortal nerves was strung t'o'er-
Idolatrous Philistia? Shall I tell [throw
How David triumph'd, and what Job sustain'd?
—But, O supreme unutterable mercy!
O love unequall'd, mystery immense,
Which angels long t'unfold! 'tis man's re-
demption

That crowns thy glory, and thy power confirms,
Confirms the great, th'uncontroverted claim.
When from the Virgin's unpolluted womb
Shone forth the Sun of Righteousness reveal'd,
And on benighted reason pour'd the day;
“Let there be peace!” (he said) and all was calm
Amongst the warring world—calm as the sea
When, “O be still, ye boisterous winds!” he
cry'd,

And not a breath was blown, nor murmur heard.
His was a life of miracles and might,
And charity and love, ere yet he taste
The bitter draught of death, ere yet he rise
Victorious o'er the universal foe,
And death, and sin, and hell in triumph lead.
His by the right of conquest is mankind,
And in sweet servitude and golden bonds
We're ty'd to him for ever.—O how easy
Is his ungalling yoke, and all his burdens
'Tis extacy to bear! Him, blessed Shepherd,
His flocks shall follow thro' the maze of life,
And shades that tend to day-spring from on high;
And as the radiant roses, after fading,
In fuller foliage and more fragrant breath
Revive in smiling spring, so shall it fare
With those that love him—for sweet is their fa-
And all eternity shall be their spring. [your,
Then shall the gates and everlasting doors,
At which the King of Glory enters in, [sure
Be to the saints unbar'd: and there, where plea-
Boasts an undying bloom, where dubious hope
Is certainty, and grief-attended love
Is freed from passion—there we'll celebrate,
With worthier numbers, Him who is, and was,
And in immortal prowess King of Kings,
Shall be the Monarch of all worlds for ever.

§ 61. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being.*

SMART.

ORPHEUS, for so the Gentiles* call'd thy
name,

Israel's sweet Psalmist, who alone couldst wake
Th'inanimate to motion; who alone
The joyful hillocks, the applauding rocks,
And floods, with musical persuasion drew;
Thou who to hail and snow giv'st voice and sound,
And mad'st the mute melodious!—greater yet
Was thy divinest skill, and rul'd o'er more
Than art or nature; for thy tuneful touch
Drove trembling Satan from the heart of Saul,
And quell'd the evil Angel:—in this breast
Some portion of thy genuine spirit breathe,
And lift me from myself; each thought impure
Banish; each low idea raise, refine,
Enlarge, and sanctify;—so shall the Muse
Above the stars aspire, and aim to praise
Her God on earth as he is prais'd in heav'n.

Immense Creator! whose all-powerful hand
Fram'd universal Being, and whose eye
Saw like thyself, that all things form'd were good;
Where shall the timorous bard thy praise begin,
Where end the purest sacrifice of song, [light,
And just thanksgiving?—The thought-kindling
Thy prime production, darts upon my mind
Its vivifying beams, my heart illumines,
And fills my soul with gratitude and Thee.
Hail to the cheerful rays of ruddy morn,
That paint the streaky East, and blithsome rouse
The birds, the cattle, and mankind from rest!
Hail to the freshness of the early breeze,
And Iris dancing on the new-fall'n dew!
Without the aid of yonder golden globe,
Lost were the garret's lustre, lost the lily,
The tulip and auricula's spotted pride;
Lost were the peacock's plumage, to the sight
So pleasing in its pomp and glossy glow.
O thrice illustrious! were it not for Thee,
Those pansies, that reclining from the bank,
View thro' th'immaculate pellucid stream
Their portraiture in the inverted heaven,
Might as well change their triple boast, the white,
The purple, and the gold, that far outvie
The Eastern monarch's garb, ev'n with the dock,
Ev'n with the baleful hemlock's irksome green.
Without thy aid, without thy gladsome beams,
The tribes of woodland warblers would remain
Mute on the bending branches, nor recite
The praise of Him, who, ere he form'd their lord,
Their vices tun'd to transport, wing'd their flight,
And bade them call for nurture, and receive:
And lo! they call; the blackbird and the thrush,
The woodlark, and the redbreast jointly call;
He hears, and feeds their feather'd families;
He feeds his sweet musicians,—nor neglects
Th'invoking ravens in the greenwood wide;
And tho' their throats coarse rattling hurt the ear,
They mean it all for music, thanks and praise
They mean, and leave ingratitude to man,—
But not to all,—for hark, the organs blow

* See this conjecture strongly supported by Delany, in his *Life of David*.

Their swelling notes round the cathedral's dome,
 And grace th'harmonious choir, celestial feast
 To pious ears, and med'cine of the mind;
 The thrilling trebles and the manly base
 Join in accordance meet, and with one voice
 All to the sacred subject suit their song.
 While in each breast sweet melancholy reigns
 Angelically pensive, till the joy
 Improves and purifies; the solemn scene
 The Sun thro' storied panes surveys with awe,
 And bashfully with-holds each bolder beam.
 Here, as her home, from morn to eve frequents
 The cherub Gratitude; behold her eyes!
 With love and gladness weepingly they shed
 Ecstatic smiles; the incense that her hands
 Uprear is sweeter than the breath of May
 Caught from the nectarin's blossom, and her voice
 Is more than voice can tell; to him she sings,
 To Him who feeds, who clothes, and who adorns,
 Who made, and who preserves, whatever dwells
 In air, in steadfast earth, or fickle sea.
 O He is good, He is immensely good! [man;
 Who all things form'd, and form'd them all for
 Who mark'd the climates, varied every zone,
 Dispensing all his blessings for the best,
 In order and in beauty:—rise, attend,
 Attest, and praise, ye quarters of the world!
 Bow down, ye elephants, submissive bow
 To Him who made the mite! Tho' Asia's pride!
 Ye carry armies on your tower-crown'd backs,
 And grace the turban'd tyrants, bow to Him
 Who is as great, as perfect, and as good
 In his less striking wonders, till at length
 The eye's at fault, and seeks th'affixing glass.
 Approach, and bring from Araby the Blest
 The fragrant cassia, frankincense, and myrrh,
 And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot,
 Lay all the tributary incense down.
 Stoop, feeble Africa, with reverence stoop,
 And from thy brow rake off the painted plume;
 With golden ingots all thy camels load
 T'adorn his temples; hasten with thy spear
 Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
 While unpursu'd thy lions roam and roar,
 And ruin'd towers, rude rocks, and caverns wide
 Remurmur to the glorious, furly sound.
 And thou, fair Indian, whose immense domain
 To counterpoise the Hemisphere extends, [ers,
 Hasten from the West, and with thy fruits and flow-
 Thy mines and med'cines, wealthy maid, attend.
 More than the plenteousness so fam'd to flow
 By fabling bards from Amalthea's horn
 Is thine; thine therefore be a portion due [crown
 Of thanks and praise: come with thy brilliant
 And vest of fur; and from thy fragrant lap
 Pomegranates, and the rich ananas pour.
 But chiefly thou, Europa, seat of Grace
 And Christian excellence, his Goodness own,
 Forth from ten thousand temples pour his praise.
 Clad in the armour of the living God,
 Approach, unsheath the Spirit's flaming sword;
 Faith's shield, salvation's glory—compass'd helm
 With fortitude assume, and o'er your heart
 Fair Truth's invulnerable breastplate spread;
 Then join the general chorus of all worlds,

And let the song of Charity begin
 In strains seraphic, and melodious prayer.
 "Of all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 "Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 "Thou, who to lowest minds dost condescend,
 "Assuming passions to enforce thy laws,
 "Adopting jealousy to prove thy love:
 "Thou who resign'd humility uphold'st,
 "Ev'n as the florist props the drooping rose,
 "But quell'st tyrannic pride with peerless power,
 "Ev'n as the tempest rives the stubborn oak:
 "O all-sufficient, all-beneficent,
 "Thou God of Goodness and of Glory, hear!
 "Bless all mankind, and bring them in the end
 "To heaven, to immortality, and Thee!"

§ 62. *The Day of Judgment: a Cambridge Prize-Poem.* By Dr. GLYNN.

THY Justice, Heav'nly King! and that great day
 When Virtue, long abandon'd and forlorn,
 Shall raise her pensive head; and Vice, that erst
 Rang'd unprov'd and free, shall sink appall'd;
 I sing advent'rous—But what eye can pierce
 The vast immeasurable realms of space
 O'er which Messiah drives his flaming car
 To that bright region, where enthron'd he sits,
 First-born of heav'n, to judge assembled worlds,
 Cloath'd in celestial radiance! Can the Muse,
 Her feeble wing all damp with earthly dew,
 Soar to that bright empyreal, where around,
 Myriads of angels, God's perpetual choir,
 Hymn hallelujahs, and in concert loud
 Chaunt songs of triumph to their Maker's praise?—
 Yet will I strive to sing, albeit unus'd
 To tread poetic soil. What though the wiles
 Of Fancy me enchanted, ne'er could lure
 To rove o'er Fairy lands; to swim the streams
 That through her vallies wave their mazy way;
 Or climb her mountain tops; yet will I raise
 My feeble voice to tell what harmony
 (Sweet as the music of the rolling spheres)
 Attunes the moral world: that Virtue still
 May hope her promis'd crown; that vice may dread
 Vengeance, though late; that reas'ning Pride
 may own
 Just, though unsearchable, the ways of Heav'n.
 Sceptic! whoc'er thou art, who say'st the soul,
 That divine particle which God's own breath
 Inspir'd into the mortal mass, shall rest
 Annihilate, till Duration has unroll'd
 Her never-ending line; tell, if thou know'st,
 Why every nation, every clime, though all
 In laws, and rites, in manners disagree,
 With one consent expect another world,
 Where wickedness shall weep? Why Paynim bards
 Fabled Elysian plains, Tartarean lakes,
 Styx and Cocytus? Tell, why Heli's sons
 Have feign'd a paradise of mirth and love,
 Banquets, and blooming nymphs? Or rather tell,
 Why, on the brink of Orellana's stream,
 Where never science rear'd her sacred torch,
 Th'untutor'd Indian dreams of happier worlds
 Behind the cloud-topped hill? Why in each breast
 Is plac'd a friendly monitor, that prompts,
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Informs, directs, encourages, forbids?
 Tell, why on unknown evil grief attends,
 Or joy on secret good? Why conscience acts
 With tenfold force when sickness, age, or pain
 Stands tottering on the precipice of death?
 Or why such horror gnaws the guilty soul
 Of dying sinners, while the good man sleeps
 Peaceful and calm, and with a smile expires?
 Look round the world! with what a partial hand
 The scale of bliss and misery is sustain'd!
 Beneath the shade of cold obscurity
 Pale Virtue lies; no arm supports her head,
 No friendly voice speaks comfort to her soul,
 Nor soft-eyed Pity drops a melting tear;
 But, in their stead, Contempt and rude Disdain
 Insult the banish'd wanderer: on she goes,
 Neglected and forlorn: Disease and Cold,
 And Famine, worst of ills, her steps attend:
 Yet patient, and to Heav'n's just will resign'd,
 She ne'er is seen to weep, or heard to sigh.

Now turn your eyes to yon sweet-smelling bow'r,
 Where, flush'd with all the insolence of wealth,
 Sits pamper'd Vice! For him th'Arabian gale
 Breathes forth delicious odours; Gallia's hills
 For him pour nectar from the purple vine,
 Nor think for these he pays the tribute due
 To Heav'n: of Heav'n he never names the name,
 Save when with imprecations dark and dire
 He points his jest obscene. Yet buxom Health
 Sits on his rosy cheek; yet Honour gilds
 His high exploits; and downy-pinion'd sleep
 Sheds a soft opiate o'er his peaceful couch.

See'st thou this, righteous Father! See'st thou this,
 And wilt thou ne'er repay? Shall good and ill
 Be carried undistinguish'd to the land
 Where all things are forgot?—Ah! no; the day
 Will come, when Virtue from the cloud shall burst,
 That long obscur'd her beams; when sin shall fly
 Back to her native Hell; there sink eclips'd
 In penal darkness; where nor star shall rise,
 Nor ever sunshine pierce th'impervious gloom.

On that great day the solemn trump shall sound
 (That trumpet which once in heav'n, on man's revolt
 Convok'd the astonish'd seraphs) at whose voice
 Th'unpeopl'd graves shall pour forth all their dead.
 Then shall th'assembled nations of the earth
 From ev'ry quarter at the judgment-seat
 Unite; Egyptians, Babylonians, Greeks,
 Parthians; and they who dwelt on Tyber's banks,
 Names fam'd of old: or who of later age,
 Chinese and Russian, Mexican and Turk,
 Tenant the wild terrene; and they who pitch
 Their tents on Niger's banks; or, where the sun
 Pours on Golconda's spires his early light,
 Drink Ganges' sacred stream. At once shall rise,
 Whom distant ages to each other fight
 Had long denied: before the throne shall kneel
 Some great Progenitor, while at his side
 Stand his descendants through a thousand lines.
 Whate'er their nation, and whate'er their rank,
 Heroes and patriarchs, slaves and scepter'd kings,
 With equal eye the God of all shall see,
 And judge with equal love. What tho' the great
 With costly pomp and aromatic sweets
 Embalm'd his poor remains; or thro' the dome

A thousand tapers shed their gloomy light,
 While solemn organs to his parting soul
 Chaunted slow orisons? Say, by what mark
 Dost thou discern him from that lowly swain
 Whose mouldering bones beneath the thorn bound
 Long lay neglected? All at once shall rise; [turf
 But not to equal glory; for, alas!

With howlings dire and execrations loud,
 Some wail their fatal birth—First among these
 Behold the mighty murderers of mankind:
 They who in sport whole kingdoms slew; or they
 Who to the tottering pinnacle of power,
 Waded thro' seas of blood! How will they curse
 The madness of ambition! how lament
 Their dear bought laurels, when the widow'd wife
 And childless mother at the judgment seat [they
 Plead trumpet-tongued against them!—Here are
 Who sunk an aged father to the grave;
 Or with unkindness hard, and cold disdain,
 Slighted a brother's suff'rings.—Here are they
 Whom fraud and skilful treachery long secur'd;
 Who from the infant virgin tore her dow'r,
 And ate the orphan's bread:—who spent their stores
 In selfish luxury; or o'er their gold
 Prostrate and pale ador'd the useless heap.
 Here too who stain'd the chaste connubial bed!—
 Who mix'd the pois'nous bowl;—or broke the ties
 Of hospitable friendship;—and the wretch
 Whose little soul, sick with the cares of life,
 Unsummon'd, to the presence of his God
 Rush'd in with insult rude. How would they joy
 Once more to visit earth; and tho' oppress'd
 With all that pain and famine can inflict,
 Pant up the hill of life! Vain wish! the Judge
 Pronounces doom eternal on their heads,
 Perpetual punishment. Seek not to know
 What punishment! for that th'Almighty will
 Has hid from mortal eyes: and shall vain man
 With curious search refin'd presume to pry
 Into thy secrets, Father? No! let him
 With humble patience all thy works adore,
 And walk in all thy paths; so shall his meed
 Be great in heav'n, so haply shall he 'scape
 Th'immortal worm and never-ceasing fire.

But who are they, who, bound in tenfold chains
 Stand horribly aghast? This is that crew
 Who strove to pull Jehovah from his throne,
 And in the place of heav'n's eternal King,
 Set up the phantom chance. For them in vain
 Alternate seasons cheer'd the rolling year;
 In vain the sun o'er herb, tree, fruit, and flow'r,
 Shed genial influence mild; and the pale moon
 Repair'd her waning orb.—Next these is plac'd
 The vile blasphemer; he whose impious wit
 Profan'd the sacred mysteries of faith,
 And 'gainst th'impenetrable walls of Heav'n
 Planted his feeble battery. By these stands
 The Arch-Apostate: he with many a wile
 Exhorts them still to foul revolt. Alas!
 No hope have they from black despair, no ray
 Shines thro' the gloom to cheer their sinking souls:
 In agonies of grief they curse the hour
 When first they left Religion's onward way.

These on the left are rang'd: but on the right
 A chosen band appears, who fought beneath

The

The banner of Jehovah, and defy'd
Satan's united legions. Some, unmov'd
At the grim tyrant's frown, o'er barb'rous climes
Diffus'd the Gospel's light: some, long immur'd
(Sad servitude!) in chains and dungeons pin'd;
Or rack'd with all the agonies of pain, [they
Breath'd out their faithful lives. Thrice happy
Whom Heav'n elected to that glorious strife!—
Here are they plac'd, whose kind munificence
Made heav'n-born Science raise her drooping
And on the labours of a future race [head;
Entail'd their just reward. Thou amongst these,
Good Seaton! whose well-judg'd benevolence
Fost'ring fair Genius, bade the poet's hand
Bring annual off'rings to his Maker's shrine,
Shalt find the generous care was not in vain.—
Here is that fav'rite band, whom mercy mild,
God's best-lov'd attribute, adorn'd; whose gate
Stood ever open to the stranger's call;
Who fed the hungry; to the thirsty lip
Reach'd out the friendly cup; whose care benign
From the rude blast secur'd the pilgrim's side;
Who heard the widow's tender tale, and shook
The galling shackle from the pris'ner's feet;
Who each endearing tie, each office knew
Of meek-ey'd heav'n-descended Charity.—
O Charity, thou nymph divinely fair!
Sweeter than those whom ancient poets bound
In amity's indissoluble chain,
The Graces! how shall I essay to paint
Thy charms, celestial maid! and in rude verse
Blazon those deeds thyself didst ne'er reveal?
For thee nor rankling Envy can infect,
Nor rage transport, nor high o'erweening pride
Puff up with vain conceit: ne'er didst thou smile
To see the sinner as a verdant tree
Spread his luxuriant branches o'er the stream;
While, like some blasted trunk, the righteous fall
Prostrate; forlorn. When prophecies shall fail,
When tongues shall cease, when knowledge is no
more,

And this great day is come, thou by the throne
Shalt sit triumphant. Thither, lovely maid!
Bear me, O bear me on thy soaring wing,
And through the adamantine gates of heav'n
Conduct my steps, safe from the fiery gulph
And dark abyfs, where Sin and Satan reign!

But can the Muse, her numbers all too weak,
Tell how that restless element of fire
Shall wage with seas and earth intestine war,
And deluge all creation? Whether (so
Some think) the comet, as through fields of air
Lawless he wanders, shall rush headlong on,
Thwarting th'ecliptic, where th'unconscious earth
Rolls in her wonted course; whether the sun
With force centripetal into his orb
Attract her, long reluctant; or the caves,
Those dread volcanos, where engend'ring lie
Sulphureous minerals, from their dark abyfs
Pour streams of liquid fire; while from above,
As erst on Sodom, Heav'n's avenging hand
Rains fierce combustion?—Where are now the
Of art, the toil of ages?—Where are now [works
Th'imperial cities, sepulchres and domes,
Trophies and llars? Where is Egypt's boast,

Those lofty pyramids, which high in air
Rear'd their aspiring heads, to distant times
Of Memphian pride a lasting monument?—
Tell me where Athens rais'd her tow'rs—where
Thebes

Open'd her hundred portals?—Tell me where
Stood sea-girt Albion? where imperial Rome,
Propt by seven hills, sat like a scepter'd queen,
And aw'd the tributary world to peace?—
Shew me the rampart which o'er many a hill,
Thro' many a valley, stretch'd its wide extent,
Rais'd by that mighty monarch to repel
The roving Tartar, when with insult rude
'Gainst Pekin's tow'rs he bent th'unerring bow.
But what is mimic art? E'en Nature's works,
Seas, meadows, pastures, the meand'ring streams,
And everlasting hills, shall be no more.
No more shall Teneriff, cloud-piercing height!
O'erhang th'Atlantic furge; nor that fam'd cliff,
Thro' which the Persian steer'd with many a sail,
Throw to the Lemnian isle its evening shade
O'er half the wide Ægean.—Where are now
The Alps that confin'd with unnumber'd realms,
And from the Black Sea to the ocean stream
Stretch'd their extended arms?—Where's Ararat,
That hill on which the faithful patriarch's ark,
Which seven long months had voyag'd o'er its top,
First rested, when the earth with all her sons,
As now by streaming cataracts of fire,
Was whelm'd by mighty waters?—All at once
Are vanish'd and dissolv'd; no trace remains,
No mark of vain distinction: Heav'n itself,
That azure vault, with all those radiant orbs,
Sinks in the universal ruin lost.—

No more shall planets round their central sun
Move in harmonious dance; no more the moon
Hang out her silver lamp; and those fix'd stars,
Spangling the golden canopy of night,
Which oft the Tuscan with his optic glass
Call'd from their wondrous height, to read their
And magnitude, some winged minister [names
Shall quench; and (surest sign that all on earth
Is lost) shall rend from heav'n the mystic bow.

Such is that awful, that tremendous day,
Whose coming who shall tell? For as a thief
Unheard, unseen, it steals with silent pace
Thro' night's dark gloom.—Perhaps as here I sit,
And rudely carol these incondite lays, [mouth
Soon shall the hand be check'd, and dumb the
That lisps the falt'ring strain.—O! may it ne'er
Intrude unwelcome on an ill-spent hour!
But find me wrapt in meditations high,
Hymning my great Creator!—

—“Pow'r Supreme!

“O everlasting King! to thee I kneel,
“To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
“Melt, all ye elements! And thou, high heav'n,
“Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll! But think, O Lord,
“Think on the best, the noblest of thy works;
“Think on thine own bright image! Think on
“him

“Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath;
“And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember man!”

Deity.

§ 63. *Deity.* BOYSE.

*Unde nil majus generatur Ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum.* HOR.

FROM earth's low prospects and deceitful aims,
From wealth's allurements, and ambition's
dreams,

The lover's raptures, and the hero's views,
All the false joys mistaken man pursues;
The schemes of science, the delights of wine,
Or the more pleasing follies of the Nine!
Recall, fond Bard, thy long-enchanted fight,
Deluded with the visionary light!

A nobler theme demands thy sacred song,
A theme beyond or man's or angel's tongue!

But oh alas! unhallow'd and prophane,
How shalt thou dare to raise the heav'nly strain?
Do thou, who from the altar's living fire
Isaiah's tuneful lips did once inspire,
Come to my aid, celestial Wisdom, come;
From my dark mind dispel the doubtful gloom:
My passions still, my purer breast inflame,
To sing that God, from whom existence came;
Till heav'n and nature in the concert join,
And own the Author of their birth divine.

I. ETERNITY.

Whence sprung this glorious frame! or whence
The various forms the universe compose? [arose
From what Almighty Cause, what mystic springs
Shall we derive the origin of things?

Sing, heav'nly Guide! whose all-efficient light
Drew dawning planets from the womb of night!
Since reason, by thy sacred dictates taught,
Adores a Pow'r beyond the reach of thought.

First Cause of causes! Sire supreme of birth!
Sole light of heav'n! acknowledg'd life of earth!
Whose Word from nothing call'd this beauteous
whole,

This wide expanded All from pole to pole!
Who shall prescribe the boundary to Thee?
Or fix the æra of Eternity!

Should we, deceiv'd by error's sceptic glass,
Admit the thought absurd—that Nothing was!
Thence would this wild, this false conclusion
flow,

That Nothing rais'd this beauteous All below!
When from disclosing darkness splendor breaks,
Associate atoms move, and matter speaks!

When non-existence bursts its close disguise,
How blind are mortals?—not to own the skies!

If one vast void eternal held its place,
Whence started time? or whence expanded space!
What gave the slumb'ring mass to feel a change?
Or bid consenting worlds harmonious range!
Could nothing link the universal chain?

No, 'tis impossible, absurd, and vain!
Here reason its eternal Author finds,
The whole who regulates, unites, and binds,
Enlivens matter, and produces minds!
Inactive Chaos sleeps in dull repose,
Nor knowledge thence, nor free volition flows!
A nobler source those pow'rs ethereal show,
By which we think, design, reflect, and know;

These from a cause superior date their rise,
"Abstract in essence from material ties."
An origin immortal, as supreme,
From whose pure day, celestial rays! they came:
In whom all possible perfections shine
Eternal, self-existent, and divine!

From this Great Spring of uncreated might!
This all-resplendant Orb of vital light:
Whence all created beings take their rise,
Which beautify the earth, or paint the skies!
Profusely wide the boundless blessings flow,
Which heav'n enrich, and gladden worlds below!
Which are no less, when properly defin'd,
Than emanations of th'Eternal Mind!
Hence triumphs truth beyond objection clear
(Let unbelief attend; and shrink with fear!)
That what for ever was—must surely be
Beyond commencement, and from period free;
Drawn from himself his native excellence,
His date eternal, and his space immense!
And all of whom that man can comprehend,
Is, that he ne'er begun, nor ne'er shall end.

In Him, from whom existence boundless flows,
Let humble faith its sacred trust repose;
Assur'd, on his eternity depend,
"Eternal Father! and eternal Friend!"
Within that mystic circle safety seek,
No time can lessen, and no force can break;
And, lost in adoration, breathe his praise,
High Rock of ages, ancient Sire of days!

II. UNITY.

Thus recogniz'd, the spring of life and thought?
Eternal, self-deriv'd, and unbegot!
Approach, celestial Muse, th'empyreal throne,
And awfully adore th'exalted One!
In nature pure, in place supremely free,
And happy in essential unity!

Bless'd in himself, had from his forming hand
No creatures sprung to hail his wide command;
Bless'd, had the sacred fountain ne'er run o'er,
A boundless sea of bliss that knows no shore!

Nor sense can two prime origins conceive,
Nor reason two eternal Gods believe!
Could the wild Manichæan own that guide,
The good would triumph, and the ill subside!
Again would vanquish'd Arimanius bleed,
And darkness from prevailing light recede!

In different individuals we find
An evident disparity of mind;
Hence ductile thought a thousand changes gains,
And actions vary as the will ordains;
But should two Beings, equally supreme,
Divided pow'r and parted empire claim,
How soon would universal order cease!
How soon would discord harmony displace!
Eternal schemes maintain eternal fight,
Nor yield, supported by eternal might;
Where each would uncontroll'd his aim pursue,
The links dis sever, or the chain renew!
Matter from motion cross impressions take,
As serv'd each pow'r his rival's pow'r to break,
While neutral Chaos, from his deep recess,
Would view the never-ending strife increase,
And bless the contest that secur'd his peace!

While

While new creations would opposing rise,
And elemental war deform the skies!
Around wild uproar and confusion hurl'd,
Eclipse the heav'ns, and waste the ruin'd world.

Two independant causes to admit,
Destroys religion, and debases wit;
The first by such an anarchy undone,
The last acknowledges its source but one.
As from the main the mountain rills are drawn,
That wind irriguous thro' the flow'ry lawn;
So, mindful of their spring, one course they keep,
Exploring, till they find their native deep!

Exalted Pow'r invisible, supreme,
Thou sov'reign, sole unutterable Name!
As round thy throne thy flaming seraphs stand,
And touch the golden lyre with trembling hand;
Too weak thy pure effulgence to behold,
With their rich plumes their dazzled eyes in fold;
Transported with the ardors of thy praise,
The holy! holy! holy! anthem raise!
To them responsive, let creation sing
Thee, indivisible eternal King!

III. SPIRITUALITY.

O say, celestial Muse! whose purer birth
Disdains the low material ties of earth!
By what bright images shall be defin'd
The mystic nature of th'eternal Mind?
Or how shall thought the dazzling height explore,
Where all that reason can—is to adore.

That God's an immaterial essence pure,
Whom figure can't describe, nor parts immure;
Incapable of passions, impulse, fear,
In good pre-eminent, in truth severe;
Unmix'd his nature, and sublim'd his pow'rs,
From all the gross alloy that tempers ours;
In whose clear eye the bright angelic train
Appear suffus'd with imperfection's stain!
Impervious to the man's, or seraph's eye,
Beyond the ken of each exalted high;
Him would in vain material semblance feign,
Or figur'd shrines the boundless God contain;
Object of faith!—he thuns the view of sense,
Lost in the blaze of sightless excellence!
Most perfect, most intelligent, most wise,
In whom the sanctity of pureness lies;
In whose adjusting mind the whole is wrought,
Whole form is spirit! and whose essence, thought!
Are truths inscrib'd by Wisdom's brightest ray,
In characters that gild the face of day!

Reason confess'd (howe'er we may dispute)
Fix'd boundary! discovers man from brute;
But dim to us, exerts its fainter ray,
Depress'd in matter, and ally'd to clay!
In forms superior kindles less confin'd,
Whose dress is æther, and whose substance mind;
Yet all from Him, Supreme of Causes, flow,
To him their pow'rs and their existence owe;
From the bright cherub of the noblest birth,
To the poor reasoning glow-worm plac'd on earth;
From matter then to spirit still ascend,
Thro' spirit still refining, higher tend;
Pursue, on knowledge bent the pathless road,
Pierce thro' infinitude in quest of God!

Still from thy search, the centre still shall fly,
Approaching still—thou never shall come nigh!
So its bright orb, th'aspiring flame would join,
But the vast distance mocks the fond design.

If He, Almighty! whose decree is fate,
Could, to display his pow'r, subvert his state;
Bid from his plastic hand a greater rise,
Produce a master! and resign his skies!
Impart his incommunicable flame,
The mystic number of th'Eternal Name!
Then might revolting reason's feeble ray,
Aspire to question God's all-perfect day!
Vain task! the clay in the directing hand,
The reason of its form might so demand,
As man presume to question his dispose,
From whom the pow'r, he thus abuses, flows.

Here point, fair Muse! the worship God requires,

The soul inflam'd with chaste and holy fires!
Where love celestial warms the happy breast,
And from sincerity the thought's exprest;
Where genuine piety and truth refin'd,
Re-consecrate the temple of the mind;
With grateful flames the living altars glow,
And God descends to visit man below!

IV. OMNIPRESENCE.

Thro' the unmeasurable tracts of space,
Go, Muse divine! and present Godhead trace!
See where by place, uncircumscrib'd as time,
He reigns extended, and he shines sublime!
Should'st thou above the heav'n of heav'ns ascend,

Couldst thou below the depth of depths descend;
Could thy fond flight beyond the starry sphere,
The radiant morning's lucid pinions bear!
There should his brighter presence shine confess,
There his almighty arm thy course arrest!
Couldst thou the thickest veil of night assume,
Or think to hide thee in the central gloom!
Yet there, all patent to his piercing sight,
Darkness itself would kindle into light:
Not the black mansions of the silent grave;
Nor darker hell from her perception save;
What pow'r, alas! thy footsteps can convey
Beyond the reach of omnipresent day!

In his wide grasp and comprehensive eye,
Immediate, worlds on worlds unnumber'd lie:
Systems inclos'd in his perception roll,
Whose all-informing mind directs the whole:
Lodg'd in his grasp, their certain ways they know;
Plac'd in that sight from whence can nothing go.
On earth his footstool fix'd, in heav'n his seat;
Enthron'd he dictates, and his word is fate.

Nor want his shining images below,
In streams that murmur, or in winds that blow;
His spirit broods along the boundless flood,
Smiles in the plain, and whispers in the wood;
Warms in the genial sun's enliv'ning ray,
Breathes in the air, and beautifies the day!

Should man his great immensity deny,
Man might as well usurp the vacant sky:
For were he limited in date, or view,
Thence were his attributes imperfect too;

His

His knowledge, pow'r, his goodness all confin'd,
And lost th'idea of a ruling Mind!
Feeble the trust, and comfortless the sense,
Of a defective partial Providence!
Boldly might then his arm injustice brave,
Or innocence in vain his mercy crave;
Dejected virtue lift its hopeless eye;
And heavy sorrow vent the heartless sigh!
An absent God no abler to defend,
Protect, or punish, than an absent friend;
Distant alike, our wants or griefs to know,
To ease the anguish, or prevent the blow!
If he, Supreme Director, were not near,
Vain were our hope, and empty were our fear;
Unpunish'd vice would o'er the world prevail,
And unrewarded virtue toil—to fail!
The moral world a second chaos lie,
And nature sicken to the thoughtful eye!

Even the weak embryo, ere to life it breaks,
From his high pow'r its slender texture takes;
While in his book the various parts inroll'd,
Increasing, own eternal Wisdom's mould.

Nor views he only the material whole,
But pierces thought, and penetrates the soul!
Ere from the lips the vocal accents part,
Or the faint purpose dawns within the heart!
His steady eye the mental birth perceives,
Ere yet to us the new idea lives!

Knows what we say, ere yet the words proceed,
And ere we form th'intention, marks the deed!

But Conscience, fair vicegerent-light within,
Asserts its Author, and restores the scene!
Points out the beauty of the govern'd plan,
"And vindicates the ways of God to man."

Then sacred Muse, by the vast prospect fir'd,
From heav'n descended, as by heav'n inspir'd,
His all-enlight'ning Omnipresence own, [known;
Whence first thou feelst thy dwindling presence
His wide Omniscience, justly grateful sing,
Whence thy weak science prunes its callow wing!
And bless th'eternal—all-informing soul,
Whose sight pervades, whose knowledge fills the whole!

V. IMMUTABILITY.

As the Eternal and Omniscient Mind,
By laws not limited, nor bounds confin'd,
Is always independent, always free,
Hence shines confess'd Immutability!
Change, whether the spontaneous child of will,
Or birth of force,—is imperfection still.
But he, all-perfect, in himself contains
Pow'r self-deriv'd, and from himself he reigns!
If, alter'd by constraint, we could suppose
That God his fix'd stability should lose,
How startles reason at a thought so strange!
What pow'r can force Omnipotence to change?
If from his own divine productive thought,
Were the yet stranger alteration wrought,
Could excellence supreme new rays acquire?
Or strong perfection raise its glories higher?
Absurd!—his high meridian brightness glows,
Never decreases, never overflows!
Knows no addition, yields to no decay,
The blaze of incommunicable day!

Below, through different forms doth matter
And life subsists from elemental change, [range,
Liquids condensing shapes terrestrial wear,
Earth mounts in fire, and fire dissolves in air;
While we, enquiring phantoms of a day,
Inconstant as the shadows we survey!
With them, a long time's rapid current pass,
And haste to mingle with the parent mass;
But Thou, Eternal Lord of Life divine!
In youth immortal shalt for ever thine!
No change shall darken thy exalted name;
From everlasting ages still the same!

If God, like man, his purpose could renew,
His laws could vary, or his plans undo,
Desponding faith would droop its cheerless wing,
Religion deaden to a lifeless thing!
Where could we, rational, repose our trust,
But in a Pow'r immutable as just?
How judge of revelation's force divine,
If truth unerring gave not the design;
Where, as in nature's fair according plan,
All smiles benevolent and good to man.

Plac'd in this narrow clouded spot below,
We darkly see around, and darkly know!
Religion lends the salutary beam
That guides our reason thro' the dubious gleam;
Till sounds the hour, when he who rules the skies
Shall bid the curtain of Omniscience rise!
Shall dissipate the mists that veil our sight,
And shew his creatures—all his ways are right!

Then when astonish'd nature feels its fate,
And fetter'd time shall know his latest date!
When earth shall in the mighty blaze expire,
Heav'n melt with heat, and worlds dissolve in fire!
The universal system shrink away,
And ceasing orbs confess th'almighty sway!
Immortal He, amidst the wreck secure,
Shall sit exalted, permanently pure!
As in the Sacred Bush, shall shine the same,
And from the ruin raise a fairer frame!

VI. OMNIPOTENCE.

Far hence, ye visionary charming maids,
Ye fancy'd nymphs that haunt the Grecian shades!
Your birth, who from conceiving fiction drew,
Yourself producing phantoms as untrue;
But come, superior Muse! divinely bright,
Daughter of heav'n, whose offspring still are light;
Oh condescend, celestial sacred guest!
To purge my sight, and animate my breast,
While I presume Omnipotence to trace,
And sing that Pow'r who peop'l'd boundless space!

Thou present wert when forth th'Almighty
rode,
While Chaos trembl'd at the voice of God!
Thou saw, when o'er th'immense his line he drew,
When Nothing from his Word existence knew!
His Word, that wak'd to life the vast profound,
While conscious light was kindl'd at the sound!
Creation fair! surpriz'd th'angelic eyes,
And sov'reign Wisdom saw that all was wise!
Him, sole almighty nature's book displays,
Distinct the page, and legible the rays!
Let the wild sceptic his attention throw
To the broad horizon, or earth below;

He

He finds thy soft impression touch his breast ;
He feels the God, and owns him unconfest !
Should the stray pilgrim, tir'd of sands and skies,
In Libya's waste behold a palace rise,
Would he believe the charm from atoms wrought ?
Go, atheist, hence, and mend thy juster thought !

What hand, Almighty Architect ! but thine
Could give the model of this vast design ?
What hand but thine adjust th' amazing whole,
And bid consenting systems beauteous roll ?
What hand but thine supply the solar light ?
Ever bestowing, yet for ever bright !
What hand but thine the starry train array,
Or give the moon to shed her borrow'd ray ?
What hand but thine the azure convex spread ?
What hand but thine compose the ocean's bed ?
To the vast main the sandy barrier throw,
And with the feeble curb restrain the foe !
What hand but thine the wint'ry flood assuage,
Or stop the tempest in its wildest rage !

The infinite ! what finite can explore ?
Imagination sinks beneath thy pow'r ;
Thee could the ablest of thy creatures know,
Lost were thy unity, for he were Thou !
Yet present to all saints thy pow'r remains,
Reveal'd in nature, Nature's Author reigns !
In vain would error from conviction fly,
Thou ev'rywhere art present to the eye !
The sense how stupid, and the sight how blind,
That fails this universal truth to find !

Go, all the fightless realms of space survey,
Returning trace the Planetary Way !
The sun, that in his central glory shines,
While ev'ry planet round his orb inclines ;
Then at our intermediate globe repose,
And view yon lunar Satellite that glows !
Or cast along the azure vault thy eye,
When golden day enlightens all the sky ;
Around, behold earth's variegated scene,
The mingling prospects, and the flow'ry green ;
The mountain brow, the long-extended wood,
Or the rude rock that threatens o'er the flood !
And say, are these the wild effects of chance ?
Oh, strange effect of reas'ning ignorance !

Nor pow'r alone confess'd in grandeur lies,
The glittering planet or the painted skies !
Equal, the elephant's or emmet's dress,
The wisdom of Omnipotence confess ;
Equal, the cumbrous whale's enormous mass
With the small insect in the crowded grass ;
The mite that gambols in its acid sea,
In shape a porpus, though a speck to thee !
Ev'n the blue down the purple plumb furrounds,
A living world, thy failing sight confounds,
To him a peopled habitation shows,
Where millions taste the bounty God bestows !

Great Lord of life, whose all-controlling might,
Thro' wide creation beams divinely bright,
Nor only does thy pow'r in forming shine,
But to annihilate, dread King ! is thine.
Shouldst thou withdraw thy still-supporting hand,
How languid nature would astonish'd stand !
Thy frown the ancient realm of night restore,
And raise a blank -- where systems smil'd before !

See in corruption, all surprizing state,
How struggling life eludes the stroke of fate ;
Shock'd at the scene, tho' sense averts its eye,
Nor stops the wond'rous process to descry ;
Yet juster thought the mystic change pursues,
And with delight Almighty Wisdom views !
The brute, the vegetable world surveys,
Sees life subsisting ev'n from life's decays !
Mark there, self-taught, the pensive reptile come,
Spins his thin shroud, and living builds his tomb !
With conscious care his former pleasures leave,
And drefs him for the business of the grave !
Thence, pass'd the short-liv'd change, renew'd
he springs,

Admires the skies, and tries his filken wings !
With airy flight the insect roves abroad,
And scorns the meaner earth he lately trod !

Thee, potent, let delivered Israel praise,
And to thy name their grateful homage raise !
Thee, potent God ! let Egypt's land declare,
That felt thy justice awfully severe !
How did thy frown benight the shadow'd land ?
Nature revers'd, how own thy high command ?
When jarring elements their use forgot,
And the sun felt thy overcasting blot !
When earth produc'd the pestilential brood,
And the foul stream was crimson'd into blood !
How deep the horrors of that awful night,
How strong the terror, and how wild the fright !
When o'er the land thy sword vindictive past,
And men and infants breath'd at once their last,
How did thy arm thy favour'd tribes convey !
Thy light conducting point the patent way !
Obedient ocean to their march divide
The wat'ry wall distinct on either side ;
While thro' the deep the long procession led,
And saw the wonders of the oozy bed !
Nor long they march'd till black'ning in the rear,
The vengeful tyrant and his host appear !
Plunge down the steep, the waves thy nod obey,
And whelm the threat'ning storm beneath the sea !

Nor yet thy pow'r thy chosen train forsook,
When thro' Arabia's sands their way they took ;
By day thy cloud was present to the sight,
Thy fiery pillar led the march by night ;
Thy hand amidst the waste their table spread,
With feather'd viands, and with heav'nly bread :
When the dry wilderness no streams supply'd
Gush'd from the yielding rock the vital tide !
What limits can Omnipotence confine ?
What obstacles oppose thy arm divine ?
Since stones and waves their settled laws forego,
Since seas can harden, and since rocks can flow !

On Sinai's top, the muse with ardent wing
The triumphs of Omnipotence would sing !
When o'er its airy brow thy cloud display'd,
Involv'd the nations in its awful shade !
When shrunk the earth from thy approaching
And the rock trembled to its rooted base ; [face,
Yet where thy Majesty divine appear'd,
Where shone thy glory, and thy voice was
heard ;

Ev'n in the blaze of that tremendous day,
Idolatry its impious rites could pay !

Oh

Oh shame to thought! — Thy sacred throne invade,
And brave the bolt that linger'd round its head!

VII. WISDOM.

O thou, who when th' Almighty form'd this All,
Upheld the scale, and weigh'd each balance'd ball;
And as his hand completed each design,
Number'd the work, and fix'd the seal divine;
O Wisdom infinite; creation's soul,
Whose rays diffuse new lustre o'er the whole,
What tongue shall make thy charms celestial known?

What hand, fair Goddess! paint thee but thy own?

What tho' in nature's universal store
Appear the wonders of Almighty pow'r!
Pow'r unattended terror would inspire;
Awd must we gaze, and comfortless admire.
But when fair wisdom joins in the design,
The beauty of the whole result's divine!

Hence life acknowledges its glorious cause,
And matter owns its great Disposer's laws;
Hence in a thousand different models wrought,
Now fix'd to quiet, now ally'd to thought;
Hence flow the forms and properties of things,
Hence rises harmony, and order springs;
Else had the mass a shapeless chaos lay,
Nor ever felt the dawn of Wisdom's day!

See, how associate round their central sun,
Their faithful rings the circling planets run;
Still equi-distant, never yet too near,
Exactly tracing their appointed sphere.
Mark how the moon our flying orb pursues,
While from the sun her monthly light renews;
Breathes her wide influence on the world below,
And bids the tides alternate ebb and flow.
View how in course the constant seasons rise,
Deform the earth, or beautify the skies:
First, Spring advancing, with her flow'ry train;
Next, Summer's hand, that spreads the sylvan scene;

Then Autumn, with her yellow harvests crown'd;
And trembling Winter close the annual round.
The vegetable tribes observant trace,
From the tall cedar to the creeping grass:
The chain of animated beings scale,
From the small reptile to th'enormous whale:
From the strong eagle stooping thro' the skies,
To the low insect that escapes thy eyes!
And see, if see thou canst, in ev'ry frame,
Eternal Wisdom shine confess'd the same:
As proper organs to the least assign'd,
As proper means to propagate the kind,
As just the structure, and as wise the plan,
As in this lord of all — debating man!

Hence, reas'ning creature, thy distinction find,
Nor longer to the ways of Heav'n be blind.
Wisdom in outward beauty strikes the mind,
But outward beauty points a charm behind.
What gives the earth, the ambient air, or seas,
The plain, the river, or the wood to please?
Oh say, in whom does beauty's self reside,
The Beautifier, or the beautify'd?

There dwells the Godhead in the bright disguise,
Beyond the ken of all created eyes;
His works our love and our attention steal;
His works (surprising thought!) the Maker veil;
Too weak our sight to pierce the radiant cloud
Where wisdom shines, in all her charms avow'd.

O gracious God, omnipotent and wise,
Unerring Lord, and Ruler of the skies;
All condescending to my feeble heart,
One beam of thy celestial light impart;
I seek not sordid wealth, or glitt'ring pow'r;
O grant me wisdom — and I ask no more!

VIII. PROVIDENCE.

As from some level country's shelter'd ground,
With towns replete, with green inclosures bound,
Where the eye kept within the verdant maze,
But gets a transient vista as it strays,
The pilgrim to some rising summit tends,
Whence opens all the scene as he ascends:
So Providence the friendly height supplies,
Where all the charms of Deity surprize;
Here Goodness, Power, and Wisdom all unite,
And dazzling Glories whelm the ravish'd sight!

Almighty Cause; 'tis thy preserving care
That keeps thy works for ever fresh and fair;
The sun from thy superior radiance bright,
Eternal sheds his delegated light;
Lends to his sister orb inferior day,
And paints the silver moon's alternate ray:
Thy hand the waste of eating time renews,
Thou shedd'st the tepid morning's balmy dews;
When raging winds the blacken'd deep deform,
Thy spirit rides commission'd in the storm;
Bids at thy will the slack'ning tempest cease,
While the calm ocean smooths its ruffled face;
When lightnings thro' the air tremendous fly,
Or the blue plague is loosen'd to destroy,
Thy hand directs, or turns aside the stroke;
Thy word the fiend's commission can revoke;
When subterraneous fires the surface heave,
And towns are bury'd in the yawning grave,
Thou suffer'st not the mischief to prevail;
Thy sov'reign touch the recent wound can heal.
To Zembla's rocks thou send'st the cheerful gleam;
O'er Lybia's sands thou pour'st the cooling stream;
Thy watchful Providence o'er all intends;
Thy works obey their great Creator's ends.

When man too long the paths of vice pursu'd,
Thy hand prepar'd the universal flood;
Gracious to Noah gave the timely sign,
To save a remnant from the wrath divine!
One shining waste the globe terrestrial lay,
And the ark heav'd along the troubled sea;
Thou badst the deep his ancient bed explore,
The clouds their wat'ry deluge pour'd no more!
The skies were clear'd -- the mountain tops were
The dove pacific brought the olive green. [seen,
On Ararat the happy Patriarch tost,
Found the recover'd world his hopes had lost;
There his fond eyes review'd the pleasing scene,
The earth all verdant, and the air serene!
Its precious freight the guardian ark display'd,
While Noah grateful adoration paid!

Beholding

Beholding in the many-tinctur'd bow
The promise of a safer world below.

When wild ambition rear'd its impious head,
And rising Babel Heav'n with pride survey'd,
Thy word the mighty labour could confound,
And leave the mass to moulder with the ground.

From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empires, and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of time display'd,
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread!
With pomp the shining images succeed,
What leaders triumph! and what monarchs bleed!
Perform the parts thy providence assign'd;
Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclin'd:
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that remembrance says--*The things have been!*
'But (questions doubt) whence sickly nature feels
'The ague-fits her face so oft reveals? [breast?
'Whence earthquakes heave the earth's astonish'd
'Whence tempests rage, or yellow plagues infest?
'Whence draws rank Afric her empoison'd store?
'Or liquid fires explosive Ætna pour?"

Go, sceptic mole! demand th'eternal cause,
The secret of his all-preserving laws!
The depths of wisdom infinite explore,
And ask thy Maker--why he knows no more?

Thy error still in moral things as great,
As vain to cavil at the ways of fate.
To ask why prosperous Vice so oft succeeds,
Why suffers Innocence, or Virtue bleeds!
Why monsters, nature must with blushes own,
By crimes grow pow'rful, and disgrace a throne!
Why faints and sages, mark'd in every age,
Perish, the victims of tyrannic rage;
Why Socrates for truth and freedom fell,
Or Nero reign'd the delegate of hell:
In vain by reason is the maze pursu'd,
Of ill triumphant, and afflicted good.
Fix'd to the hold, so might the sailor aim
To judge the pilot, and the steerage blame,
As we direct to God what should belong,
Or say that sov'reign wisdom governs wrong.
Nor always vice does uncorrected go,
Nor virtue unrewarded pass below!
Oft sacred justice lifts her awful head,
And dooms the tyrant and th'usurper dead;
Oft Providence, more friendly than severe,
Arrests the hero in his wild career;
Directs the fever, poniard, or the ball,
By which an Ammon, Charles, or Cæsar fall:
Or when the cursed Borgias brew the cup
For merit, bids the monsters drink it up;
On violence oft retorts the cruel spear,
Or fetters cunning in its crafty snare:
Relieves the innocent, exalts the just,
And lays the proud oppressor in the dust!

But fast as time's swift pinions can convey,
Hastens the pomp of that tremendous day,
When to the view of all created eyes,
God's high tribunal shall majestic rise,
When the loud trumpet shall assemble round
The dead, reviving at the piercing sound!

Where men and angels shall to audit come,
And millions yet unborn receive their doom!
Then shall fair Providence, to all display'd,
Appear divinely bright without a shade;
In light triumphant all her acts be shown,
And blushing Doubt eternal Wisdom own!

Meanwhile, thou great Intelligence supreme,
Sov'reign Director of this mighty frame,
Whose watchful hand and all-observing ken
Fashions the hearts, and views the ways of men,
Whether thy hand the plenteous table spread,
Or measure sparingly the daily bread;
Whether or wealth or honours gild the scene,
Or wants deform, and wasting anguish stain;
On Thee let truth and virtue firm rely,
Bless'd in the care of thy approving eye!
Know that thy Providence, their constant friend,
Thro' life shall guard them, and in death attend;
With everlasting arms their cause embrace,
And crown the paths of piety with peace.

IX. GOODNESS.

Ye seraphs, who God's throne encircling still,
With holy zeal your golden censers fill;
Ye flaming ministers to distant lands,
Who bear, obsequious, his divine commands;
Ye cherubs who compose the sacred choir,
Attuning to the voice th'angelic lyre!
Or ye fair natives of the heav'nly plain,
Who once were mortal—now a happier train!
Who spend in peaceful love your joyful hours,
In blissful meads and amaranthine bow'rs,
Oh lend one spark of your celestial fire,
Oh deign my glowing bosom to inspire,
And aid the Muse's unexperienc'd wing,
While Goodness, theme divine, she soars to sing!

Tho' all thy attributes divinely fair,
Thy full perfection, glorious God, declare:
Yet if one beams superior to the rest,
Oh let thy goodness fairest be confest:
As shines the moon amidst her starry train,
As breathes the rose amongst the flow'ry scene,
As the mild dove her silver plumes displays,
So sheds thy mercy its distinguish'd rays.

This led, Creator mild, thy gracious hand,
When formless Chaos heard thy high command;
When pleas'd, thy eye thy matchless works re-
view'd,

And Goodness, placid, spoke that all was good!

Nor only does in heav'n thy goodness shine;
Delighted nature feels its warmth divine;
The vital sun's illuminating beam,
The silver crescent, and the starry gleam;
As day and night, alternate they command,
Proclaim that truth to ev'ry distant land.

See smiling nature, with thy treasures fair,
Confess thy bounty and parental care;
Renew'd by thee, the faithful seasons rise,
And earth with plenty all her sons supplies.
The generous lion and the brindled boar,
As nightly thro' the forest-walks they roar,
From thee, Almighty Maker, seek their prey;
Nor from thy hand unfated go away:

T.

To thee for meat the callow ravens cry,
Supported by thy all-preserving eye:
From thee, the feather'd natives of the plain,
Or those who range the field, or plough the main,
Receive with constant course th'appointed food,
And taste the cup of universal good;
Thy hand thou open'st, million'd myriads live;
Thou frown'st, they faint;—thou smile'st, and they

On virtue's acre, as on rapine's stores, [revive!
See Heav'n, impartial, deal the fruitful show'rs!
'Life's common blessings all her children share,'
Tread the same earth, and breathe a gen'ral air!
Without distinction, boundless blessings fall,
And Goodness, like the sun, enlightens all!

Oh man, degenerate man! offend no more!
Go, learn of brutes thy Maker to adore!
Shall these, thro' ev'ry tribe, his bounty own;
Of all his works ungrateful thou alone!
Deaf when the tuneful voice of mercy cries,
And blind when sov'reign Goodness charms the

eyes! phemes,
Mark how the wretch his awful name blas-
His pity spares,—his clemency reclaims!
Observe his patience with the guilty strive,
And bid the criminal repent and live:
Recal the fugitive with gentle eye,
Beseech the obstinate, he would not die!

Amazing tenderness—amazing most,
The soul on whom such mercy should be lost!

But would'st thou view the rays of goodness join
In one strong point of radiance all divine!
Behold, celestial muse! yon eastern light;
To Bethlem's plain, adoring, bend thy sight!
Hear the glad message to the shepherds giv'n,
'Good-will on earth to man, and peace in heav'n.'
Attend the swains, pursue the starry road,
And hail to earth the Saviour and the God!

Redemption! oh thou beauteous mystic plain!
Thou salutary source of life to man!
What tongue can speak thy comprehensive grace?
What thought thy depths unfathomable trace?
When lost in sin our ruin'd nature lay,
When awful justice claim'd her righteous pay!
See the mild Saviour bend his pitying eye,
And stop the lightning just prepar'd to fly!
(O strange effect of unexempl'd love!)
View him descend the heav'nly throne above:
Patient, the ills of mortal life endure;
Calm, tho' revil'd, and innocent, tho' poor!
Uncertain his abode, and coarse his food,
His life one fair continu'd scene of good!
For us sustain the wrath to man decreed,
The victim of eternal justice bleed!

Look! to the cross the Lord of Life is ty'd,
They pierce his hands, and wound his sacred side!
See God expires! our forfeit to atone,
While nature trembles at his parting groan!

Advance thou hopeless mortal steel'd in guilt,
Behold, and if thou can'st, forbear to melt!
Shall Jesus die thy freedom to regain,
And wilt thou drag the voluntary chain?
Wilt thou refuse thy kind ascent to give,
When dying he looks down to bid thee live!
Perverse, wilt thou reject the proffer'd good
Bought with his life, and streaming in his blood!

Whose virtue can thy deepest crimes efface,
Re-heal thy nature, and confirm thy peace!
Can all the errors of thy life atone,
And raise thee from a rebel to a son!

O blest Redeemer, from thy sacred throne,
Where saints and angels sing thy triumphs won!
(Where, from the grave thou rais'd thy glorious
Chain'd to thy car the pow'rs infernal led) [head,
From that exalted height of bliss supreme,
Look down on those who bear thy sacred name;
Restore their ways, inspire them by thy grace,
Thy laws to follow, and thy steps to trace;
Thy bright example to thy doctrine join,
And by their morals prove their faith divine!

Nor only to thy church confine thy ray;
O'er the glad world thy healing light display;
Fair Sun of Righteousness! in beauty rise,
And clear the mists that cloud the mental skies!
To Judah's remnant, now a scatter'd train,
Oh great Messiah! show thy promis'd reign;
O'er earth as wide, thy saving warmth diffuse,
As spreads the ambient air, or falling dews,
And haste the time when, vanquish'd by thy
pow'r,

Death shall expire, and sin defile no more!

X. RECTITUDE.

Hence distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain:
Ye worms of pow'r! ye minion'd slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refin'd,
The blameless heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices aid the muse, to sing
The spotless justice of th'Almighty King!

As only Rectitude divine he knows,
As truth and sanctity his thought compose;
So these the dictates which th'Eternal Mind
To reasonable beings has assign'd;
These has his care on ev'ry mind impress'd,
The conscious seals the Hand of heav'n attest!
When man, perverse, for wrong forsakes the right,
He still attentive keeps the fault in sight;
Demands the strict atonement should be made,
And claims the forfeit on th'offender's head!

But Doubt demands -- "Why man dispos'd
"this way?"

"Why left the dang'rous choice to go astray?
"If Heav'n that made him did the fault foresee,
"Thence follows, Heav'n is more to blame than
No; had to good the heart alone inclin'd, [he."
What toil, what prize had virtue been assign'd?
From obstacles her noblest triumphs flow,
Her spirits languish when she finds no foe!
Man might perhaps have so been happy still,
Happy, without the privilege of will,
And just, because his hands were ty'd from ill! }
O wond'rous scheme to mend th'almighty plan,
By sinking all the dignity of man!

Yet turn thy eyes, vain sceptic, own thy pride,
And view thy happiness and choice ally'd;
See virtue from herself her bliss derive,
A bliss, beyond the pow'r of thrones to give;

See vice of empire and of wealth possess'd,
Pine at the heart, and feel herself unblest'd.
And say, were yet no farther marks assign'd,
Is man ungrateful? or is Heav'n unkind?

"Yes, all the woes from Heav'n permissive fall,
"The wretch adopts,—the wretch improves them
all."

From his wild lust, or his oppressive deed,
Rapes, battles, murders, sacrilege proceed;
His wild ambition thins the peopled earth,
Or from his av'rice, Famine takes his birth;
Had nature giv'n the hero wings to fly,
His pride would lead him to attempt the sky!
To angels make the pigmy's folly known,
And draw e'en pity from th' eternal throne.

Yet, while on earth triumphant vice prevails,
Celestial justice balances her scales;
With eye unbiass'd all the scene surveys;
With hand impartial, ev'ry crime she weighs;
Oft close pursuing at his trembling heels,
The man of blood her awful presence feels;
Oft from her arm, amidst the blaze of state,
The regal tyrant, with success elate,
Is forc'd to leap the precipice of fate!
Or if the villain pass unpunish'd here,
'Tis but to make the future stroke severe;
For soon or late, eternal Justice pays
Mankind the just desert of all their ways.

'Tis in that awful all-disclosing day!
When high Omniscience shall her books display;
When Justice shall present her strict account,
While Conscience shall attest the due amount,
That all who feel, condemn'd, the dreadful rod,
Shall own that righteous are the ways of God!

Oh then, while penitence can fate disarm,
While ling'ring Justice yet with-holds its arm;
While heav'nly patience grants the precious time,
Let the lost sinner think him of his crime;
Immediate, to the seat of mercy fly,
Nor wait to-morrow—lest to-night he die!

But tremble, all ye sins of blackest birth,
Ye giants, that deform the face of earth;
Tremble, ye sons of aggravated guilt,
And, ere too late, let sorrow learn to melt;
Remorseless Murder! drop thy hand severe,
And bathe thy bloody weapon with a tear;
Go, Lust impure! converse with friendly light,
Forake the mansions of defiling night;
Quit, dark Hypocrisy, thy thin disguise,
Nor think to cheat the notice of the skies!
Unsocial Avarice, thy grasp forego,
And bid the useful treasure learn to flow;
Restore, Injustice, the defrauded gain!
Oppression, bend to ease the captive's chain,
Ere awful Justice strike the fatal blow,
And drive you to the realms of night below!

But Doubt resumes,—“If Justice has decreed
“The punishment proportion'd to the deed,
“Eternal misery seems too severe,
“Too dread a weight for wretched man to bear!
“Too harsh!—that endless torments should repay
“The crimes of life,—the errors of the day!”

In vain our reason would presumptuous pry;
Heav'n's counsels are beyond conception high;

In vain would thought his measur'd justice scan!
His ways how different from the ways of man!
Too deep for thee his secrets are to know;
Enquire not, but more wisely shun the woe:
Warn'd by his threat'nings, to his laws attend,
And learn to make Omnipotence thy friend!

Our weaker laws, to gain the purpos'd ends,
Oft pass the bounds the law-giver intends;
Oft partial power, to serve its own design,
Warps from the text, exceeding reason's line;
Strikes, bias'd, at the person, not the deed,
And sees the guiltless unprotected bleed!

But God alone, with unimpassion'd sight,
Surveys the nice barrier of wrong and right;
And, while subservient, as his will ordains,
Obedient Nature yields the present means;
While neither force nor passions guide his views,
Ev'n Evil works the purpose he pursues!
That bitter spring! the source of human pain!
Heal'd by his touch, does mineral health contain!
And dark Affliction, at his potent nod,
Withdraws its cloud, and brightens into good.

Thus human justice—(far as man can go)
For private safety strikes the dubious blow;
But Rectitude divine, with nobler soul,
Consults each individual in the whole!
Directs the issues of each moral strife,
And sees creation struggle into life!

And you, ye happier souls! who in his ways
Observant walk, and sing his daily praise!
Ye righteous few! whose calm unruffled breasts
No fears can darken, and no guilt infects,
To whom his gracious promises extend,
In whom they centre, and in whom shall end,
Which (blest'd on that foundation sure who
Shall with eternal justice be fulfill'd: [build])
Ye sons of life, to whose glad hope is giv'n
The bright reversion of approaching heav'n,
With grateful hearts his glorious praise recite,
Whose love from darkness call'd you out to
So let your piety reflective shine, [light;
As men may thence confess his truth divine!
And when this mortal veil, as soon it must,
Shall drop, returning to its native dust,
The work of life with approbation done,
Receive from God your bright immortal crown!

XI. GLORY.

But oh, advent'rous Muse, restrain thy flight,
Dare not the blaze of uncreated light!
Before whose glorious throne with dread surprise,
Th'adoring seraph veils his dazzled eyes;
Whose pure effulgence, radiant to excess,
No colours can describe, or words express!
All the fair beauties, all the lucid stores,
Which o'erthy works thy hand resplendent pours,
Feeble, thy brighter glories to display,
Pale as the moon before the solar ray!

See on his throne the gaudy Persian plac'd,
In all the pomp of the luxuriant east!
While mingling gems a borrow'd day unfold,
And the rich purple waves emboss'd with gold;
Yet mark this scene of painted grandeur yield
To the fair lily that adorns the field!

Obscur'd,

Obscur'd, behold that fainter lily lies
 By the rich bird's inimitable dyes;
 Yet these survey, confounded and outdone,
 By the superior lustre of the sun;
 That sun himself withdraws his lessen'd beam
 From Thee, the glorious Author of his frame!
 Transcendent Pow'r! sole Arbiter of fate!
 How great thy glory! and thy bliss how great!
 To view from thy exalted throne above
 (Eternal source of light, and life, and love!)
 Unnumber'd creatures draw their smiling birth,
 To bless the heav'ns, or beautify the earth;
 While systems roll, obedient to thy view,
 And worlds rejoice—which Newton never knew.

Then raise the song, the gen'ral anthem raise,
 And swell the concert of eternal praise!
 Assist ye orbs, that form this boundless whole,
 Which in the womb of space unnumber'd roll;
 Ye planets, who compose our lesser scheme,
 And bend, concertive, round the solar frame;
 Thou eye of nature! whose extensive ray
 With endless charms adorns the face of day;
 Consenting raise th'harmonious joyful sound,
 And bear his praises thro' the vast profound:
 His praise, ye winds that fan the cheerful air,
 Swift as they pass along your pinions bear!
 His praise let ocean thro' her realms display,
 Far as her circling billows can convey!
 His praise ye misty vapours wide diffuse,
 In rains descending, or in milder dews;
 His praises whisper, ye majestic trees,
 As your tops rustle to the gentle breeze!
 His praise around, ye flow'ry tribes, exhale,
 Far as your sweets embalm the spicy gale!
 His praise, ye dimpled streams, to earth reveal,
 As pleas'd ye murmur thro' the flow'ry vale:
 His praise, ye feather'd choirs distinguish'd sing,
 As to your notes the vocal forests ring!
 His praise proclaim, ye monsters of the deep,
 Who in the vast abyss your revels keep!
 Or ye fair natives of our earthly scene,
 Who range the wilds, or haunt the pasture green!

Nor thou, vain lord of earth, with careless ear,
 The universal hymn of worship hear!
 But a-dent in the sacred chorus join,
 Thy soul transported with the task divine!
 While by his works th'Almighty is confess'd,
 Supremely glorious, and supremely bless'd!

Great Lord of Life! from whom this humble frame

Derives the pow'r to sing thy holy name,
 Forgives the lowly Muse, whose artless lay
 Has dar'd thy sacred Attributes survey!
 Delighted oft thro' Nature's beauteous field,
 Has she ador'd thy Wisdom bright reveal'd;
 Oft have her wishes aim'd the secret song,
 But awful rev'rence still with-held her tongue:
 Yet as thy bounty lent the reas'ning beam,
 As feels my conscious breast the vital flame,
 So, blest Creator, let thy servant pay
 His mite of gratitude this feeble way,
 Thy Goodness own, thy Providence adore,
 And yield thee only—what was thine before.

§ 64. *Ode to Wisdom.* Miss CARTER.

THE solitary bird of night
 Thro' the pale shades now wings his flight,
 And quits the time-shook tow'r,
 Where, shelter'd from the blaze of day,
 In philosophic gloom he lay,
 Beneath his ivy bow'r.

With joy I hear the solemn sound,
 Which midnight echoes waft around,
 And sighing gales repeat:
 Fav'rite of Pallas! I attend,
 And, faithful to thy summons, bend
 At Wisdom's awful seat.

She loves the cool, the silent eve,
 Where no false shows of life deceive,
 Beneath the lunar ray:
 Here Folly drops each vain disguise,
 Nor sports her gaily-colour'd dyes,
 As in the glare of day.

O Pallas! queen of ev'ry art,
 "That glads the sense, or mends the heart,"
 Blest source of purer joys;
 In ev'ry form of beauty bright,
 That captivates the mental sight
 With pleasure and surprise;

To thy unspotted shrine I bow,
 Assist thy modest suppliant's vow,
 That breathes no wild desires:
 But, taught by thy unerring rules,
 To shun the fruitless wish of fools,
 To nobler views aspire.

Not Fortune's gem, Ambition's plume,
 Nor Cytherea's fading bloom,
 Be objects of my pray'r:
 Let av'rice, vanity, and pride,
 These glitt'ring envy'd toys, divide
 The dull rewards of care.

To me thy better gifts impart,
 Each moral beauty of the heart,
 By studious thought refin'd:
 For wealth, the smiles of glad content;
 For pow'r, its amplest, best extent,
 An empire o'er my mind.

When Fortune drops her gay parade,
 When Pleasure's transient roses fade,
 And wither in the tomb,
 Unchang'd is thy immortal prize,
 Thy ever-verdant laurels rise
 In undecaying bloom.

By thee protected, I defy
 The coxcomb's sneer, the stupid lie
 Of ignorance and spite;
 Alike condemn the leaden fool,
 And all the pointed ridicule
 Of undiscerning wit.

From envy, hurry, noise, and strife,
 The dull impertinence of life,
 In thy retreat I rest;
 Pursue thee to thy peaceful groves,
 Where Plato's sacred spirit roves,
 In all thy graces drest.

He bid Ilyssus' tuneful stream
 Convey the philosophic theme
 Of perfect, fair, and good:
 Attentive Athens caught the sound,
 And all her list'ning sons around
 In awful silence stood.

Reclaim'd, her wild licentious youth
 Confest the potent voice of truth,
 And felt it's just controul:
 The passions ceas'd their loud alarms,
 And virtue's soft persuasive charms
 O'er all their senses stole.

Thy breath inspires the poet's song,
 The patriot's free unbias'd tongue,
 The hero's gen'rous strife:
 Thine are retirement's silent joys,
 And all the sweet endearing ties
 Of still domestic life.

No more to fabled names confin'd,
 To Thee, supreme, all-perfect mind,
 My thoughts direct their flight:
 Wisdom's thy gift, and all her force
 From thee deriv'd, unchanging source
 Of intellectual light!

O send her sure, her steady ray
 To regulate my doubtful way,
 Thro' life's perplexing road;
 The mists of error to controul!
 And thro' it's gloom direct my soul
 To happiness and good!

Beneath her clear discerning eye
 The visionary shadows fly
 Of folly's painted show;
 She sees, thro' ev'ry fair disguise,
 That all, but Virtue's solid joys,
 Is vanity and woe.

§ 65. *Elegy on the Death of Lady Coventry.*
 Written in M.DCC.LX. MASON.

THE midnight clock has toll'd; and hark!
 the bell [found?
 Of death beats slow! Heard ye the note pro-
 It pauses now; and now, with rising knell,
 Flings to the hollow gale its fullen sound.

Yes; Coventry is dead. Attend the strain,
 Daughters of Albion! ye that, light as air,
 So oft have tripp'd in her fantastic train,
 With hearts as gay, and faces half as fair:

For she was fair beyond yon brightest bloom
 (This envy owns, since now her bloom is fled);
 Fair as the forms that, wove in fancy's loom,
 Float in light vision round the poet's head.

Whene'er with soft serenity she smil'd,
 Or caught the orient blush of quick surprize,
 How sweetly mutable, how brightly wild,
 The liquid lustre darted from her eyes!

Each look, each motion, wak'd a new-born grace,
 That o'er her form its transient glory cast:
 Some lovelier wonder soon usurp'd the place,
 Chac'd by a charin still lovelier than the last.

That bell again! It tells us what she is;
 On what she was, no more the strain prolong:
 Luxuriant fancy, pause! an hour like this
 Demands the tribute of a serious song.

Maria claims it from that fable bier, [head;
 Where cold and wan the slumb'rer rests her
 In still small whispers to reflection's ear
 She breathes the solemn dictates of the dead.

O catch the awful notes, and lift them loud!
 Proclaim the theme by sage, by fool, rever'd;
 Hear it, ye young, ye vain, ye great, ye proud!
 'Tis Nature speaks, and Nature will be heard.

Yes; ye shall hear, and tremble as you hear,
 While, high with health, your hearts exulting
 E'en in the midst of pleasure's mad career, [leap;
 The mental monitor shall wake and weep!

For say, than Coventry's propitious star,
 What brighter planet on your births arose?
 Or gave of fortune's gifts an ampler share,
 In life to lavish, or by death to lose?

Early to lose! While borne on busy wing,
 Ye sip the nectar of each varying bloom;
 Nor fear, while basking in the beams of spring,
 The wint'ry storm that sweeps you to the tomb;

Think of her fate! revere the heav'nly hand
 That led her hence, tho' soon, by steps so slow:
 Long at her couch Death took his patient stand,
 And menac'd oft, and oft withheld the blow:

To give reflection time, with lenient art,
 Each fond delusion from her soul to steal;
 Teach her from folly peaceably to part,
 And wean her from a world she lov'd so well.

Say, are ye sure his mercy shall extend
 To you so long a span? Alas, ye sigh! [friend,
 Make then, while yet ye may, your God your
 And learn with equal ease to sleep or die!

Nor think the Muse, whose sober voice ye hear,
 Contracts with bigot frown her fullen brow;
 Casts round religion's orb the mists of fear, [glow.
 Or shades with horrors what with smiles should

No; she would warn you with seraphic fire,
 Heirs as ye are of heav'n's eternal day;
 Would bid you boldly to that heav'n aspire,
 Not sink and slumber in your cells of clay.

Know, ye were form'd to range yon azure field,
 In yon ethereal founts of bliss to lave:
 For then, secure in faith's protecting shield,
 The sting from death, the vict'ry from the grave!

Is this the bigot's rant? Away, ye vain, [steep:
 Your hopes, your fears, in doubt, in dulness
 Go soothe your souls, in sickness, grief, or pain,
 With the sad solace of eternal sleep!

Yet will I praise you, triflers as ye are, [creed,
 More than those preachers of your fav'rite
 Who proudly swell the brazen throat of war,
 Who form the phalanx, bid the battle bleed,

Nor wish for more; who conquer but who die.
 Hear, Folly, hear, and triumph in the tale!
 Like you they reason, not like you enjoy
 The breeze of bliss that fills your silken sail:

On

On pleasure's glitt'ring stream ye gaily steer
Your little course to cold oblivion's shore;
They dare the storm, and thro' th'inclement year
Stem the rough surge, and brave the torrent's roar.

Is it for glory? That just Fate denies:
Long must the warrior moulder in his shroud,
Ere from her trump the heav'n-breath'd accents
That lift the hero from the fighting crowd! [rise]

Is it his grasp of empire to extend?
To curb the fury of insulting foes?
Ambition, cease! the idle contest end:
'Tis but a kingdom thou canst win or lose.

And why must murder'd myriads lose their all
(If life be all); why desolation lowr
With famish'd frown on this affrighted ball,
That thou may'st flame the meteor of an hour?

Go, wiser ye, that flutter life away,
Crown with the mantling juice the goblet high!
Weave the light dance, with festive freedom gay,
And live your moment, since the next ye die!

Yet know, vain sceptics! know th'Almighty
Mind,

Who breath'd on man a portion of his Sire,
Bade his free soul, by earth nor time confin'd,
To heav'n, to immortality aspire.

Nor shall the pile of hope his mercy rear'd,
By vain philosophy be ere destroy'd:
Eternity, by all or wish'd or fear'd,
Shall be by all or suffer'd or enjoy'd!

§ 66. *Elegy to a young Nobleman leaving the University.* MASON.

ERE yet, ingenuous youth, the steps retire [vale,
From Cam's smooth margin, and the peaceful
Where science call'd thee to her studious quire,
And met thee musing in her cloisters pale;

O let thy friend (and may he boast the name!)
Breathe from his artless reed one parting lay:
A lay like this thy early virtues claim,
And this let voluntary friendship pay.

Yet know, the time arrives, the dang'rous time,
When all those virtues, op'ning now so fair,
Transplanted to the world's tempestuous clime,
Must learn each passion's boist'rous breath to bear;

There, if ambition, pestilent and pale,
Or luxury should taint their vernal glow;
If cold self-interest, with her chilling gale, [blow;
Should blast th'unfolding blossoms ere they

If mimic hues, by art or fashion spread,
Their genuine simple colouring should supply;
O may with them these laureate honours fade,
And with them (if it can) my friendship die!

Then do not blame, if, tho' thyself inspire,
Cautious I strike the panegyric string;
The muse full oft pursues a meteor fire,
And, vainly ven'trous, soars on waxen wing:

Too actively awake at friendship's voice,
The poet's bosom pours the fervid strain,
Till sad reflection blames the hasty choice,
And oft invokes oblivion's aid in vain.

Call we the shade of Pope from that blest'd bow'r,
Where thron'd he sits with many a tuneful sage;
Ask if he ne'er bemoans that hapless hour
When St. John's name illumin'd glory's
page.

Ask, if the wretch, who dar'd his mem'ry stain;
Ask, if his country's, his religion's foe,
Deserv'd the meed that Marlbro' fail'd to gain;
The deathless meed he only could bestow:

The bard will tell thee, the misguided praise
Clouds the celestial sunshine of his breast;
E'en now, repentant of his erring lays,
He heaves a sigh amid the realms of rest.

If Pope thro' friendship fail'd, indignant view,
Yet pity, Dryden—hark, whene'er he sings,
How adulation drops her courtly dew
On titled rymers and inglorious kings!

See, from the depths of his exhaustless mine,
His glitt'ring stores the tuneful spendthrift
throws:

Where fear or int'rest bids, behold they shine;
Now grace a Cromwell's, now a Charles's
brows.

Born with too gen'rous, or too mean a heart,
Dryden! in vain to thee those stores were lent:
Thy sweetest numbers but a trifling art;
Thy strongest diction idly eloquent.

The simplest lyre, if truth directs its lays,
Warbles a melody ne'er heard from thine:
Not to disgust with false or venal praise
Was Parnell's modest fame, and may be mine.

Go then, my friend, nor let thy candid breast
Condemn me, if I check the plausible string:
Go to the wayward world; complete the rest;
Be what the purest muse would wish to sing.

Be still thyself; that open path of truth,
Which led thee here, let manhood firm pursue;
Retain the sweet simplicity of youth,
And all thy virtue dictates dare to do.

Still scorn, with conscious pride, the mask of art;
On vice's front let fearful caution lowr,
And teach the diffident discreeter part [pow'r.
Of knaves that plot, and fools that fawn for

So, round thy brow when age's honours spread,
When death's cold hand unstrings thy Mason's
When the green turf lies lightly on his head, [lyre,
Thy worth shall some superior bard inspire:

He to the amplest bounds of time's domain
On rapture's plume shall give thy name to fly;
For trust, with rev'rence trust, this Sabine strain,
'The Muse forbids the virtuous man to die.'

§ 67. *The Choice of Hercules: from the Greek of Prodicus.* Bp. LOWTH.

NOW had the son of Jove, mature, attain'd
The joyful prime; when youth, elate and gay,
Steps into life, and follows unrestrain'd
Where passion leads, or prudence points the
way.

In the pure mind, at those ambiguous years,
Or vice, rank weed, first strikes her pois'nous
Or haply virtue's op'ning bud appears [root;
By just degrees: fair bloom of fairest fruit!
For, if on youth's untainted thought imprest,
The gen'rous purpose still shall warm the manly
breast.

As on a day, reflecting on his age
For highest deeds now ripe, Alcides fought
Retirement, nurse of contemplation sage,
Step following step, and thought succeeding
thought;
Musing, with steady pace the youth pursu'd
His walk, and, lost in meditation, stray'd
Far in a lonely vale, with solitude
Conversing; while intent his mind survey'd
The dubious path of life: before him lay [way.
Here virtue's rough ascent, there pleasure's flow'ry
Much did the view divide his way'ring mind:
Now glow'd his breast with gen'rous thirst of
Now love of ease to softer thoughts inclin'd [fame;
His yielding soul, and quench'd the rising flame:
When, lo! far off two female forms he spies;
Direct to him their steps they seem to bear;
Both large and tall, exceeding human size;
Both, far exceeding human beauty, fair.
Graceful, yet each with diff'rent grace they move;
This striking sacred awe; that, softer winning love.

The first in native dignity surpass'd;
Artless and unadorn'd she pleas'd the more;
Health o'er her looks a genuine lustre cast;
A vest more white than new-fall'n snow she
August she trod, yet modest was her air, [wore:
Serene her eye, yet darting heav'nly fire.
Still she drew near; and nearer still more fair,
More mild, appear'd: yet such as might inspire
Pleasure, corrected with an awful fear;
Majestically sweet, and amiably severe.

The other dame seem'd ev'n of fairer hue;
But bold her mien, unguarded rov'd her eye,
And her flush'd cheeks confess'd at nearer view
The borrow'd blushes of an artful dye.
All soft and delicate, with airy swim,
Lightly she danc'd along; her robe betray'd
Thro' the clear texture every tender limb,
Height'ning the charms it only seem'd to shade:
And as it flow'd adown, so loose and thin, [skin.
Her stature shew'd more tall, more snowy white her
Oft with a smile she view'd herself askance;
Ev'n on her shade a conscious look she threw:
Then all around her cast a careless glance,
To mark what gazing eyes her beauty drew:
As they came near, before that other maid
Approaching decent, eagerly she press'd
With hasty step; nor of repulse afraid, [dress'd;
With freedom bland the wond'ring youth ad-
With winning fondness on his neck she hung;
Sweet as the honey-dew flow'd her enchanting
tongue.

"Dear Hercules, whence this unkind delay?
Dear youth, what doubts can thus distract thy
Securely follow where I lead the way, [mind?
And range thro' wilds of pleasure unconfin'd.

With me retire from noise, and pain, and care,
Embath'd in bliss, and wrapt in endless ease:
Rough is the road to fame, thro' blood and war;
Smooth is my way, and all my paths are peace.
With me retire, from toils and perils free;
Leave honour to the wretch! pleasures were made
for thee.

Then will I grant thee all thy soul's desire;
All that may charm thine ear, and please thy
sight;
All that the thought can frame, or wish require,
To steep thy ravish'd senses in delight:
The sumptuous feast, enhanc'd with music's
Fittest to tune the melting soul to love, [sound,
Rich odours, breathing choicest sweets around;
The fragrant bow'r, cool fountain, shady grove;
Fresh flow'rs to strew thy couch, and crown thy
head: [thy bed.
Joy shall attend thy steps, and ease shall smooth
These will I freely, constantly supply,
Pleasures, not earn'd with toil, nor mix'd with
Far from thy rest repining want shall fly, [woe;
Nor labour bathe in sweat thy careful brow.
Mature the copious harvest shall be thine,
Let the laborious hind subdue the toil;
Leave the rash soldier spoils of war to win,
Won by the soldier thou shalt share the spoil:
These softer cares my best allies employ,
New pleasures to invent, to wish, and to enjoy."

Her winning voice the youth attentive caught:
He gaz'd impatient on the smiling maid;
Still gaz'd, and listen'd; then her name besought:
"My name, fair youth, is Happiness," she said:
"Well can my friends this envied truth maintain;
They share my bliss, they best can speak my
praise:

Tho' Slander call me Sloth (detraction vain!)
Heed not what Slander, vain detractor, says;
Slander, still prompt true merit to defame,
To blot the brightest worth, and blast the fairest
name."

By this, arriv'd the fair majestic maid:
(She all the while, with the same modest pace,
Compos'd advanc'd) "Know, Hercules," she said,
With manly tone, "thy birth of heav'nly race,
Thy tender age that lov'd instruction's voice,
Promis'd thee generous, patient, brave, and wise:
When manhood should confirm thy glorious
Now expectation waits to see thee rise. [choice;
Rise, youth! exalt thyself, and me; approve
Thy high descent from heaven,—and dare be
worthy Jove.

But what truth prompts, my tongue shall not
disguise:

The steep ascent must be with toil subdu'd;
Watching and cares must win the lofty prize
Propos'd by Heav'n; true bliss and real good.
Honour rewards the brave and bold alone;
She spurns the timorous, indolent, and base:
Danger and toil stand stern before her throne,
And guard (so Jove commands) the sacred place:
Who seeks her must the mighty cost sustain,
And pay the price of fame—labour, and care, and
pain. Wouldst

Wouldst thou engage the gods peculiar care ?

O Hercules, th'immortal pow'rs adore !

With a pure heart, with sacrifice, and pray'r
Attend their altars, and their aid implore.

Or, wouldst thou gain thy country's loud applause,
Lov'd as her father, as her god ador'd ?

Be thou the bold asserter of her cause ;

Her voice in council, in the fight her sword :

In peace, in war, pursue thy country's good ;

For her bare thy bold breast, and pour thy generous blood.

Wouldst thou, to quell the proud and lift th'oppress'd,

In arts of war, and matchless strength excel ?

First conquer thou thyself : to ease, to rest,

To each soft thought of pleasure, bid farewell.

The night alternate, due to sweet repose,

In watches waste ; in painful march, the day :

Congel'd amidst the rigorous winter's snows,

Scorch'd by the summer's thirst-inflaming ray.

Thy harden'd limbs shall boast superior might :

Vigour shall brace thine arm, resistless in the fight."

"Hear'st thou what monsters then thou must engage ? [prove,"

What dangers, gentle youth, she bids thee

(Abrupt, says Sloth) "ill fit thy tender age—

Tumult and wars ; fit age for joy and love.

Turn, gentle youth, to me, to love and joy !

To these I lead : no monsters here shall stay

Thine easy course ; no cares thy peace annoy :

I lead to bliss a nearer, smoother way :

Short is my way, fair, easy, smooth, and plain :

Turn, gentle youth—with me eternal pleasures reign."

"What pleasures, vain mistaken wretch, are thine ?

(Virtue with scorn replied) "who sleep'st in ease

Insensate ; whose soft limbs the toil decline

That seasons bliss, and makes enjoyment please :

Draining the copious bowl ere thirst require :

Feasting ere hunger to the feast invite ;

Whose tasteless joys anticipate desire,

Whom luxury supplies with appetite :

Yet nature loaths, and you employ in vain

Variety and art to conquer her disdain.

The sparkling nectar, cool'd with summer snows,

The dainty board with choicest viands spread,

To thee are tasteless all ! sincere repose

Flies from thy flow'ry couch and downy bed.

For thou art only tir'd with indolence ;

Nor is thy sleep with toil and labour bought,

Th'imperfect sleep, that lulls thy languid sense

In dull oblivious interval of thought ;

That kindly steals th'inactive hours away [the day.

From the long ling'ring space, that lengthens out

From bounteous nature's unexhausted stores

Flows the pure fountain of sincere delights :

Averse to hear, you waste the joyless hours ;

Sleep drowns thy days, and riot rules thy nights.

Immortal tho' thou art, indignant Jove [place,

Hurl'd thee from heav'n, th'immortal's blissful

For ever banish'd from the realms above,

To dwell on earth with man's degenerate race :

Fitter abode ! on earth alike disgrac'd ;

Rejected by the wife, and by the fool embrac'd.

Fond wretch, that vainly veeonest all delight

To gratify the sense, reserv'd for thee !

Yet the most pleasing object to the sight,

Thine own fair action, never didst thou see.

Tho' lull'd with softest sounds thou liest along,

Soft music, warbling voices, melting lays ; [song

Ne'er didst thou hear, more sweet than sweetest

Charming the soul, thou ne'er didst hear thy praise !

No—to thy revels let the fool repair ;

To such go smooth thy speech ; and spread thy tempting snare.

Vast happiness enjoy thy gay allies !

A youth of follies, an old age of cares ;

Young yet enervate, old yet never wise,

Vice wastes their vigour, and their minds impairs.

Vain, idle, delicate, in thoughtless ease,

Reserving woes for age, their prime they spend ;

All wretched, hopeless, in the evil days,

With sorrow to the verge of life they tend.

Griev'd with the present, of the past ashamed,

They live and are despis'd ; they die, nor more are nam'd.

But with the gods, and godlike men, I dwell ;

Me, his supreme delight, th'Almighty Sire

Regards well pleas'd : whatever works excel,

All, or divine, or human, I inspire.

Counsel with strength, and industry with art,

In union meet conjoin'd, with me reside :

My dictates arm, instruct, and mend the heart ;

The surest policy, the wisest guide. [bind

With me true friendship dwells : she deigns to

Those generous souls alone, whom I before have join'd.

Nor need my friends the various costly feast ;

Hunger to them th'effects of art supplies ;

Labour prepares their weary limbs to rest ; [rise.

Sweet is their sleep ; light, cheerful, strong, they

Thro' health, thro' joy, thro' pleasure, and renown,

They tread my paths ; and by a soft descent,

At length to age all gently sinking down,

Look back with transport on a life well spent ;

In which no hour flew unimprov'd away ; [day.

In which some generous deed distinguish'd ev'ry

And when, the destin'd term at length complete,

Their ashes rest in peace, eternal fame

Sounds wide their praise : triumphant over fate,

In sacred song for ever lives their name.

This, Hercules, is happiness ! obey

My voice, and live : Let thy celestial birth

Lift and enlarge thy thoughts : behold the way

That leads to fame, and raises thee from earth

Immortal ! Lo, I guide thy steps. Arise, [skies.

Pursue the glorious path, and claim thy native

Her words breathe fire celestial, and impart

New vigour to his soul, that sudden caught

The generous flame : with great intent his heart

Swells full, and labours with exalted thought.

The mist of error from his eyes dispell'd,

Thro' all her fraudulent arts, in clearest light,

Sloth in her native form he now beheld ;

Unveil'd she stood confess'd before his sight :

False Siren !—All her vaunted charms, that shone

So fresh erewhile and fair, now wither'd, pale and gone.

No

No more the rosy bloom in sweet disguise
Masks her dissembl'd looks; each borrow'd grace
Leaves her wan cheek; pale sickness clouds her
eyes,

Livid and sunk, and passions dim her face.
As when fair Iris has a while display'd
Her wat'ry arch, with gaudy painture gay,
While yet we gaze the glorious colours fade,
And from our wonder gently steal away:
Where shone the beauteous phantom erst so bright,
Now lowers the low-hung cloud, all gloomy to
the sight.

But Virtue, more engaging, all the while
Disclos'd now charms, more lovely, more serene,
Beaming sweet influence: a milder smile
Softens the terrors of her lofty mien.
"Lead, goddess, I am thine!" transported cried
Alcides; "O propitious pow'r, thy way
Teach me! possess my soul! be thou my guide:
From thee, O never, never let me stray!"
While ardent thus the youth his vows address'd,
With all the goddess fill'd, already glow'd his
breast.

The heav'nly maid with strength divine endu'd
His daring soul; there all her pow'rs combin'd:
Firm constancy, undaunted fortitude,
Enduring patience, arm'd his mighty mind.
Unmov'd in toils, in dangers undismay'd,
By many a hardy deed and bold emprise,
From fiercest monsters, thro' her pow'rful aid,
He freed the earth! thro' her he gain'd the skies.
'Twas virtue plac'd him in the blest abode;
Crown'd with eternal youth, among the gods a god.

§ 68. *The Hermit.* PARNELL.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a rev'rend Hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well:
Remote from man, with God he pass'd his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seem'd heav'n itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway:
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenour of his soul is lost.
So when a smooth expanse receives impress
Calm nature's image on its wat'ry breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow;
And skies beneath with answer'd colours glow:
But if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift rushing circles curl on ev'ry side,
And glimm'ring fragments of a broken sun;
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.

To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books or swains report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wand'ring o'er the nightly dew)
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fix'd the scallop in his hat before;
Then with the sun a rising journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wafted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But when the southern sun had warm'd the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets wav'd his hair:
Then near approaching, "Father, hail!" he cry'd;
And "hail, my son!" the rev'rend sire reply'd;
Words follow'd words, from question answer
flow'd,

And talk of various kind deceiv'd the road;
Till each with other pleas'd, and loth to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus youthful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantl'd o'er with sober grey;
Nature in silence bid the world repose:
When near the road a stately palace rose. [pass,
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they
Whose verdure crown'd their sloping sides of grass.
It chanc'd the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wand'ring stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive: the livery'd servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate.
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then, led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.

At length 'tis morn, and at the dawn of day
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighb'ring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call;
An early banquet deck'd the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet grac'd,
Which the kind master forc'd the guests to taste.
Then pleas'd and thankful, from the porch they
go;

And, but the landlord, none had cause of woe:
His cup was vanish'd; for in secret guise
The younger guest purloin'd the glitt'ring prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glitt'ring and basking in the summer ray,
Disorder'd stops to shun the danger near, [fear;
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with
So seem'd the sire, when far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wiley partner show'd.
He stopp'd with silence, walk'd with trembling
heart,

And much he wish'd, but durst not ask, to part:
Murm'ring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That gen'rous actions meet a base reward.

While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds;
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presag'd approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warn'd by the signs, the wand'ring pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighb'ring feat:
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimprov'd around;
Its owner's temper tim'rous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caus'd a desert there.

As

As near the miser's heavy doors they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning mix'd with show'rs began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunder ran.
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driv'n by the wind and batter'd by the rain.
At length some pity warm'd the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first receiv'd a guest) :
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shiv'ring pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And nature's fervour through their limbs recalls:
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine
(Each hardly granted) serv'd them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appear'd to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.

With still remark the pond'rous Hermit view'd,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cry'd)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In ev'ry settling feature of his face,
When from his vest the young companion bore
That cup the gen'rous landlord own'd before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul.

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glitt'ring as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from the poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the wary gate.

While hence they walk, the Pilgrim's bosom wrought

With all the travel of uncertain thought;
His partner's acts without their cause appear:
'Twas there a vice, and seem'd a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky; }
Again the wand'ers want a place to lie; }
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh. }
The soil improv'd around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low nor idly great;
It seem'd to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise but virtue kind.

Hither the walkers turn with weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet:
Their greeting fair, bestow'd with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:

" Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To Him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From Him you come, for Him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer."
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talk'd of virtue till the time of bed;

When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warn'd by a bell, and close the hours with pray'r.
At length the world, renew'd by calm repose,
Was strong for toil, the dappl'd morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near the clos'd cradle, where an infant slept,
And writh'd his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasp'd, and dy'd.

Horror of horrors! what! his only son;
How look'd our Hermit when the fact was done?
Not hell, tho' hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confus'd, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but, trembling, fails to fly with speed.
His steps the youth pursues; the country lay
Perplex'd with roads; a servant show'd the way:
A river cross'd the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supply'd,
And deep the waves beneath the bending glide.
The youth, who seem'd to watch a time to sin,
Approach'd the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

Wild sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
Detested wretch!—But scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seem'd no longer man:
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turn'd white, and flow'd upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpl'd air;
And wings, whose colours glitter'd on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.

Tho' loud at first the Pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gaz'd, and wist not what to do;
Surprize in secret chains his words suspends,
And in a calm his settling temper ends.
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of music ravish'd as he spoke).
Thy pray'r, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commission'd, I forsook the sky;—
Nay, cease to kneel!—thy fellow-servant I.

Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.

The Maker justly claims that world he made,
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends;
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The Pow'r exerts his attributes on high,
Your actions uses, nor controuls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.

What strange events can strike with more
surprize, [eyes?
Than those which lately struck thy wond'ring
Yet, taught by these, confess th' Almighty just,
And where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great, vain man, who far'd on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his iv'ry stands with goblets shine,
And forc'd his guests to morning draughts of wine,
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.

The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor,
With

With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That heav'n can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the fullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.

Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-wean'd his heart from
(Child of his age) for him he liv'd in pain, [God;
And measur'd back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee in fits he seem'd to go;
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent humbl'd in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.

But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back!
This night his treasur'd heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!

Thus Heav'n instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew;
The sage stood wond'ring as the seraph flew.
Thus look'd Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky:
The fiery pomp ascending, left the view;
The prophet gaz'd, and wish'd to follow too.

The bending hermit here a pray'r begun:
Lord! as in heav'n, on earth thy will be done:
Then gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And pass'd a life of piety and peace.

§ 69. *Sleep.* YOUNG.

TIR'D Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep;
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles! the wretched he forsakes!
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unfully'd with a tear.

§ 70. *Address to the Deity.* YOUNG.

THOU, who didst put to flight
Primæval Silence, when the morning stars,
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O THOU, whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul which flies to Thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.

Thro' this opaque of Nature and of Soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. O lead my mind
(A mind that fain would wander from its woe)
Lead it thro' various scenes of Life and Death;
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my Conduct than my Song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrears;
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, pour'd
On this devoted head, be pour'd in vain.

§ 71. *Time.* YOUNG.

THE bell strikes One. We take no note of Time
But from its loss. To give it then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours: [flood.
Where are they? With the years beyond the
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarm'd, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? a fathomless abyss;
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour!

§ 72. *Reflection on Man.* YOUNG.

HOW poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centred in our make such strange extremes!
From different natures marvelously mixt,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds:
Distinguish'd link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!
A beam ethereal, fully'd and absorb'd!
Tho' fully'd and dishonour'd, still divine!
Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust!
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god!—I tremble at myself,
And in myself am lost! at home a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surpriz'd, aghast,
And wond'ring at her own: How reason reels!
O what a miracle to man is man,
Triumphantly distress'd! what joy, what dread!
Alternately transported and alarm'd;
What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.

§ 73. *Life and Eternity.* YOUNG.

THIS is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death, alone can heave the massy bar;
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free.
From real life but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candidate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his fire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon ambient azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here pinions all his wishes; wing'd by Heav'n
To fly at infinite; and reach it there,
Where seraphs gather immortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow,
In His full beam, and ripen for the just,

Where

Where momentary ages are no more! [expire!
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death
And is it in the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul immortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptur'd, or alarm'd,
At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

§ 74. *Time and Death.* YOUNG.

EACH moment has its sickle, emulous
Of Time's enormous scythe, whose ample
sweep

Strikes empires from the root; each moment plays
His little weapon in the narrower sphere
Of sweet domestic comfort, and cuts down
The fairest bloom of sublunary bliss.

Bliss! sublunary bliss!--proud words and vain;
Implicit treason to divine decree!

A bold invasion of the rights of Heav'n!
I clasp'd the phantoms, and I found them air.
O had I weigh'd it ere my fond embrace,
What darts of agony had mis'd my heart!

Death! great proprietor of all! 'tis thine
To tread out empire, and to quench the stars.
The sun himself by thy permission shines;
And, one day thou shalt pluck him from his sphere.
Amid such mighty plunder, why exhaust
Thy partial quiver on a mark so mean?
Why thy peculiar rancour wreck'd on me?
Insatiate archer! could not once suffice? [slain;
Thy shaft flew thrice, and thrice my peace was
And thrice, ere thrice yon moon had fill'd her horn.
O Cynthia! why so pale? Dost thou lament
Thy wretched neighbour? Grieve to see thy wheel
Of ceaseless change outwhirl'd in human life?
How wanes my borrow'd bliss! from fortune's
Precarious courtesy! not virtue's sure, [simile,
Self-given, solar ray of sound delight.

In ev'ry vary'd posture, place, and hour,
How widow'd ev'ry thought of ev'ry joy!
Thought, busy thought! too busy for my peace!
Thro' the dark postern of time long laps'd,
Led softly, by the stillness of the night,
Led, like a murderer (and such it proves!)
Strays (wretched rover) o'er the pleasing past;
In quest of wretchedness perversely strays;
And finds all desert now; and meets the ghosts
Of my departed joys; a num'rous train!
I rue the riches of my former fate;
Sweet Comfort's blasted clusters I lament:
I tremble at the blessings once so dear,
And ev'ry pleasure pains me to the heart.

Yet, why complain? or why complain for one?
Hangs out the sun his lustre but for me,
The single man? Are angels all beside?
I mourn for millions: 'Tis the common lot;
In this shape, or in that has fate entail'd
The mother's throes on all of woman born,
Not more the children, than sure heirs of pain.

§ 75. *Oppression, Want, and Disease.* YOUNG.

WAR, Famine, Pest, Volcano, Storm, and Fire,
Intestine broils, Oppression, with her heart
Wrapt up in triple brass, besiege mankind,
God's image disinherited of day,
Here, plung'd in mines, forgets a sun was made:
There, beings, deathless as their haughty lord,
Are hammer'd to the galling oar for life,
And plow the winter's wave, and reap despair.
Some, for hard masters, broken under arms,
In battle lopt away, with half their limbs,
Beg bitter bread thro' realms their valour sav'd:
If to the tyrant, or his minion, doom,
Want, and incurable disease (fell pair!)
On hopeless multitudes remorseless seize
At once, and make a refuge of the grave.
How groaning hospitals eject their dead!
What numbers groan for sad admission there!
What numbers, once in fortune's lap high fed,
Solicit the cold hand of charity!

To shock us more, solicit it in vain!
Ye silken sons of pleasure! since in pains
You rue more modish visits, visit here, [duce
And breathe from your debauch: give, and re-
Surfeit's dominion o'er you: but so great
Your impudence, you blush at what is right.

Happy! did sorrow seize on such alone.
Not prudence can defend, or virtue save;
Disease invades the chastest temperance;
And punishment the guiltless; and alarm,
Thro' thickest shades, pursues the fond of peace.
Man's caution often into danger turns,
And, his guard falling, crushes him to death.
Not happiness itself makes good her name;
Our very wishes give us not our wish.
How distant oft the things we doat on most
From that for which we doat, felicity!
The smoothest course of nature has its pains!
And truest friends, thro' error, wound our rest.
Without misfortune, what calamities!
And what hostilities without a foe!
Nor are foes wanting to the best on earth.
But endless is the list of human ills,
And sighs might sooner fail than cause to sigh.

§ 76. *Death.* YOUNG.

BEWARE, Lorenzo! a slow sudden death.
How dreadful that deliberate surprise!
Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, "That all men are about to live."
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion take up ready praise;

At least, their own; their future selves applauds;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is Folly's vails;
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose they postpone:
 'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool;
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man;
 And that thro' ev'ry stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
 And why? Because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves;
 Themselves; when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden
 dread;
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close; where past the shaft, no trace is found,
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains;
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel;
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death.
 Ev'n with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

§ 77. *Inconsistency of Man.* YOUNG.

AH! how unjust to nature and himself
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure nature for a span too short;
 That span too short, we tax as tedious too;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the ling'ring moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance!) from ourselves.
 Art, brainless art! our furious charioteer
 (For Nature's voice unstifled would recall)
 Drives headlong tow'rs the precipice of death;
 Death, most our dread; death thus more dreadful
 O what a riddle of absurdity! [made:
 Leisure is pain; takes off our chariot-wheels;
 How heavily we drag the load of life!
 Blest leisure is our curse; like that of Cain,
 It makes us wander; wander earth around
 To fly that tyrant, Thought. As Atlas groan'd
 The world beneath, we groan beneath an hour.
 We cry for mercy to the next-amusement;
 The next amusement mortgages our fields;
 Slight inconvenience! prisons hardly frown,
 From hateful Time if prisons set us free.
 Yet, when Death kindly tenders us relief,
 We call him cruel; years to moments shrink,
 Ages to years. The telescope is turn'd
 To man's false optics (from his folly false):
 Time, in advance, behind him hides his wings,
 And seems to creep, decrepid with his age;
 Behold him when past by; what then is seen
 But his broad pinions, swifter than the winds?

And all mankind, in contradiction strong,
 Rueful, aghast! cry out on his career.
 We rave, we wrestle, with Great Nature's plan;
 We thwart the Deity; and 'tis decreed,
 Who thwart his will shall contradict their own.
 Hence our unnatural quarrels with ourselves;
 Our thoughts at enmity; our bosom broils;
 We push Time from us, and we wish him back;
 Lavish of lustrums, and yet fond of life; [shun;
 Life we think long, and short: Death seek, and
 Body and soul, like peevish man and wife,
 United jar, and yet are loth to part.

§ 78. *Vanity.* YOUNG.

OH the dark days of vanity! while here,
 How tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
 Gone! they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us
 The spirit walks of ev'ry day deceas'd; [still:
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death, nor life delight us. If time past
 And time possess both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordain'd,
 Time us'd. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vig'rous effort and an honest aim,
 At once he draws the sting of life and death;
 He walks with Nature; and her paths are peace.

§ 79. *Paternal Love.* YOUNG.

FATHERS alone a Father's heart can know;
 What secret tides of still enjoyment flow
 When brothers love! but if their hate succeeds,
 They wage the war; but 'tis the Father bleeds.

§ 80. *Conscience.* YOUNG.

OTREACH'ROUS Conscience! while she
 seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lull'd with syren song;
 While she seems, nodding o'er her change, to drop
 On headlong Appetite the slacken'd rein,
 And give us up to licence, unrecal'd,
 Unmark'd;—see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes ev'ry fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen;
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
 A watchful foe! the formidable spy,
 Lift'ning, o'erhears the whispers of our camp:
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their doom-day-book from all consuming heirs,
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable Time;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapply'd;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass,
 Writes our whole history; which Death shall
 In ev'ry pale delinquent's private ear; [read
 And judgment publish; publish to more worlds
 Than this; and endless age in groans resound.

Old

§ 81. *Old Age.* YOUNG.

WHEN men once reach their Autumn, sickly
joys

Fall off apace as yellow leaves from trees,
At ev'ry little breath misfortune blows;
Till, left quite naked of their happiness,
In the chill blasts of winter they expire. —
This is the common-lot.

§ 82. *Self-Love.* YOUNG.

WHO venerate themselves the world despise.
For what, gay friend! is this escutcheon'd
world,

Which hangs out death in one eternal night?
A night that glooms us in the noon-tide ray,
And wraps our thought, at banquets, in the
Life's little stage is a small eminence, [shroud.
Inch-high the grave above; that home of man,
Where dwells the multitude: We gaze around;
We read their monuments; we sigh; and while
We sigh, we sink, and are what we deplor'd;
Lamenting, or lamented, all our lot!

Is death at distance: no, he has been on thee;
And giv'n sure earnest of his final blow. [now?
Those hours that lately smil'd, where are they
Pallid to thought, and ghastly! drown'd, all
drown'd

In that great deep, which nothing disembogues!
And, dying, they bequeath'd thee small renown.
The rest are on the wing: How fleet their flight!
Already has the fatal train took fire;
A moment, and the world's blown up to thee;
The sun is darkness, and the stars are dust.

§ 83. *Communion with Past Hours.* YOUNG.

'TIS greatly wise to talk with our past hours;
And ask them, what report they bore to
heav'n; [news.

And how they might have borne more welcome
Their answers form what men Experience call;
If Wisdom's friend, her best; if not, worst foe.
O reconcile them; Kind Experience cries,
"There's nothing here but what as nothing
weighs;

"The more our joy, the more we know it vain:
"And by success are tutor'd to despair."

Nor only is it thus, but must be so.
Who knows not this tho' grey, is still a child.
Loose then from earth the grasp of fond desire,
Weigh anchor, and some happier clime explore.

§ 84. *Conscience.* YOUNG.

CONSCIENCE, what art thou? Thou tremen-
dous pow'r!

Who dost inhabit us without our leave;
And art within ourselves another self;
A master self, that loves to domineer,
And treat the monarch frankly as the slave.
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds?
Make the past, present; and the future, frown?

How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
In this long restless dream, which idiots hug;
Nay, wise men flatter with the name of life?

§ 85. *Life.* YOUNG.

LIFE speeds away

From point to point, tho' seeming to stand still,
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; Gnomons, time:
As these are useless when the sun is set,
So those, but when more glorious Reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye,
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
'Tis latter with the wife than he's aware:
A *Wilmington goes slower than the sun;
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Ev'n age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrow'd brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring,
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest, —
The disappointment of a promis'd hour.

§ 86. *Bliss.* YOUNG.

MUCH is talk'd of bliss; it is the art
Of such as have the world in their possession.
To give it a good name, that fools may envy:
For envy to small minds is flattery.
How many lift the head, look gay, and smile,
Against their consciences? And this we know;
Yet, knowing, disbelieve; and try again [tion;
What we have try'd, and struggle with conviction;
Each new experience gives the former credit,
And reverend grey threescore is but a voucher,
That thirty old is true.

§ 87. *Friendship.* YOUNG.

KNOW'ST thou, Lorenzo! what a friend con-
tains?

As bees mixt nectar draw from fragrant flow'rs,
So men from Friendship, Wisdom, and Delight;
Twins ty'd by nature, if they part, they die.
Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad? [air,
Goodsense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want
And spoil, like bales unopen'd to the sun.
Had thought been all, sweet speech had been
deny'd; [terion too!
Speech, thought's canal! speech, thought's cri-
Thought is the mine, may come forth gold, or
dross;

When coin'd in words, we know its real worth.
If sterling, store it for thy future use;

*Twill

* Lord Wilmington.

'Twill buy thee benefit ; perhaps, renown.
Thought, too, deliver'd, is the more possess ;
Teaching we learn ; and giving, we retain
The births of intellect ; when dumb, forgot.
Speech ventilates our intellectual fire ;
Speech burnishes our mental magazine ;
Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.
What numbers, sheath'd in erudition, lie
Plung'd to the hilts in venerable toms,
And rusted in, who might have borne an edge,
And play'd a sprightly beam, if born to speech ;
If born blest heirs of half their mother's tongue !
'Tis thought's exchange, which, like th'alternate push
Of waves conflicting, breaks the learned scum,
And defecates the student's standing pool.

§ 88. *Wisdom, Friendship, Joy, and Happiness.*
YOUNG.

WISDOM, tho' richer than Peruvian mines,
And sweeter than the sweet ambrosial hive,
What is she, but the means of happiness ?
That unobtain'd, than folly more a fool ;
A melancholy fool without her bells.
Friendship, the means of wisdom, richly gives
The precious end which makes our wisdom wise.
Nature, in zeal for human amity,
Denies, or damps, an undivided joy.
Joy is an import ; joy is an exchange ;
Joy flies monopolists : it calls for two ;
Rich fruit ! Heav'n planted ! never pluckt by One.
Needful auxiliars are our friends, to give
To social man true relish of himself.
Full on ourselves, descending in a line,
Pleasure's bright beam is feeble in delight ;
Delight intense, is taken by rebound ;
Reverberated pleasures fire the breast.

Celestial Happiness, whene'er she stoops
To visit earth, one shrine the goddess finds,
And one alone, to make her sweet amends
For absent heav'n—the bosom of a friend ;
Where heart meets heart, reciprocally soft,
Each other's pillow to repose divine,
Beware the counterfeit : In passion's flame
Hearts melt, but melt like ice, soon harder froze.
True love strikes root in Reason, passion's foe :
Virtue alone entenders us for life :
I wrong her much—entenders us for ever.
Of Friendship's fairest fruits, the fruit most fair
Is Virtue kindling at a rival fire,
And, emulously, rapid in her race.
O the soft enmity ! endearing strife !
This carries friendship to her noontide point,
And gives the rivet of eternity. [themes,

From Friendship, which outlives my former
Glorious survivor of old Time and death ! feed,
From Friendship, thus, that flow'r of heav'nly
The wise extract earth's most Hyblean bliss,
Superior wisdom, crown'd with smiling joy.

But for whom blossoms this Elysian flower ?
Abroad they find, who cherish it at home.
Lorenzo, pardon what my love extorts,
An honest love, and not afraid to frown.
Tho' choice of follies fasten on the Great,

None clings more obstinate, than fancy fond
That sacred friendship is their easy prey ;
Caught by the wafture of a golden lure,
Or fascination of a high-born smile. [out
Their smiles, the Great and the Coquette throw
For others hearts, tenacious of their own ;
And we no less of ours, when such the bait.
Ye fortune's cofferers ! Ye pow'rs of wealth !
Can gold gain friendship ? Impudence of hope !
As well mere man an angel might beget.
Love, and Love only, is the loan for love.
Lorenzo, pride repels ; nor hope to find
A friend, but what has found a friend in thee.
All like the purchase ; few the price will pay ;
And this makes friends such miracles below.

§ 89. *Friendship.* YOUNG.

DELIBERATE on all things with thy friend ;
But since friends grow not thick on ev'ry
Nor ev'ry friend unrotten at the core, [bough,
First, on thy friend, deliberat with thyself ;
Pause, ponder, sift ; not eager in the choice,
Nor jealous of the chosen ; fixing, fix ;
Judge before friendship, then confide till death.
Well for thy friend ; but nobler far for thee ;
How gallant danger for earth's highest prize !
A friend is worth all hazards we can run.
" Poor is the friendless master of a world :
" A world in purchase for a friend is gain."
O ! for the bright complexion, cordial warmth,
And elevating spirit, of a friend,
For twenty summers ripening by my side ;
All feculence of falshood long thrown down ;
All social virtues rising in his soul,
As crystal clear, and smiling as they rise !
Here nectar flows ; it sparkles in our sight ;
Rich to the taste, and genuine from the heart.
High-flavour'd bliss for gods ! on earth how rare !

§ 90. *Happiness.* YOUNG.

THRICE happy they who sleep in humble life,
Beneath the storm ambition flows. 'Tis meet
The Great should have the fame of happiness,
The consolation of a little envy ;
'Tis all their pay for those superior care,
Those pangs of heart, their vassals ne'er can feel.

§ 91. *Dissolution of a Virtuous Man.* YOUNG.

THE chamber where the good man meets his
fate,
Is privileg'd beyond the common walk
Of virtuous life, quite in the verge of heav'n.
Fly, ye profane ! If not, draw near with awe,
Receive the blessing, and adore the chance
That threw in this Bethesda your disease ;
If unrestor'd by this, despair your cure.
For here, resistless demonstration dwells ;
A death-bed's a detector of the heart.
Here tir'd dissimulation drops her masque,
Thro' life's grimace, that mistress of the scene !
Here real and apparent are the same.

You

You see the man; you see his hold on heav'n,
If sound his virtue; as Philander's sound. [friends
Heav'n waits not the last moment; owns her
On this side death, and points them out to men
A lecture silent, but of lov'reign pow'r!
To vice, confusion; and to virtue, peace.
Whatever farce the boastful hero plays,
Virtue alone has majesty in death;
And greater still, the more the tyrant frowns.

§ 92. *Love.* YOUNG.

LOVE calls for love. Not all the pride of
beauty;
Those eyes that tell us what the sun is made of;
Those lips, whose touch is to be bought with life!
Those hills of driven snow, which seen are felt:
All these possess are nought, but as they are
The proof, the substance of an inward passion,
And the rich plunder of a taken heart.

§ 93. *Pleasures of Meditation.* YOUNG

FROM Dreams, where thought in fancy's maze
runs mad,
To Reason, that heav'n-lighted lamp in man,
Once more I wake; and at the destin'd hour,
Punctual as lovers to the moment sworn,
I keep my assignation with my woe.
O! lost to virtue, lost to manly thought,
Lost to the noble fallies of the soul!
Who think it solitude to be alone.
Communion sweet! communion large and high!
Our Reason, Guardian Angel, and our God!
Then nearest these, when others most remote;
And all, ere long, shall be remote but these,
How dreadful, then, to meet them all alone,
A stranger! unacknowledg'd! un approv'd!
Now woo them; wed them; bind them to thy
To win thy wish creation has no more: [breast;
Or if we wish a fourth, it is a friend—
But friends, how mortal! dang'rous the desire.

§ 94. *Beauty.* YOUNG.

BEAUTY alone is but of little worth;
But when the soul and body of a piece,
Both shine alike; then they obtain a price,
And are a fit reward for gallant actions.

§ 95. *Passions.* YOUNG.

WHEN Reason, like the skilful charioteer,
Can break the fiery passions to the bit,
And, spite of their licentious fallies, keep
The radiant track of glory; passions, then,
Are aids and ornaments. Triumphant Reason,
Firm in her seat and swift in her career,
Enjoys their violence; and, smiling, thanks
Their formidable flame for high renown.

§ 96. *Picture of Narcissa, Description of her Funeral, and a Reflection upon Man.* YOUNG.

SWEET harmonist! and beautiful as sweet!
And young as beautiful! and soft as young!
And gay as soft! and innocent as gay!
And happy (if aught happy here) as good!
For fortune fond had built her nest on high.
Like birds quite exquisite of note and plum,
Transfixt by fate (who loves a lofty mark)
How from the summit of the grove she fell,
And left it unharmonious! All its charms
Extinguish'd in the wonders of her song!
Her song still vibrates in my ravish'd ear,
Still melting there, and with voluptuous pain
(O to forget her!) thrilling thro' my heart!
Song, Beauty, Youth, Love, Virtue, Joy!
Of bright ideas, flow'rs of paradise, [this group
As yet unforfeit! in one blaze we bind,
Kneel, and present it to the skies; as all
We guess of heav'n, and these were all her own,
And she was mine; and I was — *was!* — most
Gay title of the deepest misery! [blest—
As bodies grow more pond'rous robb'd of life,
Good lost weighs more in grief than gain'd in joy.
Like blossom'd trees o'erturn'd by vernal storm,
Lovely in death the beauteous ruin lay;
And if in death still lovely, lovelier there;
Far lovelier! pity swells the tide of love.
And will not the severe excuse a sigh?
Scorn the proud man that is aham'd to weep;
Our tears indulg'd indeed deserve our shame.
Ye that e'er lost an angel! pity me.

Soon as the lustre languish'd in her eye,
Dawning a dimmer day on human sight;
And on her cheek, the residence of spring,
Pale Omen sat, and scatter'd fears around
On all that saw (and who would cease to gaze
That once had seen?) With haste, parental haste,
I flew, I snatch'd her from the rigid north,
Her native bed, on which bleak Boreas blew,
And bore her nearer to the sun; the sun
(As if the sun could envy) checkt his beam,
Deny'd his wonted succour; nor with more
Regret beheld her drooping than the bells
Of lilies; fairest lilies not so fair!

Queen lilies! and ye painted populace!
Who dwell in fields, and lead ambrosial lives,
In morn and ev'ning dew your beauties bathe,
And drink the sun, which gives your cheeks to
And out-blush (mine excepted) every fair; [glow,
You gladlier grew, ambitious of her hand,
Which often cropt your odours, incense meet
To thought so pure! Ye lovely fugitives!
Coëval race with man! for man you smile;
Why not smile at him too? You share indeed
His sudden pass, but not his constant pain.

So man is made nought ministers delight
But what his glowing passions can engage;
And glowing passions bent on aught below,
Must, soon or late, with anguish turn the scale;
And anguish, after rapture, how severe!
Rapture! bold man! who tempts the wrath divine,
By plucking fruit deny'd to mortal taste,
While here presuming on the rights of Heav'n.

F

For

For transport dost thou call on ev'ry hour,
Lorenzo? At thy friend's expence be wise;
Lean not on earth; 'twill pierce thee to the heart;
A broken reed at best but, oft a spear:
On its sharp point peace bleeds, and hope expires.

Turn, hopeless thoughts! turn from her:—
Thought repell'd,

Resenting rallies, and wakes ev'ry woe.
Snatch'd ere thy prime! and in thy bridal hour!
And when kind fortune, with thy lover, smil'd!
And when high flavour'd thy fresh op'ning joys!
And when blind man pronounc'd thy bliss complete!

And on a foreign shore, where strangers wept!
Strangers to thee; and more surprizing still,
Strangers to kindness wept: Their eyes let fall
Inhuman tears; strange tears! that trickled down
From marble hearts! obdurate tenderness!
A tenderness that call'd them more severe;
In spite of nature's soft persuasion, steel'd;
While nature melted, superstition rav'd!
That mourn'd the dead, and *this* deny'd a grave.
Their sighs incens'd; sighs foreign to the will!
Their will the tyger suck'd, outrag'd the storm.

For oh! the curst ungodliness of zeal!
While sinful flesh relented, spirit nurst
In blind infallibility's embrace,
The fainted spirit petrify'd the breast:
Deny'd the charity of dust to spread
O'er dust! a charity their dogs enjoy.
What could I do? What succour? What resource?
With pious sacrilege, a grave I stole;
With impious piety, that grave I wrong'd;
Short in my duty; coward in my grief!
More like her murderer, than friend, I crept,
With soft suspended step, and muffled deep
In midnight darkness, whisper'd my last sigh.
I whisper'd what should echo thro' their realms;
Nor writ her name whose tomb should pierce
the skies.

Presumptuous fear! How durst I dread her foes,
While nature's loudest dictates I obey'd?
Pardon necessity, blest shade! Of grief
And indignation rival bursts I pour'd;
Half execration mingled with my pray'r;
Kindled at man, while I his God ador'd;
Sore grudg'd the savage land her sacred dust;
Stamp'd the curst soil; and with humanity
(Deny'd Narcissa) with'd them all a grave.

Glow's my resentment into guilt? What guilt
Can equal violations of the dead?
The dead how sacred! Sacred is the dust
Of this heav'n-labour'd form, erect, divine;
This heav'n-assum'd majestic robe of earth
He deign'd to wear, who hung the vast expanse
With azure bright, and cloath'd the sun in gold.
When ev'ry passion sleeps that can offend;
When strikes us ev'ry motive that can melt;
When man can reek his rancour uncontroll'd,
That strongest curb on insult and ill-will;
Then, spleen to dust? the dust of innocence;
An angel's dust?—This Lucifer transcends;
When he contended for the patriarch's bones,
'Twas not the strife of malice, but of pride;
The strife of pontiff pride, not pontiff gall.

Far less than this is shocking in a race
Most wretched, but from streams of mutual love;
And uncreated, but for love divine;
And, but for love divine, this moment, lost,
By fate resorb'd, and sunk in endless night.
Man hard of heart to man! of horrid things
Most horrid! 'Mid stupendous, highly strange!
Yet oft his courtesies are smother wrongs;
Pride brandishes the favours He confers,
And contumelious his humanity:
What then his vengeance? Hear it not, ye stars!
And thou pale moon! turn paler at the sound;
Man is to man the forest, surest ill.
A previous blast foretels the rising storm;
O'erwhelming turrets threaten ere they fall;
Volcanos bellow ere they disembogue;
Earth trembles ere her yawning jaws devour;
And smoke betrays the wide-consuming fire:
Ruin from man is most conceal'd when near,
And sends the dreadful tidings in the blow.
Is this the flight of fancy? Would it were!
Heav'n's Sovereign saves all beings, but himself,
That hideous fight, a naked human heart.

§ 97. *Jealousy.* YOUNG.

—IT is Jealousy's peculiar nature
To swell small things to great; nay, out of nought
To conjure much; and then to lose its reason
Amid the hideous phantoms it has form'd.

§ 98. *Passions.* YOUNG.

WHILE passions glow, the heart, like heated
steel,
Takes each impression, and is work'd at pleasure.

§ 99. *Dying Friends.* YOUNG.

OUR dying friends come o'er us like a cloud,
To damp our brainless ardours, and abate
That glare of life, which often blinds the wise.
Our dying friends are pioneers, to smooth
Our rugged pass to death; to break those bars
Of terror and abhorrence nature throws
Cross our obstructed way; and, thus to make
Welcome, as safe, our port from ev'ry storm.
Each friend by fate snatch'd from us, is a plume
Pluckt from the wing of human vanity,
Which makes us stoop from our aerial heights,
And, damp't with omen of our own disease,
On drooping pinions of ambition lower'd,
Just skim earth's surface, ere we break it up,
O'er putrid earth to scratch a little dust,
And save the world a nuisance. Smitten friends
Are angels sent on errands full of love;
For us they languish, and for us they die:
And shall they languish, shall they die in vain?
Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,
Which wait the revolution in our hearts?
Shall we disdain their silent soft address;
Their posthumous advice, and pious pray'r?
Senseless as herds that graze the hallow'd graves,
Tread

Tread under-foot their agonies and groans ;
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths ?

Lorenzo ! no ; the thought of death indulge ;
Give it its wholesome empire ! let it reign,
That kind chastiser of thy soul in joy !
Its reign will spread thy glorious conquests far,
And still the tumults of thy ruffled breast :
Auspicious Æra ! golden days, begin !
The thought of death shall, like a god, inspire.

§ 100. *Thanks to the Deity.* YOUNG.

BLEST be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest, beneath this humble shed.
The world's a stately bark on dang'rous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms,
And meditate on scenes more silent still ;
Pursue my theme, and fight the Fear of Death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chace I see ;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's inclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing, and pursu'd, each other's prey ;
As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;
Till Death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.

§ 101. *Human Life.* YOUNG.

—AH ! what is human life ?
How like the dial's tardy-moving shade,
Day after day slides from us unperceiv'd !
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth ;
Too subtle is the movement to be seen :
Yet soon the hour is up—and we are gone.

§ 102. *Man.* YOUNG.

MAN ! know thyself. All wisdom centres
there !

To none man seems ignoble but to man ;
Angels that grandeur, men o'erlook, admire :
How long shall human nature be their book,
Degen'rate mortal ! and unread by thee ?
The beam dim reason sheds shews wonders there ;
What high contents ! illustrious faculties !
But the grand comment, which displays at full
Our human height, scarce sever'd from divine,
By Heav'n compos'd, was publish'd on the cross.

Who looks on that, and sees not in himself
An awful strange, a terrestrial god ?
A glorious partner with the Deity
In that high attribute, immortal life ?
If a God bleeds, he bleeds not for a worm ;
I gaze, and, as I gaze, my mounting soul
Catches strange fire, Eternity ! at Thee ;
And drops the world—or rather, more enjoys :
How chang'd the face of nature ! how improv'd !
What seem'd a chaos shines a glorious world,
Or, what a world, an Eden ; heighten'd all !

It is another scene ! another self !
And still another as time rolls along ;
And that a self far more illustrious still.
Beyond long ages, yet roll'd up in shades,
Unpierc'd by bold conjecture's keenest ray,
What evolutions of surprising fate !
How nature opens, and receives my soul [gods
In boundless walks of raptur'd thought ! where
Encounter and embrace me ! What new births
Of strange adventure, foreign to the sun,
Where what now charms, perhaps, what'er
Old time, and fair creation, are forgot ! [exists,
Is this extravagant ? Of man we form

Extravagant conception to be just :
Conception unconfin'd wants wings to reach him !
Beyond its reach, the Godhead only more.
He, the great Father ! kindled at one flame
The world of rationals ; one spirit pour'd
From spirit's awful fountain ; pour'd Himself
Thro' all their souls ; but not in equal stream,
Profuse or frugal, of th'inspiring God,
As his wise plan demanded ; and when past
Their various trials, in their various spheres,
If they continue rational as made,
Reforms them all into himself again ;
His throne their centre, and his smile their crown.

§ 103. *Feeling.* YOUNG.

WHO never lov'd ne'er suffer'd ; he feels
nothing,
Who nothing feels but for himself alone ;
And when we feel for others, reason reels,
O'erloaded, from her path, and man runs mad.
As love alone can exquisitely bless,
Love only feels the marvellous of pain ;
Opens new veins of torture in the soul,
And wakes the nerve where agonies are born.

§ 104. *Religion.* YOUNG.

RELIGION's all. Descending from the skies
To wretched man, the goddess in her left
Holds out this world, and, in her right, the next ;
Religion ! the soul voucher man is man ;
Supporter sole of man above himself ;
Ev'n in this night of frailty, change, and death,
She gives the soul a soul that acts a god.
Religion ! Providence ! an after-state !
Here is firm footing ; here is solid rock !
This can support us ; all is sea besides ;
Sinks under us ; bestorms, and then devours.
His hand the good man fastens on the skies,
And bids earth roll, nor feels her idle whirl.

As when a wretch, from thick, polluted air,
Darkness, and stench, and suffocating damps,
And dungeon-horrors, by kind fate discharg'd,
Climbs some fair eminence, where æther pure
Surrounds him, and Elysian prospects rise,
His heart exults, his spirits cast their load !
As if new-born, he triumphs in the change ;
So joys the soul when, from inglorious air,
And sordid sweets, from seculence and froth
Of ties terrestrial, set at large, she mounts

To Reason's region, her own element,
Breathes hopes immortal, and affects the skies.

Religion! thou the soul of happiness;
And groaning Calvary, of thee! There shine
The noblest truths; there strongest motives sting:
There sacred violence assaults the soul;
There nothing but compulsion is forborn.
Can love allure us, or can terror awe?
He weeps!—the falling drop puts out the sun;
He sighs!—the sigh earth's deep foundation
If in his love so terrible, what when [shakes.
His wrath inflam'd? his tenderness on fire?
Like soft, smooth oil, outblazing other fires?
Can pray'r, can praise avert it?—Thou, my All!
My theme! my inspiration and my crown!
My strength in age! my rise in low estate!
My soul's ambition! pleasure! wealth!—my world!

My light in darkness! and my life in death!
My boast thro' time! bliss thro' eternity!
Eternity! too short to speak thy praise!
Or fathom thy profound of love to man;
To man of men the meanest, ev'n to me:
My sacrifice! my God!—what things art these!

§ 105. *Jealousy.* YOUNG.

O JEALOUSY, each other passion's calm
To thee, thou conflagration of the soul!
Thou king of torments! thou grand counter-
For all the transports beauty can inspire! [poise

§ 106. *Faith and Reason.* YOUNG.

FOND as we are, and justly found, of faith,
Reason, we grant, demands our first regard,
The mother honour'd, as the daughter dear.
Reason the root, fair faith is but the flower;
The fading flower shall die; but reason lives
Immortal, as her Father in the skies.
When faith is virtue, reason makes it so.
Wrong not the Christian; think not reason
yours:

'Tis reason our great Master holds so dear;
'Tis reason's injur'd rights His wrath resents;
'Tis reason's voice obey'd his glories crown;
To give lost reason life, He pour'd his own:
Believe, and shew the reason of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb;
Thro' reason's wounds alone thy faith can die;
Which dying, tenfold terror gives to death,
And dips in venom his twice-mortal sting.

§ 107. *Misfortune.* YOUNG.

MISFORTUNE stands with her bow ever bent
O'er the world; and he who wounds ano-
Directs the goddess by that part he wounds, [ther,
Where to strike deep her arrows in himself.

§ 108. *Vanity and Adulation.* YOUNG.

LORENZO! to recriminate is just.
Fondness for fame is avarice of air.
I grant, the man is vain who writes for praise.

Praise no man e'er deserv'd who sought no more.

As just thy second charge. I grant, the muse
Has often blusht at her degen'rate sons,
Retain'd by sense to plead her filthy cause;
To raise the low, to magnify the mean,
And subtilize the gross into refin'd;
As if to magic numbers powerful charm
'Twas given, to make a civet of their song
Obscene, and sweeten ordure to perfume.
Wit, a true pagan, deifies the brute,
And lifts our swine-enjoyments from the mire.

The fact notorious, nor obscure the cause.
We wear the chains of pleasure and of pride;
These share the man; and these distract him too;
Draw different ways, and clash in their com-
mands.

Pride, like an eagle, builds among the stars;
But pleasure, lark-like, nests upon the ground.
Joys shar'd by brute-creation, pride resents;
Pleasure embraces: Man would both enjoy,
And both at once: A point how hard to gain!
But what can't wit, when stung by strong desire?

Wit dares attempt this arduous enterprise.
Since joys of sense can't rise to reason's taste;
In subtle sophistry's laborious forge,
Wit hammers out a reason new, that stoops
To sordid scenes, and meets them with applause.
Wit calls the Graces the chaste zone to loose;
Nor less than a plump god to fill the bowl:
A thousand phantoms, and a thousand spells,
A thousand opiates scatters, to delude,
To fascinate, inebriate, lay asleep,
And the fool'd mind delightfully confound.
Thus, that which shock'd the judgment shocks
no more;

That which gave gride offence, no more offends.
Pleasure and pride, by nature mortal foes,
At war eternal which in man shall reign,
By wit's address, patch up a fatal peace,
And hand in hand lead on the rank debauch,
From rank, refin'd to delicate and gay.
Art, cursed art! wipes off th'indebted blush
From nature's cheek, and bronzes ev'ry shame.
Man smiles in ruin, glories in his guilt,
And Infamy stands candidate for praise.

All writ by man in favour of the soul,
These sensual ethics far, in bulk, transcend
The flow'rs of eloquence, profusely pour'd
O'er spotted vice, fill half the letter'd world.
Can powers of genius exercise their page,
And consecrate enormities with song?

§ 109. *Reflection on the World.* YOUNG.

WHAT is this world?—Thy school, O
misery!

Our only lesson is to learn to suffer; [thing.
And he who knows not that, was born for no-

§ 110. *Darkness and Solitude.* YOUNG.

LET Indians, and the gay, like Indians, fond
Of feather'd fopperies, the sun adore;
Darkness has more divinity for me;
It strikes thought inward; it drives back the soul

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To settle on Herself our point supreme !
 There lies our theatre ! there sits our judge.
 Darkneſs the curtain drops o'er life's dull ſcene ;
 'Tis the kind hand of Providence ſtretcht out
 'Twixt man and vanity ; 'tis reaſon's reign,
 And virtue's too ; theſe tutelary ſhades
 Are man's aſylum from the tainted throng.
 Night is the good man's friend and guardian too ;
 It no leſs reſcues virtue than inſpires.

Virtue, for ever frail as fair, below,
 Her tender nature ſuffers in the crowd,
 Nor touches on the world without a ſtain :
 The world's infectious ; few bring back at eve,
 Immaculate, the manners of the morn.
 Something we thought, is blotted ; we reſolv'd,
 Is ſhaken ; we renounc'd, returns again,
 Each ſalutation may ſlide in a ſin
 Unthought before, or fix a former flaw.
 Nor is it ſtrange : Light, motion, concurrence, noiſe,
 All, ſcatter us abroad ; thought outward bound,
 Neglectful of our home affairs, flies off
 In ſume and diſſipation, quits her charge,
 And leaves the breaſt unguarded to the foe.

Preſent example gets within our guard,
 And acts with double force ; by few repell'd.
 Ambition fires ambition ; love of gain
 Strikes like a peſtilence, from breaſt to breaſt ;
 Riot, pride, perfidy, blue vapours breathe ;
 And inhumanity is caught from man,
 From ſmiling man. A ſlight, a ſingle glance,
 And ſhot at random, often has brought home
 A ſudden fever to the throbbing heart,
 Of envy, rancour, or impure deſire.
 We ſee, we hear, with peril ; ſafety dwells
 Remote from multitude ; the world's a ſchool
 Of wrong, and what proficients ſwarm around !
 We muſt or imitate, or diſapprove ;
 Muſt liſt as their accomplices, or foes ;
 That ſtains our innocence ; this wounds our peace.
 From nature's birth, hence wiſdom has been ſmit
 With ſweet reſceſs, and languish'd for the ſhade.

This ſacred ſhade, and ſolitude, what is it ?
 'Tis the felt preſence of the Deity.
 Few are the faults we flatter when alone :
 Vice ſinks in her allurements, is ungilt,
 And looks, like other objects, black by night.
 By night an Atheiſt half-believes a God.

Night is fair virtue's immemorial friend ;
 The conſcious moon, thro' ev'ry diſtant age,
 Has held a lamp to wiſdom, and let fall
 On contemplation's eye her purging ray.
 The fam'd Athenian, he who woo'd from heav'n
 Philoſophy the fair, to dwell with men,
 And form their manners, not inflame their pride,
 While o'er his head, as fearful to moleſt
 His lab'ring mind, the ſtars in ſilence ſlide,
 And ſeem all gazing on their future gueſt,
 See him ſoliciting his ardent ſuit
 In private audience ; all the live-long night,
 Rigid in thought, and motionleſs, he ſtands ;
 Nor quits his theme, or poſture, till the ſun
 (Rude drunkard, riſing roſy from the main !)
 Diſturb his nobler intellectual beam,
 And gives him to the tumult of the world.

Hail, precious moments ! ſtol'n from the black
 waſte
 Of murder'd time ! Auspicious midnight, hail !
 The world excluded, ev'ry paſſion hush'd,
 And open'd a calm intercourſe with Heav'n,
 Here the ſoul ſits in council ; ponders paſt,
 Predeſtines future action ; ſees, not feels,
 Tumultuous life, and reaſons with the ſtorm ;
 All her lyes answers, and thinks down her charms.

§ 111. *Ingratitude.* YOUNG.

HE that's ungrateful has no guilt but one ;
 All other crimes may paſs for virtues in him.

§ 112. *Reflections in a Church-yard.* YOUNG.

THE man how bleſt, who, ſick of gaudy
 ſcenes,
 (Scenes apt to thruſt between us and ourſelves !)
 Is led by choice to take his fav'rite walk
 Beneath death's gloomy, ſilent, cypreſs ſhades,
 Unpierc'd by vanity's fantaſtic ray ;
 To read his monuments, to weigh his duſt,
 Viſit his vaults, and dwell among the tombs !
 Lorenzo, read with me Narciſſa's ſtone
 (Narciſſa was thy fav'rite) ; let us read
 Her moral ſtone ; few doctors preach ſo well ;
 Few orators ſo tenderly can touch
 The feeling heart. What pathos in the date !
 Apt words can ſtrike : and yet in them we ſee
 Faint images of what we here enjoy.
 What cauſe have we to build on length of life ?
 Temptations ſeize when fear is laid aſleep ;
 And ill foreboded is our ſtrongeſt guard.

See from her tomb, as from an humble ſhrine,
 Truth, radiant goddeſs ! ſallies on my ſoul,
 And puts Deluſion's duſky train to flight ;
 Diſpels the miſts our ſultry paſſions raiſe,
 From objects low, terreſtrial, and obſcene,
 And ſhews the real eſtimate of things ;
 Which no man, unafflicted, ever ſaw ;
 Pulls off the veil from virtue's riſing charms ;
 Detects temptation in a thouſand lyes.
 Truth bids me look on men as autumn leaves,
 And all they bleed for, as the ſummer's duſt,
 Driv'n by the whirlwind : Lighted by her beams,
 I widen my horizon, gain new pow'rs,
 See things inviſible, feel things remote ;
 Am preſent with futurities ; think nought
 To man ſo foreign as the joys poſſeſt ;
 Nought ſo much his as thoſe beyond the grave

No folly keeps its colour in her ſight ;
 Pale worldly wiſdom loſes all her charms ;
 In pompous promiſe, from her ſchemes profound.
 If future fate ſhe plans, 'tis all in leaves,
 Like Sibyl, unſubſtantial, fleeting bliſs !

At the firſt blaſt it vaniſhes in air. [and yet
 What grave preſcribes the beſt ?—A friend's :
 From a friend's grave how ſoon we diſengage !
 Ev'n to the deareſt, as his marble, cold.
 Why are friends raviſht from us ? 'Tis to bind,
 By ſoft affection's ties, on human hearts

The thought of death, which reason, too supine,
Or misemploy'd, so rarely fastens there.
Nor reason, nor affection, no, nor both
Combin'd, can break the witchcrafts of the world.
Behold, th' inexorable hour at hand !
Behold, the inexorable hour forgot !
And to forget it, the chief end of life,
Tho' well to ponder it is life's chief end.

§ 113. *Reflection.* YOUNG.

A SOUL without reflection, like a pile
Without inhabitant, to ruin runs.

§ 114. *Inattention to the Voice of Death.* YOUNG.

TELL me, some God ! my guardian angel ! tell,
What thus infatuates ? what enchantment
plants

The phantom of an age 'twixt us and death,
Already at the door ? He knocks ; we hear,
And yet we will not hear. What mail defends
Our untouch'd hearts ? What miracle turns off
The pointed thought, which from a thousand
Is daily darted, and is daily shunn'd ? [quivers
We stand, as in a battle, throngs on throngs
Around us falling ; wounded oft ourselves ;
Tho' bleeding with our wounds, immortal still !
We see time's furrows on another's brow,
And death entrench'd preparing his assault ;
How few themselves, in that just mirror, see !
Or, seeing, draw their inference as strong !
There death is certain ; doubtful here : He must,
And soon : We may, within an age, expire.
Tho' gray our heads, our thoughts and aims are
green ;

(sent ;
Like damag'd clocks, whose hand and bell dis-
Folly sings Six, while Nature points at Twelve.

What folly can be ranker ? Like our shadows,
Our wishes lengthen as our sun declines.
No wish should loiter, then, this side the grave ;
Our hearts should leave the world before the
Calls for our carcases to mend the soil. [knell
Enough to live in tempest, die in port ;
Age should fly concurrence, cover in retreat
Defects of judgment, and the will subdued ;
Walk thoughtful on the silent, solemn shore
Of that vast ocean it must sail so soon ;
And put good works on board ; and wait the wind
That shortly blows us into worlds unknown ;
If unconsider'd too, a dreadful scene !

All should be prophets to themselves ; foresee
Their future fate ; their future fate foretaste :
This art would waste the bitterness of death.
The thought of death alone the fear destroys ;
A disaffection to that precious thought
Is more than midnight darkness on the soul,
Which sleeps beneath it, on a precipice,
Puff'd off by the first blast, and lost for ever.

§ 115. *Prosperity, Content, and Ambition.*

YOUNG.

O HOW portentous is prosperity !
How, comet-like, it threatens while it shines !
Few years but yield us proof of death's ambition,

To cull his victims from the fairest fold,
And sheath his shafts in all the pride of life.
When flooded with abundance, purpled o'er
With recent honours, bloom'd with ev'ry bliss,
Set up in ostentation, made the gaze,
The gaudy centre of the public eye,
When fortune thus has tols'd her child in air,
Snatcht from the covert of an humble state,
How often have I seen him dropt at once,
Our morning's envy ! and our ev'ning's sigh !
As if her bounties were the signal giv'n,
The flow'ry wreath to mark the sacrifice,
And call Death's arrows on the destin'd prey.

High fortune seems in cruel league with fate.
Ask you for what ? To give his war on man
The deeper dread, and more illustrious spoil ;
Thus to keep daring mortals more in awe.
And burns Lorenzo still for the sublime
Of life ? to hang his airy nest on high,
On the slight timber of the topmost bough,
Rockt at each breeze, and menacing a fall ?
Granting grim death at equal distance there ;
Yet peace begins just where ambition ends.
What makes man wretched ? Happiness deny'd ?
Lorenzo ! no : 'Tis happiness disdain'd.
She comes too meanly drest to win our smile ;
And calls herself Content, a homely name !
Our flame is transport, and content our scorn.
Ambition turns, and shuts the door against her,
And weds a toil, a tempest, in her stead ;
A tempest to warm transport near of kin.
Unknowing what our mortal state admits,
Life's modest joys we ruin, while we raise ;
And all our ecstasies are wounds to peace ;
Peace, the full portion of mankind below.

And since thy peace is dear, ambitious youth !
Of fortune fond ! as thoughtless of thy fate !
As late I drew death's picture to stir up [see
Thy wholesome face ; now drawn in contrast,
Gay Fortune's, thy vain hopes to reprimand.
See high in air the sportive goddess hangs,
Unlocks her casket, spreads her glittering ware,
And calls the giddy winds to puff abroad
Her random bounties o'er the gaping throng.
All rush rapacious, friends o'er trodden friends ;
Sons o'er their father, subjects o'er their kings,
Priests o'er their gods, and lovers o'er the fair
(Still more ador'd) to snatch the golden show'r.

Gold glitters most where virtue shines no more,
As stars from absent suns have leave to shine.
O what a precious pack of votaries
Unkennell'd from the prisons and the stews,
Pour in, all open in their idol's praise ;
All, ardent, eye each wafture of her hand,
And, wide expanding their voracious jaws,
Morsel on morsel swallow down unchew'd,
Untasted, thro' mad appetite for more ;
Gorg'd in the throat, yet lean and rav'nous still.
Sagacious all, to trace the smallest game,
And bold to seize the greatest. If (blest chance !)
Court-zephyrs sweetly breathe, they launch,
they fly,

O'er just, o'er sacred, all-forbidden ground,
Drunk with the burning scent of place or pow'r,
Staunch to the foot of lucre, till they die.

Lyfander

§ 116. *Lyfander and Aspasia.* YOUNG.

LYSANDER, happy past the common lot,
 Was warn'd of danger; but too gay to fear.
 He woo'd the fair Aspasia: She was kind:
 In youth, form, fortune, fame, they both were blest;
 All who knew, envy'd; yet in envy lov'd;
 Can fancy form more finish'd happiness?
 Fixt was the nuptial hour. Her stately dome
 Rose on the sounding beach. The glittering spires
 Float in the wave, and break against the shore:
 So break those glitt'ring shadows, human joys.
 The faithless morning smil'd: he takes his leave,
 To re-embrace, in ecstasies, at eve.
 The rising storm forbids. The news arrives:
 Untold, she saw it in her servant's eye.
 She felt it seen (her heart was apt to feel);
 And, drown'd, without the furious ocean's aid,
 In suffocating sorrows, shares his tomb.
 Now, round the sumptuous bridal monument
 The guilty billows innocently roar;
 And the rough sailor passing, drops a tear.

§ 117. *Genius connected with Ignominy.*

YOUNG.

HEART merit wanting, mount we ne'er so
 high,
 Our height is but the gibbet of our name.
 A celebrated wretch, when I behold,
 When I behold a genius bright, and base,
 Of tow'ring talents, and terrestrial aims;
 Methinks I see, as thrown from her high sphere,
 The glorious fragments of a soul immortal,
 With rubbish mixt, and glittering in the dust.
 Struck at the splendid, melancholy sight,
 At once compassion soft, and envy, rise—
 But wherefore envy? Talents angel-bright,
 If wanting worth, are shining instruments
 In false ambition's hand, to finish faults
 Illustrious, and give infamy renown.

§ 118. *Exalted Station.* YOUNG.

WHAT is station high?
 'Tis a proud mendicant; it boasts, and begs;
 It begs an alms of homage from the throng,
 And oft the throng denies its charity.
 Monarchs and ministers are awful names;
 Whoever wear them challenge our devoir.
 Religion, public order, both exact
 External homage, and a supple knee,
 To beings pompously set up to serve
 The meanest slave; all more is merit's due,
 Her sacred and inviolable right:
 Nor ever paid the monarch, but the man.
 Our hearts ne'er bow but to superior worth;
 Nor ever fail of their allegiance there.
 Fools, indeed, drop the man in their account,
 And vote the mantle into majesty.
 Let the small savage boast his silver fur;
 His royal robe unborrow'd, and unbought,
 His own, descending from his fires.
 Shall man be proud to wear his livery,

And souls in ermine scorn a soul without?
 Can place or lessen us, or aggrandize?
 Pygmies are pygmies still, tho' perch'd on Alps;
 And pyramids are pyramids in vales.
 Each man makes his own stature, builds himself:
 Virtue alone outbuilds the pyramids:
 Her monuments shall last when Egypt's fall.

§ 119. *Ambition and Fame.* YOUNG.

AMBITION's boundless appetite out-speaks
 The verdict of its shame. When souls take
 At high presumptions of their own desert, [fire
 One age is poor applause; the mighty shout,
 The thunder by the living few begun,
 Late time must echo: worlds unborn resound.
 We wish our names eternally to live: [thought,
 Wild dream! which ne'er had haunted human.
 Had not our natures been eternal too.
 Instinct points out an int'rest in hereafter:
 But our blind reason sees not where it lies;
 Or, seeing, gives the substance for the shade.
 Fame is the shade of immortality,
 And in itself a shadow. Soon as caught,
 Condemn'd; it shrinks to nothing in the grasp.
 Consult th'ambitious, 'tis ambition's cure.
 "And is This all?" cry'd Cæsar at his height,
 Disgusted. This third proof ambition brings
 Of immortality. The first in fame,
 Observe him near, your envy will abate;
 Sham'd at the disproportion vast, between
 The passion and the purchase, he will sigh
 At such success, and blush at his renown.
 And why? Because far richer prize invites
 His heart; far more illustrious glory calls:
 It calls in whispers, yet the dearest hear.

§ 120. *Human Praise.* YOUNG.

NOR absolutely vain is human praise,
 When human is supported by divine.
 I'll introduce Lorenzo to himself;
 Pleasure and pride (bad masters!) share our hearts,
 As love of pleasure is ordain'd to guard
 And feed our bodies, and extend our race;
 The love of praise is planted to protect,
 And propagate the glories of the mind.
 What is it but the love of praise inspires,
 Matures, refines, embellishes, exalts,
 Earth's happiness? From that, the delicate,
 The grand, the marvellous; of civil life,
 Want and convenience, under-workers, lay
 The basis on which love of glory builds.
 Nor is thy life, O Virtue! less in debt
 To Praise, thy secret stimulating friend.
 Were men not proud, what merit should we miss?
 Pride made the virtues of the pagan world.
 Praise is the salt that seasons right the man,
 And whets his appetite for mortal good.
 Thirst of applause is virtue's second guard;
 Reason, her first; but reason wants an aid;
 Our private reason is a flatterer;
 Thirst of applause calls public judgment in
 To poise our own, to keep an even scale,
 And give endanger'd virtue fairer play.

§ 121. *Hope.* YOUNG.

HOPE, of all passions, most befriends us here;
 Passions of prouder name befriend us less.
 Joy has her tears; and Transport has her death:
 Hope, like a cordial, innocent, tho' strong,
 Man's heart at once inspirits, and serenes;
 Nor makes him pay his wisdom for his joys;
 'Tis all our present state can safely bear,
 Health to the frame! and vigour to the mind!
 A joy attemper'd! a chastis'd delight!
 Like the fair summer ev'ning mild, and sweet!
 'Tis man's full cup; his paradise below!

§ 122. *Human Life compared to the Ocean.*

YOUNG.

OCEAN! Thou dreadful and tumultuous home
 Of dangers, at eternal war with man!
 Death's capital, where most he dominiers,
 With all his chosen terrors frowning round,
 (Tho' lately feasted high at * Albion's cost)
 Wide-op'ning, and loud-roaring still for more!
 Too faithful mirror! how dost thou reflect
 The melancholy face of human life?
 The strong resemblance tempts me farther still;
 And, haply, Britain may be deeper struck
 By moral truth, in such a mirror seen,
 Which nature holds for ever at her eye.

Self-flatter'd, unexperienc'd, high in hope,
 When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers
 We cut our cable, launch into the world, [gav,
 And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
 All, in some darling enterprise embarkt:
 But where is he can fathom its extent?
 Amid a multitude of artless hands,
 Ruin's sure perquisite! her lawful prize!
 Some steer aright; but the black blast blows hard,
 And puffs them wide of hope: With hearts of
 proof,

Full against wind and tide, some win their way;
 And when strong effort has deserv'd the port,
 And tugg'd it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
 Tho' strong their oar, still stronger is their fate;
 They strike; and while they triumph, they expire.
 In stress of weather, most; some sink outright;
 O'er them, and o'er their names, the billows close;
 To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
 Others a short memorial leave behind,
 Like a flag floating, when the bark's ingulph'd;
 It floats a moment, and is seen no more:
 One Cæsar lives, a thousand are forgot,
 How few, beneath auspicious planets born
 (Darlings of Providence! fond fate's elect!)
 With swelling sails make good the promis'd port,
 With all their wishes freighted! Yet ev'n these,
 Freight with all their wishes, soon complain;
 Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
 They still are men; and when is man secure?
 As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years [escapes
 Bears down their strength; — their numberless
 In ruin end: And, now, their proud success

But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
 What pain to quit the world, just made their own!
 Their nest so deeply down'd, and built so high!
 Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

§ 123. *Humility true Greatness.* YOUNG.

DOST thou demand a test,
 A test, at once infallible and short,
 Of real Greatness? That man greatly lives,
 Whate'er his fate, or fame, who greatly dies;
 High-flush'd with hope, where heroes shall de-
 If this a true criterion, many courts, [spair.
 Illustrious, might afford but few grandees.
 Th' Almighty, from his throne, on earth surveys
 Nought greater than an honest, humble Heart;
 An humble heart His residence! pronounc'd
 His second seat, and rival to the skies.
 The private path, the secret acts of men,
 If noble, far the noblest of our lives!

§ 124. *Pleasure.* YOUNG.

PLEASURE's the mistress of ethereal powers;
 For her contend the rival gods above;
 Pleasure's the mistress of the world below;
 And well it was for man that pleasure charms:
 How would all stagnate, but for pleasure's ray!
 How would the frozen stream of action cease!
 What is the pulse of this so busy world?
 The love of pleasure: That, thro' ev'ry vein,
 Throws motion, warmth; and shuts out death
 from life.

Tho' various are the tempers of mankind,
 Pleasure's gay family hold all in chains:
 Some most affect the black; and some the fair;
 Some honest pleasure court; and some, obscene.
 Pleasures obscene are various, as the throng
 Of passions, that can err in human hearts;
 Mistake their objects, or transgress their bounds.
 Think you there's but one whoredom? Whore-
 But when our reason licences delight. [dom all,
 Dost doubt, Lorenzo? Thou shalt doubt no more.
 Thy father chides thy gallantries; yet hugs
 An ugly, common harlot in the dark;
 A rank adulterer with others gold!
 And that hag Vengeance, in a corner, charms.
 Hatred her brothel has, as well as love,
 Where horrid epicures debauch in blood.
 Whate'er the motive, Pleasure is the mark:
 For Her, the black assassin draws his sword;
 For Her, dark statemen trim their midnight lamp,
 To which no single sacrifice may fall;
 For Her, the saint abstains; the miser starves;
 The Stoic proud, for Pleasure, Pleasure scorn'd;
 For Her, Affliction's daughters grief indulge,
 And find, or hope, a luxury in tears:
 For Her, guilt, shame, toil, danger, we defy;
 And, with an aim voluptuous, rush on death.
 Thus universal her despotic power!

And as her empire wide, her praise is just.
 Patron of pleasure! doater on delight!

* Admiral Balchen, &c.

I am thy rival; pleasure I profess;
Pleasure the purpose of my gloomy song.
Pleasure is nought but virtue's gayer name;
I wrong her still, I rate her worth too low;
Virtue the root, and pleasure is the flow'r;
And honest Epicurus' foes were fools. [fence!]

But this sounds harsh, and gives the wise of-
If o'er-strain'd wisdom still retains the name,
How knits austerity her cloudy brow,
And blames, as bold and hazardous, the praise
Of pleasure to mankind, unprais'd, too dear!
Ye modern stoics! hear my soft reply;
Their senses men will trust: we can't impose;
Or, if we could, is imposition right?
Own honey sweet; but, owning, add this sting:
"When mixt with poison, it is deadly too."
Truth never was indebted to a lie.
Is nought but virtue to be prais'd as good?
Why then is health preferr'd before disease?
What nature loves is good, without our leave;
And where no future drawback cries, "Beware,"
Pleasure, tho' not from virtue, should prevail.
'Tis balm to life, and gratitude to Heaven;
How cold our thanks for bounties unenjoy'd!
The love of pleasure is man's eldest-born,
Born in his cradle, living to his tomb;
Wisdom her younger sister, tho' more grave,
Was meant to minister, and not to mar,
Imperial pleasure, queen of human hearts.

§ 125. *Piety.* YOUNG.

ON Piety humanity is built;
And on humanity much happiness;
And yet still more on piety itself.
A soul in commerce with her God is heaven;
Feels not the tumults and the shocks of life,
The whirls of passions, and the strokes of heart.
A Deity believ'd, is joy begun;
A Deity ador'd, is joy advanc'd;
A Deity belov'd, is joy matur'd.
Each branch of piety delight inspires;
Faith builds a bridge from this world to the next,
O'er death's dark gulph, and all its horror hides;
Praise, the sweet exhalation of our joy,
That joy exalts, and makes it sweeter still;
Pray'r ardent opens heav'n, lets down a stream
Of glory on the consecrated hour
Of man in audience with the Deity.
Who worships the Great God, that instant joins
The first in heav'n, and sets his foot on hell.

§ 126. *Earthly Happiness.* YOUNG.

NO man is happy, till he thinks, on earth
There breathes not a more happy than himself:
Then envy dies, and love o'erflows on all;
And love o'erflowing makes an angel here.
Such angels, all, intitled to repose
On Him who governs fate: Tho' tempest frowns,
Tho' nature shakes, how soft to lean on Heav'n!
To lean on Him, on whom archangels lean!
With inward eyes, and silent as the grave,
They stand collecting every beam of thought,
Till their hearts kindle with divine delight;

For all their thoughts, like angels, seen of old
In Israel's dream, come from, and go to, heav'n;
Hence are they studious of sequester'd scenes;
While noise and dissipation comfort thee.

§ 127. *Joy.* YOUNG.

VAIN are all sudden fallies of delight;
Convulsions of a weak, distemper'd joy.
Joy's a fixt state; a tenure, not a start.
Bliss there is none, but unprecious bliss:
That is the gem: Sell all, and purchase that.
Why go a begging to contingencies,
Not gain'd with ease, nor safely lov'd, if gain'd?
At good fortuitous, draw back, and pause;
Suspect it; what thou canst ensure, enjoy;
And nought, but what thou giv'st thyself, is sure.
Reason perpetuates joy that reason gives,
And makes it as immortal as herself:
To mortals, nought immortal but their worth.

§ 128. *Worth.* YOUNG.

WORTH, conscious worth! should absolutely
reign;
And other joys ask leave for their approach;
Nor, unexamined, ever leave obtain.
Thou art all anarchy; a mob of joys
Wage war, and perish in intestine broils;
Not the least promise of eternal peace!
No bosom-comfort! or unborrow'd bliss!
Thy thoughts are vagabonds; all outward-bound,
'Mid sands, and rocks, and storms, to cruise for
pleasure; [gain'd.
If gain'd, dear bought; and better mis'd than
Much pain must expiate what much pain procur'd.
Fancy and sense, from an infected shore,
Thy cargo bring; and pestilence the prize.
Then, such thy thirst (insatiable thirst!)
By fond indulgence but inflam'd the more!
Fancy still cruizes when poor sense is tir'd.

§ 129. *Picture of a good Man.* YOUNG.

SOME angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed;
A man on earth devoted to the skies,
Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred, and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wand'ring herd! he sees,
Bewilder'd in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! What higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he, his own.
Theirs, the wild chace of false felicities;

His,

His, the compos'd possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent piece,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-colour'd shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs:—Where
Behold a fun, he spies a Deity; [they
What makes them only smile, makes him adore;
Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees;
An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
They things terrestrial worship, as divine:
His hopes immortal blow them by, as dust
That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
Which longs, in Infinite, to lose all bound.
Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
He lays aside to find his dignity;
No dignity they find in aught besides.
They triumph in externals (which conceal
Man's real glory) proud of an eclipse.
Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
And nothing thinks so great in man, as man.
Too dear he holds his int'rest, to neglect
Another's welfare, or his right invade;
Their int'rest, like a lion, lives on prey.
They kindle at the shadow of a wrong;
Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe; [peace.
Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his
A cover'd heart their character defends;
A cover'd heart denies him half his praise.
With nakedness his innocence agrees!
While their broad foilage testifies their fall!
Their no-joys end where his full feast begins:
His joys create, theirs murder, future bliss.
To triumph in existence, his alone:
And his alone, triumphantly to think
His true existence is not yet begun.
His glorious course was yesterday complete;
Death, then, was welcome; yet life still is sweet.

§ 130. *Night.* YOUNG.

O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! day's elder-born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heav'n's loom
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine, [out,
Thy flowing mantle form; and, heav'n through-
Voluminously pour thy pompous train.

§ 131. *The Contrast.* YOUNG.

MOROSE is sunk with shame, whene'er sur-
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd. [priz'd
No sublunary chance his vestments fear;
Valu'd, like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe:
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame:

But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling rent:
Where yawn'd the frieze is now become a doubt;
“And glory, at one entrance, quite shut out*.”

He scorns Florello, and Florello him;
This hates the filthy creature; that, the prim:
Thus, in each other, both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim;
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

§ 132. *Reflection on Death.* YOUNG.

Where the prime actors of the last year's scene;
Their port so proud, their buskin, and their
plume?

How many sleep who kept the world awake?
With lustre, and with noise! has death proclaim'd
A truce, and hung his fated lance on high!
'Tis brandish'd still; nor shall the present year
Be more tenacious of her human leaf,
Or spread of feeble life a thinner fall.

But needless monuments to wake the thought;
Life's gayest scenes speak man's mortality;
Though in a style more florid, full as plain,
As mausoleums, pyramids, and tombs.
What are our noblest ornaments, but deaths
Turn'd flatterers of life, in paint or marble,
The well-stain'd canvas, or the featur'd stone?
Our fathers grace, or rather haunt the scene.
Joy peoples her pavilion from the dead.

“Profest diversions! cannot these escape?”—
Far from it: These present us with a shroud,
And talk of death, like garlands o'er a grave.
As some bold plunderers for bury'd wealth,
We ransack tombs for pastime: from the dust
Call up the sleeping hero; bid him tread
The scene for our amusement: How like gods
We sit; and, wrapt in immortality,
Shed gen'rous tears on wretches born to die;
Their fate deplo'ing, to forget our own!

What all the pomps and triumphs of our lives
But legacies in blossom? Our lean soil
Luxuriant grown, and rank in vanities,
From friends interr'd beneath; a rich manure!
Like other worms, we banquet on the dead;
Like other worms shall we crawl on, nor know
Our present frailties, or approaching fate!
Lorenzo, such the glories of the world!
What is the world itself? Thy world—A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?
The spade, the plough, disturb our ancestors;
From human mould we reap our daily bread.
The globe around earth's hollow surface shakes,
And is the ceiling of her sleeping sons.
O'er devastation we blind revels keep;
Whole bury'd towns support the dancer's heel.

§ 133. *Solitude.* YOUNG.

O SACRED Solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the Prudent! envy of the Great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair wisdom, that celestial maid:

The

* Milton.

The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace:
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest'd with health, with bus'ness unper-
This life we relish, and ensure the next; [plex'd,
There to the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

§ 134. *The Day of Judgment.* YOUNG.

LO! the wide theatre, whose ample space
Must entertain the whole of human race,
At Heav'n's all pow'rful edict is prepar'd,
And fenc'd around with an immortal guard.
Tribes, provinces, dominions, worlds, o'erflow
The mighty plain, and deluge all below:
And ev'ry age and nation pours along;
Nimrod and Bourbon mingle in the throng:
Adam salutes his youngest son; no sign
Of all those ages which their births disjoin.

How empty learning, and how vain is art,
But as it mends the life, and guides the heart!
What volumes have been swell'd, what time been
To fix a hero's birth-day or descent? [spent,
What joy must it now yield, what rapture raise,
To see the glorious race of ancient days!
To greet those worthies, who perhaps have stood
Illustrious on record before the flood!
Alas! a nearer care your soul demands.
Cæsar un-noted in your presence stands.

How vast the concourse! not in number more
The waves that break on the resounding shore.
The leaves that tremble in the shady grove,
The lamps that gild the spangled vaults above;
Those overwhelming armies, whose command
Said to one empire, Fall; another, Stand: [dawn
Whose rear lay wrapt in night, while breaking
Rous'd the broad front, and call'd the battle on;
Great Xerxes' world in arms, proud Cannæ's field,
Where Carthage taught victorious Rome to yield,
(Another blow had broke the fates decree,
And earth had wanted her fourth monarchy)
Immortal Blenheim, fam'd Ramillia's host,
They all are here, and here they all are lost:
Their millions swell to be discern'd in vain,
Lost as a billow in th'unbounded main.

This echoing voice now rends the yielding air:
"For judgment, judgment, sons of men, prepare!"
Earth shakes anew; I hear her groans profound;
And hell thro' all her trembling realms resound.

Whoe'er thou art, thou greatest pow'r of earth;
Blest with most equal planets at thy birth;
Whose valour drew the most successful sword,
Most realms united in one common lord;
Who on the day of triumph, saidst, Be thine
The skies, Jehovah, all this world is mine;
Dare not to lift thine eye—Alas! my muse,
How art thou lost! what numbers canst thou chuse?

A sudden blush inflames the waving sky,
And now the crimson curtains open fly;
Lo! far within, and far above all height,
Where heav'n's great Sov'reign reigns in worlds
of light,

Whence nature He informs, and with one ray
Shot from his eye, does all her works survey;
Creates, supports, confounds! where time and
place,

Matter, and form, and fortune, life, and grace,
Wait humbly at the footstool of their God,
And move obedient at his awful nod;
Whence he beholds us vagrant emmets crawl
At random on this air-suspended ball
(Speck of creation): if he pour one breath,
The bubble breaks, and 'tis eternal death.

Thence issuing, I behold (but mortal sight
Sustains not such a rushing sea of light!)
I see, on an empyreal flying throne
Sublimely rais'd, Heav'n's everlasting Son;
Crown'd with that majesty which form'd the
world,

And the grand rebel flaming downward hurl'd.
Virtue, dominion, praise, omnipotence,
Support the train of their triumphant Prince.
A zone, beyond the thought of angels bright,
Around him, like the zodiac, winds its light.
Night shades the solemn arches of his brows,
And in his cheek the purple morning glows.
Where'er serene he turns propitious eyes,
Or we expect, or find, a paradise:
But if resentment reddens their mild beams,
The Eden kindles, and the world's in flames.
On one hand, knowledge shines in purest light;
On one, the sword of justice, fiercely bright.
Now bend the knee in sport, present the reed;
Now tell the scourg'd Impostor he shall bleed!

Thus glorious thro' the courts of heav'n, the
Of life and death eternal bends the course; [source
Loud thunders round him roll, and lightnings
Th'angelic host is rang'd in bright array: [play;
Some touch the string, some strike the sounding
And mingling voices in rich concert swell; [shell,
Voices seraphic; blest with such a strain,
Could Satan hear, he were a god again.

Triumphant King of Glory! Soul of bliss!
What a stupendous turn of fate is this!
O! whither art thou rais'd above the scorn
And indigence of him in Bethlem born;
A needle's, helpless, unaccounted guest,
And but a second to the fodder'd beast?
How chang'd from him who meekly prostrate laid,
Vouchsaf'd to wash the feet himself had made!
From him who was betray'd, forsook, deny'd,
Wept, languish'd, pray'd, bled, thirsted, groan'd,
and dy'd;

Hung pierc'd and bare, insulted by the foe;
All heav'n in tears above, earth unconcern'd
below.

And was't enough to bid the Sun retire?
Why did not Nature at thy groan expire?
I see, I hear, I feel, the pangs divine;
The world is vanish'd.—I am wholly thine.

Mistaken Caiaphas! Ah! which blasphem'd;
Thou or thy pris'ner? which shall be condemn'd?
Well might'st thou rend thy garments, well ex-
Deep are the horrors of eternal flame! [claim;
But God is good! 'tis wond'rous all! Ev'n He
Thou gav'st to death, shame, torture, dy'd for thee.

Now

Now the descending triumph stops its flight
From earth full twice a planetary height.
There all the clouds condens'd, two columns raise
Distinct with orient veins, and golden blaze:
One fix'd on earth, and one in sea; and round
Its ample foot the swelling billows sound.
These an immeasurable arch support,
The grand tribunal of this awful court.
Sheets of bright azure, from the purest sky,
Stream from the crystal arch, and round the co-
lunns fly.

Death, wrapt in chains, low at the basis lies,
And on the point of his own arrow dies.

Here high enthron'd th'eternal Judge is plac'd;
With all the grandeur of his Godhead grac'd;
Stars on his robes in beauteous order meet,
And the sun burns beneath his awful feet.

Now an archangel eminently bright,
From off his silver staff, of wond'rous height,
Unfurls the Christian flag, which waving flies,
And shuts and opens more than half the skies:
The Cross so strong a red, it sheds a stain
Where'er it floats, on earth, on air, and main;
Flushes the hill, and sets on fire the wood,
And turns the deep-dy'd ocean into blood.

Oh formidable Glory! dreadful bright!
Refulgent torture to the guilty fight.
Ah turn, unwearied muse, nor dare reveal
What horrid thoughts with the polluted dwell.
Say not (to make the Sun shrink in his beam)
Dare not affirm, they wish it all a dream;
Wish, or their souls may with their limbs decay,
Or God be spoil'd of his eternal sway.
But rather, if thou know'st the means, unfold
How they with transport might the scene behold.

Ah how! but by Repentance, by a mind
Quick, and severe its own offence to find?
By tears, and groans, and never-ceasing care,
And all the pious violence of Pray'r?
Thus then, with fervency till now unknown,
I cast my heart before th'eternal throne,
In this great temple, which the skies surround,
For homage to its Lord, a narrow bound. [weigh,
'O Thou! whose balance does the mountains
'Whose will the wild tumultuous seas obey,
'Whose breath can turn those wat'ry worlds to
'flame,

'That flame to tempest, and that tempest tame;
'Earth's meanest son, all trembling, prostrate falls,
'And on the boundless of thy goodness calls.

'O! give the winds all past offence to sweep,
'To scatter wide, or bury in the deep:
'Thy pow'r, my weakness, may I ever see,
'And wholly dedicate my soul to thee:
'Reign o'er my will; my passions ebb and flow
'At thy command, nor human motive know!
'If anger boil, let anger be my praise,
'And sin the graceful indignation raise.
'My love be warm to succour the distress'd,
'And lift the burden from the soul oppress'd.
'O may my understanding ever read
'This glorious volume, which thy wisdom made!
'Who decks the maiden Spring with flow'ry
'pride?

'Who calls forth summer, like a sparkling bride?

'Who joys the mother Autumn's bed to crown?
'And bids old Winter lay her honours down?
'Not the Great Ottoman, or Greater Czar,
'Not Europe's arbitress of peace and war.
'May sea and land, and earth and heav'n be join'd,
'To bring th'eternal Author to my mind!
'When oceans roar, or awful thunders roll, [soul;
'May thoughts of thy dread vengeance shake my
'When earth's in bloom, or planets proudly shine,
'Adore, my heart, the Majesty divine!
'Thro' ev'ry scene of life, or peace, or war,
'Plenty, or want, Thy glory be my care!
'Shine we in arms? or sing beneath our vine?
'Thine is the vintage, and the conquest Thine:
'Thy pleasure points the shaft and bends the bow,
'The cluster blasts, or bids it brightly glow:
'Tis Thou that lead'st our pow'ful armies forth,
'And giv'st great Anne thy sceptre o'er the north.

'Grant I may ever, at the morning-ray,
'Open with pray'r the consecrated day;
'Tune thy great praise, and bid my soul arise,
'And with the mounting sun ascend the skies;
'As that advances, let my zeal improve,
'And glow with ardour of consummate love;
'Nor cease at eve, but with the setting sun
'My endless worship shall be still begun.

'And, oh, permit the gloom of solemn night
'To sacred thought may forcibly invite.
'When this world's shut, and awful planets rise,
'Call on our minds, and raise them to the skies:
'Compose our souls with a less dazzling light,
'And shew all nature in a milder light;
'How ev'ry boist'rous thought in calms subsides;
'How the smooth'd spirit into goodness glides!
'O how divine! to tread the milky way
'To the bright palace of the Lord of day;
'His court admire, or for his favour sue,
'Or leagues of friendship with his saints renew;
'Pleas'd to look down, and see the world asleep,
'While I long vigils to its Founder keep!

'Canst thou not shake the centre? Oh controul,
'Subdue by force the rebel in my soul;
'Thou, who can still the raging of the flood,
'Restrain the various tumults of my blood;
'Teach me, with equal firmness, to sustain
'Alluring pleasure and assailing pain.
'O may I pant for Thee in each desire!
'And with strong faith foment the holy fire!
'Stretch out my soul in hope, and grasp the prize
'Which in Eternity's deep bosom lies!
'At the Great Day of recompence behold,
'Devoid of fear, the fatal book unfold!
'Then wafted upward to the blissful seat,
'From age to age my grateful song repeat;
'My Light, my Life, my God, my Saviour see,
'And rival angels in the praise of Thee!

FABLES, by the late Mr. GAY.

Introduction to the FABLES. Part the First.

§ 135. *The Shepherd and the Philosopher.*

REMOTE from cities liv'd a swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;

In

In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock, and penn'd the fold;
His hours in cheerful labour flew;
Nor envy nor ambition knew:
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.

A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought:

Whence is thy learning! Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the midnight oil?
Hast thou old Greece and Rome survey'd,
And the vast sense of Plato weigh'd?
Hath Socrates thy soul refin'd?
And hast thou fathom'd Tully's mind?
Or, like the wise Ulysses, thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?

The shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise;
He cheats the most discerning eyes;
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise;
Hence grew my settl'd hate to vice.
The daily labours of the bee
Awake my soul to industry.

Who can observe the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the trustiest of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind.
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my service copy Tray.
In constancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wing, protects her care;
And ev'ry fowl that flies at large
Instructs me in a parent's charge.

From nature too I take my rule,
To shun contempt and ridicule:
I never, with important air,
In conversation overbear.
Can grave and formal pass for wise,
When men the solemn owl despise?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much must talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly;
Who listens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I with felonious flight,
By stealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves, deserve their fate.
Do not we just abhorrence find
Against the toad and serpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and spite,
Bear stronger venom in their bite.

Thus ev'ry object of creation
Can furnish hints to contemplation;
And from the most minute and mean,
A virtuous mind can morals glean.

Thy fame is just, the sage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wise.
Pride often guides the author's pen;
Books as affected are as men:
But he who studies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And those, without our schools, suffice
To make men moral, good and wise.

To his Highness William Duke of Cumberland.

§ 136. *Fable I. The Lion, the Tyger, and the Traveller.*

ACCEPT, young prince, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;
With early virtues plant your breast;
The specious arts of vice detest.

Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth;
Learn to condemn all praise betimes:
For flattery's the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts such freedom must offend;
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I too flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you gen'rous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain.
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your fire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.

A tyger roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a trav'ler in the way;
The prostrate game a lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies;
With mingl'd roar resounds the wood;
Their teeth, their claws distil with blood;
Till, vanquish'd by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implor'd;
His life the gen'rous hero gave.—
Together walking to his cave,

The

The lion thus bespoke his guest :

What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength ! you saw the fight,
And must attest my pow'r and right.
Forc'd to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam ;
Within these woods I reign alone ;
The boundless forest is my own.

Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dy'd the regal den with blood.
These carcases on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.

True, says the man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe :
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view ?

Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be lov'd : let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughter'd hosts.
Pirates their pow'r by murders gain ;
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.

Heav'n gives you pow'r above the rest,
Like Heav'n to succour the distress.

The case is plain, the monarch said ;
False glory hath my youth misled ;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatt'ers of my reign.
You reason well : Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend ?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

137. *Fable II. The Spaniel and the Cameleon.*

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
That waits upon a fav'rite heir,
Ne'er felt correction's rigid hand ;
Indulg'd to disobey command.
In pamper'd ease his hours were spent ;
He never knew what learning meant.
Such forward airs, so pert, so smart,
Were sure to win his lady's heart :
Each little mischief gain'd him praise ;
How pretty were his fawning ways !

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air :
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground ;
When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

Dear emblem of the flatt'ring host,
What, live with clowns ? a genius lost !
To cities and the court repair ;
A fortune cannot fail thee there :
Preferment shall thy talents crown,
Believe me, friend ; I know the town.

Sir, says the Sycophant, like you,
Of old, politer life I knew :
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd an ear to what I said.

My whisper always met success ;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd ev'ry vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosp'rous days ;
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene.
For Jove the heart alone regards ;
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine !
With men at least you sup and dine ;
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.

§ 138. *Fable III. The Mother, the Nurse, and the Fairy.*

GIVE me a son. The blessing sent,
Were ever parents more content ?
How partial are their doating eyes !
No child is half so fair and wise.
Wak'd to the morning's pleasing care,
The mother rose, and sought her heir.
She saw the Nurse, like one possess'd,
With wringing hands, and sobbing breast.

Sure some disaster has befall ;
Speak, nurse ; I hope the boy is well.

Dear Madam, think not me to blame ;
Invisible the Fairy came :
Your precious babe is hence convey'd,
And in the place a changeling laid.
Where are the father's mouth and nose,
The mother's eyes, as black as sloes ?
See here, a shocking aukward creature,
That speaks a fool in ev'ry feature.

The woman's blind, the Mother cries ;
I see wit sparkle in his eyes.

Lord ! Madam, what a squinting leer !
No doubt the Fairy hath been here.

Just as she spoke, a Pigmy Sprite
Pops through the key-hole, swift as light :
Perch'd on the cradle's top he stands,
And thus her folly reprimands :

Whence sprung the vain conceited lye,
That we the world with fools supply ?
What ! give our sprightly race away
For the dull helpless sons of clay !
Besides, by partial fondness shown,
Like you, we doat upon your own.
Where yet was ever found a mother,
Who'd give her booby for another !
And should we change with human breed,
Well might we pass for fools indeed.

§ 139. *Fable IV. The Eagle and the Assembly of Animals.*

AS Jupiter's all-seeing eye
Survey'd the worlds beneath the sky,
From this small speck of earth were sent
Murmurs and sounds of discontent ;

For

For ev'ry thing alive complain'd
That he the hardest life sustain'd.
Jove calls his eagle. At the word
Before him stands the royal bird.
The bird, obedient, from heav'n's height
Downward directs his rapid flight;
Then cited ev'ry living thing,
To hear the mandates of his king.

Ungrateful creatures, whence arise
These murmurs, which offend the skies?
Why this disorder? say the cause:
For just are Jove's eternal laws.
Let each his discontent reveal.
To yon four Dog I first appeal.

Hard is my lot, the hound replies:
On what fleet nerves the Greyhound flies!
While I, with weary step and slow,
O'er plains and vales, and mountains go.
The morning sees my chace begun,
Nor ends it till the setting sun.

When (says the Greyhound) I pursue,
My game is lost, or caught in view;
Beyond my sight the prey's secure:
The Hound is slow, but always sure:
And had I his sagacious scent,
Jove ne'er had heard my discontent.

The Lion crav'd the Fox's art;
The Fox the Lion's force and heart:
The Cock implor'd the Pigeon's flight,
Whose wings were rapid, strong, and light:
The Pigeon strength of wing despis'd,
And the Cock's matchless valour priz'd:
The Fishes wish'd to graze the plain:
The Beasts to skim beneath the main.
Thus, envious of another's state,
Each blam'd the partial hand of Fate.

The bird of heav'n then cry'd aloud,
Jove bids disperse the murmur'ing crowd;
The God rejects your idle prayers:
Would ye, rebellious mutineers,
Entirely change your name and nature,
And be the very envy'd creature?
What, silent all, and none consent!
Be happy then, and learn content:
Nor imitate the restless mind
And proud ambition of mankind.

§ 140. *Fable V. The Wild Boar and the Ram.*

AGAINST an elm a sheep was ty'd,
The butcher's knife in blood was dy'd;
The patient flock, in silent fright,
From far beheld the horrid sight.
A savage Boar, who near them stood,
Thus mock'd to scorn the fleecy brood:
All cowards should be serv'd like you:
See, see, your murd'rer is in view;
With purple hands, and reeking knife,
He strips the skin yet warm with life:
Your quarter'd fires, your bleeding dams,
The dying bleat of harmless lambs
Call for revenge. O stupid race!
The heart that wants revenge is base.

I grant, an ancient ram replies,
We bear no terror in our eyes;
Yet think us not of soul so tame,
Which no repeated wrongs inflame;
Insensible of ev'ry ill,
Because we want thy tusks to kill.
Know, those who violence pursue,
Give to themselves the vengeance due;
For in these massacres they find
The two chief plagues that waste mankind.
Our skin supplies the wrangling bar;
It wakes their slumb'ring sons to war;
And well revenge may rest contented,
Since drums and parchment were invented.

§ 141. *Fable VI. The Miser and Plutus.*

THE wind was high, the window shakes;
With sudden start the Miser wakes;
Along the silent room he stalks;
Looks back and trembles as he walks!
Each lock and ev'ry bolt he tries,
In ev'ry creek and corner pries,
Then opes the chest with treasure stor'd,
And stands in rapture o'er his hoard;
But now, with sudden qualms possess'd,
He wrings his hands, he beats his breast.
By conscience stung, he wildly stares;
And thus his guilty soul declares:

Had the deep earth her stores confin'd,
This heart had known sweet peace of mind.
But virtue's fold! Good gods! what price
Can recompense the pangs of vice!
O bane of good! seducing cheat!
Can man, weak man, thy pow'r defeat?
Gold banish'd honor from the mind,
And only left the name behind;
Gold sow'd the world with ev'ry ill;
Gold taught the murd'rer's sword to kill:
'Twas gold instructed coward hearts
In treach'ry's more pernicious arts.
Who can recount the mischiefs o'er?
Virtue resides on earth no more!

He spoke, and sigh'd. In angry mood,
Plutus, his god, before him stood.
The Miser, trembling, lock'd his chest;
The vision frown'd, and thus address'd:

Whence is this vile ungrateful rant,
Each sordid rascal's daily cant?
Did I, base wretch, corrupt mankind?
The fault's in thy rapacious mind.
Because my blessings are abus'd,
Must I be censur'd, curs'd, accus'd?
Ev'n virtue's self by knaves is made
A cloak to carry on the trade;
And pow'r (when lodg'd in their possession)
Grows tyranny and rank oppression.
Thus, when the villain crams his chest,
Gold is the canker of the breast!
'Tis avarice, insolence, and pride,
And ev'ry shocking vice beside;
But when to virtuous hands 'tis given,
It blesses like the dews of heav'n:

Like

Like Heav'n, it hears the orphan's cries,
And wipes the tears from widows eyes;
Their crimes on gold shall misers lay,
Who pawn'd their fordid souls for pay!
Let bravoës then (when blood is spilt)
Upbraid the passive sword with guilt.

§ 142. *Fable VII. The Lion, the Fox, and the Geese.*

A LION, tir'd with state affairs,
Quite sick of pomp, and worn with cares,
Resolv'd (remote from noise and strife)
In peace to pass his latter life.

It was proclaim'd; the day was set:
Behold the gen'ral council met.
The Fox was Viceroy nam'd. The crowd
To the new Regent humbly bow'd.
Wolves, bears, and mighty tygers bend,
And strive who most shall condescend.
He strait assumes a solemn grace,
Collects his wisdom in his face.
The crowd admire his wit, his sense;
Each word hath weight and consequence
The flatt'rer all his art displays:
He who hath pow'r is sure of praise.
A Fox stept forth before the rest,
And thus the servile throng address:

How vast his talents, born to rule,
And train'd in virtue's honest school!
What clemency his temper sways;
How uncorrupt are all his ways!
Beneath his conduct and command
Rapine shall cease to waste the land,
His brain hath stratagem and art;
Prudence and mercy rule his heart;
What blessings must attend the nation
Under this good administration!

He said. A goose, who distant stood,
Harangu'd apart the cackling brood:
Whene'er I hear a knave commend,
He bids me shun his worthy friend.
What praise! what mighty commendation!
But 'twas a Fox who spoke th'oration.
Foxes this government may prize,
As gentle, plentiful, and wise;
If they enjoy the sweets, 'tis plain,
We geese must feel a tyrant reign.
What havock now shall thin our race,
When ev'ry petty clerk in place,
To prove his taste, and seem polite,
Will feed on Geese both noon and night!

§ 143. *Fable VIII. The Lady and the Wasp.*

WHAT whispers must the beauty bear!
What hourly nonsense haunts her ear!
Where'er her eyes dispense their charms,
Impertinence around her swarms.
Did not the tender nonsense strike,
Contempt and scorn might soon dislike:
Forbidding airs might thin the place,
The slightest flap a fly can chase.

But who can drive the num'rous breed!
Chace one, another will succeed.
Who knows a fool must know his brother;
One fop will recommend another:
And with this plague she's rightly curst,
Because she listen'd to the first.

As Doris, at her toilet's duty,
Sat meditating on her beauty,
She now was pensive, now was gay,
And loll'd the sultry hours away.

As thus in indolence she lies,
A giddy Wasp around her flies.
He now advances, now retires,
Now to her neck and cheek aspires.
Her fan in vain defends her charms;
Swift he returns, again alarms;
For by repulse he bolder grew,
Perch'd on her lip, and sipt the dew.

She frowns, she frets. Good gods! she cries,
Protect me from these teasing flies!
Of all the plagues that Heav'n hath sent,
A Wasp is most impertinent.

The hovering insect thus complain'd:
Am I then slighted, scorn'd, disdain'd!
Can such offence your anger wake!
'Twas beauty caus'd the bold mistake.
Those cherry lips, that breathe perfume,
That cheek so ripe with youthful bloom,
Made me with strong desire pursue
The fairest peach that ever grew.

Strike him not, Jenny, Doris cries,
Nor murder Wasps like vulgar flies:
For tho' he's free (to do him right)
The creature's civil and polite.

In ecstasies away he posts;
Where'er he came the favour boasts;
Braggs how her sweetest tea he sips,
And shews the sugar on his lips.

The hint alarm'd the forward crew;
Sure of success, away they flew.
They share the dainties of the day;
Round her with airy music play;
And now they flutter, now they rest,
Now soar again, and skim her breast.
Nor were they banish'd till she found
That Wasps have stings, and felt the wound.

§ 144. *Fable IX. The Bull and the Mastiff.*

SEED you to train your fav'rite boy?
Each caution, ev'ry care employ:
And ere you venture to confide,
Let his preceptor's heart be try'd:
Weigh well his manners, life, and scope;
On these depends thy future hope.

As on a time, in peaceful reign,
A Bull enjoy'd the flow'ry plain,
A Mastiff pass'd; inflam'd with ire,
His eye-balls shot indignant fire;
He foam'd, he rag'd with thirst of blood,
Spurning the ground the monarch stood,
And roar'd aloud, Suspend the fight;
In a whole skin go sleep to-night:
Or tell me, ere the battle rage,
What wrongs provoke thee to engage?

Is it ambition fires thy breast,
Or avarice that ne'er can rest?
From these alone unjustly springs
The world-destroying wrath of kings.

The surly Mastiff thus returns:
Within my bosom glory burns.
Like heroes of eternal name,
Whom poets sing, I fight for fame.
The butcher's spirit-stirring mind
To daily war my youth inclin'd;
He train'd me to heroic deed;
Taught me to conquer; or to bleed.

Curs'd Dog! the Bull reply'd, no more
I wonder at thy thirst of gore;
For thou (beneath a butcher train'd,
Whose hands with cruelty are stain'd,
His daily murders in thy view)
Must, like thy tutor, blood pursue.
Take then thy fate. With goring wound,
At once he lifts him from the ground;
Aloft the sprawling hero flies;
Mangl'd he falls, he howls, and dies.

§ 145. *Fable X. The Elephant and the Bookseller.*

THE man who with undaunted toils
Sails unknown seas to unknown soils,
With various wonders feasts his sight:
What stranger wonders does he write!
We read, and in description view
Creatures which Adam never knew:
For, when we risk no contradiction,
It prompts the tongue to deal in fiction.
Those things that startle me or you,
I grant are strange; yet may be true.
Who doubts that Elephants are found
For science and for sense renown'd?
Borri records their strength of parts,
Extent of thought, and skill in arts;
How they perform the law's decrees,
And save the state the hangman's fees;
And how by travel understand
The language of another land.
Let those who question this report,
To Pliny's ancient page resort:
How learn'd was that sagacious breed!
Who now like them the Greek can read!

As one of those, in days of yore,
Rummag'd a shop of learning o'er;
Not, like our modern dealers, minding
Only the margin's breadth and binding,
A book his curious eye detains,
Where, with exactest care and pains,
Were ev'ry beast and bird pourtray'd,
That e'er the search of man survey'd;
Their natures and their pow'rs were writ
With all the pride of human wit.
The page he with attention spread,
And thus remark'd on what he read:

Man with strong reason is endow'd;
A beast scarce instinct is allow'd.
But let this author's worth be try'd,
'Tis plain that neither was his guide.
Can he discern the different natures,
And weigh the pow'r of other creatures,

Who, by the partial work, hath shown
He knows so little of his own?
How falsely is the spaniel drawn!
Did man from him first learn to fawn?
A dog proficient in the trade!
He the chief flatt'rer nature made!
Go, Man, the ways of courts discern,
You'll find a spaniel still might learn.
How can the Fox's theft and plunder
Provoke his censure or his wonder?
From courtier's tricks, and lawyer's arts,
The fox might well improve his parts.
The lion, wolf, and tyger's brood,
He curses for their thirst of blood:
But is not man to man a prey?
Beasts kill for hunger, men for pay.

The Bookseller, who heard him speak,
And saw him turn a page of Greek,
Thought, what a genius have I found!
Then thus address'd, with bow profound:

Learn'd Sir, if you'd employ your pen
Against the senseless sons of men,
Or write the history of Siam,
No man is better pay than I am:
Or, since you're learn'd in Greek, let's see
Something against the Trinity.

When, wrinkling with a sneer his trunk,
Friend, quoth the Elephant, you're drunk;
E'en keep your money, and be wise:
Leave man on man to criticise;
For that you ne'er can want a pen
Among the senseless sons of men.
They, unprovok'd, will court the fray;
Envy's a sharper spur than pay.
No author ever spar'd a brother;
Wits are game-cocks to one another.

§ 146. *Fable XI. The Peacock, the Turkey, and the Goose.*

IN beauty faults conspicuous grow;
The smallest speck is seen on snow.
As near a barn, by hunger led,
A Peacock with the poultry fed,
All view'd him with an envious eye,
And mock'd his gaudy pageantry.
He, conscious of superior merit,
Contemns their base reviling spirit;
His state and dignity assumes,
And to the sun displays his plumes;
Which, like the heav'n's o'er-arching skies,
Are spangl'd with a thousand eyes.
The circling rays, and varied light,
At once confound their dazzl'd sight:
On ev'ry tongue detraction burns,
And malice prompts their spleen by turns.

Mark with what insolence and pride
The creature takes his haughty stride,
The Turkey cries. Can spleen contain?
Sure never bird was half so vain!
But, were intrinsic merit seen,
We Turkeys have the whiter skin.

From tongue to tongue they caught abuse;
And next was heard the hissing Goose:

G

What

What hideous legs! what filthy claws!
I scorn to censure little flaws.
Then what a horrid squalling throat!
Ev'n owls are frightened at the note.

True. These are faults, the Peacock cries;
My scream, my thanks you may despise;
But such blind critics rail in vain:
What! overlook my radiant train!
Know, did my legs (your scorn and sport)
The Turkey or the Goose support,
And did ye scream with harsher sound,
Those faults in you had ne'er been found!
To all apparent beauties blind,
Each blemish strikes an envious mind.

Thus in Assemblies have I seen
A nymph of brightest charms and mien
Wake envy in each ugly face;
And buzzing scandal fills the place.

§ 147. *Fable XII. Cupid, Hymen, and Plutus.*

AS Cupid in Cythera's grove
Employ'd the lesser powers of love;
Some shape the bow, or fit the string;
Some give the taper shaft its wing,
Or turn the polish'd quiver's mould,
Or head the darts with temper'd gold.

Amidst their toil and various care,
Thus Hymen, with assuming air,
Address'd the God: Thou purblind cit,
Of awkward and ill-judging wit,
If matches are not better made,
At once I must forswear my trade.
You send me such ill-coupl'd folks,
That 'tis a shame to sell them yokes;
They squabble for a pin, a feather,
And wonder how they came together.
The husband's sullen, dogged, shy;
The wife grows flippant in reply;
He loves command and due restriction;
And she as well likes contradiction:
She never slavishly submits;
She'll have her will, or have her fits:
He this way tugs, she t'other draws;
The man grows jealous, and with cause:
Nothing can save him but divorce;
And here the wife complies of course.

When, says the boy, had I to do
With either your affairs or you?
I never idly spent my darts;
You trade in mercenary hearts.
For settlements the lawyer's fee'd;
Is my hand witness to the deed?
If they like cat and dog agree,
Go rail at Plutus, not at me.

Plutus appear'd, and said, 'Tis true,
In marriage gold is all their view;
They seek no beauty, wit, or sense;
And love is seldom the pretence.
All offer incense at my shrine,
And I alone the bargain sign.
How can Belinda blame her fate?
She only ask'd a great estate.

Doris was rich enough, 'tis true;
Her lord must give her title too:
And ev'ry man, or rich or poor,
A fortune asks, and asks no more.
Av'rice, whatever shape it bears,
Must still be coupl'd with its cares.

§ 148. *Fable XIII. The Tame Stag.*

AS a young Stag the thicket past,
The branches held his antlers fast;
A clown, who saw the captive hung,
Across the horns his halter flung.
Now safely hamper'd in the chord,
He bore the present to his lord.
His lord was pleas'd; as was the clown,
When he was tipp'd with half a crown.
The Stag was brought before his wife;
The tender lady begg'd his life.
How sleek's the skin! how speck'd like ermine!
Sure never creature was so charming!

At first, within the yard confin'd,
He flies and hides from all mankind;
Now bolder grown, with fix'd amaze,
And distant awe, presumes to gaze:
Munches the linen on the lines;
And ~~of~~ a hood or apron dines;
He steals my little master's bread,
Follows the servants to be fed.
Nearer and nearer now he stands,
To feel the praise of patting hands;
Examines every fift for meat,
And tho' repuls'd, disdains retreat;
Attacks again with levell'd horns;
And man, that was his terror, scorns.

Such is the country maiden's fright,
When first a red-coat is in sight;
Behind the door she hides her face;
Next time at distance eyes the lace;
She now can all his terrors stand,
Nor from his squeeze withdraws her hand.
She plays familiar in his arms;
And ev'ry soldier hath his charms.
From tent to tent she spreads her flame;
For custom conquers fear and shame.

§ 149. *Fable XIV. The Monkey who had seen the World.*

A MONKEY, to reform the times,
Resolv'd to visit foreign climes:
For men in distant regions roam
To bring politer manners home.
So forth he fares, all toil defies:
Misfortune serves to make us wise.

At length the treach'rous snare was laid;
Poor Pug was caught, to town convey'd,
There sold. How envy'd was his doom!
Made captive in a lady's room!
Proud as a lover of his chains,
He day by day her favour gains.
Whene'er the duty of the day
The toilet calls, with mimic play

He

He twirls her knots, he cracks her fan,
Like any other Gentleman.
In visits too his parts and wit,
When jests grew dull, were sure to hit.
Proud with applause, he thought his mind
In ev'ry courtly art refin'd;

Like Orpheus, burnt with public zeal,
To civilize the monkey weal:
So watch'd occasion, broke his chain,
And fought his native woods again.

The hairy sylvans round him press,
Astonish'd at his strut and dress.
Some praise his sleeve, and others glote
Upon his rich embroider'd coat;
His dapper perriwig commending,
With the black tail behind depending;
His powder'd back, above, below,
Like hoary frost, or fleecy snow;
But all with envy and desire
His flutt'ring shoulder-knot admire.

Hear and improve, he pertly cries;
I come to make a nation wise.
Weigh your own worth; support your place,
The next in rank to human race.
In cities long I pass'd my days,
Convers'd with men, and learn'd their ways.
Their dress, their courtly manners see;
Reform your state, and copy me.
Seek ye to thrive? in flatt'ry deal;
Your scorn, your hate, with that conceal.
Seem only to regard your friends;
But use them for your private ends.
Stint not to truth the flow of wit;
Be prompt to lye whene'er 'tis fit.
Bend all your force to spatter merit;
Scandal is conversation's spirit.
Boldly to ev'ry thing attend,
And men your talents shall commend.
I knew the great. Observe me right;
So shall you grow like man polite.

He spoke, and bow'd. With mutt'ring jaws
The wond'ring circle grinn'd applause.
Now, warm with malice, envy, spite,
Their most obliging friends they bite;
And, fond to copy human ways,
Practise new mischiefs all their days.

Thus the dull lad, too tall for school,
With travel finishes the fool;
Studious of ev'ry coxcomb's airs,
He drinks, games, dresses, whores, and swears;
O'erlooks with scorn all virtuous arts;
For vice is fitted to his parts.

§ 150. *Fable XV. The Philosopher and the Pheasants.*

THE Sage, awak'd at early day,
Thro' the deep forest took his way;
Drawn by the music of the groves,
Along the winding gloom he roves:
From tree to tree the warbling throats
Prolong the sweet alternate notes.
But where he past he terror threw;
The song broke short, the warblers flew;

The thrushes chatter'd with affright,
And nightingales abhor'd his sight;
All animals before him ran,
To shun the hateful sight of man.

Whence is the dread of ev'ry creature?
Fly they our figure or our nature?

As thus he walk'd in musing thought,
His ear imperfect accents caught;
With cautious step he nearer drew:
By the thick shade conceal'd from view,
High on the branch a Pheasant stood;
Around her all her list'ning brood;
Proud of the blessings of her nest,
She thus a mother's care express:

No dangers here shall circumvent;
Within the woods enjoy content.
Sooner the hawk or vulture trust
Than man, of animals the worst;
In him ingratitude you find;
A vice peculiar to their kind.

The sheep, whose annual fleece is dy'd
To guard his health and serve his pride,
Forc'd from his fold and native plain,
Is in the cruel shambles slain.

The swarms who, with industrious skill,
His hives with wax and honey fill,
In vain whole summer days employ'd,
Their stores are sold their race destroy'd.
What tribute from the goose is paid!
Does not her wing all science aid?
Does it not lovers hearts explain,
And drudge to raise the merchant's gain?
What now rewards this gen'ral use?
He takes the quills, and eats the goose.
Man then avoid, detest his ways;
So safety shall prolong your days.
When services are thus acquitted,
Be sure we Pheasants must be spitted.

§ 151. *Fable XVI. The Pin and the Needle.*

A PIN, who long had serv'd a beauty,
Proficient in the toilet's duty,
Had form'd her sleeve, confin'd her hair,
Or giv'n her knot a sinarter air,
Now nearest to her heart was plac'd,
Now in her mantua's tail disgrac'd:
But could she partial fortune blame,
Who saw her lover serv'd the same?

At length, from all her honours cast,
Thro' various turns of life she pass'd;
Now glitter'd on a taylor's arm;
Now kept a beggar's infant warm;
Now, rang'd within a miser's coat,
Contributes to his yearly groat;
Now, rais'd again from low approach,
She visits in the doctor's coach;
Here, there, by various fortune tost,
At last in Gresham-hall was lost.
Charm'd with the wonders of the show,
On every side, above, below,
She now of this or that inquires;
What least was understood admires.
'Tis plain, each thing so struck her mind,
Her head's of virtuoso kind.

And pray what's this, and this, dear Sir ?
A needle, says th'interpreter.
She knew the name. And thus the fool
Address'd her as a taylor's tool.

A needle with that filthy stone,
Quite idle, all with rust o'ergrown !
You better might employ your parts,
And aid the sempstresses in her arts.
But tell me how the friendship grew
Between that paltry flint and you ?

Friend, says the Needle, cease to blame ;
I follow real worth and fame.
Know'st thou the loadstone's pow'r and art,
That virtue virtues can impart ;
Of all his talents I partake,
Who then can such a friend forsake ?
'Tis I direct the pilot's hand
To shun the rocks and treach'rous sand ;
By me the distant world is known,
And either India is our own.
Had I with milliners been bred,
What had I been ? The guide of thread,
And drudg'd, as vulgar Needles do,
Of no more consequence than you.

§ 152. *Fable XVII. The Shepherd's Dog and the Wolf.*

A WOLF, with hunger fierce and bold,
Ravag'd the plains, and thinn'd the fold ;
Deep in the wood secure he lay ;
The thefts of night regal'd the day.
In vain the shepherd's wakeful care
Had spread the toils, and watch'd the snare :
In vain the Dog pursu'd his pace,
The fleet robber mock'd the chace.

As Lightfoot rang'd the forest round,
By chance his foe's retreat he found.

A truce, replies the Wolf. 'Tis done.
The Dog the parley thus begun :

How can that strong intrepid mind
Attack a weak defenceless kind ?
Those jaws should prey on nobler food,
And drink the boar's and lion's blood ;
Great souls with gen'rous pity melt,
Which coward tyrants never felt.
How harmless is our fleecy care !
Be brave, and let thy mercy spare.

Friend, says the Wolf, the matter weigh ;
Nature design'd us beasts of prey ;
As such, when hunger finds a treat,
'Tis necessary Wolves should eat.
If, mindful of the bleating weal,
Thy bosom burn with real zeal,
Hence, and thy tyrant lord beseech ;
To him repeat the moving speech :
A Wolf eats sheep but now and then ;
Ten thousands are devour'd by men.
An open foe may prove a curse ;
But a pretended friend is worse.

§ 153. *Fable XVIII. The Painter who pleased nobody and every body.*

LEST men suspect your tale untrue,
Keep probability in view.
The trav'ler leaping o'er those bounds,
The credit of his book confounds.
Who with his tongue hath armies routed,
Makes ev'n his real courage doubted :
But flatt'ry never seems absurd ;
The flatter'd always take your word :
Impossibilities seem just ;
They take the strongest praise on trust.
Hyperboles, tho' ne'er so great,
Will still come short of self-conceit.

So very like a painter drew,
That ev'ry eye the picture knew ;
He hit complexion, feature, air,
So just, the life itself was there.
No flatt'ry with his colours laid,
To bloom restor'd the faded maid ;
He gave each muscle all its strength ;
The mouth, the chin, the nose's length.
His honest pencil touch'd with truth,
And mark'd the date of age and youth.
He lost his friends, his practice fail'd ;
Truth should not always be reveal'd ;
In dusty piles his pictures lay,
For no one sent the second pay.
Two bustos, fraught with ev'ry grace,
A Venus' and Apollo's face,
He plac'd in view ; resolv'd to please
Whoever sat, he drew from these ;
From these corrected ev'ry feature,
And spirited each awkward creature.

All things were set ; the hour was come,
His pallet ready o'er his thumb,
My Lord appear'd ; and seated right
In proper attitude and light,
The painter look'd, he sketch'd the piece,
Then dipt his pencil, talk'd of Greece,
Of Titian's tints, of Guido's air ;
Those eyes, my Lord, the spirit there
Might well a Raphael's hand require,
To give them all the native fire,
The features fraught with sense and wit,
You'll grant are very hard to hit ;
But yet with patience you shall view
As much as paint and art can do.

Observe the work. My Lord reply'd,
Till now I thought my mouth was wide ;
Besides, my nose is somewhat long ;
Dear Sir, for me 'tis far too young !

Oh ! pardon me, the artist cry'd,
In this the painters must decide.
The piece ev'n common eyes must strike ;
I warrant it extremely like.

My Lord examin'd it a-new ;
No looking-glass seem'd half so true.

A Lady came ; with borrow'd grace
He from his Venus form'd her face.
Her lover prais'd the Painter's art ;
So like the picture in his heart !
To ev'ry age some charm he lent ;
Ev'n beauties were almost content.

Through

Through all the town his art they prais'd;
His custom grew, his price was rais'd.
Had he the real likenefs shewn,
Would any man the picture own?
But when thus happily he wrought,
Each found the likenefs in his thought.

§ 154. *Fable XIX. The Lion and the Cub.*

HOW fond are men of rule and place,
Who court it from the mean and base!
These cannot bear an equal nigh,
But from superior merit fly.
They love the cellar's vulgar joke,
And lose their hours in ale and smoke.
There o'er some petty club preside;
So poor, so paltry is their pride!
Nay, ev'n with fools whole nights will sit,
In hopes to be supreme in wit.
If these can read, to these I write,
To set their worth in truest light.

A Lion-cub, of sordid mind,
Avoided all the lion-kind;
Fond of applause, he sought the feasts
Of vulgar and ignoble beasts;
With asses all his time he spent;
Their club's perpetual president.
He caught their manners, looks, and airs:
An ass in ev'ry thing but ears!
If e'er his Highness meant a joke,
They grinn'd applause before he spoke;
But at each word what shouts of praise!
Good Gods! how natural he brays!

Elate with flatt'ry and conceit,
He seeks his royal sire's retreat;
Forward, and fond to shew his parts,
His Highness brays; the Lion starts:

Puppy, that curs'd vociferation
Betrays thy life and conversation:
Coxcombs, an ever-noisy race,
Are trumpets of their own disgrace.

Why so severe? the Cub replies;
Our senate always held me wise.

How weak is pride! returns the sire;
All fools are vain when fools admire!
But know, what stupid asses prize,
Lions and noble beasts despise.

§ 155. *Fable XX. The Old Hen and the Cock.*

RESTRAIN your child; you'll soon believe
The text which says, 'We sprung from Eve.'

As an Old Hen led forth her train,
And seem'd to peck to shew the grain;
She rak'd the chaff, she scratch'd the ground,
And glean'd the spacious yard around;
A giddy chick, to try her wings,
On the well's narrow margin springs,
And prone she drops. The mother's breast
All day with sorrow was possess'd.

A Cock she met; her son she knew,
And in her heart affection grew.

My son, says she, I grant your years
Have reach'd beyond a mother's cares.

I see you vig'rous, strong, and bold;
I bear with joy your triumphs told.
'Tis not from Cocks thy fate I dread;
But let thy ever-wary tread
Avoid yon well; the fatal place
Is sure perdition to our race.
Print this my counsel on thy breast;
To the just gods I leave the rest.

He thank'd her care; yet day by day
His bosom burn'd to disobey;
And ev'ry time the well he saw,
Scorn'd in his heart the foolish law:
Near and more near each day he drew,
And long'd to try the dang'rous view.

Why was this idle charge? he cries;
Let courage female fears despise;
Or did she doubt my heart was brave,
And therefore this injunction gave?
Or does her harvest store the place,
A treasure for her younger race?
And would she thus my search prevent?
I stand resolv'd, and dare th'event.

Thus said, he mounts the margin's round,
And pries into the depth profound.
He stretch'd his neck; and from below,
With stretching neck, advanc'd a foe:
With wrath his ruff'd plumes he rears,
The foe with ruff'd plumes appears:
Threat answer'd threat, his fury grew;
Headlong to meet the war he flew;
But when the wat'ry death he found,
He thus lamented as he drown'd:

I ne'er had been in this condition,
But for my mother's prohibition.

§ 156. *Fable XXI. The Rat-Catcher and Cats.*

THE Rats by night such mischief did,
Betty was ev'ry morning chid:
They undermin'd whole sides of bacon;
Her cheese was sapp'd, her tarts were taken;
Her pasties, fenc'd with thickest paste,
Were all demolish'd and laid waste.
She curs'd the Cat for want of duty,
Who left her foes a constant booty.
An Engineer of noted skill
Engag'd to stop the growing ill.

From room to room he now surveys
Their haunts, their works, their secret ways;
Finds where they 'scape an ambuscade,
And whence their nightly sally's made.

An envious Cat, from place to place,
Unseen, attends his silent pace.
She saw that, if his trade went on,
The purring race must be undone;
So secretly removes his baits,
And ev'ry stratagem defeats.

Again he sets the poison'd toils,
And Puffs again the labour foils.

What foe (to frustrate my designs)
My schemes thus nightly countermines?
Incens'd, he cries: "this very hour
"This wretch shall bleed beneath my pow'r."

So said, a pond'rous trap he brought;
And in the fact poor Puffs was caught.

"Smuggler," says he, "thou shalt be made
"A victim to our loss of trade."

The captive Cat, with piteous mews,
For pardon, life, and freedom sues.

"A sifter of the science spare;

"One int'rest is our common care."

"What insolence!" the man reply'd;

"Shall Cats with us the game divide?"

"Were all your interloping band

"Extinguish'd, or expell'd the land,

"We Rat-catchers might raise our fees,

"Sole guardians of a nation's cheese!"

A Cat who saw the lifted knife,
Thus spoke, and sav'd her sister's life:

"In ev'ry age and clime, we see

"Two of a trade can ne'er agree.

"Each hates his neighbour for encroaching;

"Squire stigmatizes 'squire for poaching;

"Beauties with beauties are in arms,

"And scandal pelts each others charms;

"Kings too their neighbour kings dethrone,

"In hope to make the world their own.

"But let us limit our desires;

"Not war like beauties, kings, and 'squires;

"For tho' we both one prey pursue,

"There's game enough for us and you."

§ 157. *Fable XXII. The Goat without a Beard.*

'TIS certain, that the modish passions

Descend among the crowd, like fashions.

Excuse me then, if pride, conceit

(The manners of the fair and great)

I give to monkeys, asses, bogs,

Fleas, owls, goats, butterflies, and dogs.

I say that these are proud: what then?

I never said they equal men.

A Goat (as vain as Goat can be)

Affected singularity.

Whene'er a th' my bank he found,

He roll'd upon the fragrant ground;

And then with fond attention stood,

Fix'd o'er his image in the flood.

"I hate my frowzy beard," he cries;

"My youth is lost in this disguise.

"Did not the females know my vigour,

"Well might they loath this reverend figure."

Resolv'd to smooth his shaggy face,

He sought the barber of the place.

A slipshod monkey, spruce and smart,

Hard by, profess'd the dapper art;

His pole with pewter basons hung;

Black rotten teeth in order strung;

Rang'd cups that in the window stood,

Lia'd with red rags, to look like blood,

Did well his threefold trade explain;

Who shav'd, drew teeth, and breath'd a vein.

The goat he welcomes with an air,

And seats him in his wooden chair:

Mouth, nose, and cheek, the lather hides:

Light, smooth, and swift, the razor glides.

"I hope your custom, Sir," says pug;

"Sure never face was half so snug."

The Goat, impatient for applause,
Swift to the neighb'ring hill withdraws;

The shaggy people grin'd and star'd:

"Heighday! what's here without a beard!"

"Say, brother, whence the dire disgrace?

"What envious hand hath robb'd your face?"

When thus the fop, with smiles of scorn,

"Are beards by civil nations worn?

"E'en Muscovites have mow'd their chins.

Shall we, like formal Capuchins,

Stubborn in pride, retain the mode,

And bear about the hairy load!

Whene'er we thro' the village stray,

Are we not mock'd along the way;

Insulted with loud shouts of scorn,

By boys our beards disgrac'd and torn?"

"Were you no more with Goats to dwell,

Brother, I grant you reason well,

Replies a bearded chief. "Beside,

If boys can mortify thy pride,

How wilt thou stand the ridicule

Of our whole flock? Affected fool!

Coxcombs, distinguish'd from the rest,

To all but coxcombs are a jest."

§ 158. *Fable XXIII. The Old Woman and her Cats.*

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.

The matron who conducts abroad

A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;

And if a modest girl is seen

With one who cures a lover's spleen,

We guess her not extremely nice,

And only wish to know her price.

'Tis thus that on the choice of friends

Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkl'd Hag, of wicked fame,

Beside a little smoky flame,

Sat hov'ring, pinch'd with age and frost:

Her shrivel'd hands, with veins emboss'd,

Upon her knees her weight sustains,

While palsy shook her crazy brains:

She mumbles forth her backward pray'rs,

An untam'd scold of fourscore years.

About her swarm'd a num'rous brood

Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.

Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew;

And thus she sputter'd: "Hence ye crew.

Fool that I was, to entertain

Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train;

Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd,

I for a witch had ne'er been curs'd.

To you I owe that crowds of boys

Worry me with eternal noise;

Straws laid across, my pace retard;

The horse-shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard)

The stunted broom the wenches hide,

For fear that I should up and ride;

They stick with pins my bleeding seat,

And bid me show my secret teat."

"To hear you prate would vex a saint;

Who hath most reason of complaint?"

Replies

Replies a Cat. "Let's come to proof:
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd, as beasts of chace.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;
And boys against our lives combine,
Because 'tis said, your cats have nine."

§ 159. *Fable XXIV. The Butterfly and Snail.*

ALL upstarts insolent in place,
Remind us of their vulgar race.

As, in the sunshine of the morn,
A Butterfly (but newly born)
Sat proudly perking on a rose,
With pert conceit his bosom glows;
His wings (all glorious to behold)
Bedropt with azure, jet, and gold,
Wide he displays; the spangled dew
Reflects his eyes, and various hue.

His now-forgotten friend, a Snail,
Beneath his house, with slimy trail,
Crawls o'er the grass; whom, when he spies,
In wrath he to the gard'ner cries,

"What means yon peasant's daily toil,
From choaking weeds to rid the soil?
Why wake you to the morning's care?
Why with new arts correct the year?
Why glows the peach with crimson hue?
And why the plumb's inviting blue?
Were they to feast his taste design'd,
That vermin of voracious kind?
Crush then the slow, the pilf'ring race;
So purge thy garden from disgrace."

"What arrogance!" the Snail reply'd;
'How insolent is upstart pride!
Had'st thou not thus, with insult vain,
Provok'd my patience to complain,
I had conceal'd thy meaner birth,
Nor trac'd thee to the scum of earth.
For scarce nine suns have wak'd the hours,
To swell the fruit and paint the flow'rs,
Since I thy humbler life survey'd,
In base and sordid guise array'd;
A hideous insect, vile, unclean,
You dragg'd a slow and noisome train;
And from your spider-bowels drew
Foul film, and spun the dirty clue.
I own my humble life, good friend;
Snail was I born, and Snail shall end.
And what's a Butterfly? At best
He's but a caterpillar drest;
And all thy race (a num'rous seed)
Shall prove of caterpillar breed."

§ 160. *Fable XXV. The Scold and the Parrot.*

THE husband thus reprov'd his wife:
"Who deals in slander lives in strife.
Art thou the herald of disgrace,
Denouncing war to all thy race?
Can nothing quell thy thunder's rage,
Which spares no friend, nor sex, nor age?
That vixen tongue of your's, my dear,
Alarms our neighbours far and near."

Good Gods! 'tis like a rolling river,
That murmur'ing flows, and flows for ever!
Ne'er tir'd, perpetual discord sowing!
Like fame, it gathers strength by going."

'Heighday!' the flippant tongue replies,
'How solemn is the fool, how wise!
Is nature's choicest gift debarr'd?
Nay, frown not, for I will be heard.
Women of late are finely ridden;
A Parrot's privilege forbidden!
You praise his talk, his squalling song;
But wives are always in the wrong!
Now reputations flew in pieces;
Of mothers, daughters, aunts, and nieces:
She ran the Parrot's language o'er,
Bawd, huffy, drunkard, flattern, whore;
On all the sex she vents her fury;
Tries and condemns without a jury.

At once the torrent of her words
Alarm'd cat, monkey, dogs, and birds;
All join their forces to confound her;
Pufs spits, the monkey chatters round her;
The yelping cur her heels assaults;
The magpye blabs out all her faults;
Poll, in the uproar, from his cage,
With this rebuke out-scream'd her rage:
A Parrot is for talking priz'd,
But prattling women are despis'd.
She who attacks another's honour
Draws ev'ry living thing upon her.
Think, Madam, when you stretch your lungs,
That all your neighbours too have tongues;
One slander must ten thousand get;
The world with int'rest pays the debt.

§ 161. *Fable XXVI. The Cur and the Mastiff.*

A SNEAKING Cur, the master's spy,
Rewarded for his daily lye,
With secret jealousies and fears
Set all together by the ears.
Poor Pufs to-day was in disgrace;
Another cat supply'd her place;
The Hound was beat, the Mastiff chid,
The Monkey was the room forbid;
Each to his dearest friend grew shy,
And none could tell the reason why.

A plan to rob the house was laid;
The thief with love seduc'd the maid;
Cajol'd the Cur, and strok'd his head,
And bought his secrecy with bread.
He next the Mastiff's honour try'd;
Whose honest jaws the bribe defy'd.
He stretch'd his hand to proffer more;
The surly dog his fingers tore.

Swift ran the Cur; with indignation
The master took his information.
Hang him, the villain's curs'd, he cries;
And round his neck the halter ties.

The Dog his humble suit prefer'd,
And begg'd in justice to be heard.
The master sat. On either hand
The cited Dogs confronting stand;
The Cur the bloody tale relates,
And, like a lawyer, aggravates.

Judge not unheard, the Mastiff cry'd,
But weigh the cause of either side.
Think not that treach'ry can be just;
Take not informers words on trust;
They ope their hand to ev'ry pay,
And you and me by turns betray.
He spoke. And all the truth appear'd:
The Cur was hang'd, the Mastiff clear'd.

§ 162. *Fable XXVII. The Sick Man and the Angel.*

IS there no hope? the Sick Man said.
The silent doctor shook his head,
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the Man, with gasping breath:
I feel the chilling wound of death:
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant, my bargains well were made,
But all men over-reach in trade;
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure, self-defence is no transgression.
The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increas'd. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduc'd a family to need,
My will hath made the world amends;
My hope on charity depends.
When I am number'd with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heav'n and earth 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown.

An Angel came. Ah friend! he cry'd,
No more in flatt'ring hope confide.
Can thy good deeds in former times
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?
A pious action's in thy pow'r,
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere.
This instant give a hundred pound;
Your neighbours want, and you abound.

But why such haste, the Sick Man whines;
Who knows as yet what Heav'n designs?
Perhaps I may recover still;
That sum and more are in my will.

Fool, says the Vision, now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heav'n was gain.
From ev'ry side, with all your might,
You scrap'd, and scrap'd beyond your right;
And after death would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own.

While there is life there's hopes, he cry'd;
Then why such haste? So groan'd, and dy'd.

§ 163. *Fable XXVIII. The Persian, the Sun, and the Cloud.*

IS there a bard whom genius fires,
Whose ev'ry thought the God inspires?
When Envy reads the nervous lines,
She frets, she rails, she raves, she pines;
Her hissing snakes with venom swell;
She calls her venal train from hell:
The servile fiends her nod obey,
And all Curl's authors are in pay.
Fame calls up calumny and spite;
Thus shadow owes its birth to light.

As prostrate to the God of day,
With heart devout, a Persian lay,
His invocation thus begun:
Parent of light, all-seeing Sun,
Prolific beam, whose rays dispense
The various gifts of Providence,
Accept our praise, our daily pray'r,
Smile on our fields, and bless the year!

A Cloud, who mock'd his grateful tongue,
The day with sudden darkness hung;
With pride and envy swell'd aloud,
A voice thus thunder'd from the Cloud:

Weak is this gaudy God of thine,
Whom I at will forbid to shine.
Shall I nor vows nor incense know?
Where praise is due, the praise bestow.

With fervent zeal the Persian mov'd,
Thus the proud calumny reprov'd:
It was that God, who claims my pray'r,
Who gave thee birth, and rais'd thee there;
When o'er his beams the veil is thrown,
Thy substance is but plainer shown.
A passing gale, a puff of wind,
Dispels thy thickest troops combin'd.

The gale arose; the vapour, tost
(The sport of winds) in air, was lost.
The glorious orb the day refines;
Thus envy breaks, thus merit shines.

§ 164. *Fable XXIX. The Fox at the point of Death.*

A FOX in life's extreme decay,
Weak, sick, and faint, expiring lay;
All appetite had left his maw,
And age disarm'd his mumbling jaw.
His num'rous race around him stand,
To learn their dying sire's command:
He rais'd his head with whining moan,
And thus was heard the feeble tone:

Ah, sons! from evil ways depart;
My crimes lie heavy on my heart.
See, see, the murder'd geese appear!
Why are those bleeding turkies there?
Why all around this cackling train,
Who haunt my ears for chickens slain?

The hungry Foxes round them star'd,
And for the promis'd feast prepar'd.

Where, Sir, is all this dainty cheer?
Nor turkey, goose, nor hen is here.
These are the phantoms of your brain,
And your sons lick their lips in vain.

O glut-

O gluttons ! says the drooping fire,
 Restrain inordinate desire.
 Your liqu'rish taste you shall deplore,
 When peace of conscience is no more.
 Does not the hound betray our pace,
 And gins and guns destroy our race ?
 Thieves dread the searching eye of pow'r,
 And never feel the quiet hour.
 Old age (which few of us shall know)
 Now puts a period to my woe.
 Would you true happiness attain,
 Let honesty your passions rein ;
 So live in credit and esteem,
 And the good name you lost, redeem.
 The counsel's good, a Fox replies,
 Could we perform what you advise.
 Think what our ancestors have done ;
 A line of thieves from son to son :
 To us descends the long disgrace ;
 And infamy hath mark'd our race.
 Though we, like harmless sheep, should feed,
 Honest in thought, in word, and deed ;
 Whatever hen-roost is decreast,
 We shall be thought to share the feast.
 The charge shall never be believ'd ;
 A lost good name is ne'er retriev'd.
 Nay, then, replies the feeble Fox,
 (But hark ! I hear a hen that clocks)
 Go, but be mod'rate in your food ;
 A chicken too might do me good.

§ 165. *Fable XXX. The Setting Dog and the Partridge.*

THE ranging Dog the stubble tries,
 And searches ev'ry breeze that flies ;
 The scent grows warm ; with cautious fear
 He creeps, and points the covey near ;
 The men, in silence, far behind,
 Conscious of game, the net unbind.

A Partridge, with experience wise,
 The fraudulent preparation spies :
 She mocks their toils, alarms her brood ;
 The covey springs, and seeks the wood ;
 But ere her certain wing she tries,
 Thus to the creeping Spaniel cries :
 Thou fawning slave to man's deceit,
 Thou pimp of lux'ry, sneaking cheat,
 Of thy whole species thou disgrace ;
 Dogs shall disown thee of their race !
 For if I judge their native parts,
 They're born with open honest hearts ;
 And ere they serv'd man's wicked ends,
 Were gen'rous foes, or real friends.

When thus the Dog, with scornful smile :
 Secure of wing, thou dar'st revile.
 Clowns are to polish'd manners blind ;
 How ign'rant is the rustic mind !
 My worth, sagacious courtiers see,
 And to preferment rise, like me.
 The thriving pimp, who beauty sets,
 Hath oft enhanc'd a nation's debts :
 Friend sets his friend, without regard ;
 And ministers his skill reward :
 Thus train'd by man, I learnt his ways,
 And growing favour feasts my days.

I might have guess'd, the Partridge said,
 The place where you were train'd and fed ;
 Servants are apt, and in a trice
 Ape to a hair their master's vice.
 You came from court, you say, adieu :
 She said, and to the covey flew.

§ 166. *Fable XXXI. The Universal Apparition.*

A RAKE, by ev'ry passion rul'd,
 With ev'ry vice his youth had cool'd ;
 Disease his tainted blood assails ;
 His spirits droop, his vigour fails :
 With secret ills at home he pines,
 And, like infirm old age, declines.

As twing'd with pain he pensive sits,
 And raves, and prays, and swears by fits ;
 A ghastly phantom, lean and wan,
 Before him rose, and thus began :

My name, perhaps, hath reach'd your ear ;
 Attend, and be advis'd by Care.
 Nor love, nor honour, wealth, nor pow'r,
 Can give the heart a cheerful hour
 When health is lost. Be timely wise :
 With health all taste of pleasure flies.

Thus said, the phantom disappears,
 The weary counsel wak'd his fears ;
 He now from all excess abstains ;
 With physic purifies his veins ;
 And, to procure a sober life,
 Resolves to venture on a wife.

But now again the Sprite ascends ;
 Where'er he walks his ear attends ;
 Insinuates that beauty's frail ;
 That perseverance must prevail ;
 With jealousies his brain inflames,
 And whispers all her lovers names.
 In other hours she represents
 His household charge, his annual rents,
 Increasing debts, perplexing duns,
 And nothing for his younger sons.

Strait all his thought to gain he turns,
 And with the thirst of lucre burns.
 But when possess'd of fortune's store,
 The Spectre haunts him more and more :
 Sets want and misery in view,
 Bold thieves, and all the murd'ring crew ;
 Alarms him with eternal frights,
 Infects his dreams, or wakes his nights.
 How shall he chace this hideous guest ?
 Pow'r may perhaps protect his rest.
 To pow'r he rose : again the Sprite
 Besets him morning, noon, and night ;
 Talks of Ambition's tott'ring seat ;
 How Envy persecutes the great ;
 Of rival hate, of treach'rous friends,
 And what disgrace his fall attends.

The court he quits, to fly from Care,
 And seeks the peace of rural air :
 His groves, his fields, amus'd his hours ;
 He prun'd his trees, he rais'd his flow'rs.
 But Care again his steps pursues ;
 Warns him of blasts, of blighting dews,
 Of plund'ring insects, snails, and rains,
 And droughts that starv'd the labour'd plains,
 Abroad,

Abroad, at home, the Spectre's there :
In vain we seek to fly from Care.
At length he thus the Ghost address'd :
Since thou must be my constant guest,
Be kind, and follow me no more ;
For Care by right should go before.

§ 167. *Fable XXXII. The Two Owls and the Sparrow.*

TWO formal Owls together sat,
Conferring thus in civil chat :
How is the modern taste decay'd !
Where's the respect to wisdom paid ?
Our worth the Grecian sages knew ;
They gave our fires the honour due ;
They weigh'd the dignity of fowls,
And pry'd into the depth of Owls.
Athens, the seat of learned fame,
With gen'ral voice rever'd our name ;
On merit title was conferr'd,
And all ador'd th' Athenian bird.

Brother, you reason well, replies
The solemn mate, with half-shut eyes ;
Right. Athens was the seat of learning ;
And truly wisdom is discerning.
Besides, on Pallas' helm we sit,
The type and ornament of wit ;
But now, alas ! we're quite neglected ;
And a pert Sparrow's more respected !

A Sparrow, who was lodg'd beside,
O'erhears them sooth each other's pride,
And thus he nimbly vents his heat :

Who meets a fool must find conceit.
I grant, you were at Athens grac'd,
And on Minerva's helm were plac'd ;
But ev'ry bird that wings the sky,
Except an Owl, can tell you why.
From hence they taught their schools to know
How false we judge by outward show ;
That we should never look on esteem,
Since fools as wise as you might seem.
Would ye contempt and scorn avoid,
Let your vainglory be destroy'd :
Humble your arrogance of thought ;
Pursue the ways by nature taught :
So shall you find delicious fare,
And grateful farmers praise your care ;
So shall sleek mice your chace reward,
And no keen cat find more regard.

§ 168. *Fable XXXIII. The Courtier and Proteus.*

WHENE'ER a courtier's out of place,
The country shelters his disgrace ;
Where, doom'd to exercise and health,
His house and gardens own his wealth,
He builds new schemes, in hope to gain
The plunder of another reign :
Like Philip's son, would fain be doing,
And sighs for other realms to ruin.

As one of these (without his wand)
Pensive, along the winding strand
Employ'd the solitary hour,
In projects to regain his pow'r ;

The waves in spreading circles ran,
Proteus arose, and thus began :

Came you from court ? for in your mien
A self-important air is seen.

He frankly own'd his friends had trick'd him,
And how he fell his party's victim.

Know, says the God, by matchless skill,
I change to ev'ry shape at will ;
But yet I'm told, at court you see
Those who presume to rival me.

Thus said—a snake, with hideous trail,
Proteus extends his scaly mail.

Know, says the man, though proud in place,
All courtiers are of reptile race.
Like you, they take that dreadful form,
Bask in the sun, and fly the storm ;
With malice hiss, with envy glote,
And for convenience change their coat ;
With new-got lustre rear their head,
Though on a dunghill born and bred.

Sudden the God a lion stands ;
He shakes his mane, he spurns the sands ;
Now a fierce lynx, with fiery glare,
A wolf, an ass, a fox, a bear.

Had I ne'er liv'd at court, he cries,
Such transformation might surprize ;
But there, in quest of daily game,
Each abler courtier acts the same.
Wolves, lions, lynxes, while in place,
Their friends and fellows are their chace.
They play the bear's and fox's part ;
Now rob by force, now steal with art.
They sometimes in the senate bray ;
Or chang'd again to beasts of prey ;
Down from the lion to the ape
Practise the frauds of ev'ry shape.

So said, upon the God he flies ;
In cords the struggling captive ties.

Now, Proteus, now (to truth compell'd)
Speak, and confess thy art excell'd.
Use strength, surprize, or what you will,
The courtier finds evasions still :
Not to be bound by any ties,
And never forc'd to leave his lyes.

§ 169. *Fable XXXIV. The Mastiffs.*

THOSE who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.

A Mastiff, of true English blood,
Lov'd fighting better than his food.
When dogs were snarling for a bone,
He long'd to make the war his own ;
And often found (when two contend)
To interpose obtain'd his end ;
He glory'd in his limping pace ;
The scars of honour seam'd his face ;
In ev'ry limb a gash appears,
And frequent fights retrench'd his ears.

As on a time he heard from far
Two dogs engag'd in noisy war,
Away he scours, and lays about him,
Resolv'd no fray should be without him.

Forth

Forth from his yard a tanner flies,
And to the bold intruder cries,

A cudgel shall correct your manners;
Whence sprung this cursed hate to tanners?
While on my Dog you vent your spite,
Sirrah! 'tis me you dare not bite.
To see the battle thus perplex'd,
With equal rage a butcher vex'd;
Hoarse screaming from the circl'd crowd,
To the curs'd Mastiff cries aloud:

Both Hockley-hole and Marybone
The combats of my Dog have known.
He ne'er, like bullies coward-hearted,
Attacks in public, to be parted.
Think not, rash fool, to share his fame;
Be his the honour or the shame.

Thus said, they swore, and ray'd like thunder;
Then dragg'd their fasten'd Dogs asunder;
While clubs and kicks from ev'ry side
Rebounded from the Mastiff's hide.

All reeking now with sweat and blood,
A while the parted warriors stood,
Then pour'd upon the meddling foe;
Who, worry'd, howl'd and sprawl'd below.
He rose, and, limping from the fray,
By both sides mangl'd, sneak'd away.

§ 170. *Fable XXXV. The Barley Mow and the Dunghill.*

HOW many faucy airs we meet
From Temple-bar to Aldgate-street?
Proud rogues, who shar'd the South-sea prey,
And spring like mushrooms in a day!
They think it mean to condescend
To know a brother or a friend;
They blush to hear their mother's name;
And by their pride expose their shame.

As cross his yard, at early day,
A careful farmer took his way,
He stopp'd, and leaning on his fork,
Observ'd the flail's incessant work.
In thought he measur'd all his store;
His geese, his hogs, he number'd o'er:
In fancy weigh'd the fleeces shorn,
And multiply'd the next year's corn.

A Barley-mow, which stood beside,
Thus to its musing master cry'd:
Say, good Sir, is it fit or right
To treat me with neglect and slight?
Me, who contribute to your cheer,
And raise your mirth with ale and beer,
Why thus insulted, thus disgrac'd,
And that vile Dunghill near me plac'd?
Are those poor sweepings of a groom,
That filthy sight, that nauseous fume,
Meet objects here? Command it hence:
A thing so mean must give offence.

The humble Dunghill thus reply'd,
Thy master hears, and mocks thy pride:
Insult not thus the meek and low;
In me thy benefactor know;
My warm assistance gave thee birth,
Or thou hadst perish'd low in earth;

But upstarts, to support their station,
Cancel at once all obligation.

§ 171. *Fable XXXVI. Pythagoras and the Countryman.*

PYTHAGORAS rose at early dawn,
By soaring meditation drawn,
To breathe the fragrance of the day.
Through flow'ry fields he took his way.
In musing contemplation warm,
His steps misl'd him to a farm,
Where, on the ladder's topmost round,
A peasant stood: the hammer's sound
Shook the weak barn. Say, friend, what care
Calls for thy honest labour there?

The Clown, with surly voice, replies,
Vengeance aloud for justice cries.

This kite, by daily rapine fed,
My hens annoy, my turkies dread,
At length his forfeit life hath paid;
See on the wall his wings display'd;
Here nail'd, a terror to his kind,
My fowls shall future safety find;
My yard the thriving poultry feed;
And my barns refuse fat the breed.

Friend, says the Sage, the doom is wise;
For public good the murderer dies.
But if these tyrants of the air
Demand a sentence so severe,

Think how the glutton man devours;
What bloody feasts regale his hours!
O, impudence of pow'r and might,
Thus to condemn a hawk or kite,
When thou perhaps, carniv'rous sinner,
Hadst pullets yesterday for dinner!

Hold, cry'd the Clown, with passion heated,
Shall kites and men alike be treated?
When Heav'n the world with creatures stor'd,
Man was ordain'd their sov'reign lord.

Thus tyrants boast, the Sage reply'd,
Whose murders spring from power and pride.
Own then, this manlike kite is slain
Thy greater lux'ry to sustain;
For "Petty rogues submit to fate,
"That great ones may enjoy their state."

§ 172. *Fable XXXVII. The Farmer's Wife and the Raven.*

WHY are those tears? why droops your head?
Is then your other husband dead?
Or does a worse disgrace betide;
Hath no one since his death apply'd?

Alas! you know the cause too well:
The salt is spilt; to me it fell.
Then, to contribute to my loss,
My knife and fork were laid across;
On Friday too! the day I dread!
Would I were safe at home in bed!
Last night (I vow to Heav'n 'tis true)
Bounce from the fire a coffin flew.
Next post some fatal news shall tell:
God send my Cornish friends be well!

Unhappy

Unhappy widow, cease thy tears,
Nor feel affliction in thy fears :
Let not thy stomach be suspended ;
Eat now, and weep when dinner's ended ;
And when the butler clears the table,
For thy desert I'll read my fable.

Betwixt her swagging panniers load
A farmer's wife to market rode,
And jogging on, with thoughtful care,
Summ'd up the profits of her ware ;
When starting from her silver dream,
Thus far and wide was heard her scream :

That raven on yon left-hand oak
(Curse on his ill betiding croak)
Hodes me no good. No more she said.
When poor blind Ball, with stumbling tread,
Fell prone ; o'erturn'd the pannier lay ;
And her mash'd eggs bestrew'd the way.

She, sprawling in the yellow road,
Rail'd, swore, and curs'd : Thou croaking toad,
A murrain take thy whorson throat !
I knew misfortune in the note.

Dame, quoth the Raven, spare your oaths,
Uncleth your fist, and wipe your cloaths.
But why on me those curses thrown ?
Goody, the fault was all your own :
For had you laid this brittle ware
On Dun, the old sure-footed mare,
Though all the Ravens of the hundred
With croaking had your tongue out-thunder'd,
Sure-footed Dun had kept his legs,
And you, good woman, sav'd your eggs.

§ 173. *Fable XXXVIII. The Turkey and Ant.*

IN other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
Each little speck and blemish find ;
To our own stronger errors blind.

A Turkey, tir'd of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;
Behind her ran her infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
Draw near, my birds, the mother cries,
This hill delicious fare supplies ;
Behold, the busy Negro race :
See, millions blacken all the place !
Fear not. Like me, with freedom eat ;
An Ant is most delightful meat. —
How blest'd, how envy'd were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulter's knife !
But man, curs'd man, on Turkey preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days :
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the sav'ry chine.
From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on ev'ry board.
Sure, men for gluttony are curs'd :
Of the sev'n deadly sins the worst.

An Ant, who climb'd beyond his reach,
Thus answer'd from the neighb'ring beech :
Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thy own conscience look within ;

Controul thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill.

§ 174. *Fable XXXIX. The Father and Jupiter.*

THE Man to Jove his suit preferr'd ;
He begg'd a wife. His pray'r was heard.
Jove wonder'd at his bold addressing :
For how precarious is the blessing !

A wife he takes. And now for heirs
Again he worries Heav'n with prayers.
Jove nods assent. Two hopeful boys
And a fine girl reward his joys.

Now more solicitous he grew,
And set their future lives in view ;
He saw that all respect and duty
Were paid to wealth, to pow'r, and beauty.

Once more, he cries, accept my pray'r ;
Make my lov'd progeny thy care.
Let my first hope, my fav'rite boy,
All fortune's richest gifts enjoy.
My next with strong ambition fire :
May favour teach him to aspire ;
Till he the step of pow'r ascend,
And courtiers to their idol bend.
With ev'ry grace, with ev'ry charm,
My daughter's perfect features arm.
If Heav'n approve, a father's blest.
Jove smiles, and grants his full request.

The first, a miser at the heart,
Studious of ev'ry griping art,
Heaps hoards on hoards with anxious pain ;
And all his life devotes to gain.
He feels no joy, his cares increase,
He neither wakes nor sleeps in peace ;
In fancy'd want (a wretch complete)
He starves, and yet he dares not eat.

The next to sudden honours grew :
The thriving art of courts he knew ;
He reach'd the height of pow'r and place,
Then fell, the victim of disgrace.

Beauty with early bloom supplies
His daughter's cheek, and points her eyes.
The vain coquette each suit disdain,
And glories in her lover's pains.
With age she fades, each lover flies ;
Contemn'd, forlorn, she pines and dies.

When Jove the father's grief survey'd,
And heard him Heav'n and Fate upbraid,
Thus spoke the God : — By outward show
Men judge of happiness and woe :
Shall ignorance of good and ill
Dare to direct th'Eternal Will ?
Seek virtue ; and, of that posselt,
To Providence resign the rest.

§ 175. *Fable XL. The Two Monkeys.*

THE learned, full of inward pride,
The Fops of outward show deride :
The fop, with learning at defiance,
Scoffs at the pedant and the science :

The

The Don, a formal, solemn strutter,
Despises Monsieur's airs and flutter;
While Monsieur mocks the formal fool,
Who looks, and speaks, and walks by rule.
Britain, a medley of the twain,
As pert as France, as grave as Spain,
In fancy wiser than the rest,
Laughs at them both, of both the jest.
Is not the poet's chiming close
Censur'd by all the sons of prose?
While bards of quick imagination
Despise the sleepy prose narration.
Men laugh at apes, they men contemn;
For what are we, but apes to them?

Two monkies went to Southwark fair;
No critics had a sourer air:
They forc'd their way through draggl'd folks,
Who gap'd to catch Jack-pudding's jokes:
Then took their tickets for the show,
And got by chance the foremost row.
To see their grave, observing face,
Provok'd a laugh through all the place.

Brother, says Pug, and turn'd his head,
The rabble's monstrously ill-bred!

Now through the booth loud hisses ran;
Nor ended till the show began.
The tumbler whirls the flip-flap round,
With somersets he shakes the ground;
The cord beneath the dancer springs;
Aloft in air the vaulter swings;
Distorted now, now prone depends,
Now through his twisted arms ascends:
The crowd, in wonder and delight,
With clapping hands applaud the sight.

With smiles, quoth Pug, If pranks like these
The giant apes of reason please,
How would they wonder at our arts!
They must adore us for our parts.
High on the twig I've seen you cling,
Play, twist, and turn in airy ring:
How can those clumsy things, like me,
Fly with a bound from tree to tree?
But yet, by this applause, we find
These emulators of our kind
Discern our worth, our parts regard,
Who our mean mimics thus reward.

Brother, the grinning mate replies,
In this I grant that man is wise.
While good example they pursue,
We must allow some praise is due;
But when they strain beyond their guide,
I laugh to scorn the mimic pride;
For how fantastic is the sight,
To meet men always bolt upright,
Because we sometimes walk on two!
I hate the imitating crew.

§ 176. *Fable XLI. The Owl and the Farmer.*

AN OWL, of grave deport and mien,
Who (like the Turk) was seldom seen,
Within a barn had chose his station,
As fit for prey and contemplation.

Upon a beam aloft he sits,
And nods, and seems to think by fits.
So have I seen a man of news
Or Post-boy o'er Gazette peruse;
Smoke, nod, and talk with voice profound,
And fix the fate of Europe round.
Sheaves pil'd on sheaves hid all the floor.
At dawn of morn, to view his store,
The Farmer came. The hooting guest
His self-importance thus exprest:

Reason in man is mere pretence:
How weak, how shallow is his sense!
To treat with scorn the Bird of Night,
Declares his folly, or his spite.
Then, too, how partial is his praise!
The lark's, the linnet's chirping lays,
To his ill-judging ears are fine,
And nightingales are all divine.
But the more knowing feather'd race
See wisdom stamp'd upon my face.
Whene'er to visit light I deign,
What flocks of fowl compose my train!
Like slaves, they crowd my flight behind,
And own me of superior kind.

The Farmer laugh'd, and thus reply'd:
Thou dull important lump of pride,
Dar'st thou, with that harsh grating tongue,
Depreciate birds of warbling song?
Indulge thy spleen. Know, men and fowl
Regard thee as thou art, an Owl.
Besides, proud blockhead, be not vain
Of what thou call'st thy slaves and train.
Few follow wisdom, or her rules;
Fools in derision follow fools.

§ 177. *Fable XLII. The Jugglers.*

A JUGGLER long through all the town
Had rais'd his fortune and renown;
You'd think (so far his art transcends)
The devil at his fingers ends

Vice heard his fame, she read his bill;
Convinc'd of his inferior skill,
She sought his booth, and from the crowd
Defy'd the man of art aloud:

Is this then he so fam'd for flight?
Can this slow bungler cheat your sight?
Dares he with me dispute the prize?
I leave it to impartial eyes.

Provok'd, the Juggler cry'd, 'Tis done;
In science I submit to none.

Thus said, the cups and balls he play'd;
By turns, this here, that there convey'd.
The cards, obedient to his words,
Are by a fillip turn'd to birds.

His little boxes change the grain:
Trick after trick deludes the train.

He shakes his bag, he shews all fair;
His fingers spread, and nothing there;

Then bids it rain with show'rs of gold;
And now his iv'ry eggs are told:
But when from thence the hen he dr'ws,
Amaz'd spectators hum applause.

Vice now stept forth, and took the place
With all the forms of his grimace.
This magic looking-glass, she cries,
(There, hand it round) will charm your eyes.
Each eager eye the sight desir'd,
And ev'ry man himself admir'd.

Next, to a senator addressing,
See this bank-note; observe the blessing;
Breathe on the bill. Heigh, pass! 'Tis gone.
Upon his lips a padlock shone.

A second puff the magic broke:
The padlock vanish'd, and he spoke.

Twelve bottles rang'd upon the board,
All full, with heady liquor stor'd,
By clean conveyance disappear;
And now two bloody swords are there!

A purse she to a thief expos'd:
At once his ready fingers clos'd.
He opes his fist, the treasure's fled;
He sees a halter in its stead.

She bids ambition hold a wand;
He grasps a hatchet in his hand.

A box of charity she shows:
Blow here (and a churchwarden blows);
'Tis vanish'd with conveyance neat,
And on the table smokes a treat.

She shakes the dice, the board she knocks,
And from all pockets fills her box.

She next a meagre rake address:
This picture see; her shape, her breast!
What youth, and what inviting eyes!
Hold her, and have her. With surprise
His hand expos'd a box of pills,
And a loud laugh proclaim'd his ills.

A counter, in a miser's hand,
Grew twenty guineas at command.
She bids his heir the sum retain,
And 'tis a counter now again.
A guinea with her touch, you see,
Takes ev'ry shape but Charity;
And not one thing you saw or drew,
But chang'd from what was first in view.
The Juggler now, in grief of heart,
With this submission own'd her art:
Can I such matchless slight withstand!
How practice hath improv'd your hand!
But now and then I cheat the throng;
You ev'ry day, and all day long.

§ 178. *Fable XLIII. The Council of Horses.*

UPON a time, a neighing Steed..
Who graz'd among a num'rous breed,
With mutiny had fir'd the train,
And spread dissention through the plain.
On matters that concern'd the state
The council met, in grand debate.
A Colt, whose eye-balls flam'd with ire,
Elate with strength and youthful fire,
In haste stept forth before the rest,
And thus the list'ning throng address:
Good gods! how abject is our race,
Condemn'd to slavery and disgrace!

Shall we our servitude retain,
Because our fires have borne the chain?
Consider, friends, your strength and might!
'Tis conquest to assert your right.
How cumbrous is the gilded coach!
The pride of man is our reproach.
Were we design'd for daily toil,
To drag the ploughshare through the soil,
To sweat in harness through the road,
To groan beneath the carrier's load?
How feeble are the two-legg'd kind!
What force is in our nerves combin'd!
Shall then our nobler jaws submit
To foam and champ the galling bit?
Shall haughty man my back bestride?
Shall the sharp spur provoke my side?
Forbid it, Heav'n's! Reject the rein;
Your shame, your infamy disdain.
Let him the Lion first controul,
And still the tyger's famish'd growl.
Let us, like them, our freedom claim,
And make him tremble at our name.

A gen'ral nod approv'd the cause,
And all the circle neigh'd applause.
When lo! with grave and solemn pace,
A Steed advanc'd before the race;
With age and long experience wise,
Around he cast his thoughtful eyes;
And, to the murmurs of the train,
Thus spoke the Nestor of the plain:

When I had health and strength, like you,
The toils of servitude I knew;
Now grateful man rewards my pains,
And gives me all these wide domains.
At will I crop the year's increase;
My latter life is rest and peace.
I grant, to man we lend our pains,
And aid him to correct the plains:
But doth not he divide the care
Through all the labours of the year?
How many thousand structures rise,
To fence us from inclement skies!
For us he bears the sultry day,
And stores up all our winter's hay.
He sows, he reaps the harvest's grain;
We share the toil, and share the gain.
Since ev'ry creature was decreed
To aid each other's mutual need,
Appease your discontented mind,
And act the part by Heav'n assign'd.

The tumult ceas'd. The Colt submitted,
And, like his ancestors, was bitted.

§ 179. *Fable XLIV. The Hound and the Huntsman.*

IMPERTINENCE at first is borne
With heedless slight or smiles of scorn;
Teaz'd into wrath, what patience bears
The noisy fool who perseveres!

The morning wakes, the Huntsman sounds,
At once rush forth the joyful hounds.
They seek the wood with eager pace;
Through bush, through brier, explore the chace.

Now,

Now, scatter'd wide, they try the plain,
And snuff the dewy turf in vain.
What care, what industry, what pains!
What universal silence reigns!

Ringwood, a Dog of little fame,
Young, pert, and ignorant of game,
At once displays his babbling throat;
The pack, regardless of the note,
Pursue the scent; with louder strain
He still persists to vex the train.

The Huntsman to the clamour flies;
The smacking lash he smartly plies.
His ribs all welk'd, with howling tone
The Puppy thus express'd his moan:

I know the music of my tongue
Long since the pack with envy stung.
What will not spite? These bitter smarts
I owe to my superior parts.

When puppies prate, the Huntsman cry'd,
They shew both ignorance and pride:
Fools may our scorn, not envy raise;
For envy is a kind of praise.
Had not thy forward noisy tongue
Proclaim'd thee always in the wrong,
Thou might'st have mingl'd with the rest,
And ne'er thy foolish noise confest:
But fools, to talking ever prone,
Are sure to make their follies known.

§ 180. *Fable XLV. The Poet and the Rose.*

I HATE the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame.

Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own.
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride;
With both all rivals are decry'd.
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister awkward creature;
For the kind flatt'ry's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.

As in the cool of early day
A Poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And ev'ry stalk with odour bends:
A Rose he pluck'd, he gaz'd, admir'd,
Thus singing, as the muse inspir'd:

Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace!
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envy'd place
With never-fading love!

There, Phoenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involv'd in fragrance, burn and die!
Know, hapless flower, that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there:

I see thy with'ring head reclin'd
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.

Spare your comparisons, reply'd
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
Of all mankind, you should not flout us:
What can a Poet do without us?

In ev'ry love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?

§ 181. *Fable XLVI. The Cur, the Horse, and the Shepherd's Dog.*

THE lad of all sufficient merit,
With modesty ne'er damps his spirit;
Presuming on his own deserts,
On all alike his tongue exerts;
His noisy jokes at random throws,
And pertly spatters friends and foes;
In wit and war the bully race
Contribute to their own disgrace.
Too late the forward youth shall find
That jokes are sometimes paid in kind;
Or if they canker in the breast,
He makes a foe who makes a jest.

A Village-cur, of snappish race,
The pertest Puppy of the place,
Imagin'd that his treble throat
Was blest with music's sweetest note;
In the mid road he barking lay,
The yelping nuisance of the way;
For not a creature pass'd along,
But had a sample of his song.

Soon as the trotting steed he hears,
He starts, he cocks his dapper ears;
Away he scow'rs, assaults his hoof;
Now near him snarls, now barks aloof;
With shrill impertinence attends;
Nor leaves him till the village ends.

It chanc'd, upon his evil day,
A Pad came pacing down the way:
The Cur, with never-ceasing tongue,
Upon the passing traveller sprung.
The Horse, from scorn, provok'd to ire,
Flung backward:—rolling in the mire,
The Puppy howl'd, and bleeding lay:
The Pad in peace pursu'd his way.

A Shepherd's Dog, who saw the deed,
Detesting the vexatious breed,
Bespoke him thus: When cockcocks prate
They kindle wrath, contempt, or hate:
Thy teasing tongue had judgment ty'd,
Thou hadst not, like a Puppy, dy'd.

§ 182. *Fable XLVII. The Court of Death.*

DEATH, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate;
Th'attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, of ghastly train!
Croud the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thunder'd from the throne:
This night our minister we name,
Let ev'ry servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebony wand.—
All, at the word, stretch'd forth their hand.

Fever.

Fever, with burning heat possest,
 Advanc'd, and for the wand address'd ;
 I to the weekly bills appeal,
 Let those express my fervent zeal :
 On ev'ry slight occasion near,
 With violence I persevere.

Next Gout appears, with limping pace,
 Pleads how he shifts from place to place :
 From head to foot how swift he flies,
 And ev'ry joint and sinew plies ;
 Still working when he seems suppress'd,
 A most tenacious stubborn guest.

A haggard Spectre from the crew
 Crawls forth, and thus, asserts his due :
 'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
 And in the shape of love destroy :
 My thanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
 Prove my pretension to the place.

Stone urg'd his ever-growing force ;
 And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
 With feeble voice, that scarce was heard,
 Broke with short coughs, his suit preferr'd :
 Let none object my ling'ring way,
 I gain, like Fabius, by delay ;
 Fatigue and weaken ev'ry foe
 By long attack, secure, though slow.

Plague represents his rapid pow'r,
 Who thinn'd a nation in an hour.

All spoke their claim, and hop'd the wand :
 Now expectation hush'd the band,
 When thus the monarch from the throne :

Merit was ever modest known.
 What, no Physician speak his right !
 None here ! but fees their toils requite.
 Let then Intemp'rance take the wand,
 Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
 You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
 (Whom wary men, as foes, detest)
 Forego your claim ; no more pretend ;
 Intemp'rance is esteem'd a friend ;
 He shares their mirth, their social joys,
 And, as a courted guest, destroys.
 The charge on him must justly fall,
 Who finds employment for you all.

§ 183. *Fable XLVIII. The Gardener and Hog.*

A GARD'NER, of peculiar taste,
 On a young Hog his favour plac'd ;
 Who fed not with the common herd ;
 His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
 He wallow'd underneath the board,
 Or in his master's chamber snor'd ;
 Who fondly strok'd him ev'ry day,
 And taught him all the puppy's play,
 Where'er he went the grunting friend
 Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.

As on a time the loving pair
 Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
 The Master thus address'd the Swine :

My house, my garden, all is thine.
 On turnips feast whene'er you please,
 And riot in my beans and pease ;
 If the potatoe's taste delights,
 Or the red carrot's sweet invites,

Indulge thy morn and ev'ning hours ;
 But let due care regard my flow'rs ;
 My tulips are my garden's pride :
 What vast expence those beds supply'd !

The Hog by chance one morning roam'd,
 Where with new ale the vessels foam'd :
 He munches now the steaming grains ;
 Now with full swill the liquor drains.

Intoxicating fumes arise ;
 He reels, he rolls his winking eyes !
 Then staggr'ing, through the garden scours,
 And treads down painted ranks of flow'rs.
 With delving snout he turns the soil,
 And cools his palate with the spoil.

The Master came, the ruin spy'd ;
 Villain, suspend thy rage, he cry'd ;
 Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sort,
 My charge, my only charge forgot ?
 What, all my flow'rs ! No more he said,
 But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.

The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns :
 Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
 See there, untouch'd your tulips strown ;
 For I devour'd the roots alone.

At this the Gard'ner's passion grows ;
 From oaths and threats he fell to blows :
 The stubborn brute the blows sustains,
 Assaults his leg, and tears his veins.

Ah ! foolish swain, too late you find,
 That sties were for such friends design'd !

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
 Reflecting thus on past disgrace :
 Who cherishes a brutal mate
 Shall mourn the folly, soon or late.

§ 184. *Fable XLIX. The Man and the Flea.*

WHETHER in earth, in air, or main,
 Sure ev'ry thing alive is vain !

Does not the hawk all fowls survey
 As destin'd only for his prey ?
 And do not tyrants, prouder things,
 Think men were born for slaves to kings ?

When the crab views the pearly strands,
 Or Tagus, bright with golden sands ;
 Or crawls beside the coral grove,
 And hears the ocean roll above,—
 Nature is too profuse, says he,
 Who gave all these to pleasure me !

When bord'ring pinks and roses bloom,
 And ev'ry garden breathes perfume ;
 When peaches glow with sunny dyes,
 Like Laura's cheek when blushes rise ;
 When with huge figs the branches bend ;
 When clusters from the vine depend,—
 The snail looks round on flow'r and tree,
 And cries, All these were made for me !

What dignity's in human nature !
 Says Man, the most conceited creature,
 As from a cliff he cast his eyes,
 And view'd the sea and arch'd skies ;
 The sun was sunk beneath the main ;
 The moon, and all the starry train,
 Hung the vast vault of heav'n. The Man
 His contemplation thus began :

When

When I behold this glorious show,
And the wide wat'ry world below,
The scaly people of the main,
The beasts that range the wood or plain,
The wing'd inhabitants of air,
The day, the night, the various year,
And know all these by Heav'n design'd
As gifts to pleasure human kind,
I cannot raise my worth too high;
Of what vast consequence am I!

Not of th'importance you suppose,
Replies a Flea upon his nose:
Be humble, learn thyself to scan;
Know, pride was never made for Man.
'Tis vanity that swells thy mind.
What heav'n and earth for thee design'd!
For thee! made only for our need,
That more important Fleas might feed.

§ 185. *Fable L. The Hare and many Friends.*

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, who many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
Comply'd with ev'ry thing, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend;
And ev'ry creature was her friend.

As forth she went, at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouth'd thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half-dead with fear she gasping lay.

What transport in her bosom grew
When first the horse appear'd in view!

Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight;
To friendship ev'ry burthen's light.

The Horse reply'd, Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus:
Be comforted, relief is near;
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately Bull implor'd;
And thus reply'd the mighty lord:
Since ev'ry beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well;
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.

Love calls me hence; a fav'rite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.

To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remark'd her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm;
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complain'd
His sides a load of wool sustain'd:
Said he was slow, confess'd his fears;
For hounds eat Sheep as well as Hares.

She now the trotting Calf address'd,
To save from death a friend distress'd.

Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler pass'd you by;
How strong are those! how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart:
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu;
For, see, the hounds are just in view.

Fables for the Female Sex. MOORE.

§ 186. *Fable I. The Eagle and the Assembly of Birds.*

To her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.

THE moral lay, to beauty due,
I write, Fair Excellence, to you;
Well pleas'd to hope my vacant hours
Have been employ'd to sweeten yours.
Truth under fiction I impart,
To weed out folly from the heart,
And shew the paths that lead astray
The wand'ring nymph from wisdom's way.

I flatter none. The great and good
Are by their actions understood;
Your monument, if actions raise,
Shall I deface by idle praise?
I echo not the voice of Fame,
That dwells delighted on your name;
Her friendly tale, however true,
Were flatter'ry, if I told it you.

The proud, the envious, and the vain,
The jilt, the prude, demand my strain;
To these, detesting praise, I write,
And vent, in charity, my spite:
With friendly hand I hold the glass
To all, promiscuous as they pass;
Should Folly there her likeness view,
I fret not that the mirror's true;
If the fantastic form offend,
I made it not, but would amend.

Virtue, in ev'ry clime and age,
Spurns at the folly-soothing page,
While Satire, that offends the ear
Of Vice and Passion, pleases her.

Premising this, your anger spare,
And claim the fable you who dare.

The birds in place, by fictions press'd,
To Jupiter their pray'rs address'd;

M

By

By specious lyes the state was vex'd;
 Their counsels libellers perplex'd;
 They begg'd (to stop seditious tongues)
 A gracious hearing of their wrongs.
 Jove grants the suit. The Eagle sat
 Decider of the grand debate.

The Pye, to trust and pow'r preferr'd,
 Demands permission to be heard.

Says he, Prolixity of phrase
 You know I hate. This libel says,
 "Some birds there are, who, prone to noise,
 "Are hir'd to silence wisdom's voice;
 "And, skill'd to chatter out the hour,
 "Rise by their emptiness to pow'r."

That this is aim'd direct at me,
 No doubt you'll readily agree;
 Yet well this sage assembly knows,
 By parts to government I rose;
 My prudent counsels prop the state;
 Magpies were never known to prate.

The Kite rose up. His honest heart
 In virtue's sufferings bore a part.
 That there were birds of prey he knew;
 So far the libeller said true;

"Voracious, bold, to rapine prone,
 "Who knew no int'rest but their own;
 "Who, hov'ring o'er the farmer's yard,
 "Nor pigeon, chick, nor duckling spar'd."
 This might be true; but if apply'd
 To him, in troth the slanderer ly'd.
 Since ign'rance then might be mislead,
 Such things, he thought, were best unsaid.

The Crow was vex'd. As yester-morn
 He flew across the new-sown corn,
 A screaming boy was set for pay,
 He knew, to drive the crows away;
 Scandal had found him out in turn,
 And buzz'd abroad that crows love corn.

The Owl arose, with solemn face,
 And thus harangu'd upon the case:
 That magpies prate, it may be true;
 A kite may be voracious too;
 Crows sometimes deal in new-sown pease;
 He libels not who strikes at these;
 The slander's here—"But there are birds,
 "Whose wisdom lies in looks, not words;
 "Blund'ers, who level in the dark,
 "And always shoot beside the mark."
 He names not me; but these are hints,
 Which manifest at whom he squints;
 I were indeed that blund'ring fowl,
 To question if he meant an owl.

Ye wretches, hence! the Eagle cries,
 'Tis conscience, conscience that applies;
 The virtuous mind takes no alarm,
 Secur'd by Innocence from harm;
 While Guilt, and his associate Fear,
 Are startl'd at the passing air.

§ 187. *Fable II. The Panther, the Horse,
 and other Beasts.*

THE man who seeks to win the fair
 (So custom says) must truth forbear;

Must fawn and flatter, cringe and lye,
 And raise the goddess to the sky:
 For truth is hateful to her ear;
 A rudeness which she cannot bear.
 A rudeness! Yes. I speak my thoughts;
 For truth upbraids her with her faults.

How wretched, Chloe, then am I,
 Who love you, and yet cannot lye!
 And still, to make you less my friend,
 I strive your errors to amend!
 But shall the senseless fop impart
 The softest passion to your heart,
 While he, who tells you honest truth,
 And points to happiness your youth,
 Determines, by his care, his lot,
 And lives neglected and forgot?

Trust me, my dear, with greater ease,
 Your taste for flatt'ry I could please,
 And similes in each dull line,
 Like glow-worms, in the dark should shine.

What if I say your lips disclose
 The freshness of the op'ning rose?
 Or that your cheeks are beds of flow'rs,
 Enripen'd by refreshing show'rs?
 Yet certain as these flow'rs shall fade,
 Time ev'ry beauty shall invade.
 The butterfly, of various hue,
 More than the flow'r resembles you;
 Fair, flutt'ring, fickle, busy thing,
 To pleasure ever on the wing;
 Gaily coquetting for an hour,
 To die, and ne'er be thought of more.

Would you the bloom of youth should last?
 'Tis virtue that must bind it fast;
 An easy carriage, wholly free
 From sour reserve or levity;
 Good-natur'd mirth, an open heart,
 And looks unskill'd in any art;
 Humility, enough to own
 The frailties which a friend makes known,
 And decent pride, enough to know
 The worth that virtue can bestow.

These are the charms which ne'er decay,
 Tho' youth and beauty fade away;
 And time, which all things else removes,
 Still heightens virtue, and improves.

You'll frown, and ask, To what intent
 This blunt address to you is sent?
 I'll spare the question, and confess
 I'd praise you, if I lov'd you less;
 But rail, be angry, or complain,
 I will be rude while you are vain.

Beneath a lion's peaceful reign,
 When beasts met friendly on the plain,
 A panther of majestic port,
 (The vainest female of the court)
 With spotted skin, and eyes of fire,
 Fill'd ev'ry bosom with desire.
 Where'er she mov'd, a servile crowd
 Of fawning creatures cring'd and bow'd:
 Assemblies ev'ry week she held
 (Like modern belles) with coxcombs fill'd;
 Where noise, nonsense, and grimace,
 And lyes and scandal fill'd the place.

Behold

Behold the gay fantastic thing,
Encircled by the spacious ring.
Low-bowing, with important look,
As first in rank, the Monkey spoke:

"Gad take me, madam, but I swear,
"No angel ever look'd so fair:
"Forgive my rudeness; but I vow,
"You were not quite divine till now;
"Those limbs! that shape! and then those eyes!
"O, close them, or the gazer dies!"

Nay, Gentle Pug, for goodness hush,
I vow and swear you make me blush;
I shall be angry at this rate;
'Tis so like flatt'ry, which I hate.

The Fox, in deeper cunning vers'd,
The beauties of her mind rehears'd,
And talk'd of knowledge, taste, and sense,
To which the fair have vast pretence!
Yet well he knew them always vain
Of what they strive not to attain;
And play'd so cunningly his part,
That Pug was rivall'd in his art.

The Goat avow'd his am'rous flame,
And burnt—for what he durst not name;
Yet hop'd a meeting in the wood
Might make his meaning understood.
Half angry at the bold address,
She frown'd; but yet she must confess
Such beauties might inflame his blood,
But still his phrase was somewhat rude.

The Hog her neatness much admir'd;
The formal Ass her swiftness fir'd;
While all to feed her folly strove,
And by their praises shar'd her love.

The Horse, whose gen'rous heart disdain'd
Applause, by servile flatt'ry gain'd,
With graceful courage silence broke,
And thus with indignation spoke:

When flatt'ring monkeys fawn and prate,
They justly raise contempt or hate;
For merit's turn'd to ridicule,
Applauded by the grinning fool.
The artful Fox your wit commends,
To lure you to his selfish ends;
From the vile flatt'rer turn away,
For knaves make friendships to betray.
Dismiss the train of fops and fools,
And learn to live by wisdom's rules;
Such beauties might the lion warm,
Did not your folly break the charm;
For who would court that lovely shape,
To be the rival of an ape?

He said, and snorting with disdain,
Spurn'd at the crowd, and sought the plain.

§ 188. *Fable III. The Nightingale and Glow-worm.*

THE prudent nymph, whose cheeks disclose
The lily and the blushing rose,
From public view her charms will screen,
And rarely in the crowd be seen;
This simple truth shall keep her wise,
"The fairest fruits attract the flies."

One night, a Glow-worm, proud and vain,
Contemplating her glitt'ring train,
Cry'd, Sure there never was in nature
So elegant, so fine a creature.
All other insects that I see,
The frugal ant, industrious bee,
Or silk-worm, with contempt I view;
With all that low, mechanic crew,
Who servilely their lives employ
In bus'ness, enemy to joy.
Mean, vulgar herd! ye are my scorn;
For grandeur only I was born;
Or sure am sprung from race divine,
And plac'd on earth to live and shine.
Those lights that sparkle so on high,
Are but the glow-worms of the sky;
And kings on earth their gems admire,
Because they imitate my fire.

She spoke. Attentive on a spray,
A Nightingale forthore his lay;
He saw the shining morsel near,
And flew, directed by the glare;
A while he gaz'd with sober look,
And thus the trembling prey bespoke:

Deluded fool, with pride elate,
Know, 'tis thy beauty brings thy fate:
Less dazzling, long thou might'st have lain
Unheeded on the velvet plain:
Pride, soon or late, degraded mourns,
And Beauty wrecks whom she adorns.

§ 189. *Fable IV. Hymen and Death.*

SIXTEEN, d'ye say? Nay then 'tis time,
Another year destroys your prime.
But stay—the settlement!—"That's made."
Why then's my simple girl afraid?
Yet hold a moment, if you can,
And heedfully the fable scan.

The shades were fled, the morning blush'd,
The winds were in their caverns hush'd,
When Hymen, pensive and sedate,
Held o'er the fields his musing gait.
Behind him, through the green-wood shade,
Death's meagre form the god survey'd;
Who quickly, with gigantic stride,
Out-went his pace, and join'd his side.
The chat on various subjects ran,
Till angry Hymen thus began:

Relentless Death, whose iron sway
Mortal reluctant must obey,
Still of thy pow'r shall I complain,
And thy too partial hand arraign?
When Cupid brings a pair of hearts,
All over struck with equal darts,
Thy cruel shafts my hopes deride,
And cut the knot that Hymen ty'd.

Shall not the bloody and the bold,
The miser, hoarding up his gold,
The harlot, reeking from the stew,
Alone thy fell revenge pursue?
But must the gentle and the kind
Thy fury, undistinguish'd, find?

The monarch calmly thus reply'd,
Weigh well the cause, and then decide.

H 2

That

That friend of yours you lately nam'd,
Cupid alone is to be blam'd;
Then let the charge be justly laid:
That idle boy neglects his trade;
And hardly once in twenty years
A couple to your temple bears.
The wretches, whom your office blends,
Silenus now, or Plutus sends;
Hence care, and bitterness, and strife,
Are common to the nuptial life.

Believe me; more than all mankind
Your vot'ries my compassion find.
Yet cruel am I call'd, and base,
Who seek the wretched to release,
The captive from his bonds to free,
Indissoluble but for me.

'Tis I entice him to the yoke;
By me your crowded altars smoke:
For mortals boldly dare the noose,
Secure that Death will set them loose.

§ 190. *Fable V. The Poet and his Patron.*

WHY, Cælia, is your spreading waist
So loose, so negligently lac'd?
Why must the wrapping bed-gown hide
Your snowy bosom's swelling pride?
How ill that dress adorns your head,
Distain'd, and rumpl'd from the bed!
Those clouds that shade your blooming face,
A little water might displace,
As Nature ev'ry morn bestows
The crystal dew to cleanse the rose.
Those traces, as the raven black,
That wav'd in ringlets down your back,
Uncomb'd, and injur'd by neglect,
Destroy the face which once they deck't.

Whence this forgetfulness of dress?
Pray, Madam, are you marry'd?—Yes.
Nay, then indeed the wonder ceases,
No matter now how loose your dress is;
The end is won, your fortune's made;
Your sister now may take the trade.

Alas! what pity 'tis to find
This fault in half the female kind!
From hence proceed aversion, strife,
And all that fours the wedded life.
Beauty can only point the dart,
'Tis neatness guides it to the heart;
Let neatness then and beauty strive
To keep a wav'ring flame alive.

'Tis harder far (you'll find it true)
To keep the conquest than subdue;
Admit us once behind the screen,
What is there farther to be seen?
A newer face may raise the flame;
But ev'ry woman is the same.

Then study chiefly to improve
The charm that fix'd your husband's love.
Weigh well his humour. Was it dress
That gave your beauty pow'r to bless?
Pursue it still; be neater seen;
'Tis always frugal to be clean;
So shall you keep alive desire,
And time's swift wing shall fan the fire.

In garret high (as stories say)
A Poet sung his tuneful lay;
So soft, so smooth his verse, you'd swear
Apollo and the Muses there:
Thro' all the town his praises rung;
His sonnets at the playhouse sung;
High waving o'er his lab'ring head,
The goddesses Want her pinions spread,
And with poetic fury fir'd

What Phœbus faintly had inspir'd.

A noble youth of taste and wit,
Approv'd the sprightly things he writ,
And sought him in his cobweb dome,
Discharg'd his rent, and brought him home.

Behold him at the stately board,
Who but the Poet and my Lord!
Each day deliciously he dines,
And, greedy, quaffs the gen'rous wines;
His sides were plump, his skin was sleek,
And plenty wanton'd on his cheek;
Astonish'd at the change so new,
Away th'inspiring goddesses flew.

Now, dropt for politics and news,
Neglected lay the drooping muse,
Unmindful whence his fortune came,
He stifi'd the poetic flame;
Nor tale, nor sonnet, for my lady;
Lampoon nor epigram was ready.

With just contempt his Patron saw
(Resolv'd his bounty to withdraw)
And thus, with anger in his look,
The late-repenting fool bespoke:

Blind to the good that courts thee grown,
Whence as the sun of favour shone?
Delighted with thy tuneful art,
Esteem was growing in my heart;
But idly thou reject'st the charm
That gave it birth, and kept it warm.

Unthinking fools alone despise
The arts that taught them first to rise.

§ 191. *Fable VI. The Wolf, the Sheep, and the Lamb.*

DUTY demands, the parent's voice
Should sanctify the daughter's choice;
In that is due obedience shewn;
To choose belongs to her alone.

May horror seize this midnight hour,
Who builds upon a parent's pow'r,
And claims, by purchase vile and base,
The loathing maid for his embrace;
Hence virtue sickens; and the breast,
Where peace had built her downy nest,
Becomes the troubl'd seat of care,
And pines with anguish and despair.

A Wolf, rapacious, rough, and bold,
Whose nightly plunders thinn'd the fold,
Contemplating his ill-spent life,
And cloy'd with thefts, would take a wife.
His purpose known, the savage race,
In num'rous crowds attend the place;
For why, a mighty Wolf he was,
And held dominion in his jaws.

Her

Her fav'rite whelp each mother brought,
And humbly his alliance fought;
But cold by age, or else too nice,
None found acceptance in his eyes.

It happen'd as at early dawn
He solitary cross'd the lawn,
Stray'd from the fold, a sportive Lamb
Skipt wanton by her fleecy Dam;
When Cupid, foe to man and beast,
Discharg'd an arrow at his breast.

The tim'rous breed the robber knew,
And trembling o'er the meadow flew;
Their nimblest speed the Wolf o'ertook,
And, courteous, thus the Dam bespoke:
Stay, fairest, and suspend your fear,
Trust me, no enemy is near;
These jaws, in slaughter oft imbu'd,
At length have known enough of blood;
And kinder bus'ness brings me now,
Vanquish'd, at beauty's feet to bow.
You have a daughter—Sweet, forgive
A Wolf's address—In her I live;
Love from her eyes like light'ning came,
And set my marrow all on flame;
Let your consent confirm my choice,
And ratify our nuptial joys.

Me ample wealth and pow'r attend,
Wide o'er the plains my realms extend;
What midnight robber dare invade
The fold, if I the guard am made?
At home the shepherd's cur may sleep,
While I secure his master's sheep.
Discourse like this attention claim'd;
Grandeur the mother's breast inflam'd;
Now fearless by his side she walk'd;
Of settlements and jointures talk'd;
Propos'd, and doubl'd her demands
Of flow'ry fields and turnip-lands.
The Wolf agrees. Her bosom swells;
To Miss her happy fate she tells;
And, of the grand alliance vain,
Contemns her kindred of the plain.

The loathing Lamb with horror hears,
And wearies out her Dam with pray'rs;
But all in vain; mamma best knew
What unexperienc'd girls should do.
So to the neighb'ring meadow carry'd,
A formal ass the couple marry'd.

Torn from the tyrant-mother's side,
The trembler goes, a victim-bride;
Reluctant meets the rude embrace,
And bleats among the howling race.
With horror oft her eyes behold
Her murder'd kindred of the fold;
Each day a sister-lamb is serv'd,
And at the glutton's table carv'd;
The crasping bones he grinds for food,
And flakes his thirst with streaming blood.

Love, who the cruel mind detests,
And lodges but in gentle breasts,
Was now no more. Enjoyment past,
The savage hunger'd for the feast;
But (as we find in human race,
A mask conceals the villain's face)

Justice must authorise the treat;
Till then he long'd, but durst not eat.

As forth he walk'd in quest of prey,
The hunters met him on the way;
Fear wings his flight; the marsh he fought;
The snuffing dogs are set at fault.
His stomach baulk'd, now hunger gnaws,
Howling he grinds his empty jaws:
Food must be had, and Lamb is nigh;
His maw invokes the fraudulent lye.

Is this (dissembling rage, he cry'd)
The gentle virtue of a bride?
That leagu'd with man's destroying race,
She sets her husband for the chace?
By treach'ry prompts the noisy hound
To scent his footsteps on the ground?
Thou trait'refs vile! for this thy blood
Shall glut my rage and dye the wood!
So saying, on the Lamb he flies:
Beneath his jaws the victim dies.

§ 192. *Fable VII. The Goose and the Swans.*

I HATE the face, however fair,
That carries an affected air;
The lisping tone, the shape constrain'd,
The study'd look, the passion feign'd,
Are fopperies, which only tend
To injure what they strive to mend.

With what superior grace enchants
The face which nature's pencil paints!
Where eyes, unexercis'd in art,
Glow with the meaning of the heart!
Where freedom and good-humour sit,
And easy gaiety and wit!
Though perfect beauty be not there,
The master lines, the finish'd air,
We catch from ev'ry look delight,
And grow enamour'd at the sight:
For beauty, though we all approve,
Excites our wonder more than love,
While the agreeable strikes sure,
And gives the wounds we cannot cure.

Why then, my Amoret, this care,
That forms you, in effect, less fair?
If nature on your cheek bestows
A bloom that emulates the rose,
Or from some heav'nly image drew
A form, Apelles never knew,
Your ill-judg'd aid will you impart,
And spoil by meretricious art!
Or had you, nature's error, come
Abortive from the mother's womb,
Your forming care she still rejects,
Which only heightens her defects.
When such, of glitt'ring jewels proud,
Still press the foremost in the crowd,
At ev'ry public shew are seen,
With look awry, and awkward mien,
The gaudy dress attracts the eye,
And magnifies deformity.

Nature may underdo her part,
But seldom wants the help of art;
Trust her, she is your surest friend,
Nor made your form for you to mend.

H 3

A Goose,

A Goose, affected, empty, vain,
The shrillest of the cackling train,
With proud and elevated crest,
Precedence claim'd above the rest.

Says she, I laugh at human race,
Who say geese hobble in their pace;
Look here!—the stand'rous lye detect;
Not haughty man is so erect.
That peacock yonder! lord, how vain
The creature's of his gaudy train!
If both were stript, I'd pawn my word
A goose would be the finer bird.
Nature, to hide her own defects,
Her bungled work with finery decks;
Were geese set off with half that show,
Would men admire the peacock? No.

Thus vaunting, cross the mead she stalks,
The cackling breed attend her walks;
The sun shot down his noon-tide beams,
The Swans were sporting in the streams;
Their snowy plumes and stately pride
Provok'd her spleen. Why there, she cry'd,
Again what arrogance we see!—
Those creatures! how they mimic me!
Shall ev'ry fowl the waters skim,
Because we geese are known to swim!
Humility they soon shall learn,
And their own emptiness discern.

So saying, with extended wings,
Lightly upon the wave she springs;
Her bosom swells, she spreads her plumes,
And the swan's stately crest assumes.
Contempt and mockery ensu'd,
And bursts of laughter shook the flood.

A Swan, superior to the rest,
Sprung forth, and thus the fool address:
Conceited thing, elate with pride!

Thy affectation all deride:
These airs thy awkwardness impart,
And shew thee plainly as thou art.
Among thy equals of the flock
Thou hadst escap'd the public mock,
And as thy parts to good conduce,
Been deem'd an honest hobbling goose.

Learn hence to study wisdom's rules;
Know, foppery's the pride of fools;
And, striving nature to conceal,
You only her defects reveal.

§ 193. *Fable VIII. The Lawyer and Justice.*

LOVE! thou divinest good below!
Thy pure delights few mortals know;
Our rebel hearts thy sway disown,
While tyrant lust usurps thy throne.
The bounteous God of nature made
The sexes for each other's aid,
Their mutual talents to employ,
To lessen ills, and heighten joy.
To weaker woman he assign'd
That soft'ning gentleness of mind,
That can, by sympathy, impart
Its likeness to the roughest heart.
Her eyes with magic pow'r endu'd,
To fire the dull, and awe the rude.

His rosy fingers on her face
Shed lavish ev'ry blooming grace,
And stamp'd (perfection to display)
His mildest image on her clay.

Man, active, resolute, and bold,
He fashion'd in a different mould;
With useful arts his mind inform'd,
His breast with nobler passions warm'd;
He gave him knowledge, taste, and sense,
And courage, for the fair's defence.
Her frame, resistless to each wrong,
Demands protection from the strong;
To man she flies when fear alarms,
And claims the temple of his arms.

By nature's Author thus declar'd
The woman's sov'reign and her guard,
Shall man, by treach'rous wiles invade
The weakness he was meant to aid?
While beauty, given to inspire
Protecting love, and soft desire,
Lights up a wild-fire in the heart,
And to its own breast points the dart,
Becomes the spoiler's base pretence
To triumph over innocence.

The wolf, that tears the tim'rous sheep,
Was never set the fold to keep;
Nor was the tyger, or the pard,
Meant the benighted traveller's guard;
But man, the wildest beast of prey,
Wears friendship's semblance to betray;
His strength against the weak employs;
And, where he should protect, destroys.

Past twelve o'clock, the watchman cry'd,
His brief the studious Lawyer ply'd;
The all-prevailing fee lay nigh,
The earnest of to-morrow's lye.
Sudden the furious winds arise,
The jarring casement shatter'd flies;
The doors admit a hollow sound,
And rattling from their hinges bound;
When Justice, in a blaze of light,
Reveal'd her radiant form to sight.

The wretch with thrilling horror shook;
Loose every joint, and pale his look;
Not having seen her in the courts,
Or found her mention'd in reports,
He ask'd, with fault'ring tongue, her name,
Her errand there, and whence she came?

Sternly the white-rob'd Shade reply'd
(A crimson glow her visage dy'd)
Canst thou be doubtful who I am?
Is Justice grown so strange a name?
Were not your courts for Justice rais'd?
'Twas there, of old, my altars blaz'd.
My guardian thee I did elect,
My sacred temple to protect;
That thou and all thy venal tribe
Should spurn the goddess for the bribe.
Aloud the ruin'd client cries,
Justice has neither ears nor eyes;
In foul alliance with the bar,
'Gainst me the judge denounces war;
And rarely issues his decree,
But with intent to baffle me.

She

She paus'd. Her breast with fury burn'd ;
The trembling Lawyer thus return'd :

I own, the charge is justly laid,
And weak th'excuse that can be made ;
Yet search the spacious globe, and see
If all mankind are not like me.

The gown-man, skill'd in Romish lyes,
By faith's false glass deludes our eyes ;
O'er conscience rides without controul,
And robs the man, to save his soul.

The doctor, with important face,
By sly design mistakes the case ;
Prescribes, and spins out the disease,
To trick the patient of his fees.

The soldier, rough with many a scar,
And red with slaughter, leads the war ;
If he a nation's trust betray,
The foe has offer'd double pay.

When vice o'er all mankind prevails,
And weighty int'rest turns the scales,
Must I be better than the rest,
And harbour Justice in my breast ?
On one side only take the fee,
Content with poverty and thee ?

Thou blind to sense, and vile of mind,
Th'exasperated Shade rejoin'd,
If virtue from the world is flown,
Will others faults excuse thy own ?
For sickly souls the priest was made ;
Physicians for the body's aid ;
The soldier guarded liberty ;
Man, woman, and the lawyer me.
If all are faithless to their trust,
They leave not thee the less unjust.
Henceforth your pleadings I disclaim,
And bar the sanction of my name ;
Within your courts it shall be read,
That Justice from the law is fled.

She spoke ; and hid in shades her face,
Till Hardwicke sooth'd her into grace.

§ 194. *Fable IX. The Farmer, the Spaniel,
and the Cat.*

WHY knits my dear her angry brow ?
What rude offence alarms you now ?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true ;
But did I say she equall'd you !
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead frowns,
As if her merit lessen'd yours ?
From female envy never free ;
All must be blind because you see.

Survey the gardens, fields, and bow'rs,
The buds, the blossoms, and the flow'rs,
Then tell me where the woodbine grows
That vies in sweetness with the rose ;
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the sight ?
Yet folly is it to declare,
That these are neither sweet nor fair.
The crystal shines with fainter rays
Before the di'mond's brighter blaze ;

And fops will say, the di'mond dies
Before the lustre of your eyes :
But I, who deal in truth, deny
That neither shine when you are by.

When zephyrs o'er the blossoms stray,
And sweets along the air convey,
Sha'n't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale ?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the field ;
Sweet is the smell the blossoms yield ;
Sweet is the summer gale that blows ;
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the rose.

Shall envy then torment your breast,
If you are lovelier than the rest ?

For while I give to each her due,
By praising them I flatter you ;
And praising most, I still declare
You fairest, where the rest are fair,

As at his board a Farmer sate,
Replenish'd by his homely treat,
His fav'rite Spaniel near him stood,
And with his master shar'd the food ;
The crackling bones his jaws devour'd,
His lapping tongue the trenchers scour'd ;
Till, fated now, supine he lay,
And snor'd the rising fumes away.

The hungry Cat, in turn, drew near,
And humbly crav'd a servant's share ;
Her modest worth the master knew,
And straight the fatt'ning morsel threw :
Enrag'd, the snarling Cur awoke,
And thus, with spiteful envy, spoke :

They only claim a right to eat,
Who earn by services their meat ;
Me, zeal and industry inflame
To scour the fields, and spring the game ;
Or, plunged in the wint'ry wave,
For man the wounded bird to save.
With watchful diligence I keep
From prowling wolves his fleecy sheep ;
At home his midnight hours secure,
And drive the robber from the door ;
For this his breast with kindness glows ;
For this, his hand the food bestows ;
And shall thy indolence impart
A warmer friendship to his heart,
That thus he robs me of my due,
To pamper such vile things as you ?

I own (with meekness, Puffs reply'd)
Superior merit on your side ;
Nor does my breast with envy swell,
To find it recompens'd so well ;
Yet I, in what my nature can,
Contribute to the good of man.
Whose claws destroy the pilf'ring mouse ?
Who drives the vermin from the house ?
Or, watchful for the lab'ring swain,
From lurking rats secures the grain ?
From hence, if he rewards bestow,
Why should your heart with gall o'erflow ?
Why pine my happiness to see,
Since there's enough for you and me ?

Thy words are just, the Farmer cry'd ;
And spurn'd the snarler from his side.

§ 195. *Fable X. The Spider and the Bee.*

THE nymph who walks the public streets,
And sets her cap at all she meets,
May catch the fool who turns to stare ;
But men of sense avoid the snare.

As on the margin of the flood,
With silken-line, my Lydia stood,
I smil'd to see the pains you took
To cover o'er the fraudulent hook.
Along the forest as we stray'd,
You saw the boy his lime-twigs spread ;
Guess'd you the reason of his fear,
Left, heedless, we approach too near ?
For as behind the bush we lay,
The linnet flutter'd on the spray.

Needs there such caution to delude
The scaly fry, and feather'd brood ?
And think you, with inferior art,
To captivate the human heart ?

The maid who modestly conceals
Her beauties, while she hides, reveals.
Give but a glimpse, and fancy draws
Whate'er the Grecian Venus was.
From Eve's first fig-leaf to brocade,
All dress was meant for fancy's aid ;
Which evermore delighted dwells
On what the bashful nymph conceals.

When Celia struts in man's attire,
She shews too much to raise desire ;
But from the hoop's bewitching round,
Her very shoe has pow'r to wound.

The roving eye, the bosom bare,
The forward laugh, the wanton air,
May catch the fop ; for gudgeons strike
At the bare hook and bait alike ;
While salmon play regardless by,
Till art like nature forms the fly.

Beneath a peasant's homely thatch
A Spider long had held her watch ;
From morn to night, with restless care,
She spun her web, and wove her snare.
Within the limits of her reign
Lay many a heedless captive slain,
Or flutt'ring, struggl'd in the toils,
To burst the chains, and shun her wiles.

A straying Bee, that perch'd hard by,
Beheld her with disdainful eye,
And thus began : Mean thing, give o'er,
And lay thy slender threads no more ;
A thoughtless fly or two, at most,
Is all the conquest thou canst boast ;
For bees of sense thy arts evade ;
We see so plain the nets are laid.

The gaudy tulip, that displays
Her spreading foliage to gaze ;
That points her charms at all she sees,
And yields to ev'ry wanton breeze,
Attracts not me ; where blushing grows,
Guarded with thorns the modest rose,
Enamour'd, round and round I fly,
Or on her fragrant bosom lie ;
Reluctant she my ardour meets,
And bashful renders up her sweets.

To wiser heads attention lend,
And learn this lesson from a friend :

She who with modesty retires,
Adds fuel to her lover's fires,
While such incautious jilts as you,
By folly your own schemes undo.

§ 196. *Fable XI. The Young Lion and the Ape.*

'TIS true, I blame your lover's choice,
Though flatter'd by the public voice,
And peevish grow, and sick, to hear
His exclamations, O how fair !

I listen not to wild delights
And transports of expected nights ;
What is to me your hoard of charms ?
The whiteness of your neck and arms ?
Needs there no acquisition more
To keep contention from the door ?
Yes ; pass a fortnight, and you'll find
All beauty cloy, but of the mind.

Sense and good-humour ever prove
The surest cords to fasten love.
Yet, Phillis, simplest of your sex,
You never think, but to perplex ;
Coquetting it with ev'ry ape
That struts abroad in human shape ;
Not that the coxcomb is your taste,
But that it stings your lover's breast.
To-morrow you resign the sway,
Prepar'd to honour and obey.
The tyrant mistress change for life,
To the submission of a wife.

Your follies, if you can, suspend,
And learn instruction from a friend :
Reluctant hear the first address,
Think often ere you answer Yes ;
But, once resolv'd, throw off disguise,
And wear your wishes in your eyes ;
With caution ev'ry look forbear
That might create one jealous fear,
A lover's rip'ning hopes confound,
Or give the gen'rous breast a wound ;
Contemn the girlish arts to tease,
Nor use your pow'r, unless to please ;
For fools alone with rigour sway,
When, soon or late, they must obey.

The King of brutes, in life's decline,
Resolv'd dominion to resign ;
The beasts were summon'd to appear,
And bend before the royal heir.
They came ; a day was fix'd ; the crowd
Before their future monarch bow'd.

A dapper Monkey, pert and vain,
Stepp'd forth, and thus address'd the train :
Why cringe my friends, with slavish awe,
Before this pageant king of straw ?
Shall we anticipate the hour,
And, ere we feel it, own his pow'r ?
The counsels of experience prize,
I know the maxims of the wise ;
Subjection let us cast away,
And live the monarchs of to-day ;
'Tis ours the vacant hand to spurn,
And play the tyrant each in turn.
So shall he right from wrong discern,
And mercy from oppression learn ;

At others woes be taught to melt,
And loath the ills himself has felt.

He spoke; his bosom swell'd with pride.
The youthful Lion thus reply'd:

What madness prompts thee to provoke
My wrath, and dare th'impending stroke?
Thou wretched fool! can wrongs impart
Compassion to the feeling heart?
Or teach the grateful breast to glow,
The hand to give, or eye to flow?
Learn'd in the practice of their schools,
From women thou hast drawn thy rules;
To them return; in such a cause,
From only such expect applause;
The partial sex I don't condemn,
For liking those who copy them.

Would'st thou the gen'rous lion bind?
By kindness bribe him to be kind;
Good offices their likeness get,
And payment lessens not the debt;
With multiplying hand he gives
The good, from others he receives;
Or, for the bad makes fair return,
And pays with int'rest scorn for scorn.

§ 197. *Fable XII. The Colt and the Farmer.*

TELL me, Corinna, if you can,
Why so averse, so coy to man?
Did nature, lavish of her care,
From her best pattern form you fair,
That you, ungrateful to her cause,
Should mock her gifts, and spurn her laws?
And, miser-like, with-hold that store
Which, by imparting, blesses more?

Beauty's a gift, by Heav'n assign'd
The portion of the female kind;
For this the yielding maid demands
Protection at her lover's hands;
And though by wasting years it fade,
Remembrance tells him, once 'twas paid.

And will you then this wealth conceal,
For age to rust, or time to steal?
The summer of your youth to rove
A stranger to the joys of love?
Then, when life's winter hastens on,
And youth's fair heritage is gone,
Dow'rless to court some peasant's arms,
To guard your wither'd age from harms;
No gratitude to warm his breast
For blooming beauty once possess'd;
How will you curse that stubborn pride
Which drove your bark across the tide,
And sailing before folly's wind,
Left sense and happiness behind!
Corinna, lest these whims prevail,
To such as you I write my tale.

A Colt, for blood and mettled speed,
The choicest of the running breed,
Of youthful strength, and beauty vain,
Refus'd subjection to the rein.
In vain the groom's officious skill
Oppos'd his pride and check'd his will;
In vain the master's forming care
Restrain'd with threats, or sooth'd with pray'r;

Of freedom proud, and scorning man,
Wild o'er the spacious plains he ran.

Where'er luxuriant nature spread
Her flow'ry carpet o'er the mead,
Or bubbling streams soft-gliding pass,
To cool and freshen up the grass,
Disdaining bounds, he cropt the blade,
And wanton'd in the spoil he made.

In plenty thus the summer pass'd,
Revolving winter came at last;
The trees no more a shelter yield,
The verdure withers from the field,
Perpetual snows invest the ground,
In icy chains the streams are bound,
Cold nipping winds, and rattling hail,
His lank, unshelter'd sides assail.
As round he cast his rueful eyes,
He saw the thatch'd-roof cottage rise;
The prospect touch'd his heart with cheer,
And promis'd kind deliv'rance near.
A stable, erst his scorn and hate,
Was now become his wish'd retreat;
His passion cool, his pride forgot,
A Farmer's welcome yard he sought.

The master saw his woful plight,
His limbs that totter'd with his weight,
And, friendly, to the stable led,
And saw him litter'd, dress'd, and fed.
In slothful ease all night he lay;
The servants rose at break of day;
The market calls. Along the road
His back must bear the pond'rous load;
In vain he struggles, or complains,
Incessant blows reward his pains.
To-morrow varies but his toil;
Chain'd to the plough, he breaks the soil;
While scanty meals at night repay
The painful labours of the day.

Subdu'd by toil, with anguish rent,
His self-upbraidings found a vent.
Wretch that I am! he sighing said,
By arrogance and folly led:
Had but my restive youth been brought
To learn the lesson nature taught,
Then had I, like my sires of yore,
The prize from ev'ry courser bore;
While man bestow'd rewards and praise,
And females crown'd my latter days.
Now lasting servitude's my lot,
My birth condemn'd, my speed forgot;
Doom'd am I, for my pride, to bear
A living death, from year to year.

§ 198. *Fable XIII. The Owl and Nightingale.*

TO know the mistress' humour right,
See if her maids are clean and tight;
If Betty waits without her stays,
She copies but her lady's ways.
When Miss comes in with boist'rous shout,
And drops no court'fy going out,
Depend upon't, mamma is one
Who reads, or drinks too much alone.

If bottl'd beer her thirst assuage,
She feels enthusiastic rage,

And

And burns with ardour, to inherit
The gifts and workings of the spirit.
If learning crack her giddy brains,
No remedy but death remains.
Sum up the various ills of life,
And all are sweet to such a wife.
At home superior wit she vaunts,
And twits her husband with his wants;
Her ragged offspring all around,
Like pigs, are wallowing on the ground;
Impatient ever of controul,
She knows no order but of soul;
With books her litter'd floor is spread,
Of nameless authors, never read;
Foul linen, petticoats, and lace,
Fill up the intermediate space.
Abroad, at visitings, her tongue
Is never still, and always wrong;
All meanings she defines away,
And stands with truth and sense at bay.

If e'er she meets a gentle heart,
Skill'd in the housewife's useful art,
Who makes her family her care,
And builds contentment's temple there,
She starts at such mistakes in nature,
And cries, Lord help us!—what a creature!

Melissa, if the moral strike,
You'll find the fable not unlike.

An Owl, puff'd up with self-conceit,
Lov'd learning better than his meat;
Old manuscripts he treasur'd up,
And rummag'd every grocer's shop;
At pastry-cooks was known to ply,
And strip for science every pye.
For modern poetry and wit,
He had read all that Blackmore writ:
So intimate with Curl was grown,
His learned treasures were his own;
To all his author's had access,
And sometimes would correct the press.
In logic he acquir'd such knowledge,
You'd swear him fellow of a college;
Alike to ev'ry art and science,
His daring genius bid defiance,
And swallow'd wisdom with that haste
That cits do custards at a feast.

Within the shelter of a wood,
One ev'ning, as he musing stood,
Hard by, upon a leafy spray,
A Nightingale began his lay.
Sudden he starts, with anger stung,
And screeching, interrupts the song:

Pert, busy thing, thy airs give o'er,
And let my contemplation soar.
What is the music of thy voice,
But jarring dissonance and noise?
Be wise. True harmony thou'lt find
Not in the throat, but in the mind;
By empty chirping not attain'd,
But by laborious study gain'd.
Go, read the author's Pope explodes;
Fathom the depth of Cibber's Odes;
With modern plays improve thy wit;
Read all the learning Henley writ;

And if thou needs must sing, sing then,
And emulate the ways of men;
So shalt thou grow, like me, refin'd,
And bring improvement to thy kind.

Thou wretch, the little Warbler cry'd,
Made up of ignorance and pride,
Ask all the birds, and they'll declare,
A greater blockhead wings not air.
Read o'er thyself, thy talents scan;
Science was only meant for man.
No senseless authors me molest,
I mind the duties of my nest;
With careful wing protect my young,
And cheer their ev'nings with a song;
Make short the weary trav'ler's way,
And warble in the poet's lay.

Thus, following nature and her laws,
From men and birds I claim applause;
While, nurs'd in pedantry and sloth,
An Owl is scorn'd alike by both.

§ 199. *Fable XIV. The Sparrow and the Dove*

IT was, as learn'd traditions say,
Upon an April's blithesome day,
When pleasure, ever on the wing,
Return'd, companion of the spring,
And cheer'd the birds with am'rous heat,
Instructing little hearts to beat;
A Sparrow, frolic, gay, and young,
Of bold address, and flippant tongue,
Just left his lady of a night,
Like him to follow new delight.

The youth, of many a conquest vain,
Flew off to seek the chirping train;
The chirping train he quickly found,
And with a saucy ease bow'd round,
For ev'ry she his bosom burns,
And this and that he woos by turns;
And here a sigh, and there a bill;
And here—those eyes, so form'd to kill!
And now, with ready tongue, he strings
Unmeaning, soft, resistless things;
With vows, and dem-me's skill'd to woo,
As other pretty fellows do.

Not that he thought this short essay
A prologue needful to his play;
No, trust me, says our learned letter,
He knew the virtuous sex much better;
But these he held as specious arts,
To shew his own superior parts,
The form of decency to shield,
And give a just pretence to yield.

Thus finishing his courtly play,
He mark'd the fav'rite of a day;
With careless impudence drew near,
And whisper'd Hebrew in her ear;
A hint, which like the mason's sign,
The conscious can alone divine.

The flutt'ring nymph, expert at feigning,
Cry'd, Sir!—pray Sir, explain your meaning—
Go prate to those that may endure ye—
To me this rudeness!—I'll assure ye!—

Then

Then off she glided, like a swallow,
As saying — you guess where to follow.

To such as know the party set,
'Tis needless to declare they met;
The parson's barn, as authors mention,
Confess'd the fair had apprehension.
Her honour there secure from stain,
She held all farther trifling vain;
No more affected to be coy,
But rush'd licentious on the joy.
Hift, Love! — the male companion cry'd,
Retire a while; I fear we're spy'd.
Nor was the caution vain; he saw
A Turtle rustling in the straw,
While o'er her callow brood she hung,
And fondly thus address'd her young:

Ye tender objects of my care!
Peace, peace, ye little helpless pair;
Anon he comes, your gentle sire,
And brings you all your hearts require.
For us, his infants and his bride,
For us, with only love to guide,
Our lord assumes an eagle's speed,
And, like a lion, dares to bleed.
Nor yet by wint'ry skies confin'd,
He mounts upon the rudest wind,
From danger tears the vital spoil,
And with affection sweetens toil.
Ah cease, too vent'rous! cease to dare;
In thine, our dearer safety spare!
From him, ye cruel falcons, stray,
And turn, ye fowlers, far away!

Should I survive to see the day
That tears me from myself away,
That cancels all that Heav'n could give,
The life by which alone I live,
Alas, how more than lost were I,
Who in the thought already die!

Ye Pow'rs, whom men and birds obey,
Great rulers of your creatures, say,
Why mourning comes, by bliss convey'd,
And ev'n the sweets of love allay'd?
Where grows enjoyment, tall and fair,
Around it twines entangling care;
While fear for what our souls possess
Enervates ev'ry pow'r to bless;
Yet friendship forms the bliss above;
And, life! what art thou without love?

Our hero, who had heard apart,
Felt something moving in his heart;
But quickly, with disdain suppress'd
The virtue rising in his breast;
And first he feign'd to laugh aloud;
And next, approaching, smil'd and bow'd:

Madam you must not think me rude;
Good manners never can intrude;
I vow I come thro' pure good nature —
(Upon my soul a charming creature!)
Are these the comforts of a wife?
This careful, cloister'd, moping life?
No doubt, that odious thing, call'd Duty,
Is a sweet province for a beauty.
Thou pretty ignorance! thy will
Is measur'd to thy want of skill;

That good old-fashion'd dame, thy mother,
Has taught thy infant years no other —
The greatest ill in the creation
Is sure the want of education.

But think ye — tell me without feigning,
Have all these charms no farther meaning?
Dame nature, if you don't forget her,
Might teach your ladyship much better.
For shame, reject this mean employment;
Enter the world, and taste enjoyment;
Where time by circling bliss we measure:
Beauty was form'd alone for pleasure;
Come, prove the blessing, follow me,
Be wise, be happy, and be free.

Kind Sir, reply'd our matron chaste,
Your zeal seems pretty much in haste;
I own, the fondness to be blest
Is a deep thirst in every breast;
Of blessings too I have my store,
Yet quarrel not, should Heav'n give more;
Then prove the change to be expedient,
And think me, Sir, your most obedient.

Here turning, as to one inferior,
Our gallant spoke, and smil'd superior.
Methinks, to quit your boasted station
Requires a world of hesitation;
Where brats and bonds are held a blessing,
The case I doubt is past redressing.
Why, child, suppose the joys I mention
Were the mere fruits of my invention,
You've cause sufficient for your carriage,
In flying from the curse of marriage;
That sly decoy, with vary'd snares,
That takes your widgeons in by pairs;
Alike to husband and to wife,
The cure of love and bane of life;
The only method of forecasting,
To make misfortune firm and lasting;
The sin, by Heav'n's peculiar sentence,
Unpardon'd, through a life's repentance.
It is the double snake that weds
A common tail to diff'rent heads,
That leads the carcase still astray,
By dragging each a diff'rent way.
Of all the ills that may attend me,
From marriage, mighty gods, defend me!

Give me frank nature's wild demeline,
And boundless tract of air serene,
Where fancy, ever wing'd for change,
Delights to sport, delights to range;
There, Liberty! to thee is owing
Whate'er of bliss is worth bestowing;
Delights still vary'd, and divine,
Sweet goddesses of the hills! are thine.

What say you now, you pretty pink, you?
Have I for once spoke reason, think you?
You take me now for no romancer —
Come, never study for an answer;
Away, cast ev'ry care behind ye,
And fly where joy alone shall find ye.
Soft yet, return'd our female fencer,
A question more, or so — and then, Sir.
You've rally'd me with sense exceeding,
With much fine wit, and better breeding;

But

But pray, Sir, how do you contrive it?
Do those of your world never wive it?
"No, no." How then? "Why, dare I tell?
"What does the business full as well."
Do you ne'er love? "An hour at leisure."
Have you no friendships? "Yes, for pleasure."
No care for little ones? "We get 'em."
"The rest the mothers mind—and let 'em."

Thou wretch, rejoind the kindling Dove,
Quite lost to life as lost to love!
Whene'er misfortune comes, how just!
And come misfortune surely must;
In the dread season of dismay,
In that, your hour of trial, say,
Who then shall prop your sinking heart?
Who bear affliction's weightier part?

Say, when the black-brow'd welkin bends,
And winter's gloomy form impends,
To mourning turns all transient cheer,
And blasts the melancholy year;
For times at no persuasion stay,
Nor vice can find perpetual May;
Then where's that tongue, by folly fed,
That soul of pertness whither fled?
All shrunk within thy lonely nest,
Forlorn, abandon'd, and unblest!
No friends, by cordial bonds ally'd,
Shall seek thy cold, unsocial side;
No chirping prattlers to delight,
Shall turn the long enduring night;
No bride her words of balm impart,
And warm thee at her constant heart.

Freedom, restrain'd by reason's force,
Is as the sun's unvarying course,
Benignly active, sweetly bright,
Affording warmth, affording light;
But torn from virtue's sacred rules,
Becomes a comet, gaz'd by fools,
Foreboding cares, and storms, and strife,
And fraught with all the plagues of life.

Thou fool! by union ev'ry creature
Subsists, through universal nature;
And this, to beings void of mind,
Is wedlock of a meaner kind.

While womb'd in space, primæval clay,
A yet unfashion'd embryo lay,
The Source of endless good, above,
Shot down his spark of kindling love;
Touch'd by the all-enliv'ning flame,
Then motion first exulting came;
Each atom sought its sep'rate class
Through many a fair, enamour'd mass;
Love cast the central charm around,
And with eternal nuptials bound.
Then form and order o'er the sky
First train'd their bridal pomp on high;
The sun display'd his orb to sight,
And burnt with hymeneal light.

Hence nature's virgin-womb conceiv'd,
And with the genial burden heav'd!
Forth came the oak, her first born heir,
And scal'd the breathing steep of air;
Then infant stems, of various use,
Imbib'd her soft maternal juice;

The flow'rs, in early bloom disclos'd,
Upon her fragrant breast repos'd;
Within her warm embraces grew
A race of endless form, and hue;
Then pour'd her lesser offspring round,
And fondly cloath'd their parent ground.

Nor here alone the virtue reign'd,
By matter's cumb'ring form detain'd;
But thence, subliming and refin'd,
Aspir'd, and reach'd its kindred mind.
Caught in the fond celestial fire,
The mind perceiv'd unknown desire;
And now with kind effusion flow'd,
And now with cordial ardour glow'd,
Beheld the sympathetic fair,
And lov'd its own resemblance there;
On all with circling radiance shone,
But cent'ring, fix'd on one alone;
There clasp'd the heav'n-appointed wife,
And doubled ev'ry joy of life.

Here ever blessing, ever blest,
Resides this beauty of the breast,
As from his palace, here the god
Still beams effulgent blis abroad;
Here gems his own eternal round,
The ring by which the world is bound;
Here bids his seat of empire grow,
And builds his little heav'n below.

The bridal partners thus ally'd,
And thus in sweet accordance ty'd,
One body, heart, and spirit live,
Enrich'd by ev'ry joy they give;
Like echo, from her vocal hold,
Return'd in music twenty-fold.
Their union, firm and undecay'd,
Nor time can shake, nor pow'r invade,
But as the stem and scion stand,
Ingrafted by a skilful hand,
They check the tempest's wint'ry rage,
And bloom and strengthen into age.

A thousand amities unknown,
And pow'rs, perceiv'd by love alone,
Endearing looks and chaste desire
Fan and support the mutual fire,
Whose flame, perpetual as refin'd,
Is fed by an immortal mind.
Nor yet the nuptial sanction ends;
Like Nile it opens, and descends,
Which, by apparent windings led,
We trace to its celestial head.
The fire, first springing from above,
Becomes the source of life and love,
And gives his filial heir to flow
In fondness down on sons below:
Thus roll'd in one continu'd tide,
To time's extreme verge they glide,
While kindred streams, on either hand,
Branch forth in blessings o'er the land.

Thee, wretch! no lisping babe shall name;
No late-returning brother claim;
No kinsman on thy road rejoice;
No sister greet thy ent'ring voice;
With partial eyes no parents see,
And bless their years restor'd in thee.

In age rejected, or declin'd,
An alien, ev'n among thy kind ;
The partner of thy scorn'd embrace
Shall play the wanton in thy face ;
Each spark unplume thy little pride ;
All friendship fly thy faithless side.
Thy name shall like thy carcase rot,
In sickness spurn'd, in death forgot.

All-giving Pow'r! great Source of life !
O hear the parent ! hear the wife !
That life thou lendest from above,
Though little, make it large in love ;
O bid my feeling heart expand
To ev'ry claim on ev'ry hand ;
To those from whom my days I drew
To these, in whom those days renew ;
To all my kin, however wide,
In cordial warmth as blood ally'd ;
To friends, with steely fetters twin'd ;
And to the cruel not unkind !

But chief, the lord of my desire,
My life, myself, my soul, my fire,
Friends, children, all that wish can claim,
Chaste passion clasp, and rapture name ;
O spare him, spare him, gracious Pow'r !
O give him to my latest hour !
Let me my length of life employ
To give my soul-enjoyment joy.
His love, let mutual love excite,
Turn all my cares to his delight,
And ev'ry needless blessing spare,
Wherein my darling wants a share.
When he with graceful action woos,
And sweetly bills, and fondly coos,
Ah, deck me, to his eyes alone,
With charms attractive as his own ;
And in my circling wings care's'd,
Give all the lover to my breast.
Then in our chaste connubial bed,
My bosom pillow'd for his head,
His eyes with blissful slumbers close,
And watch, with me, my lord's repose ;
Your peace around his temples twine ;
And love him with a love like mine.

And, for I know his gen'rous flame,
Beyond what'er my sex can claim,
Me too to your protection take,
And spare me for my husband's sake.
Let one unruffled calm delight
The loving and belov'd unite ;
One pure desire our bosoms warm,
One will direct, one wish inform ;
Through life, one mutual aid sustain ;
In death, one peaceful grave contain.

While, swelling with the darling theme,
Her accents pour'd an endless stream,
The well-known wings a sound impart,
That reach'd her ear, and touch'd her heart ;
Quick dropp'd the music of her tongue,
And forth, with eager joy, she sprung.
As swift her enter'ing consort flew,
And plum'd and kindled at the view ;
Their wings, their souls, embracing meet,
Their hearts with answering measure beat ;

Half lost in sacred sweets, and blest'd
With raptures felt, but ne'er express'd.

Straight to her humble roof she led
The partner of her spotless-bed ;
Her young, a flutt'ring pair, arise,
Their welcome sparkling in their eyes ;
Transported, to their fire they bound,
And hang with speechless action round.
In pleasure wrapt, the parents stand,
And see their little wings expand ;
The fire, his life-sustaining prize
To each expecting bill applies,
There fondly pours the wheaten spoil,
With transport giv'n, tho' won with toil ;
While, all collected at the sight,
And silent through supreme delight,
The Fair high heav'n of bliss beguiles,
And on her lord and infants smiles.

The Sparrow, whose attention hung
Upon the Dove's enchanting tongue,
Of all his little slights disarm'd,
And from himself, by virtue, charm'd,
When now he saw, what only seem'd
A fact so late, a fable deem'd,
His soul to envy he resign'd,
His hours of folly to the wind ;
In secret with a turtle too,
And, sighing to himself, withdrew.

§ 200. *Fable XV. The Female Seducers.*

'TIS said of widow, maid, and wife,
That honor is a woman's life ;
Unhappy sex ! who only claim
A being in the breath of fame ;
Which tainted, not the quick'ning gales
That sweep Sabæa's spicy vales,
Nor all the healing sweets restore,
That breathe along Arabia's shore.

The trav'ler, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensur'd to his way ;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure ;
But woman ! no redemption knows ;
The wounds of honor never close.

Tho' distant ev'ry hand to guide,
Nor skill'd on life's tempestuous tide,
If once her feeble bark recede,
Or deviate from the courtie decreed,
In vain she seeks the friendless shore,
Her swifter folly flies before ;
The circling ports against her close,
And shut the wand'rer from repose ;
Till, by conflicting waves oppress'd,
Her found'ring pinnace sinks to rest.

Are there no off'rings to atone
For but a single error ? — None.
Tho' woman is avow'd, of old,
No daughter of celestial mould,
Her temp'ring not without alloy,
And form'd but of the finer clay,
We challenge from the mortal dame
The strength angelic natures claim ;

Nay more, for sacred stories tell
That ev'n immortal angels fell !
Whatever fills the teeming sphere
Of humid earth and ambient air,
With varying elements endu'd,
Was form'd to fall, and rise renew'd.

The stars no fix'd duration know ;
Wide oceans ebb again to flow ;
The moon repletes her waning face,
All beauteous, from her late disgrace ;
And suns, that mourn approaching night,
Refulgent rise with new-born light.

In vain may death and time subdue,
While nature mints her race anew,
And holds some vital spark apart,
Like virtue, hid in ev'ry heart ;
'Tis hence reviving warmth is seen,
To clothe a naked world in green.
No longer barr'd by winter's cold,
Again the gates of life unfold ;
Again each insect tries his wing,
And lifts fresh pinions on the spring ;
Again from ev'ry latent root
The bladed stem and tendril shoot,
Exhaling incense to the skies,
Again to perish, and to rise.

And must weak women then disown
The change to which a world is prone ?
In one meridian brightness shine,
And ne'er like ev'ning suns decline ?
Resolv'd and firm alone ? — Is this
What we demand of woman ? — Yes.

But should the spark of vestal fire
In some unguarded hour expire,
Or should the nightly thief invade
Hesperia's chaste and sacred shade,
Of all the blooming spoil possesst,
The dragon honor charm'd to rest,
Shall virtue's flame no more return ?
No more with virgin splendor burn ?
No more the ravag'd garden blow
With spring's succeeding blossom ? — No.
Pity may mourn, but not restore ;
And woman falls — to rise no more !
Within this sublunary sphere
A country lies — no matter where ;
The clime may readily be found
By all who tread poetic ground ;
A stream, call'd Life, across it glides,
And equally the land divides ;
And here, of vice the province lies ;
And there, the hills of virtue rise.

Upon a mountain's airy stand,
Whose summit look'd to either land,
An ancient pair their dwelling chose,
As well for prospect as repose ;
For mutual faith they long were fam'd,
And Temperance and Religion nam'd.

A num'rous progeny divine
Confess'd the honors of their line ;
But in a little daughter fair,
Was center'd more than half their care ;
For Heav'n, to gratulate her birth,
Gave signs of future joy to earth ;

White was the robe this infant wore,
And Chastity the name she bore.

As now the maid in stature grew
(A flow'r just op'ning to the view)
Oft thro' her native lawns she stray'd,
And, wrestling with the lambkins, play'd ;
Her looks diffusive sweets bequeath'd ;
The breeze grew purer as she breath'd ;
The morn her radiant blush assum'd ;
The spring with earlier fragrance bloom'd,
And nature yearly took delight,
Like her, to dress the world in white.

But when her rising form was seen
To reach the crisis of fifteen,
Her parents up the mountain's head,
With anxious step their darling led ;
By turns they snatch'd her to their breast,
And thus the fears of age express :

O ! joyful cause of many a care !
O ! daughter too divinely fair !
Yon world, on this important day,
Demands thee to a dang'rous way ;
A painful journey all must go,
Whose doubted period none can know ;
Whose due direction who can find,
Where reason's mute and sense is blind ?
Ah, what unequal leaders these,
Thro' such a wide perplexing maze !
Then mark the warnings of the wise,
And learn what love and years advise.

Far to the right thy prospect bend,
Where yonder tow'ring hills ascend ;
Lo, there the arduous paths in view
Which Virtue and her sons pursue ;
With toil o'er less'ning earth they rise,
And gain, and gain upon the skies.
Narrow's the way her children tread,
No walk for pleasure smoothly spread,
But rough, and difficult, and steep ;
Painful to climb, and hard to keep.

Fruits immature those lands dispense,
A food indelicate to sense,
Of taste unpleasant ; yet from those
Pure health, with cheerful vigour flows,
And strength, unfeeling of decay,
Throughout the long laborious way.

Hence, as they scale that heav'nly road,
Each limb is lighten'd of its load ;
From earth refining still they go,
And leave the mortal weight below ;
Then spreads the strait, the doubtful clears,
And smooth the rugged path appears ;
For custom turns fatigue to ease,
And, taught by virtue, pain can please.

At length, the toilsome journey o'er,
And near the bright celestial shore,
A gulph, black, fearful, and profound,
Appears, of either world the bound,
Thro' darkness leading up to light ;
Sense backward shrinks, and shuns the sight ;
For there the transitory train
Of time, and form, and care, and pain,
And matter's gross incumb'ring mists,
Man's late associates, cannot pass,

But

But sinking, quit th'immortal charge,
And leave the wond'ring soul at large;
Lightly she wings her obvious way,
And mingles with eternal day.

Thither, O thither wing thy speed,
Tho' pleasure charm, or pain impede;
To such th'all-bounteous Pow'r has giv'n,
For present earth, a future heav'n;
For trivial loss, unmeasur'd gain;
And endless bliss for transient pain.

Then fear, ah! fear to turn thy sight
Where yonder flow'ry fields invite:
Wide on the left the path-way bends,
And with pernicious ease descends;
There, sweet to sense and fair to show,
New-planted Edens seem to blow,
Trees, that delicious poison bear;
For death is vegetable there.

Hence is the frame of health unbrac'd,
Each sinew slack'ning at the taste,
The soul to passion yields her throne,
And sees with organs not her own;
While, like the slumb'rer in the night,
Pleas'd with the shadowy dream of light,
Before her alienated eyes
The scenes of fairy-land arise;
The puppet world's amusing show,
Dipt in the gaily-colour'd bow,
Sceptres, and wreaths, and glitt'ring things,
The toys of infants and of kings,
That tempt, along the baneful plain,
The idly wise and lightly vain,
Till, verging on the gulphy shore,
Sudden they sink—and rise no more.

But list to what thy fates declare:
Tho' thou art woman, frail as fair,
If once thy sliding foot should stray,
Once quit yon heav'n-appointed way,
For thee, lost maid, for thee alone,
Nor pray'rs shall plead, nor tears atone;
Reproach, scorn, infamy, and hate,
On thy returning steps shall wait;
Thy form be loath'd by ev'ry eye,
And ev'ry foot thy presence fly.

Thus arm'd with words of potent sound,
Like guardian angels plac'd around,
A charm, by truth divinely cast,
Forward our young advent'rer pass'd,
Forth from her sacred eye-lids sent,
Like morn, fore-running radiance went,
While Honour, handmaid late assign'd,
Upheld her lucid train behind.

Awe-struck, the much-admiring crowd
Before the virgin vision bow'd;
Gaz'd with an ever-new delight,
And caught fresh virtue at the sight;
For not of earth's unequal frame
They deem the heav'n-compounded Dame;
If matter, sure the most refin'd,
High-wrought and temper'd into mind,
Some darling daughter of the day,
And body'd by her native ray.

Where'er she passes, thousands bend,
And thousands where she moves attend;

Her ways observant eyes confess,
Her steps pursuing praises blest;
While to the elevated Maid
Oblations, as to Heav'n, are paid.

'Twas on an ever-blithesome day,
The jovial birth of rosy May,
When genial warmth, no more suppress'd,
New-melts the frost in ev'ry breast,
The cheek with secret flushing dyes;
And looks kind things from chastest eyes;
The sun with healthier visage glows,
Aside his clouded kerchief throws,
And dances up th'etherial plain,
Where late he us'd to climb with pain,
While nature, as from bonds set free,
Springs out, and gives a loose to glee.

And now, for momentary rest,
The nymph her travell'd step repress'd,
Just turn'd to view the stage attain'd,
And glory'd in the height she gain'd.

Out-stretch'd before her wide survey
The realms of sweet perdition lay,
And pity touch'd her soul with woe,
To see a world so lost below;
When straight the breeze began to breathe
Airs, gently wafted from beneath,
That bore commission'd witchcraft thence,
And reach'd her sympathy of sense;
No sounds of discord, that disclose
A people sunk and lost in woes,
But as of present good possess'd,
The very triumph of the blest'd.
The maid in rapt attention hung,
While thus approaching Sirens sung:

Hither, fairest, hither haste,
Brightest beauty, come and taste
What the pow'rs of bliss unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told;
Taste what ecstasies they give;
Dying raptures, taste and live.

In thy lap, disdaining measure,
Nature empties all her treasure,
Soft desires, that sweetly languish;
Fierce delights, that rise to anguish;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

List not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sense
April's sunshine is offence;
Age and envy will advise
Ev'n against the joy they prize.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl
Slake the thirstings of thy soul,
Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are fainting
With enjoyment, past the painting;
Fairest, dost thou yet delay?
Brightest beauty, come away.

So sung the Sirens, as of yore,
Upon the false Ausonian shore;
And O! for that preventing chain
That bound Ulysses on the main,

That

That so our fair one might withstand
The covert ruin, now at hand.

The song her charm'd attention drew,
When now the tempters stood in view;
Curiosity, with prying eyes,
And hand of busy, bold emprise;
Like Hermes, feather'd were her feet,
And, like fore-running fancy, fleet;
By search untaught, by toil untir'd,
To novelty she still aspir'd,
Tasteless of ev'ry good possess,
And but in expectation blest.

With her, associate, Pleasure came,
Gay Pleasure, frolic-loving dame,
Her mien, all swimming in delight,
Her beauties half reveal'd to sight;
Loose flow'd her garments from the ground,
And caught the kissing winds around.
As erst Medusa's looks were known
To turn beholders into stone,
A dire reversion here they felt,
And in the eye of Pleasure melt.
Her glance with sweet persuasion charm'd,
Unner'd the strong, the steel'd disarm'd;
No safety ev'n the flying find,
Who, vent'rous, look but once behind.

Thus was the much admiring Maid,
While distant, more than half betray'd.
With smiles, and adulation bland,
They join'd her side, and seiz'd her hand;
Their touch envenom'd sweets distill'd,
Her frame with new pulsations thrill'd;
While half consenting, half denying,
Reluctant now, and now complying,
Amidst a war of hopes and fears,
Of trembling wishes, smiling tears,
Still down and down, the winning pair
Compell'd the struggling, yielding Fair.
As when some stately vessel, bound
To blest Arabia's distant ground,
Borne from her courses, haply lights
Where Barca's flow'ry ciime invites,
Conceal'd around whose treach'rous land
Lurk the dire rock and dang'rous sand;
The pilot warns, with sail and oar,
To shun the much-suspected shore,
In vain: the tide, too subtly strong,
Still bears the wrestling bark along,
Till found'ring, she resigns to fate,
And sinks, o'erwhelm'd, with all her freight.

So, baffling ev'ry bar to fin,
And Heav'n's own pilot, plac'd within,
Along the devious, smooth descent,
With pow'rs increasing as they went,
The dames, accusom'd to subdue,
As with a rapid current drew,
And o'er the fatal bounds convey'd
The lost, the long reluctant Maid.

Here stop, ye fair ones, and beware,
Nor send your fond affections there;
Yet, yet your darling, now deplor'd,
May turn, to you and heav'n restor'd!
Till then, with weeping Honor, wait
The servant of her better fate;

With Honor, left upon the shore,
Her friend and handmaid now no more;
Nor, with the guilty world, upbraid
The fortunes of a wretch betray'd;
But o'er her failing cast a veil,
Rememb'ring, you yourselves are frail.

And now, from all inquiring light,
Fast fled the conscious shades of night;
The Damsel, from a short repose,
Confounded at her plight, arose.

As when, with slumb'rous weight oppress,
Some wealthy miser sinks to rest,
Where felons eye the glitt'ring prey,
And steal his hoard of joys away;
He, borne where golden Indus streams,
Of pearl, and quarry'd di'mond dreams,
Like Midas, turns the glebe to ore,
And stands all wrapt amidst his store;
But wakens, naked, and despoil'd
Of that for which his years had toil'd.

So far'd the nymph, her treasure flown,
And turn'd, like Niobe, to stone;
Within, without, obscure and void,
She felt all ravag'd, all destroy'd.
And, O thou curst, insidious coast!
Are these the blessings thou canst boast?
These, Virtue! these the joys they find,
Who leave thy heav'n-top'd hills behind?
Shade me, ye pines, ye caverns, hide,
Ye mountains, cover me, she cry'd!

Her trumpet Slander rais'd on high,
And told the tidings to the sky;
Contempt discharg'd a living dart,
A side-long viper to her heart;
Reproach breath'd poisons o'er her face,
And foil'd and blasted ev'ry grace;
Officious shame, her handmaid new,
Still turn'd the mirror to her view,
While those in crimes the deepest dy'd,
Approach'd to whiten at her side,
And ev'ry lewd insulting dame
Upon her folly rose to fame.

What should she do? Attempt once more
To gain the late-deserted shore?
So trusting, back the mourner flew,
As fast the train of fiends pursue.

Again the farther shore's attain'd,
Again the land of Virtue gain'd;
But echo gathers in the wind,
And shews her instant foes behind.
Amaz'd, with headlong speed she tends,
Where late she left an host of friends;
Alas! those shrinking friends decline,
Nor longer own that form divine:
With fear they mark the following cry,
And from the lonely trembler fly,
Or backward drive her on the coast,
Where peace was wreck'd, and honour lost.
From earth, thus hoping aid in vain,
To Heav'n, not daring to complain;
No truce by hostile clamour giv'n,
And from the face of friendship driv'n,
The Nymph sunk prostrate on the ground,
With all her weight of woes around.

Enthron'd

Enthron'd within a circling sky,
Upon a mount o'er mountains high,
All radiant far, as in a shrine,
Virtue, first effluence divine;
Far, far above the scenes of woe,
That shut this cloud-wrapt world below;
Superior goddess, essence bright,
Beauty of uncreated light,
Whom should mortality survey,
As doom'd upon a certain day,
The breath of frailty must expire,
The world dissolve in living fire,
The gems of heav'n, and solar flame,
Be quench'd by her eternal beam,
And nature, quick'ning in her eye,
To rise a new-born phoenix, die.

Hence, unreveal'd to mortal view,
A veil around her form she threw,
Which three sad sisters of the shade,
Pain, Care, and Melancholy made.

Thro' this her all-enquiring eye,
Attentive from her station high,
Beheld, abandon'd to despair,
The ruins of her fav'rite fair;
And with a voice, whose awful sound
Appal'd the guilty world around,
Bid the tumultuous winds be still,
To numbers bow'd each list'ning hill,
Uncurl'd the surging of the main,
And smooth'd the thorny bed of pain;
The golden harp of heav'n she strung,
And thus the tuneful goddess sung:

Lovely Penitent, arise,
Come, and claim thy kindred skies;
Come, thy sister-angels say
Thou hast wept thy stains away.

Let experience now decide
'Twixt the good and evil try'd.
In the smooth, enchanted ground,
Say, unfold the treasures found.

Structures, rais'd by morning dreams;
Sands, that trip the flitting streams;
Down, that anchors on the air;
Clouds, that paint their changes there.

Seas, that smoothly dimpling lie,
While the storm impends on high,
Shewing, in an obvious glass,
Joys that in possession pass;

Transient, fickle, light, and gay,
Flatt'ring, only to betray;
What, alas, can life contain!
Life, like all its circles—vain.

Will the stork, intending rest,
On the billow build her nest?
Will the bee demand his store
From the bleak and bladeless shore?

Man alone, intent to stray,
Ever turns from wisdom's way;
Lays up wealth in foreign land,
Sows the sea, and plows the sand.

Soon this elemental mass,
Soon th'incumb'ring world shall pass;

Form be wrapt in wasting fire,
Time be spent, and life expire.

Then, ye boasted works of men,
Where is your asylum then?
Sons of pleasure, sons of care,
Tell me, mortals, tell me where?

Gone, like traces on the deep,
Like a sceptre grasp'd in sleep,
Dews, exhal'd from morning glades,
Melting snows, and gliding shades.

Pass the world, and what's behind?
Virtue's gold, by fire refin'd;
From an universe deprav'd,
From the wreck of nature sav'd.

Like the life-supporting grain,
Fruit of patience and of pain,
On the swain's autumnal day,
Winnow'd from the chaff away.

Little trembler, fear no more,
Thou hast plenteous crops in store;
Seed, by genial sorrows sown,
More than all thy scorers own.

What tho' hostile earth despise,
Heav'n beholds with gentler eyes;
Heav'n thy friendless steps shall guide,
Cheer thy hours, and guard thy side.

When the fatal trump shall sound,
When th'immortals pour around,
Heav'n shall thy return attest,
Hail'd by myriads of the blest.

Little native of the skies,
Lovely penitent, arise;
Calm thy bosom, clear thy brow,
Virtue is thy sister now.

More delightful are my woes
Than the rapture pleasure knows:
Richer far the weeds I bring
Than the robes that grace a king.

On my wars, of shortest date,
Crowns of endless triumph wait;
On my cares a period blest;
On my toils eternal rest.

Come, with virtue at thy side;
Come, be ev'ry bar defy'd,
Till we gain our native shore:
Sister, come, and turn no more.

§ 201. *Fable XVI. Love and Vanity.*

THE breezy morning breath'd perfume,
The wak'ning flow'rs unveil'd their bloom,
Up with the sun, from short repose,
Gay health and lusty labour rose;
The milkmaid carol'd at her pail,
And shepherds whistled o'er the dale:
When Love, who led a rural life,
Remote from bustle, state, and strife,
Forth from his thatch'd roof'd cottage stray'd,
And stroll'd along the dewy glade.

A nymph, who lightly tripp'd it by,
To quick attention turn'd his eye,

I.

He

He mark'd the gesture of the Fair,
Her self-sufficient grace and air,
Her steps, that mincing meant to please,
Her study'd negligence and ease;
And curious to enquire what meant
This thing of prettiness and paint,
Approaching spoke, and bow'd observant;
The Lady, slightly—Sir, your servant.

Such beauty in so rude a place!
Fair one, you do the country grace;
At court no doubt the public care;
But Love has small acquaintance there.

Yes, Sir, reply'd the flutt'ring dame,
This form confesses whence it came;
But dear variety, you know,
Can make us pride and pomp forego.
My name is Vanity. I sway
The utmost islands of the sea;
Within my court all honor centres;
I raise the meanest soul that enters;
Endow with latent gifts and graces,
And model fools for posts and places.

As Vanity appoints at pleasure,
The world receives its weight and pleasure;
Hence all the grand concerns of life;
Joys, cares, plagues, passions, peace and strife.

Reflect how far my pow'r prevails,
When I step in where nature fails,
And, ev'ry breach of sense repairing,
Am bounteous still where Heav'n is sparing.

But chief in all their arts and airs,
Their playing, painting, pouts and pray'rs,
Their various habits and complexions,
Fits, frolics, foibles, and perfections,
Their robing, curling, and adorning,
From noon to night, from night to morning;
From six to sixty, sick or sound,
I rule the female world around.

Hold there a moment, Cupid cry'd,
Nor boast dominion quite so wide.
Was there no province to invade,
But that by Love and meekness sway'd?
All other empire I resign;
But be the sphere of beauty mine.
For in the downy lawn of rest,
That opens on a woman's breast,
Attended by my peaceful train,
I chuse to live, and chuse to reign.

Far-sighted Faith I bring along,
And Truth, above an army strong;
And Chastity, of icy mould,
Within the burning tropics cold;
And Lowliness, to whose mild brow
The pow'r and pride of nations bow;
And Modesty, with downcast eye,
That lends the morn her virgin dye;
And Innocence, array'd in light;
And Honor, as a tow'r upright;
With sweetly winning graces, more
Than poets ever dreamt of yore,
In unaffected conduct free,
All smiling sisters, three times three;
And rosy Peace, the cherub blest,
That nightly sings us all to rest.

Hence, from the bud of nature's prime,
From the first step of infant time,
Woman, the world's appointed light,
Has skirted ev'ry shade with white;
Has stood for imitation high,
To ev'ry heart and ev'ry eye;
From ancient deeds of fair renown,
Has brought her bright memorials down;
To time affix'd perpetual youth,
And form'd each tale of love and truth.

Upon a new Promethean plan,
She moulds the essence of a man;
Tempers his mass, his genius fires,
And, as a better soul, inspires.

The rude she softens, warms the cold,
Exalts the meek, and checks the bold;
Calls Sloth from his supine repose;
Within the coward's bosom glows;
Of pride, unplumes the lofty crest,
Bids bashful merit stand confess,
And, like coarse metal from the mines,
Collects, irradiates, and refines.

The gentle science she imparts,
All manners smooths, informs all hearts;
From her sweet influence are felt
Passions that please, and thoughts that melt;
To stormy rage she bids controul,
And sinks serenely on 'he soul;
Softens Deucalion's flinty race,
And tunes the warring world to peace.

Thus arm'd to all that's light and vain,
And freed from thy fantastic chain,
She fills the sphere by Heav'n assign'd,
And, rul'd by me, o'er-rules mankind.

He spoke. The nymph impatient stood;
And, laughing, thus her speech renew'd:

And pray, Sir, may I be so bold
To hope your pretty tale is told;
And next demand, without a cavil,
What new Utopia do you travel?
Upon my word, these high-flown fancies
Shew depth of learning—in romances.

Why, what unfashion'd stuff you tell us
Of buckram dames, and tiptoe fellows!
Go, child; and when you're grown maturer,
You'll shoot your next opinion surer.

O such a pretty knack at painting!
And all for soft'ning, and for fainting!
Guess now, who can, a single feature
Thro' the whole piece of female nature,
Then mark! my looser hand may fit
The lines, too coarse for Love to hit.

'Tis said that woman, prone to changing,
Thro' all the rounds of folly ranging,
On life's uncertain ocean riding,
No reason, rule, nor rudder guiding,
Is like the comet's wand'ring light,
Eccentric, ominous, and bright;
Trackless, and shifting as the wind;
A sea, whose fathom none can find;
A moon, still changing and revolving;
A riddle, past all human solving;
A bliss, a plague, a heav'n, a hell;
A—something that no man can tell.

Now

Now learn a secret from a friend,
But keep your council and attend.

Tho' in their tempers thought so distant,
Nor with their sex nor selves consistent,
'Tis but the difference of a name,
And ev'ry woman is the same;
For as the world, however vary'd,
And through unnumber'd changes carry'd,
Of elemental modes and forms,
Clouds, meteors, colours, calms, and storms,
Tho' in a thousand suits array'd,
Is of one subject matter made;
So, Sir, a woman's constitution,
The world's enigma, finds solution;
And let her form be what you will,
I am the subject essence still.

With the first spark of female sense,
The speck of being, I commence;
Within the womb make fresh advances,
And dictate future qualms and fancies;
Thence in the growing form expand,
With childhood travel hand in hand,
And give a taste for all their joys
In gewgaws, rattles, pomp, and noise.

And now, familiar and unaw'd,
I send the flutt'ring soul abroad.
Prais'd for her shape, her air, her mien,
The little goddess, and the queen,
Takes at her infant shrine oblation,
And drinks sweet draughts of adulation.

Now blooming, tall, erect, and fair,
To dress becomes her darling care;
The realms of beauty then I bound;
I swell the hoop's enchanted round,
Shrink in the waist's descending size,
Heav'd in the snowy bosom, rise,
High on the flowing lappet sail,
Or, curl'd in tresses, kiss the gale,
Then to her glass I lead the fair,
And shew the lovely idol there;
Where, struck as by divine emotion,
She bows with most sincere devotion,
And numbring ev'ry beauty o'er,
In secret bids the world adore.
Then all for parking and parading,
Coquetting, dancing, masquerading;
For balls, plays, courts, and crowds what passion!
And churches, sometimes—if the fashion;
For woman's sense of right and wrong
Is rul'd by the almighty throng;
Still turns, to each meander tame,
And swims the straw of ev'ry stream.
Her soul intrinsic worth rejects,
Accomplish'd only in defects;
Such excellence is her ambition,
Folly her wisest acquisition;
And ev'n from pity and disdain
She'll cull some reason to be vain.

Thus, Sir, from ev'ry form and feature,
The wealth and wants of female nature,
And ev'n from vice, which you'd admire,
I gather fuel to my fire;
And on the very base of shame
Erect my monument of fame.

Let me another truth attempt,
Of which your godship has not dreamt.

Those shining virtues which you muster,
Whence think you they derive their lustre?
From native honour and devotion?

O yes, a mighty likely notion!
Trust me, from titled dames to spinners,
'Tis I make saints, whoe'er make sinners;
'Tis I instruct them to withdraw,
And hold presumptuous man in awe;
For female worth, as I inspire,
In just degrees, still mounts the higher;
And virtue, so extremely nice,
Demands long toil and mighty price.

Like Sampson's pillars, fix'd elate,
I bear the sex's tottering state;
Sap these, and in a moment's space
Down sinks the fabric to its base.

Alike from titles and from toys
I spring, the fount of female joys;
In ev'ry widow, wife, and miss,
The sole artificer of bliss;
From them each topic I explore,
I cleave the sand of ev'ry shore;
To them uniting Indies sail,
Sabæa breathes her farthest gale:
For them the bullion I refine,
Dig sense and virtue from the mine,
And from the bowels of invention
Spin out the various arts you mention.

Nor bliss alone my pow'rs bestow,
They hold the sov'reign balm of woe;
Beyond the stoic's boasted art
I sooth the heavings of the heart;
To pain give splendour and relief,
And gild the pallid face of grief.

Alike the palace and the plain
Admit the glories of my reign!
Thro' ev'ry age, in ev'ry nation,
Taste, talents, tempers, state, and station,
Whate'er a woman says, I say;
Whate'er a woman spends, I pay;
Alike I fill and empty bags,
Flutter in finery and rags;
With light coquettes thro' folly range;
And with the prude disdain to change.

And now you'd think, 'twixt you and I,
That things were ripe for a reply—
But soft, and while I'm in the mood,
Kindly permit me to conclude,
Their utmost mazes to unravel,
And touch the farthest step they travel.

When ev'ry pleasure's run aground,
And folly tir'd thro' many a round,
The nymph, conceiving discontent hence,
May ripen to an hour's repentance,
And vapours, shed in pious moisture,
Dismiss her to a church or cloyster;
Then on I lead her, with devotion
Conspicuous in her dress and motion,
Inspire the heav'nly-breathing air,
Roll up the lucid eye in pray'r,
Soften the voice, and in the face
Look melting harmony and grace.

Thus far extends my friendly pow'r,
Nor quits her in her latest hour;
The couch of decent pain I spread,
In form recline her languid head;
Her thoughts I methodize in death,
And part not with her parting breath;
Then do I set in order bright,
A length of fun'ral pomp to fight,
The glitt'ring tapers and attire,
The plumes that whiten o'er her bier;
And last presenting to her eye
Angelic fineries on high,
To scenes of painted bliss I waft her,
And form the heav'n she hopes hereafter.

In truth, rejoin'd Love's gentle God,
You've gone a tedious length of road,
And strange, in all the toilsome way,
No house of kind refreshment lay;
No nymph, whose virtues might have tempted
To hold her from her sex exempted.

For one, we'll never quarrel, man;
Take her, and keep her, if you can;
And pleas'd, I yield to your petition,
Since ev'ry fair by such permission,
Will hold herself the one selected;
And so my system stands protected.

O, deaf to virtue, deaf to glory,
To truths divinely vouch'd in story!
The Godhead in his zeal return'd,
And, kindling at her malice, burn'd.
Then sweetly rais'd his voice, and told
Of heav'nly nymphs, rever'd of old;
Hypsipyle, who sav'd her fire,
And Portia's love, approv'd by fire;
Alike Penelope was quoted,
Nor laurel'd Daphne pass'd unnoted,
Nor fam'd Lucretia, honour's martyr,
Alceste's voluntary steel,
And Catherine, smiling on the wheel.
But who can hope to plant conviction,
Where cavil grows on contradiction?
Some she evades or disavows,
Demurs to all, and none allows;
A kind of ancient thing call'd fables!
And thus the Goddess turn'd the tables.

Now both in argument grew high,
And choler flash'd from either eye;
Nor wonder each refus'd to yield
The conquest of so fair a field.

When happily arriv'd in view
A Goddess whom our grandames knew,
Of aspect grave, and sober gait,
Majestic, awful, and sedate,
As heav'n's autumnal eve serene,
When not a cloud o'ercasts the scene;
Once Prudence call'd, a matron fam'd,
And in old Rome Cornelia nam'd.
Quick, at a venture, both agree
To leave their strife to her decree.

And now by each the facts were stated,
In form and manner as related.
The case was short. They crav'd opinion,
Which held o'er females chief dominion?

When thus the Goddess, answ'ring mild,
First shook her gracious head, and smil'd:

Alas, how willing to comply,
Yet how unfit a judge am I!
In times of golden date, 'tis true,
I shar'd the fickle sex with you;
But from their presence long precluded,
Or held as one whose form intruded;
Full fifty annual fairs can tell,
Prudence has bid the sex farewell.

In this dilemma what to do,
Or who to think of, neither knew;
For both still, bias'd in opinion,
And arrogant of sole dominion,
Were forc'd to hold the case compounded,
Or leave the quarrel where they found it.

When in the nick a rural fair,
Of inexperience'd gait and air,
Who ne'er had cross'd the neighb'ring lake,
Nor seen the world beyond a wake,
With cambric coif and kerchief clean,
Tript lightly by them o'er the green.

Now, now! cry'd Love's triumphant Child,
And at approaching conquest smil'd,
If Vanity will once be guided,
Our difference soon may be decided;
Behold yon wench: a fit occasion
To try your force of gay persuasion.
Go you, while I retire aloof,
Go, put these boasted pow'rs to proof;
And if your prevalence of art
Transcends my yet unerring dart,
I give the fav'rite contest o'er,
And ne'er will boast my empire more.

At once, so said, and so consented;
And well our Goddesses seem'd contented,
Nor pausing, made a moment's stand,
But tript, and took the girl in hand.

Meanwhile, the Godhead, unalarm'd,
As one to each occasion arm'd,
Forth from his quiver cull'd a dart,
That erst had wounded many a heart;
Then bending, drew it to the head;
The bow-string twang'd, the arrow fled,
And, to her secret soul address'd,
Transfix'd the whiteness of her breast.

But here the Dame, whose guardian care
Had to a moment watch'd the fair,
At once her pocket mirror drew,
And held the wonder full in view;
As quickly rang'd in order bright,
A thousand beauties rush to sight,
A world of charms, till now unknown,
A world reveal'd to her alone;
Enraptur'd stands the love sick maid,
Suspended o'er the darling shade,
Here only fixes to admire,
And centres ev'ry fond desire.

§ 202. *The Young Lady and Looking-Glass.*
WILKIE

YE deep philosophers, who can
Explain that various creature, Man,
Say, is there any point so nice
As that of off'ring an advice?

To bid your friend his errors mend,
Is almost certain to offend :
Tho' you in softest terms advise,
Confess him good, admit him wise ;
In vain you sweeten the discourse,
He thinks you call him fool, or worse.
You paint his character, and try
If he will own it, and apply ;
Without a name reprove and warn ;
Here none are hurt, and all may learn :
This too must fail ; the picture shewn,
No man will take it for his own.
In moral lectures treat the case,
Say this is honest, that is base ;
In conversation, none will bear it ;
And for the pulpit, few come near it.
And is there then no other way
A moral lesson to convey ?
Must all that shall attempt to teach,
Admonish, satirize, or preach ?
Yes, there is one, an ancient art,
By fables found to reach the heart,
Ere science, with distinctions nice,
Had fix'd what virtue is, and vice ;
Inventing all the various names
Of which the moralist declaims :
They would by simple tales advise,
Which took the hearer by surprise ;
Alarm'd his conscience, unprepar'd,
Ere pride had put it on its guard ;
And made him from himself receive
The lessons that they meant to give.
That this device will oft prevail,
And gain its ends when others fail,
If any shall pretend to doubt,
The tale which follows makes it out.

There was a little stubborn dame,
Whom no authority could tame ;
Refractive by long indulgence grown,
No will she minded but her own :
At trifles oft she'd scold and fret,
Then in a corner take a seat,
And, sourly moping all the day,
Disdain alike to work or play.
Papa all softer arts had try'd,
And sharper remedies apply'd ;
But both were vain ; for ev'ry course
He took, still made her worse and worse.
'Tis strange to think how female wit
So oft should make a lucky hit ;
When man, with all his high pretence
To deeper judgment, sounder sense,
Will err, and measures false pursue—
'Tis very strange, I own, but true.—
Mamma observ'd the rising lass
By stealth retiring to the glass,
To practice little arts unseen,
In the true genius of thirteen ;
On this a deep design she laid,
To tame the humour of the maid ;
Contriving, like a prudent mother,
To make one folly cure another.
Upon the wall, against the seat
Which Jessy us'd for her retreat,

Whene'er by accident offended,
A looking-glass was straight suspended,
That it might shew her how deform'd
She look'd, and frightful, when she storm'd ;
And warn her, as she priz'd her beauty,
To bend her humour to her duty.
All this the looking-glass achiev'd ;
Its threats were minded and believ'd.

The maid, who spurn'd at all advice,
Grew tame and gentle in a trice :
So, when all other means had fail'd,
The silent monitor prevail'd.

Thus, 'Fable to the human-kind
Presents an *image* of the mind ;
It is a *mirror*, where we spy
At large our own deformity ;
And learn of course those faults to mend,
Which but to mention would offend.

§ 203. *The Boy and the Rainbow.* WILKIE.

DECLARE, ye fables, if ye find
'Mongst animals of ev'ry kind,
Of each condition, sort, and size,
From whales and elephants to flies,
A creature that mistakes his plan,
And errs so constantly as man.
Each kind pursues his proper good,
And seeks for pleasure, rest, and food,
As nature points, and never errs
In what it chooses and prefers ;
Man only blunders, though possess'd
Of talents far above the rest.

Descend to instances, and try ;
An ox will scarce attempt to fly,
Or leave his pasture in the wood,
With fishes to explore the flood.
Man only acts, of ev'ry creature,
In opposition to his nature.
The happiness of human kind
Consists in rectitude of mind ;
A will subdu'd to reason's sway,
And passions practis'd to obey ;
An open and a gen'rous heart,
Refin'd from selfishness and art ;
Patience, which mocks at fortune's pow'r,
And wisdom, never sad nor sour :
In these consist our proper bliss ;
Else Plato reasons much amiss ;
But foolish mortals still pursue
False happiness in place of true ;
Ambition serves us for a guide,
Or lust, or avarice, or pride ;
While Reason no assent can gain,
And Revelation warns in vain.
Hence thro' our lives, in ev'ry stage,
From infancy itself to age,
A happiness we toil to find,
Which still avoids us like the wind ;
Ev'n when we think the prize our own,
At once 'tis vanish'd, lost, and gone.
You'll ask me why I thus rehearse
All Epichurus in my verse ?

And if I fondly hope to please
With dry reflections, such as these,
So trite, so hackney'd, and so stale,
I'll take the hint, and tell a tale.

One ev'ning, as a simple swain
His flock attended on the plain,
The shining bow he chanc'd to spy,
Which warns us when a show'r is nigh;
With brightest rays it seem'd to glow;
Its distance eighty yards, or so.
This bumpkin had, it seems, been told
The story of the cup of gold,
Which fame reports is to be found
Just where the Rainbow meets the ground;
He therefore felt a sudden itch
To seize the goblet, and be rich;
Hoping, yet hopes are oft but vain,
No more to toil thro' wind and rain,
But sit indulging by the fire,
'Midst ease and plenty, like a 'squire:
He mark'd the very spot of land
On which the Rainbow seem'd to stand,
And stepping forwards at his leisure,
Expected to have found the treasure.
But, as he mov'd, the colour'd ray
Still chang'd its place, and slipt away,
As seeming his approach to shun.
From walking he began to run;
But all in vain, it still withdrew
As nimbly as he could pursue.
At last, thro' many a bog and lake,
Rough craggy road, and thorny brake,
It led the easy fool, till night
Approach'd, then vanish'd in his sight,
And left him to compute his gains,
With nought but labour for his pains.

§ 204. *The Rake and the Hermit.* WILKIE.

A YOUTH, a pupil of the town,
Philosopher and atheist grown,
Benighted once upon the road,
Found out a hermit's lone abode,
Whose hospitality in need
Reliev'd the trav'ller and his steed;
For both sufficiently were tir'd,
Well drench'd in ditches, and bemir'd.
Hunger the first attention claims;
Upon the coals a rather flames.
Dry crusts, and liquor something stale,
Were added to make up a meal;
At which our trav'ller, as he sat,
By intervals began to chat.—
'Tis odd, quoth he, to think what strains
Of folly governs some folks brains:
What makes you choose this wild abode?
You'll say, 'tis to converse with God.
Alas, I fear 'tis all a whim;
You never saw or spoke with him.
They talk of Providence's pow'r,
And say, it rules us ev'ry hour;
To me, all nature seems confusion;
And such weak fancies mere delusion.

Say, if it rul'd and govern'd right,
Could there be such a thing as night;
Which, when the sun has left the skies,
Puts all things in a deep disguise?
If then a trav'ller chance to stray
The least step from the public way,
He's soon in endless mazes lost,
As I have found it to my cost.
Besides, the gloom which nature wears
Afflicts imaginary fears
Of ghosts and goblins from the waves
Of sulph'rous lakes and yawning graves;
All sprung from superstitious seed,
Like other maxims of the creed.
For my part, I reject the tales
Which Faith suggests when Reason fails;
And Reason nothing understands,
Unwarranted by eyes and hands.
These subtle essences, like wind,
Which some have dreamt of, and call mind,
It ne'er admits; nor joins the lye,
Which says men rot, but never die.
It holds all future things in doubt,
And therefore wisely leaves them out:
Suggesting what is worth our care,
To take things present as they are,
Our wisest course: the rest is folly,
The fruit of spleen and melancholy.—

Sir, quoth the Hermit, I agree
That reason still our guide should be:
And will admit her as the test
Of what is true, and what is best;
But reason sure would blush for shame
At what you mention in her name;
Her dictates are sublime and holy;
Impiety's the child of folly;
Reason, with measur'd steps, and slow,
To things above from things below
Ascends, and guides us thro' her sphere
With caution, vigilance, and care.
Faith in the utmost frontier stands,
And Reason puts us in her hands;
But not till her commission giv'n
Is found authentic, and from Heav'n.
'Tis strange that man, a reas'ning creature,
Should miss a God in viewing nature:
Whose high perfections are display'd
In ev'ry thing his hands have made:
Ev'n when we think their traces lost,
When found again we see them most:
The night itself, which you would blame
As something wrong in nature's frame,
Is but a curtain to invest
Her weary children, when at rest:
Like that which mothers draw, to keep
The light off from a child asleep.
Besides, the fears which darkness breeds
(At least augments) in vulgar heads,
Are far from useless, when the mind
Is narrow, and to earth confin'd;
They make the worldling think with pain
On frauds, and oaths, and ill-got gain;
Force from the ruffian's hand the knife
Just rais'd against his neighbour's life;

And

And, in defence of virtue's cause,
 Assist each sanction of the laws.
 But souls serene, where wisdom dwells,
 And superstitious dread expels,
 The silent majesty of night
 Excites to take a nobler flight;
 With fairs and angels to explore
 The wonders of creating pow'r;
 And lifts on Contemplation's wings
 Above the sphere of mortal things:
 Walk forth, and tread those dewy plains
 Where night in awful silence reigns;
 The sky's serene, the air is still,
 The woods stand list'ning on each hill,
 To catch the sounds that sink and swell,
 Wide-floating from the ev'ning bell,
 While foxes howl, and beetles hum,
 Sounds which make silence still more dumb,
 And try if Folly, rash and rude,
 Dare on the sacred hour intrude.
 Then turn your eyes to heav'n's broad frame,
 Attempt to quote those lights by name
 Which shine so thick and spread so far;
 Conceive a sun in ev'ry star,
 Round which unnumber'd planets roll,
 While comets shoot athwart the whole.
 From system still to system ranging,
 Their various benefits exchanging,
 And shaking from their flaming hair
 The things most needed everywhere.
 Explore this glorious scene, and say,
 That night discovers less than day;
 That 'tis quite useless, and a sign
 That chance disposes, not design:
 Whoe'er maintains it, I'll pronounce
 Him either mad, or else a dunce;
 For reason, tho' 'tis far from strong,
 Will soon find out that nothing's wrong,
 From signs and evidences clear,
 Of wise contrivance ev'rywhere.
 The Hermit ended, and the youth
 Became a convert to the truth;
 At least he yielded, and confess'd
 That all was order'd for the best.

§ 205. *The Youth and the Philosopher.*

W. WHITEHEAD.

A GRECIAN youth, of talents rare,
 Whom Plato's philosophic care
 Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
 By precept and example too,
 Would often boast his matchless skill
 To curb the steed, and guide the wheel;
 And as he pass'd the gazing throng
 With graceful ease, and smack'd the thong,
 The idiot wonder they express'd
 Was praise and transport to his breast.
 At length, quite vain, he needs would shew
 His master what his art could do;
 And bade his slaves the chariot lead
 To Academus' sacred shade.
 The trembling grove confess'd its freight,
 The wood-nymphs started at the sight;

The Muses dropt the learned lyre,
 And to their inmost shades retire.
 Howe'er, the youth, with forward air,
 Bows to the sage, and mounts the car;
 The lash resounds, the couriers spring,
 The chariot marks the rolling ring;
 And gath'ring crowds, with eager eyes
 And shouts, pursue him as he flies.

Triumphant to the goal return'd,
 With nobler thirst his bosom burn'd;
 And now along th'indented plain
 The self-same track he marks again;
 Pursues with care the nice design,
 Nor ever deviates from the line.

Amazement seiz'd the circling crowd;
 The youths with emulation glow'd;
 Ev'n bearded sages hail'd the boy,
 And all but Plato gaz'd with joy.
 For he, deep-judging sage, beheld
 With pain the triumphs of the field:
 And, when the charioteer drew nigh,
 And, flush'd with hope, had caught his eye,
 Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
 Expect no praise from me (and sigh'd).
 With indignation I survey
 Such skill and judgment thrown away.
 The time profusely squander'd there
 On vulgar arts, beneath thy care,
 If well employ'd, at less expence,
 Had taught thee honour, virtue, sense,
 And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
 To govern men, and guide the state.

§ 206. *The Bee, the Ant, and the Sparrow.*

Addressed to Phoebe and Kitty C. at Boarding-School. Dr. COTTON.

MY dears, 'tis said, in days of old,
 That beasts could talk and birds could scold:
 But now, it seems the human race
 Alone engross the speaker's place.
 Yet lately, if report be true
 (And much the tale relates to you)
 There met a Sparrow, Ant, and Bee,
 Which reason'd and convers'd as we.
 Who reads my page will doubtless grant
 That Phe's the wise industrious Ant;
 And all with half an eye may see
 That Kitty is the busy Bee.
 Here then are two—but where's the third?
 Go search the school, you'll find the bird.
 Your school! I ask your pardon, Fair;
 I'm sure you'll find no sparrow there.

Now to my tale—One summer's morn
 A Bee rang'd o'er the verdant lawn;
 Studious to husband ev'ry hour,
 And make the most of ev'ry flow'r.
 Nimble, from stalk to stalk she flies,
 And loads with yellow wax her thighs;
 With which the artist builds her comb,
 And keeps all tight and warm at home:
 Or from the cowslip's golden bells
 Sucks honey, to enrich her cells:
 Or ev'ry tempting rose pursues,
 Or sips the lily's fragrant dew;

Yet never robs the shining bloom
Or of its beauty or perfume.
Thus she discharg'd in ev'ry way
The various duties of the day.

It chanc'd a frugal Ant was near,
Whose brow was wrinkl'd o'er by care;
A great oeconomist was she,
Nor less laborious than the Bee;
By pensive parents often taught
What ills arise from want of thought;
That poverty on sloth depends;
On poverty the loss of friends.
Hence ev'ry day the Ant is found
With anxious steps to tread the ground;
With curious search to trace the grain,
And drag the heavy load with pain.

The active Bee, with pleasure, saw
The Ant fulfil her parent's law.
Ah! sister-labourer, says she,
How very fortunate are we!
Who, taught in infancy to know
The comforts which from labour flow,
Are independent of the great,
Nor know the wants of pride and state.
Why is our food so very sweet?
Because we earn before we eat.
Why are our wants so very few?
Because we nature's calls pursue.
Whence our complacency of mind?
Because we act our parts assign'd.
Have we incessant tasks to do?
Is not all nature busy too?
Doth not the sun, with constant pace,
Persist to run his annual race?
Do not the stars, which shine so bright,
Renew their courses ev'ry night?
Doth not the ox, obedient, bow
His patient neck, and draw the plough?
Or when did e'er the gracious feed
Withhold his labour or his speed?
If you all nature's system scan,
The only idle thing is man.

A wanton Sparrow long'd to hear
Their sage discourse, and straight drew near.
The bird was talkative and loud,
And very pert and very proud;
As worthless and as vain a thing,
Perhaps, as ever wore a wing.
She found, as on a spray she sat,
The little friends were deep in chat;
That virtue was their fav'rite theme,
And toil and probity their scheme:
Such talk was hateful to her breast;
She thought them arrant prudes at best.
When, to display her naughty mind,
Hunger with cruelty combin'd,
She view'd the Ant with savage eyes,
And hopt and hopt to snatch the prize.
The Bee, who watch'd her op'ning bill,
And guess'd her fell design to kill,
Ask'd her, from what her anger rose,
And why she treated Ants as foes?

The Sparrow her reply began;
And thus the conversation ran:

Whenever I'm dispos'd to dine,
I think the whole creation mine;
That I'm a bird of high degree,
And ev'ry insect made for me.
Hence oft I search the emmet-brood
(For emmets are delicious food)
And oft, in wantonness and play,
I slay ten thousand in a day.
For truth it is, without disguise,
That I love mischief as my eyes.

Oh fie! the honest Bee reply'd,
I fear you make base man your guide;
Of ev'ry creature sure the worst,
Tho' in creation's scale the first!
Ungrateful man! 'tis strange he thrives,
Who burns the Bees to rob their hives!
I hate his vile administration,
And so do all the emmet nation.
What fatal foes to birds are men,
Quite to the Eagle from the Wren!

O! do not mens example take,
Who mischief do for mischief's sake;
But spare the Ant—her worth demands
Esteem and friendship at your hands.
A mind with ev'ry virtue blest,
Must raise compassion in your breast.

Virtue! rejoind'd the sneering bird,
Where did you learn that Gothic word?
Since I was hatch'd, I never heard
That virtue was at all rever'd.
But say it was the ancients claim,
Yet moderns disavow the name;
Unless, my dear, you read romances,
I cannot reconcile your fancies.

Virtue in fairy tales is seen
To play the goddess or the queen;
But what's a queen without the pow'r?
Or beauty, child, without a dow'r?
Yet this is all that virtue brags,
At best 'tis only worth in rags.
Such whims my very heart derides:
Indeed you make me burst my sides.
Trust me, Miss Bee—to speak the truth,
I've copy'd men from earliest youth;
The same our taste, the same our school,
Passion and appetite our rule;
And call me bird, or call me sinner,
I'll ne'er forego my sport or dinner.

A prowling cat the miscreant spies,
And wide expands her amber eyes:
Near and more near Grimalkin daws;
She wags her tail, protends her paws;
Then, springing on her thoughtless prey,
She bore the vicious bird away.

Thus, in her cruelty and pride,
The wicked wanton Sparrow dy'd.

§ 207. *The Bears and Bees.* MERRICK.

AS two young Bears, in wanton mood,
Forth issuing from a neighb'ring wood,
Came where th'industrious Bees had stor'd
In artful cells their luscious hoard,

O'erjoy'd

O'erjoy'd, they seiz'd with eager haste
 Luxurious on the rich repast.
 Alarm'd at this, the little crew
 About their ears vindictive flew.
 The beasts, unable to sustain
 Th' unequal combat, quit the plain;
 Half blind with rage, and mad with pain,
 Their native shelter they regain;
 There sit, and now, discreeter grown,
 Too late their rashness they bemoan;
 And this by dear experience gain,
 That pleasure's ever bought with pain.
 So, when the gilded baits of vice
 Are plac'd before our longing eyes,
 With greedy haste we snatch our fill,
 And swallow down the latent ill;
 But when experience opes our eyes,
 Away the fancy'd pleasure flies:
 It flies; but oh! too late we find
 It leaves a real sting behind.

§ 208. *The Cameleon.* MERRICK.

OFT has it been my lot to mark
 A proud conceited talking spark,
 With eyes that hardly serv'd at most
 To guard their master 'gainst a post;
 Yet round the world the blade has been,
 To see whatever could be seen:
 Returning from his finish'd tour,
 Grown ten times pertier than before;
 Whatever word you chance to drop,
 The travell'd fool your mouth will stop:
 "Sir, if my judgment you'll allow—
 "I've seen—and sure I ought to know."—
 So begs you'd pay a due submission,
 And acquiesce in his decision.

Two travellers of such a cast,
 As o'er Arabia's wilds they past,
 And on their way, in friendly chat,
 Now talk'd of this, and then of that,
 Discours'd a while, 'mongst other matter,
 Of the Cameleon's form and nature.

"A stranger animal," cries one,
 "Sure never liv'd beneath the sun:
 "A lizard's body, lean and long,
 "A fish's head, a serpent's tongue;
 "Its tooth with triple claw disjoin'd;
 "And what a length of tail behind!
 "How slow its pace! and then its hue—
 "Who ever saw so fine a blue?"

"Hold there," the other quick replies,
 "'Tis green,—I saw it with these eyes,
 "As late with open mouth it lay,
 "And warm'd it in the sunny ray;
 "Stretch'd at its ease the beast I view'd,
 "And saw it eat the air for food."

"I've seen it, Sir, as well as you,
 "And must again affirm it blue.
 "At leisure I the beast survey'd,
 "Extended in the cooling shade."

"'Tis green, 'tis green, Sir, I assure ye."—
 "Green!" cries the other in a fury—

"Why, Sir, d'ye think I've lost my eyes?"
 "'Twere no great loss," the friend replies;
 "For, if they always serve you thus,
 "You'll find 'em but of little use."
 So high at last the contest rose,
 From words they almost came to blows:
 When luckily came by a third—
 To him the question they referr'd;
 And begg'd he'd tell them, if he knew,
 Whether the thing was green or blue?
 "Sirs," cries the umpire, "cease your pother,
 "The creature's neither one nor t'other:
 "I caught the animal last night,
 "And view'd it o'er by candle-light:
 "I mark'd it well—'twas black as jet—
 "You stare—but, Sirs, I've got it yet,
 "And can produce it." "Pray, Sir, do:
 "I'll lay my life, the thing is blue."
 "And I'll be sworn, that when you've seen
 "The reptile, you'll pronounce him green."
 "Well then, at once, to cease the doubt,"

Replies the man, "I'll turn him out:
 "And when before your eyes I've set him,
 "If you don't find him black, I'll eat him."
 He said; then full before their sight
 Produc'd the beast, and lo—'twas white.
 Both star'd; the man look'd wond'rous wise—
 "My children," the Cameleon cries
 (Then first the creature found a tongue)
 "You all are right, and all are wrong:
 "When next you talk of what you view,
 "Think others see as well as you:
 "Nor wonder, if you find that none
 "Prefers your eye-fight to his own."

§ 209. *The Monkeys. A Tale.* MERRICK.

WHOE'ER, with curious eye, has rang'd
 Thro' Ovid's tales, has seen
 How Jove, incens'd, to Monkeys chang'd
 A tribe of worthless men.

Repentant soon, th'offending race
 Intreat the injur'd pow'r
 To give them back the human face,
 And reason's aid restore.

Jove, sooth'd at length, his ear inclin'd,
 And granted half their pray'r!
 But t'other half he bade the wind
 Disperse in empty air.

Scarce had the Thund'rer giv'n the nod
 That shook the vaulted skies,
 With haughtier air the creatures strode,
 And stretch'd their dwindled size.

The hair in curls luxuriant, now
 Around their temples spread;
 The tail, that whilom hung below,
 Now dangled from the head.

The head remains unchang'd within,
 Nor alter'd much the face;
 It still retains its native grin,
 And all its old grimace.

Thus,

Thus, half transform'd, and half the same,
Jove bade them take their place
(Restoring them their ancient claim)
Among the human race.

Man with contempt the brute survey'd,
Nor would a name bestow;
But woman lik'd the motley breed,
And call'd the thing a Beau.

§ 210. *The Fire-Side.* COTTON.

DEAR Chloe, while the busy crowd,
The vain, the wealthy, and the proud,
In Folly's maze advance;
Tho' singularity and pride
Be call'd our choice, we'll step aside,
Nor join the giddy dance.

From the gay world we'll oft retire
To our own family and fire,
Where love our hours employs;
No noisy neighbour enters here;
No intermeddling stranger near,
To spoil our heartfelt joys.

If solid happiness we prize,
Within our breast this jewel lies;
And they are fools who roam:
The world has nothing to bestow;
From our own selves our joys must flow,
And that dear hut, our home.

Of rest was Noah's dove bereft,
When with impatient wing she left
That safe retreat, the ark;
Giving her vain excursion o'er,
The disappointed bird once more
Explor'd the sacred bark.

Tho' fools spurn Hymen's gentle pow'rs,
We, who improve his golden hours,
By sweet experience know,
That marriage, rightly understood,
Gives to the tender and the good
A paradise below.

Our babes shall richest comforts bring;
If tutor'd right, they'll prove a spring
Whence pleasures ever rise:
We'll form their minds, with studious care,
To all that's manly, good, and fair,
And train them for the skies.

While they our wisest hours engage,
They'll joy our youth, support our age,
And crown our hoary hairs:
They'll grow in virtue ev'ry day;
And thus our fondest loves repay,
And recompense our cares.

No borrow'd joys, they're all our own,
While to the world we live unknown,
Or by the world forgot:
Monarchs! we envy not your state;
We look with pity on the great,
And bless our humbler lot.

* Though Dr. COTTON is well known to have been the author of these Visions, they have hitherto been published without prefixing his name.

Our portion is not large, indeed;
But then how little do we need!
For nature's calls are few:
In this the art of living lies,
To want no more than may suffice,
And make that little do.

We'll therefore relish with content
Whate'er kind Providence has sent,
Nor aim beyond our pow'r;
For, if our stock be very small,
'Tis prudence to enjoy it all,
Nor lose the present hour.

To be resign'd when ills betide,
Patient when favours are deny'd,
And pleas'd with favours giv'n;
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart,
Whose fragrance smells to heav'n.

We'll ask no long protracted treat,
Since winter life is seldom sweet;
But, when our feast is o'er,
Grateful from table we'll arise,
Nor grudge our sons with envious eyes
The relics of our store.

Thus, hand in hand, thro' life we'll go;
Its chequer'd paths of joy and woe
With cautious steps we'll tread;
Quit its vain scenes without a tear,
Without a trouble or a fear,
And mingle with the dead.

While Conscience, like a faithful friend,
Shall thro' the gloomy vale attend,
And cheer our dying breath;
Shall, when all other comforts cease,
Like a kind angel, whisper peace,
And smooth the bed of death.

§ 211. *Visions for the Entertainment and Instruction of younger Minds.* COTTON.

Virginibus puerisque canto. HOR.

TO THE READER.

AUTHORS, you know, of greatest fame,
Thro' modesty, suppress their name*;
And would you wish me to reveal
What these superior wits conceal,
Forego the search, my curious friend,
And husband time to better end.
All my ambition is, I own,
To profit and to please unknown;
Like streams supply'd from springs below,
Which scatter blessings as they flow.
Were you diseas'd, or press'd with pain,
Straight you'd apply to Warwick Lane:
The thoughtful Doctor feels your pulse
(No matter whether Mead or Hulse)
Writes—Arabic to you and me—
Then signs his hand, and takes his fee.

Now,

Now, should the sage omit his name,
Would not the cure remain the same?
Not but physicians sign their bill,
Or when they cure, or when they kill.

'Tis often known, the mental race
Their fond ambitious fires disgrace.
Dar'd I avow a parent's claim,
Critics might sneer, and friends might blame.
This dang'rous secret let me hide,
I'll tell you ev'ry thing beside:
Not that it boots the world a tittle,
Whether the author's big or little;
Or whether fair, or black, or brown;
No writer's hue concerns the town.

I pass the silent rural hour,
No slave to wealth, no tool to pow'r:
My mansion's warm, and very neat;
You'd say, 'A pretty snug retreat!'
My rooms no costly paintings grace;
The humbler print supplies their place.
Behind the house my garden lies,
And opens to the southern skies:
The distant hills gay prospects yield,
And plenty smiles in ev'ry field.

The faithful mastiff is my guard;
The feather'd tribes adorn my yard;
Alive my joy, my treat when dead,
And their soft plumes improve my bed.

My cow rewards me all she can
(Brutes leave ingratitude to man);
She daily, thankful to her lord,
Crowns with nectareous sweets my board:
Am I diseas'd—the cure is known;
Her sweeter juices mend my own.

I love my house, and seldom roam;
Few visits please me more than home:
I pity that unhappy elf
Who loves all company but self;
By idle passions borne away
To opera, masquerade, or play;
Fond of those hives where folly reigns,
And Britain's peers receive her chains;
Where the pert virgin slights a name,
And scorns to redden into shame.
But know, my fair, to whom belong
The poet and his artless song,
When female cheeks refuse to glow,
Farewell to virtue here below!

Our sex is lost to ev'ry rule;
Our sole distinction, knave or fool.
'Tis to your innocence we run;
Save us, ye fair, or we're undone:
Maintain your modesty and station,
So women shall preserve the nation.

Mothers, 'tis said, in days of old,
Esteem'd their girls more choice than gold;
Too well a daughter's worth they knew,
To make her cheap by public view:
(Few, who their diamonds value weigh,
Expose those diamonds ev'ry day.)
Then, if Sir Plume drew near, and smil'd,
The parent trembl'd for her child:
The first advance alarm'd her breast;
And fancy pictur'd all the rest:

But now no mother fears a foe;
No daughter shudders at a beau;

Pleasure is all the reigning theme;
Our noon-day thought, our midnight dream,
In folly's chace our youths engage,
And shameless crowds of tott'ring age.
The die, the dance, th'intemp'rate bowl,
With various charms ingross the soul.
Are gold, fame, health, the terms of vice?
The frantic tribes shall pay the price.
But tho' to ruin post they run,
They'll think it hard to be undone.

Do not arraign my want of taste
Or sight, to ken where joys are plac'd.
They widely err who think me blind;
And I disclaim a stoic's mind.
Like yours are my sensations quite;
I only strive to feel aright.
My joys, like streams, glide gently by;
Tho' small their channel, never dry;
Keep a still, even, fruitful wave,
And bless the neighb'ring meads they lave.

My fortune (for I'll mention all,
And more than you dare tell) is small;
Yet ev'ry friend partakes my store,
And want goes smiling from my door.
Will forty shillings warm the breast
Of worth or industry distress?
This sum I cheerfully impart,
'Tis fourscore pleasures to my heart!
And you may make, by means like these,
Five talents ten, whene'er you please.
'Tis true, my little purse grows light;
But then I sleep so sweet at night!
This grand specific will prevail
When all the doctor's opiates fail.

You ask what party I pursue?
Perhaps you mean, 'Whose fool are you?'
The names of party I detest;
Badges of slavery at best:
I've too much grace to play the knave,
And too much pride to turn a slave.

I love my country from my soul,
And grieve when knaves or fools controul;
I'm pleas'd when vice and folly smart,
Or at the gibbet or the cart:
Yet always pity where I can;
Abhor the guilt, but mourn the man.

Now the religion of your poet—
Does not this little preface show it?
My Visions if you scan with care,
'Tis ten to one you'll find it there.
And if my actions suit my song,
You can't in conscience think me wrong.

§ 212. *Vision I. Slander. Inscribed to Miss —.*

MY lovely girl, I write for you,
And pray believe my Visions true;
They'll form your mind to ev'ry grace;
They'll add new beauties to your face;
And when old age impairs your prime,
You'll triumph o'er the spoils of time.
Childhood and youth engage my pen;
'Tis labour lost to talk to men:

Youth

Youth may, perhaps, reform when wrong :
Age will not listen to my song.
He who at fifty is a fool,
Is far too stubborn grown for school.

What is that vice which still prevails,
When almost ev'ry passion fails ;
Which with our very dawn begun,
Nor ends but with our setting sun ;
Which, like a noxious weed, can spoil
The fairest flow'rs, and choak the soil ?
'Tis Slander—and, with shame I own,
The vice of human-kind alone.

Be Slander, then, my leading dream,
Tho' you're a stranger to the theme ;
Thy softer breast and honest heart,
Scorn the defamatory art ;
Thy soul asserts her native skies,
Nor asks Detraction's wings to rise ;
In foreign spoils let others shine,
Intrinsic excellence is thine.
The bird in peacock's plumes who shone
Could plead no merit of her own :
The silly theft betray'd her pride ;
And spoke her poverty beside.

Th'insidious slandering thief is worse
Than the poor rogue who steals your purse.
Say, he purloins your glitt'ring store :
Who takes your gold, takes trash—no more ;
Perhaps he pilfers—to be fed—
Ah ! guiltless wretch, who steals for bread !
But the dark villain, who shall aim
To blast, my fair, thy spotless name,
He'd steal a precious gem away,
Steal what both Indies can't repay !
Here the strong pleas of want are vain,
Or the more impious pleas of gain.
No sinking family to save !
No gold to glut th'insatiate knave !

Improve the hint of Shakespeare's tongue ;
'Twas thus immortal Shakespeare sung * :
And trust the bard's unerring rule ;
For nature was that Poet's school.

As I was nodding in my chair,
I saw a rueful wild appear :
No verdure met my aching sight,
But hemlock and cold aconite ;
Two very pois'nous plants, 'tis true,
But not so bad as vice to you.

The dreary prospect spread around !
Deep snow had whiten'd all the ground,
A black and barren mountain nigh,
Expos'd to ev'ry friendless sky !
Here foul-mouth'd Slander lay reclin'd ;
Her snaky tresses hiss'd behind ;
' A bloated toad-stool rais'd her head ;
' The plumes of ravens were her bed † ;
She fed upon the viper's brood,
And slak'd her impious thirst with blood.

* Othello.

† Garth's Dispensatory.

‡ Xerxes, King of Persia, and son of Darius. He invaded Greece with an army consisting of more than a million of men (some say more than two millions) ; who, together with their cattle, perished in a great measure through the inability of the countries to supply such a vast host with provision.

§ Hesperia includes Italy as well as Spain ; and the inhabitants of both are remarkable for their revengeful dispositions.

The rising sun and western ray
Were witness to her distant sway.
The tyrant claim'd a mightier host
Than the proud Persian e'er could boast.
No conquest grac'd Darius' son ‡,
By his own numbers half undone :
Success attended Slander's pow'r ;
She reap'd fresh laurels ev'ry hour.
Her troops a deeper scarlet wore
Than ever armies knew before.

No plea diverts the fury's rage,
The fury spares nor sex nor age.
E'en Merit, with destructive charms,
Provokes the vengeance of her arms.

Whene'er the tyrant sounds to war,
Her canker'd trump is heard afar.
Pride, with a heart unknown to yield,
Commands in chief, and guides the field ;
He stalks with vast gigantic stride,
And scatters fear and ruin wide :
So the impetuous torrent sweep
At once whole nations to the deep.

Revenge, that base Hesperian §, known
A chief support of Slander's throne,
Amidst the bloody crowd is seen,
And treach'ry brooding in his mien ;
The monster often chang'd his gait,
But march'd resolv'd, and fix'd as fate :
Thus the fell kite, whom hunger stings,
Now slowly moves his out-stretch'd wings ;
Now swift as lightning bears away,
And darts upon his trembling prey.

Envy commands a sacred band,
With sword and poison in her hand.
Around her haggard eye-balls roll ;
A thousand fiends possess her soul.
The artful unsuspected sprite,
With fatal aim attacks by night.
Her troops advance with silent tread,
And stab the hero in his bed ;
Or shoot the wing'd malignant lye,
And female honours pine and die.
So prowling wolves, when darkness reigns,
Intent on murder, scour the plains ;
Approach the folds where lambs repose,
Whose guileless breasts suspect no foes ;
The savage gluts his fierce desires,
And bleating innocence expires.

Slander smil'd horribly, to view
How wide her conquests daily grew :
Around the crowded levees wait,
Like oriental slaves of state ;
Of either sex whole armies press,
But chiefly of the fair and best.

Is it a breach of friendship's law,
To say what female friends I saw ?
Slander assume's the idol's part,
And claims the tribute of the heart ;

The best, in some unguarded hour,
Have bow'd the knee, and own'd her pow'r ;
Then let the poet not reveal
What candour wishes to conceal.

If I beheld some faulty fair,
Much worse delinquents crowded there :
Prelates in sacred lawn I saw,
Grave physick, and loquacious law ;
Courtiers, like summer flies, abound ;
And hungry poets swarm around.
But now my partial story ends,
And makes my females full amends.

If Albion's isle such dreams fulfils,
'Tis Albion's isle which cures these ills :
Fertile of ev'ry worth and grace
Which warm the heart and flush the face.

Fancy disclos'd a smiling train
Of British nymphs, that tripp'd the plain.
Good-nature, first, a sylvan queen,
Attir'd in robes of cheerful green :
A fair and smiling virgin she !
With ev'ry charm that shines in thee.
Prudence assum'd the chief command,
And bore a mirror in her hand ;
Grey was the matron's head by age,
Her mind by long experience sage ;
Of ev'ry distant ill afraid,
And anxious for the simp'ring maid.
The Graces danc'd before the fair ;
And white-rob'd Innocence was there.
The trees with golden fruits were crown'd,
And rising flow'rs adorn'd the ground ;
The sun display'd each brighter ray,
And shone in all the pride of day :

When Slander sicken'd at the sight,
And skulk'd away to shun the light.

§ 213. *Vision II. Pleasure.*

HEAR, ye fair mothers of our isle,
Nor scorn your Poet's homely style.
What tho' my thoughts be quaint or new,
I'll warrant that my doctrine's true :
Or, if my sentiments be old,
Remember, truth is sterling gold.

You judge it of important weight
To keep your rising offspring straight ;
For this such anxious moments feel,
And ask the friendly aids of steel ;
For this import the distant cane,
Or slay the monarch of the main.
And shall the soul be warp'd aside
By passion, prejudice, and pride ?
Deformity of heart I call
The worst deformity of all.
Your cares to body are confin'd ;
Few fear obliquity of mind.
Why not adorn the better part ?
This is a nobler theme for art.
For what is form, or what is face,
But the soul's index, or its case ?

Now take a simile at hand,
Compare the mental soil to land.

Shall fields be till'd with annual care,
And minds lie fallow ev'ry year ?
O, since the crop depends on you,
Give them the culture which is due :
Hoe ev'ry weed, and dress the soil,
So harvest shall repay your toil.

If human minds resemble trees
(As ev'ry moralist agrees)
Prune all the stragglers of your vine,
Then shall the purple clusters shine.
The gard'ner knows, that fruitful life
Demands his salutary knife :
For ev'ry wild luxuriant shoot,
Or robs the bloom, or starves the fruit.

A satirist*, in Roman times,
When Rome, like Britain, groan'd with crimes,
Asserts it for a sacred truth,
That pleasures are the bane of youth ;
That sorrows such pursuits attend,
Or such pursuits in sorrows end,
That all the wild advent'rer gains
Are perils, penitence, and pains.
Approve, ye fair, the Roman page,
And bid your sons revere the sage ;
In study spend their midnight oil,
And string their nerves by manly toil.
Thus shall they grow, like Temple, wise ;
Thus future Lockes and Newtons rise ;
Or hardy chiefs to wield the lance,
And save us from the chains of France.
Yes, bid your sons betimes forego
Those treach'rous paths where pleasures grow ;
Where the young mind is Folly's slave ;
Where ev'ry virtue finds a grave.

Let each bright character be nam'd
For wisdom, or for valour fam'd :
Are the dear youths to science prone,
Tell how th'immortal Bacon shone !
Who, leaving meaner joys to kings,
Soar'd high on contemplation's wings ;
Rang'd the fair fields of nature o'er,
Where never mortal trod before :
Bacon ! whose vast, capacious plan
Bespoke him angel, more than man !

Does love of martial fame inspire,
Cherish, ye fair, the gen'rous fire ;
Teach them to spurn inglorious rest,
And rouse the hero in their breast :
Paint Cressy's vanquish'd field anew,
Their souls shall kindle at the view ;
Resolv'd to conquer or to fall,
When liberty and Britain call.
Thus shall they rule the crimson plain,
Or hurl their thunders thro' the main ;
Gain with their blood, nor grudge the cost,
What their degen'rate fires have lost :
The laurel thus shall grace their brow,
As Churchill's once, or Warren's now.

One summer's evening, as I stray'd
Along the silent moon-light glade,
With those reflections in my breast,
Beneath an oak I sunk to rest ;

* Perflus.

A gentle slumber intervenes,
And fancy dress'd instructive scenes.
Methought a spacious road I spy'd,
And stately trees adorn'd its side ;
Frequented by a giddy crowd
Of thoughtless mortals, vain and loud ;
Who tripp'd with jocund heel along,
And bade me join their smiling throng.

I straight obey'd—persuasion hung
Like honey on the speaker's tongue :
A cloudless sun improv'd the day,
And pinks and roses strew'd our way.

Now as our journey we pursue,
A beauteous fabric rose to view ;
A stately dome, and sweetly grac'd
With ev'ry ornament of taste.
This structure was a female's claim,
And Pleasure was the monarch's name.

The hall we enter'd uncontrol'd,
And saw the queen enthron'd on gold :
Arabian sweets perfum'd the ground,
And laughing Cupids flutter'd round ;
A flowing vest adorn'd the fair,
And flow'ry chaplets wreath'd her hair.
Fraud taught the queen a thousand wiles,
A thousand soft insidious smiles ;
Love taught her lisping tongue to speak,
And form'd the dimple in her cheek ;
The lily and the damask rose
The tincture of her face compose ;
Nor did the god of wit disdain
To mingle with the shining train.
Her vot'ries flock from various parts,
And chiefly youth resign'd their hearts ;
The old in sparing numbers prest ;
But awkward devotees at best.

'Now let us range at large,' we cry'd,
'Thro' all the garden's boasted pride.'
Here jasmynes spread the silver flow'r,
To deck the wall or weave the bow'r ;
The woodbines mix in am'rous play,
And breathe their fragrant lives away.
Here rising myrtles form a shade ;
There roses blush, and scent the glade ;
The orange, with a vernal face,
Wears ev'ry rich autumnal grace ;
While the young blossoms here unfold,
There shines the fruit like pendant gold.
Citrons their balmy sweets exhale,
And triumph in the distant gale.
Now fountains, murmur to the song,
Roll their translucent streams along ;
'Thro' all the aromatic groves
The faithful turtles coo their loves ;
The lark, ascending, pours his notes ;
And linnets swell their rapt'rous throats.

Pleasure, imperial fair ! how gay
Thy empire, and how wide thy sway !
Enchanting queen, how soft thy reign !
How man, fond man ! implores thy chain !
Yet thine each meretricious art,
That weakens and corrupts the heart :
The childish toys and wanton page,
Which sink and prostitute the stage !

The masquerade, that just offence
To virtue, and reproach to sense !
The midnight dance, the mantling bowl,
And all that dissipate the soul ;
All that to ruin man combine,
Yes, specious harlot, all are thine !

Whence sprung th'accursed lust of play,
Which beggars thousands in a day ?
Speak, for'refs, speak (for thou canst tell)
Who call'd the treach'rous card from hell ?
Now man profanes his reas'ning pow'rs,
Profanes sweet friendship's sacred hours ;
Abandon'd to inglorious ends,
And faithless to himself and friends ;
A dupe to ev'ry artful knave,
To ev'ry abject with a slave :
But who against himself combines,
Abets his enemy's designs.
When rapine meditates a blow,
He shares the guilt who aids the foe.
Is man a thief who steals my self—
How great his theft who robs himself !
Is man, who gulls his friend, a cheat—
How heinous, then, is self-deceit !
Is murder justly deem'd a crime—
How black his guilt who murders time ?
Should custom plead, as custom will,
Grand precedents to palliate ill ;
Shall modes and forms avail with me,
When reason disavows the plea ?
Who games, is felon of his wealth,
His time, his liberty, his health :
Virtue forsakes his sordid mind,
And Honour scorns to stay behind.
From man when these bright cherubs part,
Ah, what's the poor deserted heart !
A savage wild that shocks the sight,
Or chaos, and impervious night !
Each gen'rous principle destroy'd,
And dæmons crowd the frightful void !

Shall Siam's elephant supply
The baneful desolating die !
Against the honest sylvan's will,
You taught his iv'ry tusk to kill.
Heav'n, fond its favours to dispense,
Gave him that weapon for defence :
That weapon, for his guard design'd,
You render'd fatal to mankind.
He plann'd no death for thoughtless youth ;
You gave the venom to his tooth.
Blush, tyrant, blush ! for, oh ! 'tis true,
That no fell serpent bites like you.

The guests were order'd to depart ;
Reluctance sat on ev'ry heart :
A porter shew'd a different door,
Not the fair portal known before.
The gates, methought, were open'd wide ;
The crowds descended in a tide :
But oh ! ye heav'ns, what vast surprize
Struck the advent'ers frighted eyes !
A barren heath before us lay,
And gath'ring clouds obscur'd the day ;
The darkness rose in smoky spires ;
The lightnings flash'd their livid fires :

Loud

Loud peals of thunder rent the air,
While vengeance chill'd our hearts with fear.

Five ruthless tyrants sway'd the plain,
And triumph'd o'er the mangl'd slain.
Here sat Dis taste, with sickly mien,
And more than half devour'd with spleen;
There stood Remorse, with thought oppress'd,
And vipers feeding on his breast:
Then Want, dejected, pale, and thin,
With bones just starting thro' his skin;
A ghastly fiend!—and close behind,
Disease his aching head reclin'd!
His everlasting thirst confess
The fires which rag'd within his breast:
Death clos'd the train! the hideous form
Smil'd, unrelenting, in the storm;
When straight a doleful shriek was heard;
I woke—the vision disappear'd.

Let not the unexperienc'd boy
Deny that pleasures will destroy;
Or say that dreams are vain and wild,
Like fairy tales, to please a child.
Important hints the wise may reap
From fallies of the soul in sleep:
And since there's meaning in my dream,
The moral merits your esteem.

§ 214. *Vision III. Health.*

ATTEND my Visions, thoughtless youths,
Ere long you'll think them weighty truths;
Prudent it were to think so now,
Ere age has silver'd o'er your brow:
For he, who at his early years
Has sown in vice, shall reap in tears.
If Folly has possess'd his prime,
Disease shall gather strength in time;
Poison shall rage in ev'ry vein—
Nor penitence dilute the stain:
And when each hour shall urge his fate,
Thought, like the doctor, comes too late.

The subject of my song is Health;
A good superior far to wealth.
Can the young mind distrust its worth!
Consult the monarchs of the earth:
Imperial czars and sultans own
No gems so bright that decks their throne;
Each for this pearl his crown would quit,
And turn a rustic, or a cit.

Mark, tho' the blessing's lost with ease,
'Tis not recover'd when you please.
Say not that gruels shall avail;
For salutary gruels fail:
Say not, Apollo's sons succeed;
Apollo's son is Egypt's * reed.
How fruitless the physician's skill,
How vain the penitential pill,
The marble monuments proclaim;
The humbler turf confirms the same!
Prevention is the better cure;
So says the proverb; and 'tis sure.

Would you extend your narrow span,
And make the most of life you can;

Would you, when med'cines cannot save,
Descend with ease into the grave—
Calmly retire, like ev'ning light,
And cheerful bid the world good night?—
Let Temp'rance constantly preside;
Our best physician, friend, and guide!
Would you to wisdom make pretence,
Proud to be thought a man of sense?—
Let Temp'rance (always friend to fame)
With steady hand direct your aim;
Or, like an archer in the dark,
Your random shaft will miss the mark:
For they who slight her golden rules,
In Wisdom's volume stand for fools.

But morals, unadorn'd by art,
Are seldom known to reach the heart:
I'll therefore strive to raise my theme
With all the scenery of a dream.

Soft were my slumbers, sweet my rest,
Such as the infant's on the breast;
When Fancy, ever on the wing,
And fruitful as the genial spring,
Presented, in a blaze of light,
A new creation to my sight.

A rural landscape I descri'd,
Dress'd in the robes of summer pride;
The herds adorn'd the sloping hills,
That glitter'd with their tinkling rills;
Below, the fleecy mothers stray'd,
And round their sportive lambkins play'd.

Nigh to a murmur'ing brook I saw
An humble cottage, thatch'd with straw;
Behind, a garden, that supply'd
All things for use, and none for pride:
Beauty prevail'd thro' ev'ry part;
But more of nature than of art.

'Hail, thou sweet, calm, unenvy'd seat!
I said, and blest'd the fair retreat;
'Here would I pass my remnant days,
'Unknown to censure or to praise;
'Forget the world, and be forgot,
'As Pope describes his vestal's lot.'

While thus I mus'd, a beauteous maid
Stepp'd from a thicket's neighb'ring shade;
Not Hampton's gallery can boast,
Nor Hudson paint, so fair a toast:
She claim'd the cottage for her own;
To Health a cottage is a throne.

The annals say (to prove her worth)
The Graces solemniz'd her birth.
Garlands of various flow'rs they wrought:
The orchard's blushing pride they brought:
Hence in her face the lily speaks,
And hence the rose which paints her cheeks;
The cherry gave her lips to glow;
Her eyes were debtors to the floe;
And, to complete the lovely fair,
'Tis said the chestnut stain'd her hair.

The virgin was averse to courts;
But often seen in rural sports:
When in her rosy vest the morn
Walks o'er the dew-bespangled lawn,

* In allusion to 2 Kings, xviii. 21.

The nymph is first to form the race,
Or wind the horn, and lead the chace.

Sudden I heard a shouting train;
Glad acclamations fill'd the plain;
Unbounded joy improv'd the scene,
For Health was loud proclaim'd a queen.

Two smiling cherubs grac'd her throne
(To modern courts, I fear, unknown):
One was the nymph that loves the light,
Fair Innocence, array'd in white;
With sister Peace in close embrace,
And heav'n all op'ning in her face.

The reign was long, the empire great,
And Virtue minister of state.

In other kingdoms, ev'ry hour,
You hear of Vice prefer'd to pow'r:
Vice was a perfect stranger here;
No knaves engross'd the royal ear;
No fools obtain'd the monarch's grace;
Virtue dispos'd of ev'ry place.

What sickly appetites are ours,
Still varying with the varying hours!
And tho' from good to bad we range,
'No matter,' says the fool, 'tis change.'

Her subjects now express'd apace
Dissatisfaction in their face:
Some view the state with Envy's eye;
Some were displeas'd, they knew not why;
When Faction, ever bold and vain,
With rigour tax'd their monarch's reign.
Thus, should an angel from above,
Fraught with benevolence and love,
Descend to earth, and here impart
Important truths to mend the heart,
Would not th'instructive guest dispense
With passion, appetite, and sense,
We should his heav'nly lore despise,
And send him to his former skies.
A dang'rous hostile pow'r arose
To Health, whose household were her foes:
A harlot's loose attire she wore,
And Luxury the name she bore.
This prince's of unbounded sway,
Whom Asia's softer sons obey,
Made war against the queen of Health,
Assisted by the troops of Wealth.

The queen was first to take the field,
Arm'd with her helmet and her shield;
Temper'd with such superior art,
That both were proof to ev'ry dart.
Two warlike chiefs approach'd the green,
And wond'rous fav'rites with the queen;
Both were of Amazonian race;
Both high in merit and in place.
Here Resolution march'd, whose soul
No fear could shake; no pow'r controul;
The heroine wore a Roman vest;
A lion's heart inform'd her breast.
There Prudence shone; whose bosom wrought
With all the various plans of Thought;
'Twas hers to bid the troops engage,
And teach the battle where to rage.

And now the Syren's armies press;
Their van was headed by Excess;

The mighty wings that form'd the side,
Commanded by that giant, Pride;
While Sickness, and her sisters Pain
And Poverty, the centre gain:
Repentance, with a brow severe,
And Death were station'd in the rear.

Health rang'd her troops with matchless art,
And acted the defensive part:
Her army, posted on a hill,
Plainly bespoke superior skill.

Hence were discover'd, thro' the plain
The motions of the hostile train:
While Prudence, to prevent surprize,
Oft sally'd with her trusty spies;
Explor'd each ambuscade below,
And reconnoiter'd well the foe.
Afar when Luxury descry'd
Inferior force by art supply'd,
The Syren spake—'Let fraud prevail,
'Since all my num'rous hosts must fail;
'Henceforth hostilities shall cease;
'I'll send to Health, and offer peace.'

Straight she dispatch'd, with pow'rs complete,
Pleasure, her minister, to treat.

This wicked strumpet topp'd her part,
And sow'd sedition in the heart!
Thro' ev'ry troop the poison ran;
All were infected to a man:
The weary generals were won
By Pleasure's wiles, and both undone.

Jove held the troops in high disgrace,
And bade diseases blast their race;
Look'd on the queen with melting eyes,
And snatch'd his darling to the skies:
Who still regards those wiser few,
That dare her dictates to pursue.
For where her stricter law prevails,
Tho' passion prompts, or vice assails,
Long shall the cloudless skies behold,
And their calm sun-set beam with gold.

§ 215. *Vision IV. Content.*

MAN is deceiv'd by outward show—
'Tis a plain homespun truth, I know:
The fraud prevails at ev'ry age,
So says the school-boy and the sage:
Yet still we hug the dear deceit,
And still exclaim against the cheat.
But whence this inconsistent part?
Say, moralists, who know the heart:
If you'll this labyrinth pursue,
I'll go before, and find the clue.

I dream'd ('twas on a birth-day night)
A sumptuous palace rose to fight:
The builder had, thro' ev'ry part,
Observ'd the chastest rules of art;
Raphael and Titian had display'd
All the full force of light in shade.
Around the livery'd servants wait;
An aged porter kept the gate.

As I was traversing the hall,
Where Brussels looms adorn'd the wall

(Whose

(Whose tap'stry shews, without my aid,
A nun is no such useleſs maid)
A graceful perſon came in view
(His form, it ſeems, is known to few);
His dreſs was unadorn'd with lace,
But charms! a thouſand in his face.

'This, Sir, your property?' I cry'd;
'Maſter and manſion coincide:
'Where all, indeed, is truly great,
'And proves that bliſs may dwell with ſtate.
'Pray, Sir, indulge a ſtranger's claim,
'And grant the favor of your name.'

'Content,' the lovely form reply'd;
'But think not here that I reſide:
'Here lives a courtier, baſe and fly;
'An open, honeſt ruſtic, I.
'Our taſte and manners diſagree;
'His levee boaſts no charms for me:
'For titles and the ſmiles of kings,
'To me are cheap unheeded things.
'Tis virtue can alone impart
'The patent of a ducal heart:
'Unleſs this herald ſpeaks him great,
'What ſhall avail the glare of ſtate!'
'Thoſe ſecret charms are my delight,
'Which ſhine remote from public ſight:
'Paſſions ſubdu'd, deſires at reſt—
'And hence his chaplain ſhares my breſt.

'There was a time (his Grace can tell)

'I knew the Duke exceeding well;
'Knew ev'ry ſecret of his heart;
'In truth we never were apart:
'But when the court became his end,
'He turn'd his back upon his friend.

'One day I call'd upon his grace,
'Juſt as the Duke had got a place:
'I thought (but thought amiſs, 'tis clear)
'I ſhould be welcome to the peer;
'Yes, welcome to a man in pow'r;
'And ſo I was—for half an hour;
'But he grew weary of his gueſt,
'And ſoon diſcarded me his breſt;
'Upbraided me with want of merit,
'But moſt for poverty of ſpirit.

'You reliſh not the great man's lot!
'Come, haſten to my humbler cot.
'Think me not partial to the great,
'I'm a ſworn foe to pride and ſtate;
'No monarch ſhares my kind embrace;
'There's ſcarce a monarch knows my face;
'Content ſhuns courts, and oft'ner dwells
'With modeſt worth in rural cells;
'There's no complaint, tho' brown the bread,
'Or the rude turf ſuſtain the head;
'Tho' hard the couch and coarſe the meat,
'Still the brown loaf and ſleep are ſweet.

'Far from the city I reſide,
'And a thatch'd cottage all my pride.
'True to my heart, I ſeldom roam,
'Be cauſe I find my joys at home:
'For foreign viſits then begin
'When the man feels a void within.
'But tho' from towns and crowds I fly,
'No humoriſt, nor cynic, I.

'Amidſt ſequeſter'd ſhades I prize
'The friendships of the good and wiſe:
'Bid Virtue and her ſons attend,
'Virtue will tell thee, I'm her friend;
'Tell thee, I'm faithful, conſtant, kind,
'And meek, and lowly, and reſign'd!
'Will ſay, there's no diſtinction known
'Betwixt her houſhold and my own.'

AUTHOR.

If theſe the friendships you purſue,
Your friends, I fear, are very few.
So little company, you ſay,
Yet fond of home from day to day!
How do you ſhun Detraction's rod?
I doubt your neighbours think you odd!

CONTENT.

I commune with myſelf at night,
And aſk my heart if all be right:
If 'Right' replies my faithful breſt,
I ſmile, and cloſe my eyes to reſt.

AUTHOR.

You ſeem regardless of the town:
Pray, Sir, how ſtand you with the gown?

CONTENT.

The clergy ſay they love me well;
Whether they do, they beſt can tell:
They paint me modeſt, friendly, wiſe,
And always praiſe me to the ſkies;
But if conviction's at the heart,
Why not a correſpondent part?
For ſhall the learned tongue prevail,
If actions preach a different tale?
Who'll ſeek my door, and grace my walls,
When neither dean nor prelate calls?

With thoſe my friendships moſt obtain,
Who prize their duty more than gain;
Soft flow the hours whene'er we meet,
And conſcious virtue is our treat;
Our harmleſs breſts no envy know,
And hence we fear no ſecret foe;
Our walks Ambition ne'er attends,
And hence we aſk no pow'rful friends;
We wiſh the beſt to church and ſtate,
But leave the ſteerage to the great;
Careleſs who riſes or who falls,
And never dream of vacant ſtalls:
Much leſs, by pride or int'reſt drawn,
Sigh for the mitre and the lawn.

Obſerve the ſecrets of my art,
I'll fundamental truths impart:
If you'll my kind advice purſue,
I'll quit my hut, and dwell with you.

The paſſions are a num'rous crowd,
Imperious, poſitive, and loud;
Curb theſe licentious ſons of ſtrife;
Hence chiefly riſe the ſtorms of life:
If they grew mutinous, and rave,
They are thy maſters, thou their ſlave.

Regard the world with cautious eye,
Nor raiſe your expectation high;
See that the balanc'd ſcales be ſuch,
You neither fear nor hope too much:

K

For

For disappointment's not the thing;
'Tis pride and passion point the sting.
Life is a sea, where storms must rise;
'Tis folly talks of cloudless skies:
He who contracts his swelling sail,
Eludes the fury of the gale.

Be still, nor anxious thoughts employ;
Distrust embitters present joy:
On God for all events depend;
You cannot want when God's your Friend.
Weigh well your part, and do your best;
Leave to your Maker all the rest.
The Hand, which form'd thee in the womb,
Guides from the cradle to the tomb.
Can the fond mother slight her boy?
Can she forget her prattling joy?
Say, then, shall Sov'reign Love desert
The humble and the honest heart?
Heav'n may not grant thee all thy mind;
Yet say not thou that Heav'n's unkind.
God is alike both good and wise
In what he grants and what denies:
Perhaps, what Goodness gives to-day,
To-morrow Goodness takes away.

You say, that troubles intervene;
That sorrows darken half the scene.
True — and this consequence you see,
The world was ne'er design'd for thee:
You're like a passenger below,
That stays perhaps a night or so;
But still his native country lies
Beyond the bound'ries of the skies.

Of Heav'n ask virtue, wisdom, health;
But never let thy pray'r be wealth.
If food be thine (tho' little gold)
And raiment to repel the cold;
Such as may Nature's want suffice,
Nor what from pride and folly rise;
If soft the motions of thy soul,
And a calm conscience crowns the whole,
Add but a friend to all this store,
You can't in reason wish for more.
And if kind Heav'n this comfort brings,
'Tis more than Heav'n bestows on kings.

He spake — the airy spectre flies,
And strait the sweet illusion dies.
The Vision, at the early dawn,
Consign'd me to the thoughtful morn;
To all the cares of waking day,
And inconsistent dreams of day.

§ 216. *Vision V. Happiness.*

YE ductile youths, whose rising sun
Hath many circles still to run;
Who wisely wish the pilot's chart
To steer thro' life th' unsteady heart;
And, all the thoughtful voyage past,
To gain a happy port at last, —
Attend a Seer's instructive song;
For moral truths to dreams belong.

I saw this wond'rous Vision soon;
Long ere my sun had reach'd its noon;
Just when the rising beard began
To grace my chin, and call me man.

One night, when balmy slumbers shed
Their peaceful poppies o'er my head,
My fancy led me to explore
A thousand scenes unknown before.
I saw a plain extended wide,
And crowds pour'd in from ev'ry side;
All seem'd to start a different game,
Yet all declar'd their views the same:
The chace was Happiness, I found;
But all, alas! enchanted ground.

Indeed, I judg'd it wond'rous strange,
To see the giddy numbers range
Thro' roads which promis'd nought, at best,
But sorrow to the human breast.
Methought, if bliss was all their view,
Why did they different paths pursue?
The waking world has long agreed,
That Bagshot's not the road to Tweed;
And he who Berwick seeks thro' Staines,
Shall have his labour for his pains.

As Parnell says*, my bosom wrought
With travail of uncertain thought;
And, as an angel help'd the dean,
My angel chose to intervene.
The dress of each was much the same;
And Virtue was my seraph's name.
When thus the angel silence broke
(Her voice was music as she spoke):

'Attend, O man! nor leave my side,
'And safety shall thy footsteps guide;
'Such truths I'll teach, such secrets show,
'As none but favour'd mortals know.'

She said — and strait we march'd along
To join Ambition's active throng:
Crowds urg'd on crowds, with eager pace,
And happy he who led the race.
Axes and daggers lay unseen
In ambuscade along the green:
While vapours shed delusive light,
And bubbles mock'd the distant sight.

We saw a shining mountain rise,
Whose frowning summit reach'd the skies;
The slopes were steep, and form'd of glass;
Painful and hazardous to pass:
Courtiers and statesmen led the way;
The faithless paths their steps betray;
This moment seen aloft to soar,
The next to fall, and rise no more.
'Twas here Ambition kept her court;
A phantom of gigantic port:
The fav'rite that sustain'd her throne
Was Falsehood, by her vizard known;
Next stood Mistrust, with frequent sigh,
Disorder'd look, and squinting eye;
While meagre Envy claim'd a place,
And Jealousy with jaundic'd face.

'But where is Happiness?' I cry'd.
My guardian turn'd, and thus reply'd:

* See the Hermit, Page 73.

'Mortal,

'Mortal, by Folly still beguil'd,
 'Thou hast not yet outstripp'd the child;
 'Thou who hast twenty winters seen
 '(I hardly think thee past fifteen)
 'To ask if happiness can dwell
 'With ev'ry dirty imp of hell!
 'Go to the school-boy, he shall preach
 'What twenty winters cannot teach;
 'He'll tell thee, from his weekly theme,
 'That thy pursuit is all a dream;
 'That bliss ambitious views disowns,
 'And, self-dependant, laughs at thrones;
 'Prefers the shades and lowly seats,
 'Whither fair Innocence retreats;
 'So the coy lily of the vale
 'Shuns eminence, and loves the dale.'

I blush'd; and now we cross'd the plain,
 To find the money-getting train;
 Those silent, snug, commercial bands,
 With busy looks and dirty hands.
 Amidst these thoughtful crowds, the old,
 Plac'd all their happiness in gold:
 And surely, if there's bliss below,
 These hoary heads the secret know.
 We journey'd with the plodding crew,
 When soon a temple rose to view;
 A Gothic pile! with moss o'ergrown;
 Strong were the walls, and built with stone.
 Without, a thousand mastiffs wait:
 A thousand bolts secure the gate.
 We sought admission long in vain;
 For here all favours sell for gain.
 The greedy porter yields to gold;
 His fee receiv'd, the gates unfold.
 Assembl'd nations here were found,
 And view'd the cringing herds around,
 Who daily sacrific'd to Wealth
 Their honor, conscience, peace, and health.
 I saw no charms that could engage;
 The god appear'd like sordid age,
 With hooked nose, and famish'd jaws,
 But serpent's eyes, and harpy's claws:
 Behind stood Fear, that restless sprite,
 Which haunts the watches of the night;
 And viper Care, that stings so deep,
 Whose deadly venom murders sleep.

We hasten now to Pleasure's bow'rs,
 Where the gay tribes sit crown'd with flow'rs:
 Here Beauty ev'ry charm display'd,
 And love inflam'd the yielding maid;
 Delicious wine our taste employs;
 His crimson bowl exalts our joys.
 I felt its gen'rous pow'r, and thought
 The pearl was found that long I sought.
 Determin'd here to fix my home,
 I blest'd the change, nor wish'd to roam;
 The seraph disapprov'd my stay;
 Spread her fair plumes, and wing'd away.

Alas! whene'er we talk of bliss,
 How prone is man to judge amiss!
 See, a long train of ills conspires
 To scourge our uncontroul'd desires;
 Like summer swarms, diseases crowd;
 Each bears a crutch, or each a shroud:

Fever, that thirsty fury, came,
 With inextinguishable flame;
 Consumption, sworn ally of Death!
 Crept slowly on with panting breath;
 Gout roar'd, and shew'd his throbbing feet;
 And Dropsy took the drunkard's seat;
 Stone brought his tort'ring racks; and near
 Sat Palsy, shaking in her chair.

A mangled youth, beneath a shade,
 A melancholy scene display'd:
 His noseless face and loathsome stains,
 Proclaim'd the poison in his veins;
 He rais'd his eyes, he smote his breast,
 He wept aloud, and thus address'd:

'Forbear the harlot's false embrace,
 'Tho' lewdness wear an angel's face;
 'Be wise, by my experience taught;
 'I die, alas, for want of thought!'

As he who travels Lybia's plains,
 Where the fierce lion lawless reigns,
 Is seiz'd with fear and wild dismay,
 When the grim foe obstructs his way;
 My soul was pierc'd with equal fright,
 My tort'ring limbs oppos'd my flight:
 I call'd on Virtue, but in vain;
 Her absence quicken'd every pain.
 At length the slighted angel heard;
 The dear refulgent form appear'd.

'Presumptuous youth!' she said, and frown'd
 (My heart-strings flutter'd at the sound);

'Who turns to me reluctant ears,
 'Shall shed repeated floods of tears.
 'These rivers shall for ever last;
 'There's no retracting what is past:
 'Nor think avenging ills to shun;
 'Play a false card, and you're undone.
 'Of Pleasure's gilded baits beware,
 'Nor tempt the Syren's fatal snare:
 'Forego this curs'd, detested place;
 'Abhor the strumpet and her race.
 'Had you those softer paths pursu'd,
 'Perdition, stripling, had ensu'd;
 'Yes, fly — you stand upon its brink;
 'To-morrow is too late to think.

'Indeed, unwelcome truths I tell,
 'But mark my sacred lesson well:
 'With me whoever lives at strife,
 'Loses his better friend for life;
 'With me who lives in friendship's ties,
 'Finds all that's sought for by the wise.
 'Folly exclaims, and well she may,
 'Because I take her mask away;
 'If once I bring her to the sun,
 'The painted harlot is undone.
 'But prize, my child, oh! prize my rules,
 'And leave Deception to her fools.

'Ambition deals in tinsel toys;
 'Her traffic gewgaws, fleeting joys!
 'An errant juggler in disguise,
 'Who holds false optics to your eyes.
 'But ah! how quick the shadow pass!
 'Tho' the bright visions thro' her glass
 'Charm at a distance; yet, when near,
 'The baseless fabrics disappear.

'Nor riches boast intrinsic worth;
 'Their charms, at best, superior earth:
 'These oft the heav'n-born mind enslave,
 And make an honest man a knave.'
 "Wealth cures my wants!" the miser cries:
 'Be not deceiv'd, the miser lies;
 'One want he has, with all his store,
 'That worst of wants — the want of more.'
 "Take Pleasure, Wealth, and Pomp away,
 "And where is Happiness?" you say.
 "'Tis here — and may be yours — for know,
 'I'm all that's happiness below.
 'To Vice I leave tumultuous joys;
 'Mine is the still and softer voice,
 'That whispers peace when storms invade,
 'And music through the midnight shade.
 'Come, then, be mine in ev'ry part,
 'Nor give me less than all your heart;
 'When troubles discompose your breast,
 'I'll enter there a cheerful guest:
 'My converse shall your cares beguile;
 'The little world within shall smile;
 'And then it scarce imports a jot,
 'Whether the great world frowns or not.
 'And when the closing scenes prevail,
 'When wealth, state, pleasure, all shall fail;
 'All that a foolish world admires,
 'Or Passion craves, or Pride inspires;
 'At that important hour of need,
 'Virtue shall prove a friend indeed!
 'My hands shall smooth thy dying bed,
 'My arms sustain thy drooping head:
 'And when the painful struggle's o'er,
 'And that vain thing, the world, no more,
 'I'll bear my fav'rite son away
 'To rapture, and eternal day.'

§ 217. *Vision. VI. Friendship.*

FRIENDSHIP! thou soft propitious pow'r!
 Sweet regent of the social hour!
 Sublime thy joys, nor understood
 But by the virtuous and the good!
 Cabal and Riot take thy name,
 But 'tis a false affected claim;
 In heav'n if love and friendship dwell,
 Can they associate e'er with hell?

Thou art the same thro' change of times,
 Thro' frozen zones and burning climes;
 From the equator to the pole,
 The same kind angel thro' the whole:
 And since thy choice is always free,
 I bless thee for thy smiles on me.

When sorrows swell the tempest high,
 Thou, a kind port, art always nigh;
 For aching hearts a sov'reign cure,
 Not soft Nepenthe* half so sure.

And, when returning comforts rise,
 Thou the bright sun that gilds our skies.

While these ideas warm'd my breast,
 My weary eye-lids stole to rest;

When fancy re-assum'd the theme,
 And furnish'd this instructive dream.

I sail'd upon a stormy sea
 (Thousands embark'd alike with me);
 My skiff was small, and weak beside,
 Not built, methought, to stem the tide:
 The winds along the surges sweep,
 The wrecks lie scatter'd thro' the deep;
 Aloud the foaming billows roar;
 Unfriendly rocks forbid the shore.

While all our various course pursue,
 A spacious isle salutes our view:
 Two queens, with tempers diff'ring wide,
 This new discover'd world divide;
 A river parts their proper claim;
 And truth its celebrated name.

One side a beauteous tract of ground
 Presents, with living verdure crown'd:
 The seasons temp'rate, soft, and mild,
 And a kind sun that always smil'd:
 Few storms molest the natives here;
 Cold is the only ill they fear.
 This happy clime and grateful soil,
 With plenty crowns the lab'rer's toil.

Here Friendship's happy kingdom grew;
 Her realms were small, her subjects few:
 A thousand charms the palace grace;
 A rock of adamant its base.
 Tho' thunders roll, and lightnings fly,
 This structure braves th'inclement sky:
 E'en time, which other piles devours,
 And mocks the pride of human pow'rs,
 Partial to Friendship's pile alone,
 Cements the joints, and binds the stone;
 Ripens the beauties of the place,
 And calls to life each latent grace.

Around the throne in order stand
 Four Amazons, a trusty band!
 Friends ever faithful to advise,
 Or to defend when dangers rise.
 Here Fortitude, in coat of mail;
 There Justice lifts her golden scale!
 Two hardy chiefs, who persevere,
 With form erect and brow severe;
 Who smile at perils, pains, and death,
 And triumph with their latest breath.

Temp'rance, that comely matron, 's near,
 Guardian of all the virtues here;
 Adorn'd with ev'ry blooming grace;
 Without one wrinkle in her face.
 But Prudence most attracts their sight,
 And shines pre-eminently bright.
 To view her various thoughts that rise,
 She holds a mirror to his eyes;
 The mirror, faithful to its charge,
 Reflects the virgin's soul in large.

A Virtue with a softer air
 Was handmaid to the regal fair,
 This nymph, indulgent, constant, kind,
 Derives from heav'n her spotless mind;
 When actions wear a dubious face,
 Puts the best meaning on the case!

* Nepenthe is an herb which, being infused in wine, dispels grief. It is unknown to the moderns; but some believe it a kind of opium; and others take it for a species of bugloss. Plin. xxi. 21. f. & xxv. 2.

She spreads her arms, and bares her breast,
Takes in the naked and distressed;
Prefers the hungry orphan's cries,
And from her queen obtains supplies.
The maid who acts this lovely part,
Grasp'd in her hand a bleeding heart.
Fair Charity, be thou my guest,
And be thy constant couch my breast!

But virtues of inferior name
Crowd round the throne with equal claim;
In loyalty by none surpass'd,
They hold allegiance to the last.
Not ancient records e'er can show
That one deserted to the foe.

The river's other side display'd
Alternate plots of flow'rs and shade,
Where poppies shone with various hue,
Where yielding willows plenteous grew;
And humble plants*, by travellers thought,
With flow but certain poison fraught.
Beyond these scenes the eye descri'd
A pow'rful realm extended wide;
Whose bound'ries from north-east begun,
And stretch'd to meet the south-west sun.
Here Flattery boasts despotic sway,
And basks in all the warmth of day.

Long practis'd in Deception's school,
The tyrant knew the hearts to rule;
Elated with th'imperial robe,
She plans the conquest of the globe!
And aided by her fervile trains,
Leads kings, and sons of kings, in chains.
Her darling minister is Pride
(Who ne'er was known to change his side)
A friend to all her int'rests just,
And active to discharge his trust;
Carefs'd alike by high and low;
The idol of the belle and beau:
In ev'ry shape he shews his skill,
And forms her subject to his will;
Enters their houses and their hearts,
And gains his point before he parts.
Sure, never minister was known
So zealous for his sov'reign's throne!

Three sisters, similar in mien,
Were maids of honour to the queen:
Who farther favours shar'd beside,
As daughters of a statesman, Pride.
The first, Conceit, with tow'ring crest,
Who look'd with scorn upon the rest;
Fond of herself, nor less I deem,
Than duchess in her own esteem.

Next Affectation, fair and young,
With half-form'd accents on her tongue;
Whose antic shape, and various face,
Distorted ev'ry native grace.

Then Vanity, a wanton maid,
Flaunting in brussels and brocade;
Fantastic, frolicsome, and wild,
With all the trinkets of a child.

The people, loyal to the queen,
Wore their attachment in their mien:

With cheerful heart they homage paid,
And happiest he who most obey'd;
While they who sought their own applause,
Promoted most their sov'reign's cause.
The minds of all were fraught with guile;
Their manners dissolute and vile;
And ev'ry tribe, like Pagans, run
To kneel before the rising sun.

But now some clam'rous sounds arise,
And all the pleasing vision flies.

Once more I clos'd my eyes to sleep,
And gain'd th'imaginary deep;
Fancy presid'd at the helm,
And steer'd me back to Friendship's realm.
But, oh! with horror I relate
The revolutions of her state;
The Trojan chief could hardly more
His Asiatic tow'rs deplore.

For Flattery view'd those fairer plains
With longing eyes, where Friendship reigns
With envy heard her neighbour's fame,
And often sigh'd to gain the same.
At length, by pride and int'rest fir'd,
To Friendship's kingdom she aspir'd.

And now, commencing open foe,
She plans in thought some mighty blow;
Draws out her forces on the green,
And marches to invade the queen.

The river Truth the hosts withstood,
And roll'd her formidable flood:
Her current strong, and deep, and clear;
No fords were found, no ferries near.
But as the troops approach the waves,
Their fears suggest a thousand graves;
They all retir'd with haste extreme,
And shudder'd at the dang'rous stream.

Hypocrisy the gulph explores:
She forms a bridge, and joins the shores.
Thus often art or fraud prevails,
When military prowess fails:
The troops an easy passage find,
And vict'ry follows close behind.

Friendship with ardour charg'd her foes,
And now the fight promiscuous grows;
But flattery threw a poison'd dart,
And pierc'd the empress to the heart.
The Virtues all around, were seen
To fall in heaps about the queen.
The tyrant stripp'd the mangl'd fair;
She wore her spoils, assum'd her air!
And mounting next the sufferer's throne,
Claim'd the queen's titles as her own.

'Ah, injur'd maid!' aloud I cry'd;
'Ah, injur'd maid!' the rocks reply'd.
But judge my griefs, and share them too,
For the sad tale pertains to you;
Judge, reader, how severe the wound,
When Friendship's foes were mine, I found;
When the sad scene of pride and guile
Was Britain's poor degen'rate ile!

The Amazons, who propp'd the state,
Haply surviv'd the gen'ral fate.

* The humble plant bends down before the touch, as the sensitive plant shrinks from the touch; and is said by some, to be the slow poison of the Indians.

Justice to Powis House is fled,
And Yorke sustains her radiant head.
The virtue, Fortitude, appears
In open day at Ligonier's;
Illustrious heroine of the sky,
Who leads to vanquish or to die!
'Twas she our vet'rans breasts inspir'd,
When Belgia's faithless sons retir'd:
For Tournay's treach'rous tow'rs can tell
Britannia's children greatly fell.

No partial virtue of the plain!
She rous'd the lions of the main:
Hence Vernon's * little fleet succeeds,
And hence the gen'rous Cornwall † bleeds.
Hence Grenville ‡ glorious!— for the smil'd
On the young hero from a child.

Tho' in high life such virtues dwell,
They'll suit plebeian breasts as well.
Say, that the mighty and the great
Blaze, like meridian suns of state;
Effulgent excellence display,
Like Halifax, in floods of day;
Our lesser orbs may pour their light,
Like the mild crescent of the night.
Tho' pale our beams, and our small sphere,
Still we may shine serene and clear.

Give to the judge the scarlet gown;
To martial souls the civic crown:
What then? Is merit theirs alone?
Have we no worth to call our own?
Shall we not vindicate our part
In the firm breast and upright heart?
Reader, these virtues may be thine,
Tho' in superior life they shine.
I can't discharge great Hardwicke's trust—
True—but my soul may still be just:
And tho' I can't the state defend,
I'll draw the sword to serve my friend.

Two golden virtues are behind,
Of equal import to the mind;
Prudence to point out wisdom's way,
Or to reclaim us when we stray;
Temp'rance, to guard the youthful heart,
When Vice and Folly throw the dart:
Each virtue, let the world agree,
Daily resides with you and me.
And, when our souls in friendship join,
We'll deem the social bond divine;
Thro' ev'ry scene maintain our trust,
Nor e'er be timid or unjust.
That breast where Honor builds his throne,
That breast which virtue calls her own,
Nor Int'rest warps, nor Fear appeals,
When Danger frowns, or Lucre calls.
No! the true friend collected stands,
Fearless his heart and pure his hands:
Let Int'rest plead, let storms arise,
He dares be honest, tho' he dies!

* At Porto Bello.

† Against the combined fleets of France and Spain.

‡ Died in a latter engagement with the French fleet.

§ 218. *Vision VII. Marriage. Inscribed to Miss —*

FAIREST, this Vision is thy due;
I form'd th'instructive plan for you.
Slight not the rules of thoughtful age;
Your welfare actuates ev'ry page;
But ponder well my sacred theme,
And tremble while you read my dream.

Those awful words, 'Till death do part,'
May well alarm the youthful heart:
No after-thought, when once a wife;
The die is cast, and cast for life;
Yet thousands venture ev'ry day,
As some base passion leads the way.
Pert Sylvia talks of wedlock scenes,
Tho' hardly enter'd on her teens;
Smiles on her whining spark, and hears
The sugar'd speech with raptur'd ears;
Impatient of her parent's rule,
She leaves her fire, and weds a fool.
Want enters at the guardless door,
And love is fled,— to come no more.

Some few there are, of fardid mould,
Who barter youth and bloom for gold;
Careless with what or whom they mate;
Their ruling passion's all for state.
But Hymen, gen'rous, just, and kind,
Abhors the mercenary mind:
Such rebels groan beneath his rod;
For Hymen's a vindictive god:
'Be joyless ev'ry night,' he said;
'And barren be their nuptial bed!'

Attend, my fair, to wisdom's voice;
A better fate shall crown thy choice.
A marry'd life, to speak the best,
Is all a lottery contest:
Yet, if my fair one will be wise,
I will insure my girl a prize,
Tho' not a prize to match thy worth,
Perhaps thy equal's not on earth!

'Tis an important point, to know
There's no perfection here below.
Man's an odd compound, after all;
And ever has been since the fall.
Say, that he loves you from his soul,
Still man is proud, nor brooks controul;
And, tho' a slave in love's soft school,
In wedlock claims his right to rule.
The best, in short, has faults about him;
If few those faults you must not flout him.
With some, indeed, you can't dispense,
As want of temper and of sense:
For when the sun deserts the skies,
And the dull winter evenings rise,
Then for a husband's social pow'r
To form the calm converseive hour,
The treasures of thy breast explore,
From that rich mine to draw the ore;
Fondly each gen'rous thought refine,
And give thy native gold to shine;

hew thee, as really thou art,
Tho' fair, yet fairer still at heart.

Say, when life's purple blossoms fade,
As soon they must, thou charming maid!
When in thy cheek the roses die,
And sickness clouds that brilliant eye!
Say, when or age or pains invade,
And those dear limbs shall call for aid,
If thou art fetter'd to a fool,
Shall nor his transient passion cool?
And, when thy health and beauty end,
Shall thy weak mate persist a friend?
But to a man of sense, my dear,
E'en then, thou lovely shalt appear;
He'll share the griefs that wound thy heart,
And, weeping, claim the larger part:
Tho' age impairs that beauteous face,
He'll prize the pearl beyond its case.

In wedlock when the sexes meet,
Friendship is only then complete.
' Bless'd state! where souls each other draw;
' Where love is liberty and law!
The choicest blessing found below,
That man can wish, or Heav'n bestow!
Trust me, these raptures are divine,
For lovely Chloe once was mine;
Nor faith the varnish of my style;
Tho' poet, I'm estrang'd to guile.
Ah, me! my faithful lips impart
The genuine language of my heart!

When bards extol their patrons high,
Perhaps 'tis gold extorts the lye;
Perhaps the poor reward of bread—
But who burns incense to the dead?
He, whom a fond affection draws,
Careless of censure or applause;
Whose soul is upright and sincere,
With nought to wish and nought to fear.

Now to my visionary scheme
Attend, and profit by my dream.

Amidst the slumbers of the night,
A stately temple rose to sight:
And ancient as the human race,
If Nature's purposes you trace:
This fane, by all the wise rever'd,
To wedlock's pow'rful god was rear'd.
Hard by I saw a graceful sage,
His locks were frosted o'er by age;
His garb was plain, his mind serene,
And wisdom dignify'd his mien.
With curious search his name I sought,
And found 'twas Hymen's fav'rite, Thought.

Apace the giddy crowds advance,
And a lewd satyr led the dance.

I griev'd to see whole thousands run,
For, oh! what thousands were undone!
The sage, when these mad troops he spy'd,
In pity flew to join their side:
The disconcerted pairs began
To rail against him to a man;
Vow'd they were strangers to his name,
Nor knew from whence the dotard came.

But mark the sequel — for this truth
Highly concerns impetuous youth,

Long ere the honey-moon could wane,
Perdition seiz'd on ev'ry twain;
At ev'ry house, and all day long,
Repentance ply'd her scorpion thong:
Disgust was there with frowning mien,
And ev'ry wayward child of spleen.

Hymen approach'd his awful fane,
Attended by a num'rous train.
Love, with each soft and nameless grace,
Was first in favour and in place:
Then came the god, with solemn gait,
Whose ev'ry word was big with fate;
His hand a flaming taper bore,
That sacred symbol, fam'd of yore.
Virtue, adorn'd with ev'ry charm,
Sustain'd the god's incumbent arm;
Beauty improv'd the glowing scene
With all the roses of eighteen:
Youth led the gaily smiling fair;
His purple pinions wav'd in air;
Wealth, a close hunk, walk'd hobbling nigh,
With vulture-claw and eagle-eye.
Who threescore years had seen or more
('Tis said his coat had seen a score);
Proud was the wretch, tho' clad in rags,
Presuming much upon his bags.

A female next her arts display'd;
Poets alone can paint the maid:
Trust me, Hogarth (tho' great thy fame)
' Twould pose thy skill to draw the same;
And yet thy mimic pow'r is more
Than ever painter's was before.
Now she was fair as cygnet's down,
Now, as Mat Prior's Emma, brown;
And, changing as the changing flow'r,
Her dress the vary'd ev'ry hour.
' Twas Fancy, child — you know the fair —
Who pins your gown and sets your hair.

Lo! the god mounts his throne of state,
And sits the arbiter of fate:
His head with radiant glories dress'd,
Gently reclin'd on Virtue's breast.
Love took his station on the right;
His quiver beam'd with golden light:
Beauty usurp'd the second place,
Ambitious of distinguish'd grace;
She claim'd this ceremonial joy,
Because related to the boy;
Said, it was hers to point his dart,
And speed its passage to the heart;
While on the god's inferior hand
Fancy and Wealth obtain'd their stand.

And now the hallow'd rites proceed,
And now a thousand heart-strings bleed.
I saw a blooming, trembling bride,
A toothless lover join'd her side;
Averse she turn'd her weeping face,
And shudder'd at the cold embrace.

But various baits their force impart;
Thus titles lie at Celia's heart.
A passion much too foul to name,
Costs supercilious prudes their fame:
Prudes wed to publicans and sinners;
The hungry poet weds for dinners.

The god, with frown indignant, view'd
The rabble covetous or lewd;
By ev'ry vice his altar stain'd,
By ev'ry fool his rites prophan'd:
When Love complain'd of Wealth aloud,
Affirming Wealth debauch'd the crowd;
Drew up in form his heavy charge,
Desiring to be heard at large.

The god consents, the throng divide,
The young espous'd the plaintiff's side;
The old declar'd for the defendant,
For age is money's sworn attendant.

Love said, that wedlock was design'd
By gracious Heav'n to match the mind;
To pair the tender and the just,
And his the delegated trust:
That Wealth had play'd a knavish part,
And taught the tongue to wrong the heart.
But what avails the faithless voice?
The injur'd heart disdains the choice.

Wealth straight reply'd, that Love was blind,
And talk'd at random of the mind:
That killing eyes, and bleeding hearts,
And all th'artillery of darts,
Were long ago exploded fancies,
And laugh'd at, even in romances.
Poets indeed style love a treat,
Perhaps for want of better meat:
And love might be delicious fare,
Could we, like poets, live on air.
But grant that angels feast on love
(Those purer essences above)
Yet Albion's sons, he understood,
Preferr'd a more substantial food.
Thus while with gibes he dress'd his cause,
His grey admirers hemm'd applause.
With seeming conquest, pert and proud,
Wealth shook his sides, and chuckl'd loud;
When Fortune, to restrain his pride,
And fond to favour Love beside,
Op'ning the miser's tape-ty'd vest,
Disclos'd the cares which stung his breast:
Wealth stood abash'd at his disgrace,
And a deep crimson flush'd his face.

Love sweetly simper'd at the sight;
His gay adherents laugh'd outright.
The god, tho' grave his temper, smil'd;
For Hymen dearly priz'd the child.
But he who triumphs o'er his brother,
In turn is laugh'd at by another.
Such cruel scores we often find
Repaid the criminal in kind:
For Poverty, that famish'd fiend!
Ambitious of a wealthy friend,
Advanc'd into the miser's place,
And star'd the stripling in the face;
Whose lips grew pale, and cold as clay:
I thought the chit would swoon away.
The god was studious to employ
His cares to aid the vanquish'd boy;
And therefore issu'd his decree,
That the two parties straight agree:
When both obey'd the god's commands,
And Love and Riches join'd their hands.

What wond'rous change in each was wrought,
Believe me, fair, surpasses thought.

If Love had many charms before,
He now had charms ten thousand more:
If Wealth had serpents in his breast,
They now were dead, or lull'd to rest.

Beauty, that vain, affected thing,
Who join'd the hymeneal ring,
Approach'd with round, unthinking face;
And thus the trifler states her case:

She said, that Love's complaints, 'twas known,
Exactly tally'd with her own;
That Wealth had learn'd the felon's arts,
And robb'd her of a thousand hearts;
Desiring judgment against Wealth,
For falsehood, perjury, and stealth:
All which she could on oath depose;
And hop'd the court would slit his nose.

But Hymen, when he heard her name,
Call'd her an interloping dame;
Look'd thro' the crowd with angry state,
And blam'd the porter at the gate,
For giving entrance to the fair,
When she was no essential there.

To sink this haughty tyrant's pride,
He order'd Fancy to preside.
Hence, when debates on beauty rise,
And each bright fair disputes the prize,
To Fancy's court we straight apply,
And wait the sentence of her eye;
In Beauty's realms she holds the seals,
And her awards preclude appeals.

§ 219. *Vision VIII. Life.*

LET not the young my precepts shun;
Who slight good counsels are undone.
Your poet sung of love's delights,
Of halcyon days and joyous nights;
To the gay fancy lovely themes;
And fain I'd hope they're more than dreams.
But, if you please, before we part,
I'd speak a language to your heart.
We'll talk of Life, tho' much I fear
Th'ungrateful tale will wound your ear.
You raise your sanguine thoughts too high,
And hardly know the reason why:
But say, Life's tree bears golden fruit,
Some canker shall corrode the root;
Some unexpected storm shall rise,
Or scorching suns, or chilling skies;
And (if experienc'd truths avail)
All your autumnal hopes shall fail.

'But, poet, whence such wide extremes?
'Well may you style your labours dreams.
'A son of sorrow thou, I ween,
'Whose Visions are the brats of Spleen.
'Is bliss a vague, unmeaning name?
'Speak then the passions use or aim:
'Why rage desires without controul,
'And rouse such whirlwinds in the soul?
'Why Hope erects her tow'ring crest,
'And laughs and riots in the breast?

'Think

' Think not my weaker brain turns round ;
 ' Think not I tread on fairy ground ;
 ' Think not your pulse alone beats true—
 ' Mine makes as healthful music too.
 ' Our joys, when Life's soft spring we trace,
 ' Put forth their early buds apace.
 ' See the bloom loads the tender shoot ;
 ' The bloom conceals the future fruit.
 ' Yes, manhood's warm meridian sun
 ' Shall ripen what in spring begun.
 ' Thus infant roses, ere they blow,
 ' In germinating clusters grow ;
 ' And only wait the summer's ray,
 ' To burst and blossom to the day.'

What said the gay unthinking boy ?

Methought Hilario talk'd of joy !

Tell, if thou can'st, whence joys arise,
 Or what those mighty joys you prize.
 You'll find (and trust superior years)

The vale of life a vale of tears.

Could wisdom teach where joys abound,

Or riches purchase them when found,

Would scepter'd Solomon complain,

That all was fleeting, false, and vain ?

Yet scepter'd Solomon could say,

Returning clouds obscur'd his day.

Those maxims, which the preacher drew,

The royal sage experienc'd true.

He knew the various ills that wait

Our infant and meridian state ;

That toys our earliest thoughts engage,

And diff'rent toys maturer age ;

That grief at ev'ry stage appears,

But diff'rent griefs at diff'rent years ;

That vanity is seen, in part,

Inscrib'd on ev'ry human heart ;

In the child's breast the spark began,

Grows with his growth, and glares in man.

But when in life we journey late,

If follies die, do griefs abate ?

Ah ! what is life at fourscore years ? [tears !

One dark, rough road, of sighs, groans, pains, and

Perhaps you'll think I act the same

As a fly sharper plays his game :

You triumph ev'ry deal that's past,

He's sure to triumph at the last !

Who often wins some thousands more

Than twice the sums you won before.

But I'm a loser with the rest ;

For life is all a deal at best ;

Where not the prize of wealth or fame

Repay the trouble of the game—

(A truth no winner e'er deny'd,

An hour before that winner dy'd).

Not that with me these prizes shine ;

For neither fame nor wealth are mine.

My cards, a weak plebeian band,

With scarce an honour in my hand !

And, since my trumps are very few,

What have I more to boast than you ?

Nor am I gainer by your fall ;

That harlot, Fortune, bubbles all !

'Tis truth (receive it ill or well)

'Tis melancholy truth I tell.

Why should the preacher take your pence,

And smother truth to flatter sense ?

I'm sure physicians have no merit,

Who kill thro' lenity of spirit.

That life's a game, divines confess ;

This says at cards, and that at chefs :

But, if our views be center'd here,

'Tis all a losing game, I fear.

Sailors, you know, when wars obtain,

And hostile vessels crowd the main,

If they discover from afar

A bark as distant as a star,

Hold the perspective to their eyes,

To learn its colours, strength, and size ;

And, when this secret once they know,

Make ready to receive the foe.

Let you and I from sailors learn

Important truths of like concern.

I clos'd the day, as custom led,

With reading, till the time of bed ;

Where Fancy, at the midnight hour,

Again display'd her magic pow'r—

(For know, that Fancy, like a sprite,

Prefers the silent scenes of night).

She lodg'd me in a neighb'ring wood,

No matter where the thicket stood ;

The Genius of the place was nigh,

And held two pictures to my eye.

The curious painter had pourtray'd

Life in each just and genuine shade.

They, who have only known its dawn,

May think these lines too deeply drawn ;

But riper years, I fear, will shew

The wiser artists paint too true.

One piece presents a rueful wild,

Where not a summer's sun had smil'd :

The road with thorns is cover'd wide,

And grief sits weeping by the side ;

Her tears with constant tenor flow ;

And form a mournful lake below ;

Whose silent waters, dark and deep,

Thro' all the gloomy valley creep.

Passions that flatter, or that slay,

Are beasts that fawn, or birds that prey.

Here Vice assumes the serpent's shape ;

There Folly personates the ape :

Here Av'rice gripes with harpy's claws ;

There Malice grins with tiger's jaws ;

While sons of Mischief, Art and Guile,

Are alligators of the Nile.

E'en Pleasure acts a treach'rous part ;

She charms the sense, but stings the heart.

And when she gulls us of our wealth,

Or that superior pearl, our health,

Restores us nought but pains and woe,

And drowns us in the lake below.

There a commission'd angel stands,

With desolation in his hands !

He sends the all-devouring flame,

And cities hardly boast a name :

Or wings the pestilential blast,

And, lo ! ten thousands breathe their last.

He speaks—obedient tempests roar,

And guilty nations are no more :

He

He speaks—the fury Discord raves,
And sweeps whole armies to their graves:
Or Famine lifts her mildew'd hand,
And Hunger howls thro' all the land.

'Oh! what a wretch is man!' I cry'd;
'Expos'd to death on ev'ry side!
'And sure as born to be undone
'By evils which he cannot shun!
'Besides a thousand baits to sin,
'A thousand traitors lodg'd within!
'For soon as Vice assaults the heart,
'The rebels take the dæmon's part.'

I sigh, my aching bosom bleeds;
When straight the milder plan succeeds:
The lake of tears, the dreary shore,
The fame as in the piece before.
But gleams of light are here display'd
To cheer the eye, and gild the shade:
Affliction speaks a softer style,
And Disappointment wears a smile.
A group of virtues blossom near;
Their roots improve by ev'ry tear.

Here Patience, gentle maid! is nigh,
To calm the storm and wipe the eye:
Hope acts the kind physician's part,
And warms the solitary heart:
Religion nobler comfort brings,
Disarms our griefs, or blunts their stings;
Points out the balance on the whole,
And Heav'n rewards the struggling soul.

But while these raptures I pursue,
The Genius suddenly withdrew.

§ 220. *Vision the last. Death.*

'**T**IS thought my visions are too grave*;
A proof I'm no designing knave.
Perhaps, if int'rest held the scales,
I had devis'd quite diff'rent tales;
Had join'd the laughing, low buffoon,
And scribbld satire and lampoon;
Or stir'd each source of soft desire,
And fann'd the coals of wanton fire:
Then had my paltry Visions sold;
Yes, all my dreams had turn'd to gold;
Had prov'd the darlings of the town,
And I—a poet of renown!

Let not my awful theme surprise;
Let no unmanly fears arise.
I wear no melancholy hue;
No wreaths of cypress, or of yew.
The shroud, the coffin, pall, or hearse,
Shall ne'er deform my softer verse.
Let me consign the fun'ral plume,
The herald's paint, the sculptur'd tomb,
And all the solemn farce of graves,
To undertakers and their slaves.

You know, that moral writers say
The world's a stage, and life a play:
That, in this drama to succeed,
Requires much thought and toil indeed!

There still remains one labour more,
Perhaps a greater than before.
Indulge the search, and you shall find
The harder task is still behind:
That harder task, to quit the stage
In early youth, or riper age;
To leave the company and place
With firmness, dignity, and grace.

Come, then, the closing scenes survey;
'Tis the last act which crowns the play.
Do well this grand decisive part,
And gain the plaudit of your heart.
Few greatly live in Wisdom's eye—
But, oh! how few who greatly die!
Who, when their days approach an end,
Can meet the foe as friend meets friend?

Instructive heroes! tell us whence
Your noble scorn of flesh and sense!
You part with all we prize so dear,
Nor drop one soft reluctant tear:
Part from those tender joys of life,
The friend, the parent, child, and wife.
Death's black and stormy gulph you braye,
And ride exulting on the wave;
Deem thrones but trifles all!—no more—
Nor send one wishful look to shore.

For foreign ports, and lands unknown,
Thus the firm sailor leaves his own;
Obedient to the rising gale,
Unmoors his bark, and spreads his sail;
Defies the ocean and the wind,
Nor mourns the joys he left behind.

Is Death a pow'rful monarch? True—
Perhaps you dread the tyrant too!
Fear, like a fog, precludes the light,
Or swells the object to the sight.

Attend my visionary page,
And I'll disarm the tyrant's rage.
Come, let this ghastly form appear;
He's not so terrible when near.
Distance deludes th'unwary eye,
So clouds seem monsters in the sky:
Hold frequent converse with him now,
He'll daily wear a milder brow.
Why is my theme with terror fraught?
Because you shun the frequent thought.
Say, when the captive pard is nigh,
Whence thy pale cheek and frighted eye?
Say, why dismay'd thy manly breast,
When the grim lion shakes his crest?
Because these savage fights are new;
No keeper shudders at the view:
Keepers, accus'd to the scene,
Approach the dens with look serene!
Fearless, their grisly charge explore,
And smile to hear the tyrants roar.

'Aye—but to die! to bid adieu!
'An everlasting farewell too!
'Farewell to ev'ry joy around!
'Oh! the heart sickens at the sound!
Stay, stripling—thou art poorly taught—
Joy, didst thou say? discard the thought.

* See the Monthly Review of new books, for February, 1751.

Joys are a rich celestial fruit,
And scorn a sublunary root;
What wears the face of joy below,
Is often found but splendid woe.
Joys here, like unsubstantial fame,
Are nothings with a pompous name;
Or else, like comets in the sphere,
Shine with destruction in their rear.

Passions, like clouds, obscure the light,
Hence mortals seldom judge aright.
The world's a harsh unfruitful soil,
Yet still we hope, and still we toil;
Deceive ourselves with wond'rous art,
And disappointment wrings the heart.

Thus when a mist collects around,
And hovers o'er a barren ground,
The poor deluded traveller spies
Imagin'd trees and structures rise;
But, when the shrouded sun is clear,
The desert and the rocks appear.

' Ah—but when youthful blood runs high,
' Sure 'tis a dreadful thing to die!
' To die! and what exalts the gloom,
' I'm told that man survives the tomb!
' O! can the learned prelate find
' What future scenes await the mind?
' Where wings the soul, dislodg'd from clay?
' Some courteous angel point the way!
' That unknown somewhere in the skies,
' Say, where that unknown somewhere lies;
' And kindly prove, when life is o'er,
' That pains and sorrows are no more:
' For, doubtless, dying is a curse,
' If present ills be chang'd for worse.'

Hush, my young friend, forego the theme,
And listen to your poet's dream.

Ere while I took an ev'ning walk,
Honorio join'd in social talk.
Along the lawns the zephyrs sweep;
Each ruder wind was lull'd asleep.
The sky, all beauteous to behold,
Was streak'd with azure, green, and gold;
But, tho' serenely soft and fair,
Fever hung brooding in the air;
Then settl'd on Honorio's breast,
Which shudder'd at the fatal guest.
No drugs the kindly wish fulfil;
Disease eludes the doctor's skill:
The poison spreads thro' all the frame,
Ferments, and kindles, into flame.
From side to side Honorio turns,
And now with thirst insatiate burns:
His eyes resign their wonted grace;
Those friendly lamps expire apace!
The brain's an useless organ grown;
And reason tumbld from his throne.

But, while the purple surges glow,
The currents thicken as they flow:
The blood in ev'ry distant part
Stagnates and disappoints the heart;
Defrauded of its crimson store,
The vital engine plays no more.

Honorio dead, the fun'ral bell
Call'd ev'ry friend to bid farewell.

I join'd the melancholy bier,
And dropp'd the unavailing tear.

The clock struck twelve—when nature fought
Repose from all the pangs of thought;
And, while my limbs were sunk to rest,
A Vision sooth'd my troubl'd breast.

I dreamt the spectre Death appear'd!
I dreamt his hollow voice I heard!
Methought th'imperial tyrant wore
A state no prince assum'd before;
All nature fetch'd a gen'ral groan,
And lay expiring round his throne.

I gaz'd—when straight arose to fight
The most detested fiend of night.
He shuffl'd with unequal pace,
And conscious shame deform'd his face.
With jealous leer he squinted round,
Or fix'd his eyes upon the ground.
From hell this frightful monster came;
Sin was his fire, and Guilt his name.

This fury, with officious care,
Waited around the sov'reign's chair;
In robes of terror dress'd the king,
And arm'd him with a baneful sting;
Gave fierceness to the tyrant's eye,
And hung the sword upon his thigh.
Diseases next, a hideous crowd!
Proclaim'd their master's empire loud;
And all, obedient to his will,
Flew in commission'd troops to kill.

A rising whirlwind shakes the poles,
And lightning glares, and thunder rolls.
The monarch and his train prepare
To range the foul tempestuous air.
Straight to his shoulders he applies
Two pinions of enormous size!
Methought I saw the ghastly form
Stretch his black wings, and mount the storm:
When Fancy's airy horse I strode,
And join'd the army on the road.
As the grim conqueror urg'd his way,
He scatter'd terror and dismay.
Thousands a pensive aspect wore,
Thousands who sneer'd at death before.
Life's records rise on ev'ry side,
And Conscience spreads those volumes wide;
Which faithful registers were brought
By pale-ey'd Fear and busy Thought.
Those faults which artful men conceal,
Stand here engrav'd with pen of steel,
By Conscience, that impartial scribe!
Whose honest palm disdains a bribe:
Their actions all like critics view,
And all like faithful critics too.
As Guilt had stain'd life's various stage,
What tears of blood bedew'd the page!
All shudder'd at the black account,
And scarce believ'd the vast amount!
All vow'd a sudden change of heart,
Would Death relent and sheath his dart.
But when the awful foe withdrew,
All to their follies fled anew.

So when a wolt, who scours at large,
Springs on the shepherd's fleecy charge,

The

The flock in wild disorder fly,
And cast behind a frequent eye;
But when the victim's borne away,
They rush to pasture and to play.

Indulge my dream, and let my pen
Paint those unmeaning creatures, men.

Carus, with pain and sickness worn,
Chides the slow night, and sighs for morn.
Soon as he views the eastern ray,
He mourns the quick return of day;
Hourly laments protracted breath,
And courts the healing hand of death.

Verres, oppress'd with guilt and shame,
Shipwreck'd in fortune, health, and fame,
Pines for his dark sepulchral bed,
To mingle with th'unheeded dead.

With fourscore years grey Natho bends
A burden to himself and friends!
And with impatience seems to wait
The friendly hand and ling'ring Fate.
So hirelings with their labour done,
And often eye the western sun.

The monarch hears their various grief;
Descends, and brings the wish'd relief.
On Death with wild surprize they star'd;
All seem'd averse! all unprepar'd!

As torrents sweep with rapid force,
The grave's pale chief pursu'd his course.
No human pow'r can or withstand,
Or shun, the conquests of his hand.
Oh! could the prince of upright mind,
And as a guardian-angel kind,
With ev'ry heart-felt worth beside,
Turn the keen shaft of Death aside,
When would the brave Augustus join
The ashes of his sacred line?
But Death maintains no partial war;
He mocks a sultan or a czar;
He lays his iron hand on all —
Yes, kings, and sons of kings, must fall!
A truth Britannia lately felt,
And trembl'd to her centre — *

Could ablest statesmen ward the blow,
Would Granville own this common foe?
For greater talents ne'er were known
To grace the fav'rite of a throne.

Could genius save — wit, learning, fire —
Tell me, would Chesterfield expire?
Say, would his glorious sun decline,
And set like your pale star or mine?

Could ev'ry virtue of the sky —
Would Herring †, Butler ‡, Secker ||, die?

Why this address to peerage all? —
Untill'd Allen's virtues call!
If Allen's worth demands a place,
Lords, with your leave, 'tis no disgrace.
Though high your ranks in heralds rolls,
Know, Virtue too ennobles souls.
By her that private man's renown'd
Who pours a thousand blessings round.

While Allen takes Affliction's part,
And draws out all his gen'rous heart,
Anxious to seize the fleeting day,
Lest unimprov'd it steals away;
While thus he walks with jealous strife,
Through goodness, as he walks through life;
Shall not I mark his radiant path? —
Rise, Muse, and sing the Man of Bath!
Publish abroad, could goodness save,
Allen would disappoint the grave;
Translated to the heav'nly shore,
Like Enoch, when his walk was o'er.

Nor Beauty's pow'rful pleas restrain —
Her pleas are trifling, weak, and vain;
For women pierce with shrieks the air,
Smite their bare breasts, and rend their hair;
All have a doleful tale to tell,
How friends, sons, daughters, husbands fell!

Alas! is life, our fav'rite theme —

'Tis all a vain or painful dream:
A dream which fools or cowards prize,
But slighted by the brave or wise.
Who lives for others ills must groan,
Or bleed for torrows of his own;
Must journey on with weeping eye,
Then pant, sink, agonize, and die.

'And shall a man arraign the skies,
'Because man lives, and mourns, and dies?
'Impatient reptile! Reason cry'd;
'Arraign thy passion and thy pride:
'Retire, and commune with thy heart;
'Ask, whence thou cam'st, and what thou art?
'Explore thy body and thy mind,
'Thy station too, why here assign'd.
'The search shall teach thee life to prize,
'And make thee grateful, good, and wise.
'Why do you roam to foreign climes,
'To study nations, modes, and times?
'A science often dearly bought,
'And often what avails you nought?
'Go, man, and act a wiser part,
'Study the science of your heart:
'This home philosophy, you know,
'Was priz'd some thousand years ago §.
'Then why abroad a frequent guest?
'Why such a stranger to your breast?
'Why turn so many volumes o'er,
'Till Doddsley can supply no more?
'Not all the volumes on thy shelf
'Are worth that single volume, Self:
'For who this sacred book declines,
'Howe'er in other arts he shines,
'Tho' smit with Pindar's noble rage,
'Or vers'd in Tully's manly page;
'Tho' deeply read in Plato's school,
'With all his knowledge, is a fool.

'Proclaim the truth — Say, what is man?
'His body from the dust began;
'And, when a few short years are o'er,
'The crumbling fabric is no more.

* Referring to the death of his late Royal Highness Frederick Prince of Wales.

† Archbishop of Canterbury.

‡ Late Bishop of Durham.

|| Bishop of Oxford.

§ 'Know thyself;' a celebrated saying of Chilo, one of the Seven Wise Men of Greece.

— 'But whence the soul?—From Heav'n it came!
 'O prize this intellectual flame!
 'This nobler self with rapture scan;
 'Tis mind alone which makes the man.
 'Trust me, there's not a joy on earth,
 'But from the soul derives its birth.
 'Ask the young rake (he'll answer right)
 'Who treats by day, and drinks by night,
 'What makes his entertainments shine?
 'What gives the relish to his wine?
 'He'll tell thee (if he scorns the beast)
 'That social pleasures form the feast,
 'The charms of beauty too shall cloy,
 'Unless the soul exalts the joy.
 'The mind must animate the face,
 'Or cold and tasteless ev'ry grace.
 'What! must the soul her pow'rs dispense,
 'To raise and swell the joys of sense?
 'Know, too, the joys of sense controul,
 'And clog the motions of the soul:
 'Forbid her pinions to aspire,
 'Damp and impair her native fire;
 'And sure as Sense (that tyrant) reigns,
 'She holds the empress, Soul, in chains,
 'Inglorious bondage to the mind,
 'Heav'n-born, sublime, and unconfin'd!
 'She's independent, fair, and great,
 'And justly claims a large estate;
 'She asks no borrow'd aids to shine;
 'She boasts within a golden mine;
 'But, like the treasures of Peru,
 'Her wealth lies deep, and far from view.
 'Say, shall the man, who knows her worth,
 'Debase her dignity and birth?
 'Or e'er repine at Heav'n's decree,
 'Who kindly gave her leave to be?
 'Call'd her from nothing into day,
 'And built her tenement of clay.
 'Hear, and accept me for your guide
 '(Reason shall ne'er desert your side):
 'Who listens to my wiser voice,
 'Can't but applaud his Maker's choice;
 'Pleas'd with that first and sov'reign cause,
 'Pleas'd with unerring Wisdom's laws;
 'Secure, since sov'reign goodness reigns;
 'Secure, since sov'reign pow'r obtains.
 'With curious eyes review thy frame;
 'This science shall direct thy claim.
 'Dost thou indulge a double view,
 'A long, long life, and happy too?
 'Perhaps a farther boon you crave—
 'To lie down easy in the grave:
 'Know, then, my dictates must prevail,
 'Or surely each fond wish shall fail.
 'Come, then, is happiness thy aim?
 'Let mental joys be all thy game.
 'Repeat the search, and mend your pace,
 'The capture shall reward the chase.
 'Let ev'ry minute, as it springs,
 'Convey fresh knowledge on its wings;
 'Let ev'ry minute, as it flies,
 'Record the good as well as wise.
 'While such pursuits your thoughts engage,
 'In a few years you'll live an age.

'Who measures life by rolling years?
 'Fools measure by revolving spheres.
 'Go thou, and fetch th'unerring rule
 'From Virtue's and from Wisdom's school.
 'Who well improves life's shortest day
 'Will scarce regret its setting ray;
 'Contented with his share of light,
 'Nor fear nor wish th'approach of night:
 'And when disease assaults the heart,
 'When sickness triumphs over art,
 'Reflection on a life well past,
 'Shall prove a cordial to the last;
 'This medicine shall the soul sustain,
 'And soften or suspend her pain;
 'Shall break Death's fell tyrannic pow'r,
 'And calm the troubl'd dying hour.
 'Bless'd rules of cool prudential age!
 I listen'd, and rever'd the sage;
 When, lo! a form, divinely bright,
 Descends, and bursts upon my sight;
 A seraph of illustrious birth
 (Religion was her name on earth):
 Supremely sweet her radiant face,
 And blooming with celestial grace!
 Three shining cherubs form'd her train,
 Wav'd their light wings, and reach'd the plain.
 Faith, with sublime and piercing eye,
 And pinions flutt'ring for the sky;
 Here Hope, that smiling angel, stands,
 And golden anchors grace her hands;
 There Charity, in robes of white,
 Fairest and fav'rite maid of light!
 The seraph spake—'Tis Reason's part
 'To govern and to guard the heart;
 'To lull the wayward soul to rest
 'When hopes and fears distract the breast.
 'Reason may calm this doubtful strife,
 'And steer thy bark through various life:
 'But when the storms of Death are nigh,
 'And midnight darkness veils the sky,
 'Shall Reason then direct thy sail,
 'Disperse the clouds, or sink the gale?
 'Stranger, this skill alone is mine,
 'Skill that transcends his scanty line.
 'That hoary sage has counsell'd right;
 'Be wise, nor scorn his friendly light.
 'Revere thyself—thou'rt near allay'd
 'To angels on thy better side.
 'How various e'er their ranks or kinds,
 'Angels are but unbody'd minds;
 'When the partition walls decay,
 'Men emerge angels from their clay;
 'Yes, when the frailer body dies,
 'The soul asserts her kindred skies;
 'But minds, tho' sprung from heav'nly race,
 'Must first be tutor'd for the place.
 '(The joys above are understood,
 'And relish'd only by the good.)
 'Who shall assume this guardian care?
 'Who shall secure their birthright there?
 'Souls are my charge—to me 'tis giv'n
 'To train them for their native heav'n.
 'Know, then—Who bow the early knee,
 'And give the willing heart to me;

Who

' Who wisely, when Temptation waits,
 ' Elude her frauds, and spurn her baits ;
 ' Who dare to own my injur'd cause,
 ' Tho' fools deride my sacred laws ;
 ' Or scorn to deviate to the wrong,
 ' Tho' Persecution lifts her thong ;
 ' Tho' all the sons of hell conspire
 ' To raise the stake, and light the fire ;
 ' Know, that for such superior souls,
 ' There lies a bliss beyond the poles ;
 ' Where spirits shine with purer ray,
 ' And brighten to meridian day ;
 ' Where Love, where boundless Friendship rules
 ' (No friends that change, no love that cools !)
 ' Where rising floods of knowledge roll,
 ' And pour, and pour upon the soul !
 " But where's the passage to the skies ?"—
 ' The road thro' Death's black valley lies.
 ' Nay, do not shudder at my tale ;
 ' Tho' dark the shades, yet safe the vale.
 ' This path the best of men have trod,
 ' And who'd decline the road to God ?
 ' O ! 'tis a glorious boon to die !
 ' This favour can't be priz'd too high.'

While thus she spake, my looks express'd
 The raptures kindling in my breast :
 My soul a fix'd attention gave ;
 When the stern Monarch of the Grave,
 With haughty strides, approach'd—amaz'd
 I stood, and trembl'd as I gaz'd.
 The seraph calm'd each anxious fear,
 And kindly wip'd the falling tear ;
 Then hasten'd with expanded wing
 To meet the pale, terrific king.
 But now what milder scenes arise !
 The tyrant drops his hostile guise :
 He seems a youth divinely fair ;
 In graceful ringlets waves his hair ;
 His wings their whit'ning plumes display ;
 His burnish'd plumes reflect the day :
 Light flows his shining azure vest,
 And all the angels stand confest.

I view'd the change with sweet surprize,
 And, oh ! I panted for the skies ;
 Thank'd Heav'n, that e'er I drew my breath,
 And triumph'd in the thoughts of Death.

§ 221. *Songs of Praise* *. WATTS.

A general Song of Praise to God.

HOW glorious is our heav'nly King,
 Who reigns above the sky !
 How shall a child presume to sing
 His dreadful Majesty !
 How great his pow'r is none can tell,
 Nor think how large his grace ;
 Not men below, nor saints that dwell
 On high before his face.
 Not angels, that stand round the Lord,
 Can search his secret will !
 But they perform his heav'nly word,
 And sing his praises still.

Then let me join this holy train,
 And my first off'rings bring ;
 Th'eternal God will not disdain
 To hear an infant sing.

My heart resolves, my tongue obeys ;
 And angels shall rejoice,
 To hear their mighty Maker's praise
 Sound from a feeble voice.

Praise for Creation and Providence.

I SING th'almighty pow'r of God,
 That made the mountains rise ;
 That spread the flowing seas abroad,
 And built the lofty skies !

I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
 The sun to rule the day ;
 The moon shines full at his command,
 And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
 That fill'd the earth with food ;
 He form'd the creatures with his word,
 And then pronounc'd them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are display'd,
 Where'er I turn mine eye !
 If I survey the ground I tread,
 Or gaze upon the sky !

There's not a plant or flow'r below
 But makes thy glories known ;
 And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
 By order from thy throne.

Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
 Are subject to thy care ;
 There's not a place where we can flee,
 But God is present there.

In heav'n he shines with beams of love ;
 With wrath in hell beneath !
 'Tis on his earth I stand or move,
 And 'tis his air I breathe.

His hand is my perpetual guard ;
 He keeps me with his eye :
 Why should I then forget the Lord,
 Who is for ever nigh ?

Praise to God for our Redemption.

BLEST be the wisdom and the pow'r,
 The justice and the grace,
 That join'd in council to restore
 And save our ruin'd race !

Our father eat forbidden fruit,
 And from his glory fell ;
 And we his children thus were brought
 To death, and near to hell.

Blest be the Lord that sent his Son
 To take our flesh and blood ;
 He for our lives gave up his own,
 To make our peace with God.

He honour'd all his Father's laws,
 Which we have disobey'd ;
 He bore our sins upon the cross,
 And our full ransom paid.

Behold

* It must be obvious to the reader, that these Songs, &c. of Watts are designed for children only.

Behold him rising from the grave;
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit, there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

There, on a glorious throne he reigns,
And, by his pow'r divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And, with the bless'd assembly there,
Sing his redeeming grace!

Praise for Mercies Spiritual and Temporal.

WHENE'ER I take my walks abroad,
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God has giv'n me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

How many children in the street
Half naked I behold!
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

While some poor wretches scarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And rest upon my bed.

While others early learn to swear,
And curse, and lie, and steal,
Lord, I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

Are these thy favours, day by day,
To me above the rest?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to serve thee best.

Praise for Birth and Education in a Christian Land.

GREAT God, to thee my voice I raise,
To thee my youngest hours belong;
I would begin my life with praise,
Till growing years improve the song.

'Tis to thy sov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground;
Where streams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of sweet salvation found.

I would not change my native land
For rich Peru, with all her gold:
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than East or Western Indies hold.

How do I pity those that dwell
Where ignorance or darkness reigns!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell;
Those endless joys, those endless pains.

Thy glorious promises, O Lord,
Kindle my hopes and my desire;
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to 'scape eternal fire.

Thy praise shall still employ my breath,
Since thou hast mark'd my way to heav'n;
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waste the blessings thou hast giv'n.

Praise for the Gospel.

LORD, I ascribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance, as others do,
That I was born of Christian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.
What would the ancient Jewish kings
And Jewish prophets once have giv'n,
Could they have heard those glorious things
Which Christ reveal'd, and brought from
heav'n!

How glad the Heathens would have been,
That worshipp'd idols, wood and stone,
If they the book of God had seen,
Or Jesus and his gospel known!

Then, if this gospel I refuse,
How shall I e'er lift up mine eyes!
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Against me will in judgment rise.

Praise to God for learning to read.

THE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learnt so young
To read his holy word.

That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too,
A wretched slave to sin.

That I am led to see
I can do nothing well;
And whether shall a sinner flee
To save himself from hell?

Dear Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.

Here I can read, and learn
How Christ, the Son of God,
Did undertake our great concern;
Our ransom cost his blood.

And now he reigns above,
He sends his Spirit down
To shew the wonders of his love,
And make his gospel known.

O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths, which all thy servants preach,
And all thy saints believe.

Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

§ 222. *The Excellency of the Bible demonstrated.* WATTS.

GREAT God, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.

The stars that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction giv'n;
But thy good word informs my soul
How I may climb to heav'n.

The fields provide me food, and shew
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.

Here are my choicest treasures hid,
Here my best comfort lies:
Here my desires are satisfy'd,
And hence my hopes arise.

Lord, make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from thy gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

Here would I learn how Christ has dy'd
To save my soul from hell:
Not all the books on earth beside
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a fresh delight
By day to read these wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

§ 223. *The All-seeing God.* WATTS.

ALMIGHTY God, thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the shades of night,
And our most secret actions lie
All open to thy sight.

There's not a sin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we say,
But in thy dreadful book 'tis writ,
Against the judgment-day.

And must the crimes that I have done
Be read and publish'd there?
Be all expos'd before the Sun,
While men and angels hear?

Lord, at thy foot ashamed I lie;
Upward I dare not look!
Pardon my sins before I die,
And blot them from thy book.

Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood wash out my stains,
And answer for my guilt.

O may I now for ever fear
T'indulge a sinful thought,
Since the great God can see and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

§ 224. *Solemn Thoughts concerning God and Death.* WATTS.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and seas:
I fear his wrath, I ask his love,
And with my lips I sing his praise.

There is a law, which he has writ,
To teach us all what we must do:
My soul, to his commands submit,
For they are holy, just, and true.

There is a gospel of rich grace,
Whence sinners all their comforts draw:
Lord, I repent, and seek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

There is an hour when I must die,
Nor do I know how soon 'twill come;
A thousand children, young as I,
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

Let me improve the hours I have,
Before the day of grace is fled:
There's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

Just as the tree, cut down, that fell
To north or southward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the state wherein he dies.

§ 225. *Heaven and Hell.* WATTS.

THERE is beyond the sky
A heav'n of joy and love;
And holy children, when they die,
Go to that world above.

There is a dreadful hell,
And everlasting pains:
There sinners must with devils dwell,
In darkness, fire, and chains.

Can such a wretch as I
Escape this cursed end?
And may I hope, whene'er I die,
I shall to heav'n ascend?

Then will I read and pray,
While I have life and breath;
Lest I should be cut off to-day,
And sent t'eternal death.

§ 226. *The Advantages of Early Religion.* WATTS.

HAPPY the child whose tender years
Receive instructions well:
Who hates the sinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

When we devote our youth to God,
'Tis pleasing in his eyes;
A flow'r, when offer'd in the bud,
Is no vain sacrifice.

'Tis easier work, if we begin,
To fear the Lord betimes;
While sinners that grow old in sin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

'Twill

'Twill save us from a thousand snares,
To mind religion young;
Grace will preserve our following years,
And make our virtue strong.

To thee, Almighty God, to thee
Our childhood we resign;
'Twill please us to look back and see
That our whole lives were thine.

Let the sweet work of pray'r and praise
Employ my youngest breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days,
Or fit for early death.

§ 227. *The Danger of Delay.* WATTS.

WHY should I say, "'Tis yet too soon
"To seek for heav'n, or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may lose my breath.

If this rebellious heart of mine
Despise the gracious calls of Heav'n,
I may be harden'd in my sin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

What if the Lord grow wroth and swear,
While I refuse to read and pray,
That he'll refuse to lend an ear
To all my groans another day!

What if his dreadful anger burn,
While I refuse his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And strike me dead upon the place!

'Tis dangerous to provoke a God!
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One stroke of his almighty rod
Shall send young sinners quick to hell.

Then 'twill for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace;
To wish I had my time again,
Or hope to see my Maker's face!

§ 228. *Examples of Early Piety.* WATTS.

WHAT blest'd examples do I find
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

At twelve years old he talk'd with men
(The Jews all wond'ring stand)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,
And blest our Saviour's name!
They gave him honour with their tongue,
While scribes and priests blaspheme!

Samuel, the child, was wean'd and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

Then why should I so long delay
What others learnt so soon?
I would not pass another day
Without this work begun.

§ 229. *Against Lying.* WATTS.

O 'TIS a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wisdom's way;
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,
That we may trust to all they say.

But liars we can never trust,
Tho' they should speak the thing that's true!
And he that does one fault at first,
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was struck dead,
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,
When she came in and grew so bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak
The words of truth; but ev'ry liar
Must have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Then let me always watch my lips,
Lest I be struck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

§ 230. *Against Quarrelling and Fighting.* WATTS.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them so;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too:

But, children, you should never let
Such angry passions rise;
Your little hands were never made
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love thro' all your actions run,
And all your words be mild;
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;
And, as his stature grew,
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;
And from his heav'nly throne
He sees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

§ 231. *Love between Brothers and Sisters.*
WATTS.

WHATEVER brawls disturb the street,
There should be peace at home;
Where sisters dwell, and brothers meet,
Quarrels should never come.

Birds in their little nests agree;
And 'tis a shameful sight,
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight!

Hard names at first, and threat'ning words,
That are but noisy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked swords,
To murder and to death.

The devil tempts one mother's son
To rage against another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

The wife will make their anger cool,
At least before 'tis night;
But in the bosom of a fool
It burns till morning-light.

Pardon, O Lord, our childish rage,
Our little brawls remove;
That as we grow to riper age,
Our hearts may all be love.

§ 232. *Against Scoffing and calling Names.*
WATTS.

OUR tongues were made to bless the Lord,
And not speak ill of men;
When others give a railing word,
We must not rail again.

Gross words and angry names require
To be chastis'd at school;
And he's in danger of hell-fire
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane,
To mock, and jeer, and scoff,
At holy things, or holy men,
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Elisha so;
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up, thou bald-head, go;"
God quickly stopp'd their wicked breath,
And sent two raging bears,
That tore them limb from limb to death,
With blood, and groans, and tears.
Great God, how terrible art thou
To sinners e'er so young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue!

§ 233. *Against Swearing, and Cursing, and taking God's Name in vain.* WATTS.

ANGELS, that high in glory dwell,
Adore thy name, Almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell,
Beneath the terrors of thy rod.

And yet how wicked children dare
Abuse thy dreadful glorious name!
And, when they're angry, how they swear,
And curse their fellows, and blaspheme!

How will they stand before thy face,
Who treated thee with such disdain,
While thou shalt doom them to the place
Of everlasting fire and pain!

Then never shall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praise thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above;
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That Heav'nly Father, whom I love.

If my companions grow profane,
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse, and learn to swear.

§ 234. *Against Idleness and Mischief.* WATTS.

HOW doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labour, or of skill,
I would be busy too;
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

§ 235. *Against Evil Company.* WATTS.

WHY should I join with those in play
In whom I've no delight;
Who curse and swear, but never pray;
Who call ill names and fight.

I hate to hear a wanton song,
Their words offend mine ears;
I should not dare defile my tongue
With language such as theirs.

Away from fools I'll turn mine eyes;
Nor with the scoffers go:
I would be walking with the wise,
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude boy that's us'd to mock,
They learn the wicked jest:
One sickly sheep infects the flock,
And poisons all the rest.

My God, I hate to walk or dwell
With sinful children here:
Then let me not be sent to hell,
Where none but sinners are.

§ 236. *Against Pride in Clothes.* WATTS.

WHY should our garments, made to hide
Our parents shame, provoke our pride?
The art of dress did ne'er begin
Till Eve, our mother, learnt to sin.

When first she put the cov'ring on,
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boast
In the sad marks of glory lost.
How proud we are! how fond to shew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor sheep and silk worm wore
That very clothing long before.

The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dress'd fine as I will,
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me still.

Then will I set my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind;
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace:
These are the robes of richest dress.

No more shall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear;
The Son of God, when here below,
Put on this blest apparel too.

It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the pain, nor moth nor mould:
It takes no spot, but still refines;
The more 'tis worn, the more it shines.

In this on earth should I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there,
God will approve it in his sight;
'Tis his own work, and his delight.

§ 237. *Obedience to Parents.* WATTS.

LET children that would fear the Lord,
Hear what their teachers say;
With rev'rence meet their parents word,
And with delight obey.

Have you not heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord,
To him that breaks his father's law,
Or mocks his mother's word?

What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curst is his name!
The ravens shall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the same.

But those who worship God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long shall live,
And live hereafter too.

§ 238. *The Child's Complaint.* WATTS.

WHY should I love my sport so well,
So constant at my play,
And lose the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray!

What do I read my Bible for,
But, Lord, to learn thy will?
And shall I daily know thee more,
And less obey thee still?

How senseless is my heart, and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakness of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray;
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can say.

§ 239. *A Morning and Evening Song.* WATTS.

Morning Song.

MY God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise,
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies!

When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines;

So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day:
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain!

Evening Song.

AND now another day is gone,
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins, how great their sum!
Lord give me pardon for the past,
And strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Let angels guard my head,
And, thro' the hours of darkness, keep
Their watch around my bed.

With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove;
And in the morning let me rise,
Rejoicing in thy love.

§ 240. *For the Lord's Day Morning.*

WATTS.

THIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed?

This is the day when Jesus broke
The pow'r of death and hell;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well?

To-day with pleasure Christians meet,
To pray and hear the word:
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will, O Lord.

I'll leave my sport to read and pray,
And so prepare for heav'n;
O may I love this blessed day
The best of all the sev'n!

§ 241. *For the Lord's Day Evening.* WATTS.

LORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

I have been there, and still would go;
'T is like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The text and doctrines of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.

§ 242. *The Ten Commandments, out of the Old Testament; with the Sum of the Commandments out of the New Testament.* WATTS.

EXODUS XX.

1. THOU shalt have no more gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain,
4. Nor dare the Sabbath-day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean,
8. Nor steal tho' thou art poor and mean;
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

MATT. XXII. 37.

WITH all thy soul love God above;
And as thyself thy neighbour love.

§ 243. *Our Saviour's Golden Rule.* WATTS.

MATT. VII. 12.

BE you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor say to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

§ 244. *Duty to God and our Neighbour.* WATTS.

LOVE God with all your soul and strength,
With all your heart and mind;
And love your neighbour as yourself;
Be faithful, just, and kind.

Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you;
What you're unwilling to receive,
Be sure you never do.

§ 245. *The Hosanna; or Salvation ascribed to Christ.—Long, Common, and Short Metre.*

WATTS.

HOSANNA to king David's Son,
Who reigns on a superior throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth,
Who brings salvation down on earth.

Let ev'ry nation, ev'ry age,
In this delightful work engage;
Old men and babes in Zion sing
The growing glories of her King!

HOSANNA to the Prince of Grace:
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing.

Hosanna to th' eternal word,
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord,
With blessings on his name.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.

To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with Heav'n.

§ 246. *Glory to the Father, and to the Son, &c.—Long, Common, and Short Metre.* WATTS.

TO God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, three in one,
Be honour, praise, and glory giv'n,
By all on earth, and all in heav'n.

NOW let the Father and the Son,
And Spirit be ador'd,
Where there are works to make him known,
Or saints to love the Lord.

GIVE

GIVE to the Father praise,
Give glory to the Son;
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done.

§ 247. *The Sluggard.* WATTS.

'TIS the voice of a sluggard; I heard him
complain, [again."
" You have wak'd me too soon, I must slumber
As the door on its hinges, so he on his bed [head.
Turns his sides and his shoulders, and his heavy
" A little more sleep and a little more slumber,"
Thus he wastes half his days and his hours
without number;
And when he gets up he sits folding his hands,
Or walks about saunt'ring, or trifling he stands.
I pass'd by his garden, and saw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thistle grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags;
And his money still wastes, till he starves or he begs.
I made him a visit, still hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and
drinking; thinking.
But he scarce reads his Bible, and never loves
Said I then to my heart, " Here's a lesson for me,
That man's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my
breeding, [reading."
Who taught me betimes to love working and

§ 248. *Innocent Play.* WATTS.

A BROAD in the meadows, to see the young
lambs
Run sporting about by the side of their dams,
With fleeces so clean and so white,
Or a nest of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the sight!
If we had been ducks, we might dabble in mud;
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood;
So foul and so fierce are their natures:
But Thomas and William, and such pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmless as doves or as
Those lovely sweet innocent creatures. [lambs,
Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we say,
Should hinder another in jesting or play;
For he's still in earnest that's hurt: [mire!
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and
There's none but a madman will sling about fire,
And tell you, " 'Tis all but in sport."

§ 249. *The Rose.* WATTS.

HOW fair is the rose! what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flow'rs of the field: [lost,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are
Still how sweet a perfume will it yield!

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Tho' they bloom and look gay like the rose:
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade:
But gain a good name by well doing my duty;
This will scent like a rose when I'm dead.

§ 250. *The Thief.* WATTS.

WHY should I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods against his will?
Hands were made for honest labour;
Not to plunder or to steal.

'Tis a foolish self-deceiving,
By such tricks to hope for gain:
All that's ever got by thieving
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.

Have not Eve and Adam taught us,
Their sad profit to compute?
To what dismal state they brought us,
When they stole forbidden fruit!

Of we see a young beginner
Practise little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd sinner;
Then the gallows ends his days.

Theft will not be always hidden,
Tho' we fancy none can spy:
When we take a thing forbidden,
God beholds it with his eye.

Guard my heart, O God of heav'n,
Lest I covet what's not mine:
Lest I steal what is not giv'n,
Guard my heart and hands from sin.

§ 251. *The Ant, or Emmet.* WATTS.

THESE Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them
Without our regard or concern: [dies,
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.

They don't wear their time out in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a sun-shiny day;
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and
the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.

But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time.
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch shall I be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime!

Now, now, while my strength and my youth
 are in bloom, [shall come,
 Let me think what will serve me when sickness
 And pray that my sins be forgiv'n:
 Let me read in good books, and believe and obey,
 That, when death turns me out of this cottage of
 I may dwell in a palace in heav'n. [clay,

§ 252. *Good Resolutions.* WATTS.

THOUGH I am now in younger days,
 Nor can tell what shall befall me,
 I'll prepare for ev'ry place
 Where my growing age shall call me.

Should I e'er be rich or great,
 Others shall partake my goodness;
 I'll supply the poor with meat,
 Never shewing scorn or rudeness.

Where I see the blind or lame,
 Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
 I deserve to feel the same,
 If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

If I meet with railing tongues,
 Why should I return them railing,
 Since I best revenge my wrongs
 By my patience never failing!

When I hear them telling lies,
 Talking foolish, cursing, swearing;
 First I'll try to make them wise,
 Or I'll soon get out of hearing.

What though I be low and mean,
 I'll engage the rich to love me
 While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
 And submit when they reprove me.

If I should be poor and sick,
 I shall meet, I hope, with pity;
 Since I love to help the weak,
 Tho' they're neither fair nor witty.

I'll not willingly offend,
 Nor be easily offended!
 What's amiss I'll strive to mend,
 And endure what can't be mended.

May I be so watchful still
 O'er my humours and my passion,
 As to speak and do no ill,
 Tho' it should be all the fashion.

Wicked fashions lead to hell;
 Ne'er may I be found complying;
 But in life behave so well,
 Not to be afraid of dying.

§ 253. *A Summer Evening.* WATTS.

HOW fine has the day been! how bright was
 the sun!
 How lovely and joyful the course that he run!
 Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droppings of rain!
 But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
 His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best;
 He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,
 And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian: his course he begins,
 Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
 And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
 And travels his heav'nly way:
 But, when he comes nearer to finish his race,
 Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
 And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,
 Of rising in brighter array!

§ 254. *A Cradle Hymn.* WATTS.

HUSH! my dear, lie still and slumber,
 Holy angels guard thy bed!
 Heav'nly blessings, without number,
 Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe; thy food and raiment,
 House and home thy friends provide;
 All without thy care or payment,
 All thy wants are well supply'd.

How much better thou'rt attended
 Than the Son of God could be;
 When from heav'n he descended,
 And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle,
 Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay:
 When his birth-place was a stable,
 And his softest bed was hay.

Blessed babe! what glorious features,
 Spotless fair, divinely bright!
 Must he dwell with brutal creatures!
 How could angels bear the sight!

Was there nothing but a manger
 Cursed sinners could afford,
 To receive the heav'nly stranger!
 Did they thus affront their Lord!

Soft, my child; I did not chide thee,
 Tho' my song might sound too hard:

'Tis thy { * mother } fits beside thee,
 { nurse that }
 And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story,
 How the Jews abus'd their King!
 How they serv'd the Lord of Glory,
 Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
 Telling wonders from the sky!
 Where they sought him, there they found him;
 With his Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;
 Lovely infant, how he smil'd!
 When he wept, the mother's blessing
 Sooth'd and hush'd the holy child.

* Here you may use the words *Brother, Sister, Neighbour, Friend, &c.*

Lo,

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen fed;
Peace, my darling, here's no danger,
Here's no ox a-near thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans, and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I must desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire!

§ 255. *The Nunc Dimittis.* MERRICK.

TIS enough—the hour is come:
Now within the silent tomb
Let this mortal frame decay,
Mingled with its kindred clay;
Since thy mercies, oft of old
By thy chosen seers foretold,
Faithful now and stedfast prove,
God of truth, and God of love!
Since at length my aged eye
Sees the day spring from on high!
Son of righteousness, to thee,
Lo! the nations bow the knee;
And the realms of distant kings
Own the healing of thy wings.
Those whom death had overspread
With his dark and dreary shade,
Lift their eyes, and from afar
Hail the light of Jacob's Star;
Waiting till the promis'd ray
Turn their darkness into day.
See the beams, intensely shed,
Shine o'er Sion's favour'd head!
Never may they hence remove,
God of truth, and God of love!

§ 256. *The Benedicite paraphrased.* MERRICK.

YE works of God, on him alone,
In earth his footstool, heav'n his throne,
Be all your praise bestow'd;
Whose hand the beauteous fabric made,
Whose eye the finish'd work survey'd,
And saw that all was good.

Ye angels, that with loud acclaim
Admiring view'd the new-born frame,
And hail'd th'Eternal King,
Again proclaim your Maker's praise;
Again your thankful voices raise,
And touch the tuneful string.

Praise him, ye bless'd æthereal plains,
Where, in full majesty, he deigns

To fix his awful throne:
Ye waters that above him roll,
From orb to orb, from pole to pole,
O make his praises known!

Ye thrones, dominions, virtues, pow'rs,
Join ye your joyful songs with ours;
With us your voices raise;
From age to age extend the lay,
To heav'n's Eternal Monarch pay
Hymns of eternal praise.

Celestial orb! whose pow'ful ray
Opes the glad eyelids of the day,
Whose influence all things own;
Praise him, whose courts effulgent shine
With light as far excelling thine,
As thine the paler moon.

Ye glitt'ring planets of the sky,
Whose lamps the absent sun supply,
With him the song pursue;
And let himself submissive own,
He borrows from a brighter Sun
The light he lends to you.

Ye show'rs and dews, whose moisture shed
Calls into life the op'ning seed,
To him your praises yield,
Whose influence wakes the genial birth,
Drops fatness on the pregnant earth,
And crowns the laughing field.

Ye winds, that oft tempestuous sweep
The ruffled surface of the deep,
With us confess your God;
See thro' the heav'ns the King of Kings,
Upborne on your expanded wings,
Comes flying all abroad.

Ye floods of fire, where'er ye flow,
With just submission humbly bow
To his superior pow'r,
Who stops the tempest on its way,
Or bids the flaming deluge stray,
And gives it strength to roar.

Ye summer's heat and winter's cold,
By turns in long succession roll'd,
The drooping world to cheer,
Praise him who gave the sun and moon
To lead the various seasons on,
And guide the circling year.

Ye frosts, that bind the wat'ry plain,
Ye silent show'rs of fleecy rain,
Pursue the heav'nly theme;
Praise him who sheds the driving snow,
Forbids the harden'd waves to flow,
And stops the rapid stream.

Ye days and nights, that swiftly borne,
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,
Alternate glide away,
Praise him, whose never-varying light,
Absent, adds horror to the night,
But present, gives the day.

Light, from whose rays all beauty springs;
Darkness, whose wide-expanded wings

Involve

Involve the dusky globe ;
Praise him, who, when the heav'ns he spread,
Darkness his thick pavilion made,
And light his regal robe.

Praise him, ye lightnings, as ye fly
Wing'd with his vengeance thro' the sky,
And red with wrath divine ;
Praise him, ye clouds, that wand'ring stray,
Or fix'd by him, in close array
Surround his awful shrine.

Exalt, O earth ! thy Heav'nly King,
Who bids the plants, that form the spring,
With annual verdure bloom ;
Whose frequent drops of kindly rain
Prolific swell the rip'ning grain,
And blest thy fertile womb.

Ye mountains, that ambitious rise,
And heave your summits to the skies,
Revere his awful nod ;
Think how you once affrighted fled,
When Jordan sought his fountain-head,
And own'd th'approaching God.

Ye trees, that fill the rural scene ;
Ye flow'rs, that o'er th'enamell'd green
In native beauty reign ;
O praise the Ruler of the skies,
Whose hand the genial sap supplies,
And clothes the smiling plain.

Ye secret springs, ye gentle rills,
That murmur'ing rise among the hills,
Or fill the humble vale ;
Praise him, at whose Almighty nod
The rugged rock dissolving flow'd,
And form'd a springing well.

Praise him ye floods, and seas profound,
Whose waves the spacious earth surround,
And roll from shore to shore ;
Aw'd by his voice, ye seas, subside ;
Ye floods, within your channels glide,
And tremble and adore.

Ye whales, that stir the boiling deep,
Or in its dark recesses sleep,
Remote from human eye,
Praise him by whom ye all are fed ;
Praise him, without whose heav'nly aid
Ye languish, faint, and die.

Ye birds, exalt your Maker's name ;
Begin, and with th'important theme
Your artless lays improve ;
Wake with your songs the rising day,
Let music sound on ev'ry spray,
And fill the vocal grove.

Praise him, ye beasts, that nightly roam
Amid the solitary gloom,
Th'expected prey to seize ;
Ye slaves of the laborious plough,
Your stubborn necks submissive bow,
And bend your weary'd knees.

Ye sons of men, his praise display,
Who stamp his image on your clay,

And gave it pow'r to move ;
Ye that in Judah's confines dwell,
From age to age successive tell
The wonders of his love.

Let Levi's tribe the lay prolong,
Till angels listen to the song,
And bend attentive down ;
Let wonder seize the heav'nly train,
Pleas'd while they hear a mortal strain
So sweet, so like their own.

And you your thankful voices join,
That oft at Salem's sacred shrine
Before his altars kneel ;
Where thron'd in majesty he dwells,
And from the mystic cloud reveals
The dictates of his will.

Ye spirits of the just and good,
That, eager for the blest'd abode,
To heav'nly mansions soar ;
O let your songs his praise display,
Till heav'n itself shall melt away,
And time shall be no more !

Praise him, ye meek and humble train,
Ye saints, whom his decrees ordain
The boundless bliss to share ;
O praise him, till ye take your way
To regions of eternal day,
And reign for ever there.

Let us, who now impassive stand,
Aw'd by the tyrant's stern command,
Amid the fiery blaze ;
While thus we triumph in the flame,
Rise, and our Maker's love proclaim,
In hymns of endless praise.

§ 257. *The Ignorance of Man.* MERRICK.

BEHOLD yon new-born infant, griev'd
With hunger, thirst, and pain ;
That asks to have the wants reliev'd
It knows not to complain.

Aloud the speechless suppliant cries,
And utters, as it can,
The woes that in its bosom rise,
And speaks its nature — man.

That infant, whose advancing hour
Life's various sorrows try
(Sad proof of sin's transmissive pow'r !)
That infant, Lord, am I.

A childhood yet my thoughts confess,
Though long in years mature ;
Unknowing whence I feel distress,
And where, or what, its cure.

Author of Good, to thee I turn :
Thy ever-wakeful eye
Alone can all my wants discern ;
Thy hand alone supply.

O let thy fear within me dwell,
Thy love my footsteps guide ;
That love shall vainer loves expel ;
That fear all fears beside.

And

And O! by error's force subdu'd,
 Since oft my stubborn will
 Prepost'rous shuns the latent good,
 And grasps the specious ill;
 Not to my wish, but to my want,
 Do thou thy gifts apply:
 Unask'd, what good thou knowest grant;
 What ill, tho' ask'd, deny.

§ 258. *The Trials of Virtue.* MERRICK.

PLAC'D on the verge of youth, my mind
 Life's op'ning scene survey'd:
 I view'd its ills, of various kind,
 Afflicted and afraid.

But chief my fear the dangers mov'd,
 That virtue's path inclose:
 My heart the wise pursuit approv'd;
 But O, what toils oppose!

For see, ah see! while yet her ways
 With doubtful step I tread,
 A hostile world its terrors raise;
 Its snares delusive spread.

O how shall I, with heart prepar'd,
 Those terrors learn to meet?
 How from the thousand snares to guard
 My unexperienc'd feet?

As thus I mus'd, oppressive sleep
 Soft o'er my temples drew
 Oblivion's veil.—The wat'ry deep,
 An object strange and new,

Before me rose: on the wide shore
 Observant as I stood,
 The gath'ring storms around me roar,
 And heave the boiling flood.

Near and more near the billows rise;
 E'en now my steps they lave;
 And death to my affrighted eyes
 Approach'd in ev'ry wave.

What hope, or whither to retreat,
 Each nerve at once unstrung,
 Chill fear had fetter'd fast my feet,
 And chain'd my speechless tongue.

I feel my heart within me die;
 When sudden to mine ear
 A voice descending from on high,
 Reprov'd my erring fear:

'What tho' the swelling surge thou see
 'Impatient to devour;
 Rest, mortal, rest on God's decree,
 And thankful own his pow'r.

'Know, when he bade the deep appear,
 "Thus far," th'Almighty said,
 "Thus far, nor farther, rage; and here
 "Let thy proud waves be stay'd."

I heard; and lo! at once controul'd,
 The waves, in wild retreat,
 Back on themselves reluctant roll'd,
 And murmuring, left my feet,

Deep to assembling deeps, in vain,
 Once more the signal gave:
 The shores the rushing weight sustain;
 And check th'usurping wave.

Convinc'd, in Nature's volume wise,
 The imag'd truth I read;
 And sudden from my waking eyes
 Th'instructive vision fled.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
 'Say why, distrustful still,
 'Thy thoughts, with vain impatience roll
 'O'er scenes of future ill!

'Let faith suppress each rising fear,
 'Each anxious doubt exclude;
 'Thy Maker's will has plac'd thee here;
 'A Maker wise and good!

'He to thy ev'ry trial knows
 'Its just restraint to give;
 'Attentive to behold thy woes,
 'And faithful to relieve.

'Then why thus heavy, O my soul!
 'Say why, distrustful still,
 'Thy thoughts with vain impatience roll
 'O'er scenes of future ill?

'Tho' griefs unnumber'd throng thee round,
 'Still in thy God confide,
 'Whose finger marks the seas their bound,
 'And curbs the headlong tide.'

§ 259. *Christ's Passion: from a Greek Ode of Mr. MASTER's, formerly of New College.* PITT.

NO more of earthly subjects sing;
 To Heaven, my muse, aspire
 To raise the song, charge ev'ry string,
 And strike the living lyre.
 Begin, in lofty numbers show
 Th'Eternal King's unfathom'd love,
 Who reigns the Sov'reign God above,
 And suffers on the cross below.
 Prodigious pile of wonders! rais'd too high
 For the dim ken of frail mortality.

What numbers shall I bring along!
 From whence shall I begin the song?
 The mighty mystery I'll sing, inspir'd
 Beyond the reach of human wisdom wrought,
 Beyond the compass of an angel's thought,
 How by the rage of man his God expir'd.
 I'll make the trackless depths of mercy know
 How to redeem his foe, God render'd up his Son;
 I'll raise my voice to tell mankind

The victor's conquest o'er his doom;
 How in the grave he lay confin'd,

To seal more sure the rav'nous tomb.
 Three days, th'infernal empire to subdue,
 He pass'd triumphant through the coasts of woe;
 With his own dart the tyrant Death he slew,
 And led hell captive through her realms below.
 A mingled round from Calvary I hear,
 And the loud tumult thickens on my ear;
 The shouts of murd'ers that insult the slain,
 The voice of torment and the shrieks of pain.

I call

I cast my eyes with horror up
 To the curst mountain's guilty top ;
 See there ! whom hanging in the midst I view !
 Ah ! how unlike the other two !
 I see him high above his foes,
 And gently bending from the wood
 His head in pity down to those,
 Whose guilt conspires to shed his blood.
 His wide-extended arms I see
 Transfix'd with nails, and fasten'd to the tree.
 Man ! senseless man ! canst thou look on ?
 Nor make thy Saviour's pains thy own,
 The rage of all thy griefs exert,
 Rend thy garments and thy heart :
 Beat thy breast and grovel low,
 Beneath the burden of thy woe ;
 Bleed through thy bowels, tear thy hairs,
 Breathe gales of sighs, and weep a flood of tears.
 Behold thy King, with purple cover'd round,
 Not in the Tyrian tinctures dy'd,
 Nor dipt in poison of Sidonian pride, [wound.
 But in his own rich blood that streams from ev'ry
 Dost thou not see the thorny circle red ?
 The guilty wreath that blushes round his head ?
 And with what rage the bloody scourge apply'd ;
 Curls round his limbs, and ploughs into his side !
 At such a sight let all thy anguish rise ;
 Break up, break up the fountains of thy eyes.
 Here bid thy tears in gushing torrents flow,
 Indulge thy grief, and give a loose to woe.
 Weep from thy soul, till earth be drown'd ;
 Weep, till thy sorrows drench the ground.
 Canst thou, ungrateful man ! his torments see,
 Nor drop a tear for him, who pours his blood
 for thee ?

§ 260. *A Funeral Hymn.* MALLET.

YE midnight shades o'er nature spread !
 Dumb silence of the dreary hour !
 In honor of th'approaching dead,
 Around your awful terrors pour.
 Yes, pour around,
 On this pale ground,
 Through all this deep surrounding gloom,
 The sober thought,
 The tear untaught,
 Those meekest mourners at a tomb.
 Lo ! as the surplis'd train draw near
 To this last mansion of mankind,
 The slow sad bell, the sable bier,
 In holy musings wrap the mind !
 And while their beam,
 With trembling stream,
 Attending tapers faintly dart ;
 Each mould'ring bone,
 Each sculptur'd stone,
 Strikes mute instruction to the heart !
 Now, let the sacred organ blow,
 With solemn pause and sounding flow ;
 Now, let the voice due measure keep,
 In strains that sigh, and words that weep ;

Till all the current blended roll,
 Not to depress, but lift the soaring soul.
 To lift it in the Maker's praise,
 Who first inform'd our frame with breath ;
 And, after some few stormy days,
 Now, gracious, gives us o'er to Death.
 No King of Fears
 In him appears,
 Who shuts the scene of human woes :
 Beneath his shade,
 Securely laid,
 The dead alone find true repose.
 Then, while we mingle dust with dust,
 To One, supremely good and wise,
 Raise hallelujahs ! God is just,
 And man most happy when he dies !
 His winter past,
 Fair spring at last
 Receives him on her flow'ry shore ;
 Where pleasure's rose
 Immortal blows,
 And sin and sorrow are no more !

§ 261. *Veni Creator Spiritus, paraphrased.*
 DRYDEN.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry pious mind ;
 Come pour thy joys on human kind ;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
 O Source of uncreated light,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete !
 Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire ;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.
 Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy !
 Thou strength of his Almighty hand,
 Whose pow'r does heaven and earth command.
 Proceeding Spirit, our defence,
 Who dost the gifts of tongues dispense,
 And crown'st thy gift with eloquence !
 Refine and purge our earthly parts ;
 But, oh, inflame and fire our hearts !
 Our frailties help, our voice controul,
 Submit the senses to the soul ;
 And when rebellious they are grown,
 Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.
 Chace from our minds th'infernal foe,
 And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
 And, lest our feet should step astray,
 Protect and guide us in the way.
 Make us eternal truths receive,
 And practise all that we believe :
 Give us thyself, that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.
 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th'Almighty Father's name :

The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
Who for lost man's redemption dy'd;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete, to thee!

§ 262. *A Night Piece.* Miss CARTER.

WHILE night in solemn shade invests the pole,
And calm reflection soothes the pensive soul;
While reason undisturb'd asserts her sway,
And life's deceitful colours fade away;
To thee, All-conscious Presence! I devote
This peaceful interval of sober thought:
Here all my better faculties confine;
And be this hour of sacred silence thine!

If, by the day's illusive scenes misled,
My erring soul from virtue's path has stray'd;
Snar'd by example, or by passion warm'd,
Some false delight my giddy sense has charm'd;
My calmer thoughts the wretched choice reprove,
And my best hopes are center'd in thy love.
Depriv'd of this, can life one joy afford?
Its utmost boast a vain unmeaning word.

But, ah! how oft my lawless passions rove,
And break those awful precepts I approve!
Pursue the fatal impulse I abhor,
And violate the virtue I adore!
Oft, when thy better Spirit's guardian care
Warn'd my fond soul to shun the tempting snare,
My stubborn will his gentle aid represt,
And check'd the rising goodness in my breast;
Mad with vain hopes, or urg'd by false desires,
Stiff'd his soft voice, and quench'd his sacred fires.

With grief oppress'd, and prostrate in the dust,
Should'st thou condemn, I own thy sentence just.
But, oh, thy softer titles let me claim,
And plead my cause by Mercy's gentle name.
Mercy! that wipes the penitential tear,
And dissipates the horrors of despair;
From righteous justice steals the vengeful hour,
Softens the dreadful attribute of pow'r,
Disarms the wrath of an offended God,
And seals my pardon in a Saviour's blood!

All-powerful Grace, exert thy gentle sway,
And teach my rebel passions to obey;
Lest lurking Folly, with insidious art,
Regain my volatile inconstant heart!
Shall every high resolve Devotion frames
Be only lifeless sounds and specious names?
O rather, while thy hopes and fears controul,
In this still hour, each motion of my soul,
Secure its safety by a sudden doom,
And be the soft retreat of sleep my tomb!
Calm let me slumber in that dark repose,
Till the last morn its orient beam disclose:
Then, when the great archangel's potent sound
Shall echo thro' creation's ample round,
Wak'd from the sleep of death, with joy survey
The op'ning splendors of eternal day.

§ 263. *Ode to Melancholy.* CARTER.

COME, Melancholy! silent pow'r,
Companion of my lonely hour,

To sober thought confin'd!
Thou sweetly sad ideal guest,
In all thy soothing charms confest,
Indulge my pensive mind.

No longer wildly hurried through
The tides of mirth that ebb and flow
In folly's noisy stream,
I from the busy crowd retire,
To court the objects that inspire
Thy philosophic dream.

Thro' yon dark grove of mournful yews,
With solitary steps, I muse,
By thy direction led:
Here, cold to pleasure's tempting forms,
Consociate with my sister worms,
And mingle with the dead.

Ye midnight horrors! awful gloom!
Ye silent regions of the tomb,
My future peaceful bed;
Here shall my weary eyes be clos'd,
And ev'ry sorrow lie repos'd
In death's refreshing shade.

Ye pale inhabitants of night,
Before my intellectual fight
In solemn pomp ascend:
O tell how trifling now appears
The train of idle hopes and fears,
That varying life attend!

Ye faithless idols of our sense,
Here own how vain your fond pretence,
Ye empty names of joy!
Your transient forms like shadows pass,
Frail offspring of the magic-glass,
Before the mental eye.

The dazzling colours, falsely bright,
Attract the gazing vulgar sight:
With superficial state:
Thro' reason's clearer optics view'd,
How stripp'd of all its pomp, how rude,
Appears the painted cheat!

Can wild ambition's tyrant pow'r,
Or ill-got wealth's superfluous store,
The dread of death controul?
Can pleasure's more bewitching charms
Avert or soothe the dire alarms
That shake the parting soul?

Religion! ere the hand of Fate
Shall make Reflection plead too late,
My erring senses teach,
Amidst the flatt'ring hopes of youth,
To meditate the solemn truth
These awful relics preach.

Thy penetrating beams disperse
The mist of error, whence our fears
Derive their fatal spring:
'Tis thine the trembling heart to warm,
And soften to an angel form
The pale terrific king.

When sunk by guilt in sad despair,
Repentance breathes her humble pray'r,

And

And owns thy threat'nings just ;
Thy voice the shudd'ring suppliant cheers,
With mercy calms her torturing fears,
And lifts her from the dust.

Sublim'd by thee, the soul aspires
Beyond the range of low desires,
In nobler views elate ;
Unmov'd her destin'd change surveys,
And arm'd by faith, intrepid pays
The universal debt.

In death's soft slumber lull'd to rest,
She sleeps, by smiling visions blest,
That gently whisper peace,
Till the last morn's fair op'ning ray
Unfolds the bright eternal day
Of active life and bliss.

§ 264. *Written at Midnight in a Thunder-
Storm.* CARTER.

LET coward Guilt, with pallid Fear,
To sheltering caverns fly,
And justly dread the vengeful fate
That thunders through the sky.

Protected by that hand, whose law
The threat'ning storms obey,
Intrepid Virtue smiles secure,
As in the blaze of day.

In the thick cloud's tremendous gloom,
The lightnings lurid glare,
It views the same all-gracious Pow'r
That breathes the vernal air.

Thro' Nature's ever-varving scene,
By different ways pursu'd,
The one eternal end of Heav'n
Is universal good.

With like beneficent effect
O'er flaming æther glows,
As when it tunes the linnæ's voice,
Or blushes in the rose.

By reason taught to scorn those fears
That vulgar minds molest,
Let no fantastic terrors break
My dear Narcissa's rest.

Thy life may all the tend'rest care
Of Providence defend ;
And delegated angels, round
Their guardian wings extend !

When thro' creation's vast expanse
The last dread thunders roll,
Untune the concord of the spheres,
And shake the rising soul ;

Unmov'd may'st thou the final storm
Of jarring worlds survey,
That ushers in the glad serene
Of everlasting day !

§ 265. *Know Thyself.* ARBUTHNOT.

WHAT am I ? how produc'd ? and for what
end ?

Whence drew I being ? to what period tend ?
Am I th'abandon'd orphan of blind chance,
Dropp'd by wild atoms in disorder'd dance ?
Or from an endless chain of causes wrought,
And of unthinking substance, born with thought ?
By motion which began without a cause,
Supremely wise, without design or laws ?
Am I but what I seem, mere flesh and blood ?
A branching channel, with a mazy flood ?
The purple stream that thro' my vessels glides,
Dull and unconscious flows, like common tides ;
The pipes thro' which the circling juices stray,
Are not that thinking I, no more than they :
This frame compacted with transcendent skill,
Of moving joints obedient to my will,
Nurs'd from the fruitful glebe, like yonder tree,
Waxes and waxes ; I call it mine, not me.
New matter still the mould'ring mass sustains ;
The mansion chang'd, the tenant still remains,
And from the fleeting stream, repair'd by food,
Distinct, as is the swimmer from the flood.

What am I then ? sure of a noble birth ;
By parents right, I own as mother, Earth ;
But claim superior lineage by my fire,
Who warm'd th'unthinking clod with heav'nly
Essence divine, with lifeless clay allay'd, [fire ;
By double nature, double instinct sway'd :
With look erect, I dart my longing eye,
Seem wing'd to part, and gain my native sky ;
I strive to mount, but strive, alas ! in vain,
Ty'd to this massy globe with magic chain.
Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centres roll :
What steady pow'rs their endless motions guide
Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void !
I trace the blazing comet's fiery tail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale ;
These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue,
Some glitt'ring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind :
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me I'm a brute as much as he.
If, on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus, from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast ;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires.
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth,
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
Sees he's a king ; but 'tis a king depos'd.

Pity

Pity him, beasts! you by no law confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, thro' op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:
Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness, or pain.

Around me, lo! the thinking thoughtless crew
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,

Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, two two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest:
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much.

'Almighty Pow'r, by whose most wise command,
'Helpless, forlorn, uncertain here I stand;
'Take this faint glimm'ring of thyself away,
'Or break into my soul with perfect day!'

This said, expanded lay the sacred text,
The balm, the light, the guide of souls perplex'd.
Thus the benighted traveller that strays
Thro' doubtful paths, enjoys the morning rays:
The nightly mist, and thick descending dew,
Parting, unfold the fields and vaulted blue.

'O Truth divine! enlighten'd by thy ray,
'I grope and guess no more, but see my way;
'Thou clear'd'st the secret of my high descent,
'And told me what those mystic tokens meant;
'Marks of my birth, which I had worn in vain,
'Too hard for worldly sages to explain.

'Zeno's were vain, vain Epicurus' schemes,
'Their systems false, delusive were their dreams;
'Unskill'd my twofold nature to divide,
'One nurs'd my pleasure, and one nurs'd my pride;
'Those jarring truths which human art beguile,
'Thy sacred page thus bids me reconcile.'

Offspring of God, no less thy pedigree, [be,
What thou once wert, art now, and still may }
Thy God alone can tell, alone decree;

Faultless thou dropp'd'st from his unerring skill,
With the bare pow'r to sin, since free of will:
Yet charge not with thy guilt his bounteous love:
For who has pow'r to walk has pow'r to rove:
Who acts by force impell'd can nought deserve;
And wisdom short of infinite may swerve.

Borne on thy new-imp'd wings, thou took'st thy
Left thy Creator, and the realms of light; [flight,
Disdain'd his gentle precept to fulfil;

And thought to grow a god by doing ill:
Tho' by foul guilt thy heav'nly form defac'd,
In nature chang'd, from happy mansions chac'd,
Thou still retain'st some sparks of heav'nly fire,
Too faint to mount, yet restless to aspire;

Angel enough to seek thy bliss again,
And brute enough to make thy search in vain.

The creatures now withdraw their kindly use;
Some fly thee, some torment, and some seduce;

Repast ill-suited to such diff'rent guests,
For what thy sense desires, thy soul distastes;

Thy lust, thy curiosity, thy pride,
Curb'd, or deserv'd, or baulk'd, or gratify'd,
Rage on, and make thee equally unblest'd [self's'd.
In what thou want'st, and what thou hast pos-
In vain thou hop'st for bliss on this poor clod;
Return and seek thy Father and thy God;
Yet think not to regain thy native sky,
Borne on the wings of vain philosophy;
Mysterious passage! hid from human eyes;
Soaring you'll sink, and sinking you will rise;
Let humble thoughts thy wary footsteps guide;
Repair by meekness what you lost by pride.

§ 266. *The Frailty and Folly of Man.* PRIOR.

GREAT Heav'n! how frail thy creature man is
How by himself insensibly betray'd! [made!
In our own strength unhappily secure,
Too little cautious of the adverse pow'r;
And by the blast of self-opinion mov'd,
We wish to charm, and seek to be lov'd.
On pleasure's flowing brink we idly stray,
Masters as yet of our returning way:
Seeing no danger, we disarm our mind;
And give our conduct to the waves and wind:
Then in the flow'ry mead, or verdant shade,
To wanton dalliance negligently laid,
We weave the chaplet, and we crown the bowl,
And smiling see the nearer waters roll;
Till the strong gusts of raging passion rise;
Till the dire tempest mingles earth and skies;
And swift into the boundless ocean borne,
Our foolish confidence too late we mourn:
Round our devoted heads the billows beat: [treat.
And from our troubled view the lessen'd lands re-

§ 267. *A Paraphrase on the latter Part of the Sixth Chapter of St. Matthew.* THOMSON.

WHEN my breast labours with oppressive care,
And o'er my cheek descends the falling tear;
While all my warring passions are at strife,
O, let me listen to the words of life!
Raptures deep-felt his doctrine did impart,
And thus he rais'd from earth the drooping heart.

Think not, when all your scanty stores afford,
Is spread at once upon the sparing board;
Think not, when worn the homely robe appears,
While on the roof the howling tempest bears,
What farther shall this feeble life sustain,
And what shall clothe these shiv'ring limbs again.

Say, does not life its nourishment exceed?
And the fair body its investing weed?
Behold! and look away your low despair—
See the light tenants of the barren air:

To them, nor stores nor granaries belong;
Nought but the woodland and the pleasing song;
Yet, your kind heav'nly Father bends his eye
On the least wing that flits along the sky.

To him they sing when spring renews the plain;
To him they cry in winter's pinching reign;
Nor is their music nor their plaint in vain:

He hears the gay and the distressful call,
And with unsparing bounty fills them all.

Observe

Observe the rising lily's snowy grace,
Observe the various vegetable race;
They neither toil nor spin, but careless grow,
Yet see how warm they blush! how bright they glow!

What regal vestments can with them compare!
What king so shining! or what queen so fair!

If, ceaseless, thus the fowls of heav'n he feeds,
If o'er the fields such lucid robes he spreads;
Will he not care for you, ye faithless, say?
Is he unwise? or, are ye less than they?

§ 268. *The Genealogy of Christ, as it is represented on the East Window of Winchester College Chapel. Written at Winton School, by Dr. LOWTH.*

AT once to raise our rev'rence and delight,
To elevate the mind, and please the sight,
To pour in virtue at th'attentive eye,
And waft the soul on wings of extacy;
For this the painter's art with nature vies,
And bids the visionary saint arise:
Who views the sacred forms in thought aspires,
Catches pure zeal, and as he gazes, fires;
Feels the same ardour to his breast convey'd;
Is what he sees, and emulates the shade.

Thy strokes, great Artist, so sublime appear,
They check our pleasure with an awful fear;
While thro' the mortal line the God you trace;
Author himself, and Heir of Jesse's race;
In raptures we admire thy bold design,
And, as the subject, own the hand divine.
While thro' thy work the rising day shall stream,
So long shall last thine honour, praise, and name.
And may thy labours to the Muse impart
Some emanation from her sister art,
To animate the verse, and bid it shine
In colours easy, bright, and strong as Thine!

Supine on earth an awful figure lies,
While softest slumbers seem to seal his eyes;
The hoary sire Heav'n's guardian care demands,
And at his feet the watchful angel stands.
The form august and large, the mien divine
Betray the * founder of Messiah's line.
Lo! from his loins the promis'd stem ascends,
And high to Heav'n its sacred boughs extends;
Each limb productive of some hero springs,
And blooms luxuriant with a race of kings.
Th'eternal plant wide spreads its arms around,
And with the mighty branch the mystic top is crown'd.

And lo! the glories of th'illustrious line
At their first dawn with ripen'd splendors shine;
In David all express'd; the good, the great,
The king, the hero, and the man complete.
Serene he sits, and sweeps the golden lyre,
And blends the prophet's with the poet's fire.
See! with what art he strikes the vocal strings,
The God, his theme, inspiring what he sings!
Hark,—or our ears delude us—from his tongue
Sweet flows,—or seems to flow,—some heav'nly song.

* Jesse.

Oh could thine art arrest the fleeting sound,
And paint the voice in magic numbers bound;
Could the warm sun, as erst when Memnon play'd,
Wake with his rising beam the vocal shade,
Then might he draw th'attentive angels down,
Bending to hear the lay, so sweet, so like their own.
On either side the monarch's offspring shine,
And some adorn, and some disgrace their line.
Here Ammon glories; proud incestuous lord!
This hand sustains the robe, and that the sword.
Frowning and fierce, with haughty strides he
And on his horrid brow defiance lowers. [tow'rs,
There Absalom the ravish'd sceptre sways,
And his stol'n honour all his shame displays:
The base usurper Youth! who joins in one
The rebel subject and th'ungrateful son.

Amid the royal race, see Nathan stand:
Fervent he seems to speak, and lift his hand;
His looks th'emotion of his soul disclose,
And eloquence from ev'ry gesture flows.
Such, and so stern he came, ordain'd to bring
Th'ungrateful mandate to the guilty King:
When, at his dreadful voice, a sudden smart
Shot thro' the trembling monarch's conscious heart
From his own lips condemn'd; severe decree!
Had his God prov'd so stern a Judge as He.
But man with frailty is ally'd by birth;
Consummate purity ne'er dwelt on earth:
Thro' all the soul, tho' virtue holds the rein,
Beats at the heart, and springs in ev'ry vein,
Yet ever from the clearest source have ran
Some gross alloy, some tincture of the man.

But who is he—deep-musing—in his mind,
He seems to weigh in reason's scales mankind;
Fix'd contemplation holds his steady eyes—
I know the sage †, the wisest of the wise.
Blest with all man could wish, or prince obtain,
Yet his great heart pronounc'd those blessings vain.
And lo! bright glittering in his sacred hands,
In miniature the glorious temple stands.
Effulgent frame! stupendous to behold!
Gold the strong valves, the roof of burnish'd gold.
The wand'ring ark, in that bright doom enshrin'd
Spreads the strong light, eternal, unconfind!
Above th'unutterable glory plays
Presence divine! and the full-streaming rays
Pour thro' reluctant clouds intolerable blaze.

But stern oppression rends Reboam's reign;
See the gay prince, injurious, proud, and vain!
Th'imperial sceptre totters in his hand,
And proud rebellion triumphs in the land.
Curs'd with corruption's ever-fruitful spring,
A beardless senate and a haughty king.

There Asia, good and great, the sceptre bears,
Justice attends his peace, success his wars:
While virtue was his sword and Heav'n his shield,
Without controul the warrior swept the field;
Loaded with spoils, triumphant he return'd,
And half her swarthy sons sad Ethiopia mourn'd.
But since thy flagging piety decay'd,
And barter'd God's defence for human aid;
See their fair laurels wither on thy brow,
Nor herbs nor healthful arts avail thee now,
Nor is Heav'n chang'd, apostate prince, but thou.

† Solomon.

No

No mean atonement does this lapse require ;
 But see the Son, you must forgive the Sire :
 He, † the just prince—with ev'ry virtue blest'd,
 He reign'd, and goodness all the man possess'd ;
 Around his throne fair happiness and peace
 Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and smil'd in ev'ry face.
 As when along the burning waste he stray'd,
 Where no pure streams in bubbling mazes play'd,
 Where drought incumbent on the thirsty ground,
 Long since had breath'd her scorching blasts around
 The ‡ prophet calls, th'obedient floods repair
 To the parch'd fields, for Josaphat was there.
 The new spring waves, in many a gurgling vein,
 Trickle luxurious thro' the sucking plain ;
 Fresh honours the reviving fields adorn,
 And o'er the desert Plenty pours her horn.
 So, from the throne his influence he sheds,
 And bids the virtues raise their languid heads :
 Where'er he goes, attending Truth prevails,
 Oppression flies, and Justice lifts her scales.
 See, on his arm the royal eagle stand,
 Great type of conquest and supreme command ;
 Th'exulting bird distinguish'd triumph brings,
 And greets the Monarch with expanded wings.
 Fierce Moab's sons prevent th'impending blow,
 Rush on themselves, and fall without the foe.
 The pious hero vanquish'd Heav'n by pray'r ;
 His faith an army, and his vows a war.
 Thee too, Ozias, fates indulgent blest,
 And thy days shone in fairest actions drest :
 Till that rash hand, by some blind frenzy sway'd,
 Unclean, the sacred office durst invade.
 Quick o'er thy limbs the scurfy venom ran,
 And hoary filth besprinkled all the man.

Transmissive worth adorns the pious § Son,
 The father's virtues with the father's throne.
 Lo ! there he stands : he who the rage subdu'd
 Of Ammon's sons, and drench'd his sword in blood ;
 And dost thou, Ahaz, Judah's scourge, disgrace
 With thy base front the glories of thy race ?
 See the vile king his iron sceptre bear—
 His only praise attends the pious || Heir ;
 He, in whose soul the virtues all conspire,
 The best good son from the worst wicked fire.
 And lo ! in Hezekiah's golden reign,
 Long exil'd Piety returns again ;
 Again in genuine purity she shines, [shrines.
 And with her presence gilds the long-neglected
 Ill-starr'd does proud Assyria's impious * Lord
 Bid Heav'n to arms, and vaunt his dreadful sword ;
 His own vain threats th'insulting king o'erthrow,
 But breathe new courage on the gen'rous foe.
 Th'avenging Angel, by divine command,
 The fiery sword full-blazing in his hand,
 Leant down from Heav'n : amid the storm he
 March'd Pestilence before him ; as he trod, [rode
 Pale Desolation bath'd his steps in blood.
 Thick wrapt in night, thro' the proud host he past,
 Dispensing Death, and drove the furious blast ;
 Nor bade destruction give her revels o'er [gore.
 Till the gorg'd sword was drunk with human
 But what avails thee, pious Prince ? In vain
 Thy sceptre rescu'd, and th'Assyrian slain !

Ev'n now the soul maintains her latest strife,
 And death's chill grasp congeals the fount of life.
 Yet see, kind Heav'n renews thy brittle thread,
 And rolls full fifteen summers o'er thy head ;
 Lo ! the receding sun repeats his way,
 And, like thy life, prolongs the falling day.
 Tho' nature her inverted course forego,
 The day forget to rest, the time to flow,
 Yet shall Jehovah's servants stand secure,
 His mercy fix'd, eternal shall endure ;
 On them her ever-healing rays shall shine ;
 More mild and bright, and sure, O sun ! than thine.
 At length the long-expected Prince behold,
 The last good King ; in ancient days foretold,
 When Bethel's altar spoke his future fame,
 Rent to its base, at good Josiah's name.
 Blest, happy prince ! o'er whose lamented urn,
 In plaintive song, all Judah's daughters mourn ;
 For whom sad Sion's softest sorrow flows,
 And Jeremiah pours his sweet melodious woes.

But now fall'n Sion, once the fair and great,
 Sits deep in dust, abandon'd, desolate ;
 Bleeds her sad heart, and ever stream her eyes,
 And anguish tears her with convulsive sighs.
 The mournful captive spreads her hands in vain,
 Her hands that rankle with the servile chain ;
 Till he, †† Great Chief ! in Heav'n's appointed
 time,

Leads back her children to their native clime.
 Fair liberty revives with all her joys,
 And bids her envy'd walls securely rise.
 And thou, great hallow'd doom, in ruin spread,
 Again shall lift sublime thy sacred head.
 But, ah ! with weeping eyes, the antients view
 A faint resemblance of the old in you.
 No more th'effulgent glory of thy God
 Speaks awful answers from the mystic cloud :
 No more thine altars blaze with fire divine,
 And Heav'n has left thy solitary shrine.
 Yet, in thy courts, hereafter shalt thou see
 Presence immediate of the Deity, [in Thee.
 The light himself reveal'd, the God confess'd }
 And now at length the fated term of years
 The world's desire have brought, and lo ! the
 God appears !

The Heav'nly Babe the Virgin Mother bears,
 And her fond looks confess the parent's cares ;
 The pleasing burden on her breasts she lays,
 Hangs o'er his charms, and with a smile surveys :
 The Infant smiles, to her fond bosom prest,
 And wantons, sportive, on the mother's breast.
 A radiant glory speaks him all Divine,
 And in the Child the beams of Godhead shine.
 But now, alas ! far other views disclose
 The blackest comprehensive scene of woes.
 See where man's voluntary sacrifice
 Bows his meek head, and God eternal dies !
 Fixt to the Cross, his healing arms are bound,
 While copious Mercy streams from ev'ry wound.
 Mark the blood-drops that life exhausting roll,
 And the strong pang that rends the stubborn soul !
 As all death's tortures, with severe delay,
 Exult and riot in the noblest prey :

† Josaphat.

‡ Elitha.

§ Jotham.

|| Hezekiah.

* Sennacherib.

†† Zorobabel.

And canst thou, stupid man, those sorrows see,
Nor share the anguish which He bears for thee?
Thy sin, for which his sacred flesh is torn,
Points ev'ry nail, and sharpens ev'ry thorn;
Canst thou?—while nature smarts in ev'ry wound
And each pang cleaves the sympathetic ground!
Lo! the black sun, his chariot backward driv'n,
Blots out the day, and perishes from Heav'n:
Earth, trembling from her entrails, bears a part,
And the rent rock upbraids man's stubborn heart.

The yawning grave reveals his gloomy reign,
And the cold clay-clad dead start into life again.

And thou, O tomb, once more shall wide display
Thy satiate jaws, and give up all thy prey.
Thou, groaning earth, shalt heave, absorb in flame,
As the last pangs convulse thy lab'ring frame;
When the same God unshrouded thou shalt see,
Wrapt in full blaze of pow'r and majesty,
Ride on the clouds; whilst, as his chariot flies,
The bright effusion streams thro' all the skies.
Then shall the proud dissolving mountains glow,
And yielding rocks in fiery rivers flow:
The molten deluge round the globe shall roar,
And all man's arts and labour be no more.
Then shall the splendors of th'enliven'd glass
Sink undistinguish'd in the burning mass.
And O! till earth, and seas, and heav'n decay,
Ne'er may that fair creation fade away! [spare!
May winds and storms those beauteous colours
Still may they bloom, as permanent as fair!
All the vain rage of wasting time repel,
And his tribunal see, whose Cross they paint so
well!

§ 269. *Death.* EMILY.

THE festive roar of laughter, the warm glow
Of brisk-ey'd joy, and friendship's genial bowl,
Wit's season'd converse, and the liberal flow
Of unsuspecting youth, profuse of soul,
Delight not ever; from the boisterous scene
Of riot far, and Comus' wild uproar,
From folly's crowd, whose vacant brow serene
Was never knit to wisdom's frowning lore,
Permit me, ye time-hallow'd domes, ye piles
Of rude magnificence, your solemn rest,
Amid your fretted vaults and length'ning isles,
Lonely to wander; no unholy guest
That means to break, with sacrilegious tread,
The marble slumbers of your monumented dead.
Permit me, with sad musings, that inspire
Unlabour'd numbers apt, your silence drear
Blameless to wake, and with the Orphean lyre,
Fitly temper'd, sooth the merciless ear
Of Hades, and stern death, whose iron sway
Great nature owns thro' all her wide domain;
All that with oary fin cleave their smooth way
Thro' the green bosom of the spawny main,
And those that to the streaming æther spread,
In many a wheeling glide, their feathery sail;
And those that creep, and those that statelier tread,
That roam o'er forest, hill, or brows'd dale;
The victims each of ruthless fate must fall; [all.
E'en God's own image, man, high paramount of

And ye, the young, the giddy, and the gay,
That startle from the sleepful lid of light
The curtain'd rest, and with the dissonant bray
Of Bacchus, and loud jollity, affright
Yon radiant goddess, that now shoots among
These many-window'd isles her glimmering beam;
Know, that ere its starr'd career along
Thrice shall have roll'd her silver wheeled team,
Some parent breast may heave the answering sigh,
To the slow pauses of the funeral knoll;

E'en now black Atropos, with scowling eye,
Roars in the laugh, and revels o'er the bowl;
E'en now in rosy-crown'd pleasure's wreath
Entwines in adder folds all unsuspected Death.

Know, on the stealing wing of time shall flee
Some few, some short-liv'd years, and all is past;
A future bard these awful domes may see,
Muse o'er the present age, as I the last;
Who mouldering in the grave, yet once like you
The various maze of life were seen to tread;
Each bent their own peculiar to pursue,
As custom urg'd or wilful nature led;
Mix'd with the various crowds in glorious clay,
The nobler virtues undistinguish'd lie;
No more to melt with beauty's heav'n-born ray,
No more to wet compassion's tearful eye,
Catch from the poet raptures not their own.
And feel the thrilling melody of sweet renown.

Where is the master-hand, whose semblant art
Chisel'd the marble into life, or taught
From the well-pencil'd portraiture to start
The nerve that beat with soul, the brow that
thought!

Cold are the fingers that in stone-fix'd trance
The mute attention rivetting, to the lyre
Struck language: dimm'd the poet's quick-ey'd
glance,

All in wild raptures flashing heav'n's own fire.
Shrunk is the sinew'd energy, that strung [breast
The warrior arm: where sleeps the patriot
Whilom that heav'd impassion'd! Where the
tongue

That lanc'd its lightning on the tow'ring crest
Of scepter'd insolence, and overthrew [crew!
Giant Oppression, leagu'd with all her earth-born
These now are past; long, long, ye fleeting years,
Pursue with glory wing'd, your fated way,
Ere from the womb of time unwelcome peers
The dawn of that inevitable day, [friend
When wrapt in shrouded clay their warmest
The widow'd virtues shall again deplore,
When o'er his urn in pious grief shall bend
His Britain, and bewail one patriot more;
For soon must thou, too soon! who spread'st
Thy beaming emanations unconfin'd, [abroad,
Doom'd, like some better angel sent of God
To scatter blessings over humankind.

Thou too must fall, O Pitt! to shine no more,
And tread these dreadful paths a Faulkland trod
before.

Fast to the driving winds the marshall'd clouds
Sweep discontinuous o'er th'ethereal plain;
Another still upon another crowds;

All hast'ning downward to their native main.

Thus

Thus passes o'er thro' varied life's career,
 Man's fleeting age; the Seasons as they fly
 Snatch from us in their course, year after year,
 Some sweet connection, some endearing tie.
 The parent, ever-honour'd, ever-dear,
 Claims from the filial breast the pious sigh;
 A brother's urn demands the kindred tear,
 And gentle sorrows gush from friendship's eye.
 To-day we frolic in the rosy bloom [tomb.
 Of jocund youth—the morrow knells us to the

Who knows how soon in this sepulchral spot
 Shall Heav'n to me the drear abode assign!
 How soon the past irrevocable lot
 Of these, that rest beneath me, shall be mine.
 Haply, when Zephyr to thy native bourn [wave,
 Shall waft thee o'er the storm'd Hibernian
 Thy gentle breast, my Tawistock, shall mourn
 To find me sleeping in the senseless grave.

No more the social leisure to divide,
 In the sweet intercourse of soul and soul,
 Blithe, or of graver brow; no more to chide
 The ling'ring years impatient as they roll,
 Till all thy cultur'd virtues shall display, [day.
 Full blossom'd, their bright honours to the gazing

Ah, dearest youth! these vows perhaps unheard,
 The rude wind scatters o'er the billowy main;
 These prayers, at friendship's holy shrine prefer'd,
 May rise to grasp their father's knees in vain.

Soon, soon may nod the sad funereal plume
 With solemn horror o'er thy timeless hearse,
 And I survive to grave upon thy tomb

The mournful tribute of memorial verse. —
 That leave to Heav'n's decision — Be it thine,
 Higher than yet a parent's wishes flew,
 To soar in bright pre-eminence, and shine
 With self-earn'd honours, eager to pursue
 Where glory, with her clear unsully'd rays,
 The well-born spirit lights to deeds of mightiest
 praise.

'Twas she thy godlike Russell's bosom steel'd
 With confidence untam'd, in his last breath
 Stern-smiling. She, with calm composure, held
 The patriot axe of Sidney, edg'd with death.
 Smit with the warmth of her impulsive flame,
 Wolf's gallant virtue flies to worlds afar,
 Emulous to pluck fresh wreathes of well-earn'd
 fame

From the grim frowning brow of laurel'd war.
 'Twas she that, on the morn of direful birth,
 Bar'd thy young bosom to the fatal blow,
 Lamented Armitage! — the bleeding youth!
 O bathe him in the pearly caves below,
 Ye Nereids! and ye nymphs of Camus hoar,
 Weep, for ye oft have seen him on your haunted
 shore.

Better to die with glory, than recline
 On the soft lap of ignominious peace;
 Than yawn out the dull droning life supine
 In monkish apathy and gowned ease.

Better employ'd in honour's bright career
 The least division on the dial's round,
 Than thrice to compass Saturn's live-long year,
 Grown old in sloth, the burthen of the ground;
 Than tug with sweating toil the lavish oar
 Of unredeem'd affliction, and sustain
 The feverous rage of fierce diseases sore.

Unnumber'd, that in sympathetic chain
 Hang ever thro' the thick circumfluous air, [sphere,
 All from the drizzly verge of yonder star-girt

Thick in the many beaten road of life
 A thousand maladies are posted round,
 With wretched man to wage eternal strife
 Unseen, like ambush'd Indians, till they wound
 There the swollen hydrop stands, the wat'ry rheum,
 The northern scurvy, blotch with lep'rous
 And moping ever in the cloister'd gloom [scale;
 Of learned sloth, and bookish asthma pale:
 And the shunn'd hag unsightly, that ordain'd
 On Europe's sons to wreak the faithless sword
 Of Cortez, with the blood of millions stain'd,
 O'er dog-ey'd lust the tort'ring scourge ab-
 horr'd, [her flight
 Shakes threat'ning; since the while the wing'd
 From Amazon's broad wave, and Andes' snow-
 clad height.

Where the wan daughter of the yellow year,
 The chatt'ring ague chill, the writhing stone,
 And he of ghastly feature, on whose ear [moan,
 Unheeded croaks the death-bird's warning
 Marasmus; knotty gout; and the dead life
 Of nerveless palsy; there on purpose fell
 Dark brooding, whets his interdicted knife
 Grim suicide, the damned fiend of hell.
 There too is the stunn'd apoplexy pight*,
 The bloated child of gorg'd intemperance foul;
 Self-wasting melancholy, black as night,
 Lowering, and foaming fierce with hideous
 The dog hydrophoby, and near ally'd [howl;
 Scar'd madness, with her moon-struck eye-
 balls staring wide.

There, stretch'd one huge, beneath the rocky
 mine, † [ing fires:
 With boiling sulphur fraught, and moulder-
 He the dread delegate of wrath divine;

Ere while that stood o'er Taio's hundred spires
 Vindictive; thrice he wav'd th' earth-shaking
 Powerful as that the son of Amram bore, [wand,
 And thrice he rais'd, and thrice he check'd his
 hand. [d'rous roar,

He struck — the rocking ground, with thun-
 Yawn'd! Here from street to street hurries, and
 there [amain,

Now runs, then stops, then shrieks and scours
 Staring distraction: many a palace fair [fane,
 With millions sinks ungulp'd, and pillar'd
 Old Ocean's farthest waves confess the shock;
 Even Albion trembl'd, conscious, on his steadfast
 rock.

* Placed.

† Alluding to the Earthquake at Lisbon, 1 November, 1755.

The meagre famine there, and drunk with blood
 Stern war; and the loath'd monster whom of
 The slimy Naiad of the Memphian flood [yore
 Engend'ring, to the bright-hair'd Phœbus bore,
 Foul pestilence, that on the wide-stretch'd wings
 Of commerce, speeds from Cairo's swarthy bay
 His westerling flight, and thro' the sick air flings
 Spotted contagion; at his heels disinay
 And desolation urge their fire-wheel'd yoke
 Terrible; as long of old, when from the height
 Of Paran came unwreath'd the mightiest, shook
 Earth's firm fixt base tottering; thro' the black
 night [abroad
 Glanc'd the flash'd lightnings: heaven's rent roof
 Thunder'd, and universal nature felt its God.
 Who on that scene of terror, on that hour
 Of roused indignation, shall withstand
 Th' Almighty, when he meditates to shower
 The bursting vengeance o'er a guilty land!
 Canst thou, secure in reason's vaunted pride,
 Tongue-doughty miscreant, who but now didst
 gore
 With more than Hebrew rage the innocent side
 Of agonizing mercy, bleeding fore,
 Canst thou confront, with steadfast eye unaw'd,
 The sworded judgment stalking far and near?
 Well may'st thou tremble, when an injur'd God
 Disclaims thee—guilt is ever quick of fear—
 Loud whirlwinds howl in zephyr's softest breath,
 And every glancing meteor glares imagin'd death.
 The good alone are fearless; they alone,
 Firm and collected in their virtue, brave
 Thewreck of worlds, and look unshrinking down
 On the dread yawnings of the rav'nous grave:
 Thrice happy! who the blameless road along
 Of honest praise hath reach'd the vale of death;
 Around him, like ministrant cherubs, throng
 His better actions to the parting breath,
 Singing their blessed requiems; he the while
 Gently reposing on some friendly breast,
 Breathes out his benisons; then with a smile
 Of soft complaisance, lays him down to rest,
 Calm as the slumbering infant: from the goal
 Free and unbounded flies the disembodied soul.
 Whether some delegated charge below, [claim;
 Some much lov'd friend its hovering care may
 Whether it heavenward soars, again to know
 That long-forgotten country whence it came;
 Conjecture ever, the misfeatur'd child
 Of letter'd arrogance, delights to run
 Thro' speculation's puzzling mazes wild,
 And all to end at last where it begun.
 Fain would we trace, with reason's erring clue,
 The darksome paths of destiny aright;
 In vain; the task were easier to pursue
 The trackless wheelings of the swallow's flight.
 From mortal ken himself the Almighty shrouds,
 Pavilion'd in thick night and circumambient
 clouds.

§ 270. *A Birth-Day Thought.*

CAN I, all gracious Providence!
 Can I deserve thy care?
 Ah! no, I've not the least pretence
 To bounties which I share.

Have I not been defended still
 From dangers, and from death?
 Been safe preserv'd from ev'ry ill
 E'er since thou gave me breath?
 I live once more, to see the day
 That brought me first to light;
 O! teach my willing heart the way
 To take thy mercies right.
 Tho' dazzling splendor, pomp, and show,
 My fortune has deny'd;
 Yet (more than grandeur can bestow)
 Content hath well supply'd.
 No strife has e'er disturb'd my peace;
 No mis'ries have I known;
 And, that I'm blest'd with health and ease,
 With humble thanks I own.
 I envy no one's birth or fame,
 Their titles, train, or dress;
 Nor has my pride e'er stretch'd its aim
 Beyond what I possess.
 I ask and wish not to appear
 More beautiful, rich, or gay;
 Lord, make me wiser ev'ry year,
 And better ev'ry day.

§ 271. *A Moral Reflection. Written on the first
 Day of the Year 1782.*

SEVENTEEN Hundred Eighty-one
 Is now for ever past;
 Seventeen Hundred Eighty-two
 Will fly away as fast.
 But whether life's uncertain scene
 Shall hold an equal pace;
 Or whether death shall come between,
 And end my mortal race;
 Or whether sickness, pain, or health,
 My future lot shall be;
 Or whether poverty or wealth,
 Is all unknown to me.
 One thing I know, that needful 'tis
 To watch with careful eye;
 Since ev'ry season spent amiss
 Is register'd on high.
 Too well I know what precious hours
 My wayward passions waste;
 And oh! I find my mortal pow'rs
 To dust and darkness haste.
 Earth rolls her rapid seasons round,
 To meet her final fire;
 But virtue is with glory crown'd,
 Tho' suns and stars expire.
 What awful thoughts! what truth sublime!
 What useful lesson this!
 O! let me well improve my time!
 Oh! let me die in peace!

§ 272. *The Welcome Messenger. WATTS,*

LORD, when we see a saint of thine
 Lie gasping out his breath,
 With longing eyes, and looks divine,
 Smiling and pleas'd in death,

How we could e'en contend to lay
Our limbs upon that bed !
We ask thine envoy to convey
Our spirits in his stead.

Our souls arising on the wing,
To venture in his place ;
For when grim death has lost his sting,
He has an angel's face.

Jesus, then purge my crimes away,
'Tis guilt creates my fears ;
'Tis guilt gives death its fierce array,
And all the arms it bears.

Oh ! if my threat'ning sins were gone,
And death had lost his sting,
I could invite the angel on,
And chide his lazy wing.

Away these interposing days,
And let the lovers meet ;
The angel has a cold embrace,
But kind, and soft, and sweet.

I'd leap at once my seventy years,
I'd rush into his arms,
And lose my breath and all my cares,
Amidst those heav'nly charms.

Joyful I'd lay this body down,
And leave the lifeless clay,
Without a sigh without a groan,
And stretch and soar away.

§ 273. *The Song of Angels above.* WATTS.

EARTH has detain'd me pris'ner long,
And I'm grown weary now :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
There's nothing here for you.

Tir'd in my thoughts, I stretch me down,
And upwards glance my eyes ;
Upward, my Father, to thy throne,
And to my native skies.

There the dear Man, my Saviour, sits,
The God how bright he shines !
And scatters infinite delights
On all the happy minds.

Seraphs with elevated strains,
Circle the throne around,
And move and charm the starry plains
With an immortal sound.

Jesus, the Lord, their harps employs ;
Jesus, my love, they sing :
Jesus, the name of both our joys,
Sounds sweet from ev'ry string.

Hark, how, beyond the narrow bounds
Of time and space they run,
And speak, in most majestic sounds,
The Godhead of the Son !

How on the Father's breast he lay,
The darling of his soul,
Infinite years before the day
Of heavens began to roll.

And now they sink the lofty tone,
And gentler notes they play,
And bring th'eternal Godhead down
To dwell in humble clay.

O sacred beauties of the Man !
(The God resides within)
His flesh all pure without a stain ;
His soul without a sin.

Then how he look'd and how he smil'd !
What wond'rous things he said !
Sweet cherubs, stay, dwell here a while,
And tell what Jesus did !

At his command the blind awake,
And feel the gladsome rays :
He bids the dumb attempt to speak ;
They try their tongues in praise.

He shed a thousand blessings round
Where'er he turn'd his eye :
He spoke, and, at the sov'reign sound,
The hellish legions fly.

Thus, while, with unambitious strife,
Th'ethereal minstrels rove
Through all the labours of his life,
And wonders of his love,

In the full choir a broken string
Groans with a strange surprize ;
The rest in silence mourn their King
That bleeds, and loves, and dies.

Seraph and saint with drooping wings
Cease their harmonious breath :
No blooming trees nor bubbling springs
While Jesus sleeps in death.

Then all at once to living strains
They summon ev'ry chord ;
Break up the tomb, and burst his chains,
And shew their rising Lord.

Around the flaming army throngs,
To guard him to the skies,
With loud hosannas on their tongues,
And triumph in their eyes.

In awful state the conqu'ring God
Ascends his shining throne,
While tuneful angels sound abroad
The vict'ries he has won.

Now let me rise and join their song,
And be an angel too :
My heart, my hand, my ear, my tongue,
Here's joyful work for you !

I would begin the music here,
And so my soul should rise.
Oh for some heav'nly notes, to bear
My spirit to the skies !

There, ye that love my Saviour, sit ;
There I would fain have place
Among your thrones, or at your feet,
So I might see his face.

I am confin'd to earth no more,
But mount in haste above,
To bless the God that I adore,
And sing the Man I love.

M 2

Happy

§ 274. *Happy Frailty.* WATTS.

"HOW meanly dwells th'immortal mind!
 "How vile these bodies are!
 "Why was a clod of earth design'd
 "To enclose a heav'nly star?
 "Weak cottage where our souls reside!
 "This flesh a tott'ring wall;
 "With frightful breaches gaping wide,
 "The building bends to fall.
 "All round it storms of trouble blow,
 "And waves of sorrow roll;
 "Cold waves and winter-storms beat thro',
 "And pain the tenant-soul.
 "Alas! how frail our state!" said I;
 And thus went mourning on,
 Till sudden, from the cleaving sky,
 A gleam of glory shone.
 My soul all felt the glory come,
 And breath'd her native air;
 Then she remember'd heav'n her home,
 And she a pris'n'r here.
 Straight she began to change her key,
 And, joyful in her pains,
 She sang the frailty of her clay
 In pleasurable strains.
 "How weak the pris'n is where I dwell!
 "Flesh but a tott'ring wall!
 "The breaches cheerfully fortel
 "The house must shortly fall.
 "No more, my friends, shall I complain,
 "Though all my heart-strings ache:
 "Welcome disease, and ev'ry pain
 That makes the cottage shake.
 "Now let the tempest blow all round;
 "Now swell the furies high,
 "And beat this house of bondage down,
 "To let the stranger fly.
 "I have a mansion built above,
 "By the Eternal Hand;
 "And should the earth's old basis move,
 "My heav'nly house must stand.
 "Yes, for 'tis there my Saviour reigns
 "(I long to see the God);
 "And his immortal strength sustains
 "The courts that cost him blood!"
 Hark, from on high my Saviour calls:
 "I come, my Lord, my Love:"
 Devotion breaks the prison walls,
 And speeds my last remove.

§ 275. *The God of Thunder.* WATTS.

O THE immense, the amazing height,
 The boundless grandeur of our God!
 Who treads the worlds beneath his feet,
 And sways the nations with his nod!

He speaks; and lo, all nature shakes:
 Heav'n's everlasting pillars bow;
 He rends the clouds with hideous cracks,
 And shoots his fiery arrows through.
 Well, let the nations start and fly
 At the blue lightning's horrid glare!
 Atheists and emperors shrink and die,
 When flame and noise torment the air.
 Let noise and flame confound the skies,
 And drown the specious realms below,
 Yet will we sing the Thund'rer's praise,
 And send our loud Hosannas through.
 Celestial King, thy blazing pow'r
 Kindles our hearts to flaming joys;
 We shout to hear thy thunders roar,
 And echo to our Father's voice.
 Thus shall the God our Saviour come,
 And lightnings round his chariot play!
 Ye lightnings fly to make him room;
 Ye glorious storms prepare his way.

§ 276. *On Eternity.* GIBBONS.

WHAT is eternity? Can aught
 Paint its duration to the thought? —
 Tell ev'ry beam the sun emits,
 When in sublimest noon he sits;
 Tell ev'ry light wing'd mote that strays
 Within its ample round of rays;
 Tell all the leaves and all the buds
 That crown the garden, fields, and woods;
 Tell all the spires of grass the meads
 Produce, when spring propitious leads
 The new-born year; tell all the drops
 That night, upon their bended tops,
 Sheds in soft silence, to display
 Their beauties with the rising day;
 Tell all the sand the ocean laves,
 Tell all its changes, all its waves;
 Or tell with more laborious pains,
 The drops its mighty mass contains;
 Be this astonishing account
 Augmented with the full amount
 Of all the drops the clouds have shed,
 Where'er their wat'ry fleeces spread;
 Thro' all time's long protracted tour
 From Adam to the present hour;
 Still short the sum, nor can it vie
 With the more num'rous years that lie
 Embosom'd in Eternity.

Was there a belt that could contain
 In its vast orb the earth and main;
 With figures was it cluster'd o'er,
 Without one cypher in the score;
 And would your lab'ring thought assign
 The total of the crowded line,
 How scant th'amount? th'attempt how vain!
 To reach duration's endless chain!
 For when as many years are run,
 Unbounded age is but begun!
 Attend, O man, with awe divine;
 For this eternity is thine!

L

ELEGANT EXTRACTS.

P O E T I C A L.

BOOK THE SECOND.

DIDACTIC, DESCRIPTIVE, NARRATIVE, AND PATHETIC.

§ 1. *A Pastoral. In Four Parts. POPE.*

To Sir William Trumbal.

PASTORAL I. SPRING.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,
Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:
Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,
While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;
Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play,
And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.

You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,
Enjoy the glory to be great no more,
And carrying with you all the world can boast,
To all the world illustriously are lost!
O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,
Till in your native shades you tune the lyre:
So when the Nightingale to rest removes,
The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves;
But charm'd to silence, listens while she sings,
And all th'ærial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,
Two Swains, whom love kept wakeful, and the Muse,

Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,
Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair:
The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,
Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd:

DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,
With joyous music wake the dawning day!
Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,
When warbling Philomel salutes the spring?

Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,
And lavish Nature paints the purple year?

STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,
While yon slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.
Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow;
Here western winds on breathing roses blow.
I'll stake yon lamb that near the fountain plays,
And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines,
And swelling clusters bend the curling vines:
Four figures rising from the work, appear
The various seasons of the rolling year;
And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,
Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie?

DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,
Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,
Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;
Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise,
With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!
A milk-white Bull shall at your altars stand,
That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,
And make my tongue victorious as her eyes:

M 3

No

No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart;
Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,
Then, hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;
But feigns a laugh to see me search around,
And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green;
She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;
While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,
How much at variance are her feet and eyes!

STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,
And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;
Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield;
Feed here, my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves;
Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;
If Windsor-shades delight the matchless maid,
Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windsor-shade.

STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,
Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping
If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, [flow'rs;
The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing,

DAPHNIS,

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,
The sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;
If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore,
And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,
At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,
But Delia always; absent from her sight,
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight.

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;
E'en spring displeases when she shines not here;
But, blest'd with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears
A wond'rous tree that sacred monarchs bears;
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes.

DAPHNIS.

Nay, tell me first, in what more happy fields
The Thistle springs to which the lily yields:
And then a nobler prize I will resign;
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia, shall be thine.

DAMON.

Cease to contend; for, Daphnis, I decree
The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee:
Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel;
Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing
so well!

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,
A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs;
The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,
While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.
For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend,
And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

PASTORAL II. SUMMER.

Addressed to Dr. Garth.

A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)
Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,
Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,
And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.
Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow,
The flocks around a dumb compassion show,
The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,
And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O Garth, the Muse's early lays,
That adds this wreath of ivy to thy bays;
Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,
From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,
Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,
To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing;
The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.
The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,
Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?
The bleating sheep with my complaints agree;
They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee.
The fultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye, Muses, in what lawn or grove,
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?
In these fair fields where sacred Isis glides,
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?
As in the crystal spring I view my face,
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,
I shun the fountains which I fought before.
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;
Ah, wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

Let other swains attend the rural care,
Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:
But nigh yon mountain let me tune my lays,
Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.
That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath
Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death:
He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same
That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:
But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,
For ever silent, since despis'd by thee.
Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r
The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!

Then

Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,
And I those kisses he receives enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,
Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song:
The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,
Their early fruit and milk-white turtles bring!
Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,
On you their gifts are all bestow'd again;
For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design,
And in one garland all their beauties join:
Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,
In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!
Descending Gods have found Elysium here.
In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,
And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.
Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,
When swains from sheering seek their nightly
When weary reapers quit the sultry field, [bow'rs;
And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield.
This harmless grove no lurking vapour hides,
But in my breast the serpent Love abides.
Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,
But your Alexis knows no sweets but you.
Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,
The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!
Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,
Trees, where you sit, shall crowd into a shade:
Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall
rise,

And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.
Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!
Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above.
But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!
But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,
The lowing herds to murmur'ing brooks retreat;
To closter shades the panting flocks remove;
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for love?
But soon the sun with milder rays descends
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends:
On me Love's fiercer flames for ever prey;
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

PASTORAL III. AUTUMN.

Addressed to Mr. Wycherley.

BENEATH the shade a spreading beech displays,
Hylas and Ægon sung their rural lays:
This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent love;
And Delia's name and Doris' fill'd the grove.
Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring;
Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.
Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,
The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;
Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour
charms, [warms!
Whose judgment sways us, and whose humour
Oh, skill'd in nature! see the hearts of swains,
Their artless passions, and their tender pains.

Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,
And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;
When tuneful Hylas, with melodious moan,
Taught rocks to weep, and made the mountains
groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
To Delia's ear the tender notes convey.
As some sad turtle his lost love deploras,
And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores
Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn,
Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
For her, the feather'd quires neglect their long:
For her, the limes their pleasing shades deny;
For her, the lilies hang their heads and die.
Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring;
Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing;
Ye trees that fade when autumn heats remove,
Say, is not absence death to those who love?

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;
Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,
Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.
What have I said? where'er my Delia flies,
Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;
Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,
And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!
The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song,
The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,
And streams to murmur, ere I cease to love.
Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,
Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,
Not show'rs to larks, or sunshine to the bee,
Are half so charming as thy sight to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!
Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?
Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds;
Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds.
Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy soothes my mind!
Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind? [lay,
She comes, my Delia comes! — Now cease my
And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

Next Ægon sung, while Windsor groves admir'd;
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Of perjur'd Doris, dying, I complain:
Here, where the mountains, less'ning as they rise,
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies!
While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,
In their loose traces from the field retreat:
While curling smokes from village tops are seen,
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Beneath yon poplar oft we pass the day:
Oft on the rind I carv'd the am'rous vows,
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs
The garlands fade, her vows are worn away;
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain;
Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;
Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove;
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
The shepherds cry, "Thy flocks are left a prey."
Ah! what avails it me the flocks to keep,
Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep.
Pan came, and ask'd what magic caus'd my smart,
Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart!
What eyes but hers, alas! have pow'r to move!
And is there magic but what dwells in love!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!
I'll fly from the shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains;
From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,
Forfake mankind, and all the world—but Love!
I know thee, Love! on foreign mountains bred,
Wolves gave thee suck, and savage tigers fed:
Thou wert from Etna's burning entrails torn,
Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!
Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!
One leap from vonder cliff shall end my pains;
No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!
Thus sung the shepherds till th'approach of night,
The skies yet blushing with departing light,
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade.

PASTORAL IV. WINTER.

To the Memory of Mrs. Tempest.

LYCIDAS.

THYRSIS, the music of that murmur'ing spring
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing;
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.
Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie,
The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,
While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,
Oh sing of Daphne's fate and Daphne's praise!

THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,
Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost.
Here shall I try the sweet Alexis' strain,
That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain!
Thames heard the numbers, as he flow'd along,
And bade his willows learn the moving song.

LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield,
And swell the future harvest of the field.
Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,
And said, 'Ye shepherds, sing around my grave.'
Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,
And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn.

THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,
Let Nymphs and Sylvars cypress garlands bring;
Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myzles hide,
And break your bows as when Adonis dy'd;
And with your golden darts, now useless grown,
Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone:
'Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore;
'Fair Daphne's dead, and Love is now no more.'
'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,
See, gloomy clouds obscure the cheerful day!

Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,
Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier.
See where, on earth, the flow'ry glories lie;
With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.
Ah, what avail the beauties nature wore?
Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,
The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood,
The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan
In notes more sad than when they sing their own;
In hollow caves sweet echo silent lies,
Silent, or only to her name replies; [shore;
Her name with pleasure once she taught the
Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,
Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise;
No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,
Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.
The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,
Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath;
The industrious bees neglect their golden shore!
Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!
No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,
Shall, list'ning in mid air, suspend their wings;
No more the birds shall imitate her lays,
Or, hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays;
No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear
A sweeter music than their own to hear;
But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,
Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more!

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,
And told in sighs to all the trembling trees;
The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,
Her fate remurmur to the silver flood:
The silver flood, so lately calm, appears
Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears;
The winds, and trees, and floods her death deplore,
Daphne, our grief! our glory now no more!

But see! where Daphne, wond'ring, mounts on
Above the clouds, above the starry sky! [high,
Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,
Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green!
There, while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,
Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,
Behold us kindly, who your name implore,
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains.
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees,
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,
If teeming ewes increase my fleecy breed. [give,
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholesome dews;
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;
Sharp Borcas blows, and nature feels decay;
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.
Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams, and groves;
Adieu, ye shepherds, rural lays, and loves;
Adieu, my flocks; farewell, ye sylvan crew;
Daphne, fare well; and all the world adieu!

Wind for-

§ 2. *Windfor-Forest.* POPE.

To the Rt. Hon. George Lord Lansdown.

THY forests, Windfor! and thy green retreats,
At once the Monarch's and the Muses seats,
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.
Granville commands; your aid, O Muses bring!
What Muse for Granville can refuse to sing!

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,
Live in description, and look green in song:
These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,
Like them in beauty, should be like in fame.
Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,
Here earth and water seem to strive again;
Not, chaos-like, together crush'd and bruise'd,
But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd:
Where order in variety we see,
And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.
Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,
And part admit, and part exclude the day;
As some coy nymph her lover's warm address
Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress:
There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,
Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades:
Here, in full light the russet plains extend:
There, wrapt in clouds, the bluish hills ascend.
Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes,
And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,
That crown'd with tufted trees and fringing corn,
Like verdant isles, the fable waste adorn.
Let India boast her plants, nor envy we
The weeping amber or the balmy tree,
While by our oaks the precious loads are borne,
And realms commanded which those trees adorn.
Not proud Olympus yields a nobler sight,
Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,
Than what more humble mountains offer here,
Where, in their blessings, all those gods appear.
See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd;
Here blushing Flora paints th'enamell'd ground;
Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,
And, nodding, tempt the joyful reaper's hand;
Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,
And Peace and Plenty tell, a Stuart reigns.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,
A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste;
To savage beasts and savage laws a prey;
And kings more furious and severe than they;
Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,
The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods:
Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves
(For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves).
What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,
And ev'n the elements a tyrant sway'd?
In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,
Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain;

The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields,
And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.
What wonder then, a beast or subject slain
Were equal crimes in a despotic reign?
Both, doom'd alike, for sportive tyrants bled;
But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed.

Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began;
A mighty hunter, and his prey was man:
Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,
And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.
The fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains,
From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes:
The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er;
The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar;
Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd;
O'er heaps of ruins stalk'd the stately hind;
The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires;
And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.
Aw'd by his nobles, by his commons curst,
Th'oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst;
Stretch'd o'er the poor and church his iron rod,
And serv'd alike his vassals and his God.
Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd, and bloody Dane,
The wanton victims of his sport remain.
But see, the man who spacious regions gave
A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave!
Stretch'd on the lawn, his second hope survey,
At once the chacer, and at once the prey:
Lo! Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,
Bleeds in the forest, like a wounded hart.
Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries,
Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.
Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed;
O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread;
The forests wonder'd at th'unusual grain,
And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.
Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears
Her cheerful head, and leads the golden years.

Ye vig'rous swains! while youth ferments your
And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood, [blood,
Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset,
Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.
When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,
And in the new-shorn field the partridge feeds,
Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,
Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;
But when the tainted gales the game betray,
Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:
Secure, they trust th'unfaithful field beset,
Till, hov'ring o'er'em, sweeps the swelling net,
Thus (if small things we may with great compare)
When Albion sends her eager sons to war, [blest,
Some thoughtless town, with ease and plenty
Near and more near the closing lines invest;
Sudden they seize th'amaz'd, defenceless prize,
And high in air Britannia's standard flies.

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant
springs,
And mounts, exulting, on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet circled eyes!
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with
gold!

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.
To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:

(Beasts

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo) [roves,
With slaught'ring guns th'unwearied fowler
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves,
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Straight a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breath along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand.
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch, with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the wat'ry plains.
Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:
The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,
Swarin o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,
Rouse the fleet hart, and cheer the op'ning hound.
Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein,
And, pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:
Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,
And, ere he starts, a thousand steps are lost.
See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,
Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,
Hang o'er their courfers heads with eager speed;
And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.
Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,
Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train;
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen
As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a Queen;
Whose care, like her's, protects the sylvan reign;
The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd,
And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;
Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,
Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;
Here, arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,
Her buskin'd virgins trac'd the dewy lawn.

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,
Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;
(Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast, [last.]
The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall
Scarce could the Goddess from her Nymph be
known,

But by the crescent, and the golden zone.
She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;
A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;
A pointed quiver on her shoulder sounds,
And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.
It chanc'd, as, eager of the chase, the maid
Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd,
Pan saw and lov'd; and, burning with desire,
Pursu'd her flight; her flight increas'd his fire.
Not half so swift the trembling doe can fly,
When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;

Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves,
When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling
doves,

As from the God she flew with furious pace,
Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chase.
Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;
Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;
And now his shadow reach'd her as she run,
His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;
And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,
Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.
In vain on father Thames she calls for aid,
Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid. [vain;
Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in
"Ah Cynthia! ah—tho' banish'd from thy train,
"Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,
"My native shades—there weep, and murmur
She said, and melting as in tears she lay, [there."
In a soft silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,
For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;
Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore,
And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.
In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,
And with celestial tears augments the waves.
Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies
The headlong mountains and the downward
skies;

The wat'ry landskip of the pendant woods,
And absent trees that tremble in the floods;
In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,
And floating forests paint the waves with green;
Thro' the fair scene roll slow the ling'ring streams,
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the
Thames.

Thou, too, great father of the British floods!
With joyful pride survey'ft our lofty woods;
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,
And future navies on thy shores appear,
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives
A wealthier tribute than to thine he gives.
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear;
Nor Po so swells the fabling poet's lays,
While led along the skies his current strays,
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,
Like the bright beauties on thy banks below;
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal passion still,
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

Happy the man whom this bright court ap-
proves,

His sov'reign favours, and his country loves:
Happy next him, who to these shades retires,
Whom nature charms, and whom the Muse in-
spires:

Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,
Successive study, exercise, and ease.
He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,
And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields:
With chemic arts exalts the min'ral powers,
And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:
Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;
O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;

Of

Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store,
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er :
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,
 Attends the duties of the wife and good,
 To observe a mean, be to himself a friend,
 To follow nature, and regard his end;
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,
 Survey the region, and confess her home :
 Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd,
 Thus Atticus and Trumbal thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens;
 To Thames's banks with fragrant breezes fill,
 Or where ye Muses sport on Cooper's Hill.
 (On Cooper's Hill eternal wreaths shall grow,
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall
 I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, [flow.]
 I hear soft music die along the grove:
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,
 By god-like poets venerable made:
 Here his first lays majestic Denham sung;
 There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's
 Oearly lost! what tears the river shed [tongue.
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led!
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since Fate relentless stopp'd their heav'nly voice,
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;
 Who now shall charm the shades where Cowley
 strung

His living harp, and lofty Denham sung?
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!
 Are these reviv'd? or is it Granville sings?
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,
 Make Windsor hills in lofty numbers rise,
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
 And add new lustre to her silver star.
 Here noble Surrey felt the sacred rage,
 Surrey—the Granville of a former age:
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,
 To the same notes, of love and soft desire:
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow,
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh! would'st thou sing what heroes Windsor
 bore,
 What kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page,
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age.
 Draw monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious
 The lilies blazing on the regal shield: [field,
 Then, from her roofs when Verrio's colours fall,
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,

Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn.
 Here o'er the Martyr King the marble weeps,
 And fast, beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:
 Whom not th'extended Albion could contain,
 From old Belerium to the northern main,
 The grave unites; where e'en the great find rest,
 And blended lie th'oppressor and th'oppress'd!

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known
 (Obscure the place, and uninscrib'd the stone):
 Oh fact accurs'd! what tears has Albion shed!
 Heav'ns, what new wounds!—and how her old
 have bled!

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire,
 Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,
 A dreadful series of intestine wars,
 Inglorious triumphs, and dishonest scars.
 At length great Anna said,—'Let discord cease!
 She said, the world obey'd, and all was peace!

In that blest moment, from his oozy bed,
 Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head;
 His tresses dropp'd with dew, and o'er the stream
 His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam:
 Grav'd on his urn appear'd the Moon, that guides
 His swelling waters and alternate tides;
 The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,
 And on her banks Augusta rose in gold;
 Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood,
 Who swell'd with tributary urns his flood!
 First, the fam'd authors of his ancient name,
 The winding Isis and the fruitful Thame:
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd;
 The Loddon flow, with verdant alders crown'd;
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;
 And chalkey Wey, that rolls a milky wave:
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;
 The gulphy Lee his sedgey tresses rears;
 And sullen Mole, that hides his diving flood;
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes
 Where Windsor domes and pompous turrets
 rise!

Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail, long-expected days,
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise!
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,
 From heav'n itself tho' seven-fold Nilus flows,
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;
 These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams.
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine;
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.
 No more my sons shall dye with British blood
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:
 Safe on my shore, each unmolested swain
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;
 The

The shady empire shall retain no trace
Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; [blown,
The trumpet sleep, while cheerful horns are
And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.
Behold! th'ascending villas on my side
Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide.
Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase,
And temples rise, the beauteous works of peace.
I see, I see, where two fair cities bend
Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!
There mighty nations shall enquire their doom,
The world's great oracle in times to come;
There kings shall sue, and suppliant states be seen
Once more to bend before a British queen.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their
woods,

And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day:
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole:
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow;
The coral redd'ns, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phoebus warm the rip'ning ore to gold.
The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind;
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide,
And feather'd people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to
shore,

Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roof'd with gold.
Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,
In brazen bonds shall barb'rous discord dwell:
Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,
And mad Ambition shall attend her there:
There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires,
Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:
There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,
And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:
There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,
And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain.

Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays
Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:
The thoughts of Gods let Granville's verse recite,
And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light:
My humble Muse, in unambitious strains,
Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise;
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

§ 3. *Two Chorusses to the Tragedy of Brutus*.*

POPE.

CHORUS OF ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

YE shades, where sacred truth is sought;
Groves, where immortal Sages taught:
Where heav'nly visions Plato fix'd,
And Epicurus lay inspir'd!
In vain your guiltless laurels stood
Unspotted long with human blood.
War, horrid war, your thoughtless walks invades,
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!
Who charm the sense or mend the heart;
Who lead fair Virtue's train along,
Moral Truth and mystic Song!
To what new clime, what distant sky,
Forsoaken, friendless, shall ye fly?
Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore?
Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,
When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;
Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore
Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore;
See Arts her savage sons controul,
And Athens rising near the pole!
Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,
And civil madness tears them from the land.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball!
Freedom and arts together fall;
Fools grant what'er Ambition craves,
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state!
Still, when the lust of tyrant pow'r succeeds,
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS OF YOUTHS AND VIRGINS.

SEMICHORUS.

OH, Tyrant Love! hast thou possess'd
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?
Wisdom and Wit in vain reclaim,
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

* Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorusses were composed, to supply as many wanting in his play. They were set, many years afterwards, by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house.

Love,

Love, soft intruder, enters here;
But ent'ring learns to be sincere.
Marcus with blushes owns he loves;
And Brutus tenderly reproves.
Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,
Which Nature has imprest?
Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire
The mild and gen'rous breast?

CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;
The Gods and Brutus bend to love;
Brutus for absent Portia sighs,
And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.
What is loose love? A transient gust,
Spent in a sudden storm of lust;
A vapour, fed from wild desire,
A wand'ring, self-consuming fire.
But Hymen's kinder flames unite,
And burn for ever one;
Chaste as cold Cynthia's virgin light,
Productive as the Sun.

SEMICHORUS.

Oh, source of ev'ry social tie,
United wish, and mutual joy!
What various joys on one attend,
As son, as father, brother, husband, friend!
Whether his hoary fire he spies,
While thousand grateful thoughts arise;
Or meets his spouse's fonder eye;
Or views his smiling progeny;
What tender passions take their turns!
What home-felt raptures move!
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,
With rev'rence, hope, and love.

CHORUS.

Hence, guilty joys, distastes, surmises;
Hence, false tears, deceits, disguises;
Dangers, doubts, delays, surprises;
Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine:
Purest love's unwasting treasure,
Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure;
Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;
Sacred Hymen! these are thine.

§ 4. *Ode on Solitude**. POPE.

HAPPY the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound;
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.
Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.
Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away;
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
Together mix'd; sweet recreation!
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

§ 5. *The Dying Christian to his Soul*. POPE.

O D E.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame!
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!
Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?
The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens on my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring:
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?

§ 6. *An Essay on Criticism*. POPE.

'TIS hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing, or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th'offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss.
A fool might once himself alone expose;
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.
'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In Poets, as true Genius is but rare,
True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;
Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true;
But are not Critics to their judgment too?
Yet, if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light;
The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly trac'd,
Is by ill colouring but the more disgrac'd,
So by false learning is good sense defac'd.
Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

* This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old.

In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn Critics in their own defence :
Each burns alike, who can or cannot write,
Or with a Rival's or an Eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass ;
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd wittlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile ;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal :

To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go ;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,
And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ;
Thus in the soul, while memory prevails,
The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit ;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit :
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confin'd to single parts.
Like kings, we lose the conquests gain'd before,
By vain ambition still to make them more :
Each might his servile province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same :
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchang'd, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart ;
At once the source, and end, and test of Art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides ;
Works without show, and without pomp presides :
In some fair body thus th'informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains ;
Itself unseen, but in th'effects remains.
Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use ;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed ;
Refrain his fury, than provoke his speed :
The winged courier, like a gen'rous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those rules of old discover'd, not devis'd,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd :
Nature, like liberty, is but restrain'd
By the same laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod ;
Held from afar, aloft, th'immortal prize,
And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.

Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,
She drew from them what they deriv'd from
The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, [Heav'n
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then Criticism the Muse's hand-maid prov'd,
To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd :
But following wits from that intention stray'd,
Who could not win the mistress woo'd the maid ;
Against the poets their own arms they turn'd ;
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.
So modern 'Pothecaries taught the art,
By Doctors bills, to play the Doctor's part ;
Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters-fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey ;
No time nor months e'er spoil'd so much as they :
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made.
These leave the sense, their learning to display ;
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course
would steer,

Know well each Antient's proper character :
His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page ;
Religion, Country, genius of his age :
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticize.
Be Homer's works your study and delight ;
Read them by day, and meditate by night :
Thence form your judgment, thence your max-
ims bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compar'd his text peruse ;
And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.
When first young Maro in his boundless mind,
A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd,
Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw :
But when t'examine ev'ry part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design ;
And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line. }
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
To copy nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare ;
For there's a happiness as well as care.
Music resembles Poetry ; in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach, }
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end)
Some lucky Licence answer to the full
Th'intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track.
Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend ;

From

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art;
 Which, without passing thro' the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }
 But tho' the Antients thus their rules invade
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend [made])
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need;
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The Critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous
 thoughts

Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults.
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,
 Consider'd singly, or beheld too near;
 Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display
 His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,
 But with th'occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force; nay, seem sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem;
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.
 See from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring!
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise!

Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 O may some spark of your celestial fire,
 The last the meanest of your sons inspire [flights;
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain Wits a science little known;
 T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is Pride, the never failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd,
 She gives in large recruits of needless Pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find [wind:
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.
 A little learning is a dang'rous thing;
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:

There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 And drinking largely sobers us again.
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,
 While from the bounded level of our mind,
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleas'd at first, the tow'ring Alps we try,
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky;
 Th'eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way;
 Th'increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of Wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight, [mind;
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low,
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not th'exactness of peculiar parts:
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
 But the joint force and full result of all.
 Thus when we view some well proportion'd dome
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O
 No single parts unequally surprise; [Rome!]
 All comes united to th'admiring eyes; [pear;
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length ap-
 The whole at once is bold and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In ev'ry work regard the writer's end,
 Since none can compass more than they intend;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 T'avoid great errors, must the less commit;
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,
 For not to know some trifles is a praise.
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize,
 And all to one lov'd folly sacrifice.

Once one a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage;
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our Author, happy in a judge so nice, [vice;
 Produc'd his play, and begg'd the Knight's ad-
 Made him observe the subject and the plot,
 The manners, passions, unities; what not?
 All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
 Were but a Combat in the lists left out.
 "What! leave the Combat out?" exclaims the
 Yes, or we must renounce the Stagyrte. [Knight;
 "Not

"Not so, by heav'n (he answers in a rage)
"Knights, 'squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."

So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain.

"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."

Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,
Curious, not knowing, not exact, but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to Conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at ev'ry line;
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets, like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace
The naked nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dress'd;
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;
Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind. [find,
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does 'em
As bodies perish thro' excess of blood. [good,

Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still,—The style is excellent;
The Sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most
abound,

Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.
False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;
The face of Nature we no more survey;
All glares alike, without distinction gay:
But true Expression, like th'unchanging Sun,
Clears and improves whatever it shines upon;
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent as more suitable;
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd,
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd:
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some, by old words, to fame have made pretence;
Antients in phrase, mere moderns in their sense:
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze th'unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks, with awkward vanity, display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandfathers, in their doublets dress'd.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
Alike fantastical, if too new or old.
Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by numbers judge a poet's song;
And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:
In the bright Muse, tho' thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church repair;
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line;
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, "it whispers thro' the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song, [along.
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and
know

What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;
And praise the easy vigour of a line [ness join.
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweet-
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the founding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent
roar. [throw,

When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to
The line too labours, and the words move slow:
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er th'unbending corn, and skims along
the main.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;
Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdu'd by sound!
The pow'r of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such
Who still are pleas'd too little or too much.
At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence;
That always shews great pride, or little sense:
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The antients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is apply'd
To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But tips spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days;

Regard

Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.
Some judge of authors names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd, the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality:
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord:
What woful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me!
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!

The vulgar thus thro' imitation err;
As oft the learn'd, by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damn'd for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd;
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;
While their weak heads, like towns unfortify'd,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread;
Who knew most sentences was deepest read:
Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists now in peace remain
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane.
If faith itself has diff'rent dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn!
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit;
And authors think the reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;
But sense surviv'd when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true:
For envy'd wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known
Th'opposing body's grossness, not its own.

When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays;
But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories, and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend;
His praise is lost who stays till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years:
Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast;
Our sons their fathers failing language see;
And such as Chaucer is shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has design'd
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new word leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light;
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast;
But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost:
Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,
And still the more we give, the more requir'd;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with
Sure some to vex, but never all to please; [ease,
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!

If wit so much from ign'rance undergo,
Ah let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards, who could excel,
And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well:
Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,
Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.
Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!
Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good sense must ever join;
To err is human; to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain,
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful, sure, as impotence in love.

In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large
increase:

When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war,
Jilts rul'd the state, and statesman farces writ;
Nay wits had pensions, and young lords had wit;
The fair fat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimprov'd away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more;
And virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the Dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reform'd the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;
Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights
dispute,

Left God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learn'd to spare,
And vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!
Encourag'd thus, wit's Titans brav'd the skies;
And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage;
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seem infected that th'infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye.

Learn then what moral critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critique on the last.

'Tis not enough your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods
do;

Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.
Without good-breeding, truth is disapprov'd;
That only makes superior sense below'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence!
For the worst avarice is that of sense.
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof who merit praise.

'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honorable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensur'd, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators; [more
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite;
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew their race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain;
Strain out the last dull dropping of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!

Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis
There are as mad abandon'd critics too. [true,
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's Fables down to Dufey's Tales:
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's a Poet's friend,
Nay, show'd his faults — but when would Poets
No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd, [mend?
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's
church yard:

Nay, fly to Altars; there they'll talk you dead;
For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man who counsel can bestow,
Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbias'd or by favour or by spite;
Nor dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right;
Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred,
sincere;

Modestly bold, and humanely severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind;
Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagyrte first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore.
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,
Led by the light of the Maonian Star.
Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Receiv'd his laws and stood convinc'd; 'twas fit,
Who conquer'd Nature should preside o'er Wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense;
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He who, supreme in judgment as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ;

Yet

Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;
His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our Critics take a contrary extreme;
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please;
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintillian's copious work, we find
The justest rules and clearest method join'd:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace;
But less to please the eye than arm the hand;
Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.
An ardent Judge, who, zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just:
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.
With Tyranny then Superstition join'd;
As that the body, this enslav'd the mind:
Much was believ'd, but little understood,
And to be dull was constru'd to be good;
A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name
(The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)
Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her wither'd bays;
Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.
Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida: on whose honour'd brow
The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name:
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!

But soon by impious arms from Latium chac'd,
Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd;
Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourish'd most in France;
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.
But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,
And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presum'd, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws;

Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,
With manners gen'rous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And ev'ry author's merit, but his own. [friend,
Such late was Walsb—the Muse's judge and
Who justly knew to blame or to commend:
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive;
This praise at least a grateful Muse may give:
The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,
(Her guide now, lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries: [view;
Content, if hence th'unlearn'd their wants may
The learn'd reflect on what before they knew;
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame:
Averse alike to flatter or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

§ 7. *The Rape of the Lock.* POPE.

*Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis.*

MART.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse, is due:
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord r'assault a gentle Belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And open'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs gave themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the
ground,

And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian Sylph prolong'd the balmy rest:
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning dream that hover'd o'er her head,
A youth more glitt'ring than a birth-night beau
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)
Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay;
And thus, in whispers, said, or seem'd to say:

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousands bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touch thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,

Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs, [flow'rs;
 With golden crowns, and wreaths of heav'nly
 Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
 To maids alone and children are reveal'd:
 What tho' no credit doubting wits may give?
 The fair and Innocent shall still believe.
 Know then, unnumber'd spirits round thee fly,
 The light militia of the lower sky:
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
 Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring,
 Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
 And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
 As now your own, our beings were of old,
 And once inclos'd in woman's beautous mould;
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
 From earthly vehicles to those of air. [fled,
 Think not when woman's transient breath is
 That all her vanities at once are dead;
 Succeeding vanities she still regards,
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
 Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
 And love of Ombre, after death survive;
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
 To their first elements their souls retire:
 The sprites of fiery Termagants in flame
 Mount up, and take a salamander's name.
 Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embrac'd;
 For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
 What guards the purity of melting maids
 In courtly balls and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous fiend the daring spark,
 The glance by day the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honor is the word with men below. [face,
 Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their
 For life predestin'd to the gnomes embrace.
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain, [train,
 While peers and dukes, and all their sweeping
 And garters, stars, and coronets, appear,
 And in soft sounds, your grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
 Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving toy-shop of their heart;
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-
 knots strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
 This erring mortals levity may call;
 Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star,
 I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend;
 But Heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh, pious maid, beware!
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
 Beware of all, but most beware of man! [long,
 He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
 Thy eyes first open'd on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardors, were no sooner
 read,

But all the vision vanish'd from thy head.

And now, unveil'd, the toilet stands display'd;
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
 First rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs:
 A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
 Th' inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
 The various off'rings of the world appear;
 From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
 This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transform'd to combs, the speckl'd and the white:
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
 Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy Sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
 And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II.

NOT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
 Fair Nymphs, and well-dress'd youths, around her
 But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone. [shone;
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those :
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease and sweetness, void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Bellés had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung be-
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck [hind
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray ;
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey ;
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th'advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd ;
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd.
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray ;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious Heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd ;
But chiefly Love — to Love an altar built
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
And all the trophies of his former loves :
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain and long possess the prize.
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r ;
The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides,
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die ;
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd ;
Th'impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipp'd in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes ;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change when'er they wave their
Amid the circle on the gilded mast, [wings.
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd ;
His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun :

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear :
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons hear !
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th'aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest æther play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky.
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wint'ry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others, on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide :
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care ;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th'imprison'd essences exhale ;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs ;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in show'rs,
A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
Nay, oft in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce or add a furbelow.

This day black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw ;
Or stain her honor, or her new brocade ;
Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ; [fall.
Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must
Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :
The flutt'ring fan by Zephyretta's care ;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
Do thou, Chrispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock ;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs of special note,
We trust th'important charge, the Petticoat :
Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of
Form a strong line about the silver bound, [whale ;
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain ;
Or allum styptics with contracting pow'r
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivell'd flow'r :
Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below !

He spoke; the spirits from the fails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear;
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd
with flow'rs, [tow'rs,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising
There stands a structure of majestic frame, [name.
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants, and of nymphs at home;
Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take, and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasure's of a court;
In various talk th'instructive hours they pass,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang, that jury-men may dine;
The merchant from th'Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous knights
At Ombre singly, to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand th'aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel, perch'd upon a matadore;
Then each according to the rank he bore;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wond'rous fond of place.

Behold, four kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forked beard;
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a
flow'r,

Th'expressive emblem of their softer pow'r;
Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band;
Caps on their heads and halberds in their hand;
And party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
Let Spades be trumps! she said, and trumps they
Now move to war her fable matadores, [were.
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
Spadillo first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
Him Basto follow'd; but his fate more hard,
Gain'd but one trump, and one Plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,
The rest, his many-coloured robe conceal'd.
The Rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage. [threw,
E'en mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'er-
And mow'd down armies in the fights of Loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike Amazon her host invades,
Th'imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
The Club's black tyrant first her victim dy'd,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
Th'embroider'd King who shews but half his face,
And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd,
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strew the level green.
Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops and Afric's fable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook;
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look;
She sees, and trembles at th'approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice trick depends the gen'ral fate,
An Ace of Hearts steps forth: the King, unseen,
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive
Queen;

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting, fills with shouts the sky;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day. [crown'd,

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;
Some as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd;
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

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Coffee (which makes the politician wife,
And sees thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew, with tempting grace,
A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
So Ladies, in romance, assist their Knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
And o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the Lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings by turns, blow black the hair;
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew
Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought [near.
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
He watch'd th'ideas rising in her mind,
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart.
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd. [wide,

The Peer now spreads the glittering forfex
To enclose the Lock; now joins it to divide.
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd;
Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred air dis sever
From the fair head for ever, and for ever!
Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend th'affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast
When husbands, or when lap-dogs, breathe their
last;

Or when rich China vessels, fall'n from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious prize is mine!
While Fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis, shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its
date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th'imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground. [feel
What wonder then fair Nymph! thy hairs should
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel!

CANTO IV.

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her mantua's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs with-
And Ariel, weeping, from Belinda flew, [drew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd, to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheer'd breeze the fullen region knows;
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows.
Here, in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature, like an ancient-maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of prayers, for mornings, nights, and
noons,

Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons.

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen;
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride;
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown for sickness and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful as hermits dreams in haunted shades;
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout:
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pye talks;
Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works;
And maids, turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand:
Then thus address'd the Pow'r—Hail, wayward
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours, and of female wit,
Who give th'hysteric, or poetic fit;

On various tempers act, by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A Nymph there is that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains,
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters, matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or compos'd the head-dress of a prude,
Or e'er to costly lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease,
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin;
That single act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddess, with a discontented air,
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r.
A wond'rous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome, rejoicing, bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected, and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire. [cry'd
O wretched maid! she spread her hands, and
(While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! re-
ply'd)

Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your Locks in paper durance bound?
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around?
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead!
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fogs envy and the ladies stare!
Honor forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say;
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honor in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze?
Sooner shall glass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall;
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:

(Sir Plume, of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the
"devil! ["civil!
"Z—ds! damn the Lock! 'fore God, you must be
"Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
"Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his
box!

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain;
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long contended honors of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half languishing, half drown'd in tears;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!
Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
O had I rather unadmir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant northern land,
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way;
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts, bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box
The tott'ring China shook without a wind, [fell;
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of Fate
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!
See the poor remnants of the slighted hairs;
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:
These in two fable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh hadst thou! cruel, been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

CANTO V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears;
But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails;
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begg'd, and Dido rag'd in vain.
Then

Then grave Clarissa, graceful, wav'd her fan;
Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began:

Say, why are beauties prais'd and honor'd most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels call'd, and angel-like ador'd?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-glov'd
beaux,

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains!
That men may say, when we the front-box grace,
Behold the first in virtue as in face!
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charm'd the small-pox, or chac'd old age away,
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares
produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a faint;
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curl'd, or uncurl'd, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man must die a maid;
What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scold-
ing fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensu'd;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th'attack: [crack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones
Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapon in their hands are found;
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms;
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound;
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives
way,

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a scone's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:
Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and wistling perish'd in the throng;
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song.
'O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,'
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
'Those eyes are made so killing'—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th'expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain;
But, at her smile, the beau reviv'd again.

Now Jove suspends his golden-scales in air,
Weighs the mens wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside,

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor fear'd the chief th' unequal fight to try,
Who fought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endu'd,
She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandfire wore about his neck,
In three seal rings; which, after melted down,
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low:
Nor think to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive.
Restore the Lock! she cries, and all around
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crost,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with
pain,

In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heav'n decrees! with Heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There heroes wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases;
There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound;
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the muse, she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns with-
drew,

To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.

Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light.
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd, pursue its progress thro' the skies.
This the Beau-monde shall from the Mall sur-
And hail with music its propitious ray: [vey,
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galilæo's eyes;
And hence th'egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fate of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ra-
vish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the traces that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

§ 8. *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady.*

POPE.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-
light shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd!
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword!
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it in heav'n a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?

Why bade ye else, ye pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And, close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere Nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below,
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if Eternal Justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearfes shall besiege your gates;
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say
(While the long fun'ral blacken all the way)
Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all whose breasts ne'er learn'd to glow
For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever injur'd shade!)
Thy fate un pity'd, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
By strangers honor'd, and by strangers mourn'd!
What tho' no friends in fable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of woe
To midnight dances and the public show?
What tho' no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face?

What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be dress'd,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'er shade
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name;
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How lov'd, how honor'd once, avails thee not;
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee:
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle bus'ness at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou belov'd no more!

§ 9. *The Temple of Fame.* POPE.

IN that soft season, when descending show'rs
Call forth the greens, and wake the rising flow'rs;
When op'ning buds salute the welcome day,
And earth, relenting, feels the genial ray;
As balmy sleep had charm'd my cares to rest,
And love itself was banish'd from my breast
(What time the morn mysterious visions brings
While purer slumbers spread their golden wings)
A train of phantoms in wild order rose,
And join'd, this intellectual scene compose.

I stood, methought, betwixt earth, seas, and
The whole creation open to my eyes: [skies;
In air self-balanc'd hung the globe below,
Where mountains rise, and circling oceans flow;
Here naked rocks and empty wastes were seen;
There tow'ry cities, and the forests green:

Here

Here sailing ships delight the wand'ring eyes ;
 There trees and intermingl'd temples rise :
 Now a clear sun the shining scene displays,
 The transient landscape now in clouds decays.

O'er the wide prospect as I gaz'd around,
 Sudden I heard a wild promiscuous sound,
 Like broken thunders that at distance roar,
 Or billows murmur'ing on the hollow shore :
 Then gazing up, a glorious pile beheld,
 Whose tow'ring summit ambient clouds conceal'd.
 High on a rock of ice the structure lay,
 Steep its ascent, and slippery was the way ;
 The wond'rous rock like Parian marble shone,
 And seem'd, to distant sight, of solid stone.
 Inscriptions here of various names I view'd,
 The greater part by hostile time subdu'd ;
 Yet wide was spread their fame in ages past,
 And poets once had promis'd they should last.
 Some, fresh engrav'd, appear'd of wits renown'd ;
 I look'd again, nor could the trace be found.
 Critics I saw that other names deface,
 And fix their own, with labour, in their place :
 Their own, like others, soon their place resign'd,
 Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.
 Nor was the work impair'd by storms alone,
 But felt th'approaches of too warm a sun ;
 For fame, impatient of extremes, decays
 Not more by envy than excess of praise.
 Yet part no injuries of heav'n could feel,
 Like crystal, faithful to the graving steel :
 The rock's high summit, in the temple's shade,
 Nor heat could melt, nor beating storm invade.
 Their names inscrib'd unnumber'd ages past
 From time's first birth, with time itself shall last ;
 These ever new, nor subject to decays,
 Spread, and grow brighter with the length of
 days.

So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
 Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast ;
 Pale furs, unfelt, at distance roll away,
 And on th'impassive ice the lightnings play ;
 Eternal snows the growing mass supply,
 Till the bright mountains prop th'incumbent sky :
 As Atlas fix'd, each hoary pile appears
 The gather'd winter of a thousand years.
 On this foundation Fame's high temple stands ;
 Stupendous pile ! not rear'd by mortal hands.
 Whate'er proud Rome or artful Greece beheld,
 Or elder Babylon, its frame excell'd.
 Four faces had the dome, and ev'ry face
 Of various structure, but of equal grace :
 Four brazen gates, on columns lifted high,
 Salute the different quarters of the sky.
 Here fabled chiefs, in darker ages born,
 Or worthies old, whom arms or arts adorn,
 Who cities rais'd, or tam'd a monstrous race,
 The walls in venerable order grace :
 Heroes in animated marble frown,
 And legislators seem to think in stone.

Westward, a sumptuous frontispiece appear'd,
 On Doric pillars of white marble rear'd,
 Crown'd with an architrave of antique mold ;
 And sculpture rising on the roughen'd gold.
 In shaggy spoils here Theseus was beheld ;
 And Perseus dreadful with Minerva's shield :

There great Alcides, stooping with his toil,
 Rests on his Club, and holds th'Hesperian spoil :
 Here Orpheus sings ; trees moving to the sound,
 Start from their roots, and form a shade around :
 Amphion there the loud creating lyre
 Strikes, and beholds a sudden Thebes aspire !
 Cythæron's echoes answer to his call,
 And half the mountain rolls into a wall :
 There might you see the length'ning spires ascend,
 The domes swell up, the wid'ning arches bend,
 The growing tow'rs, like exhalations rise,
 And the huge columns heave into the skies.

The Eastern front was glorious to behold,
 With di'mond flaming, and Barbaric gold.
 There Ninus shone, who spread th'Assyrian fame,
 And the great founder of the Persian name :
 There, in long robes, the royal Magi stand ;
 Grave Zoroaster waves the circling wand :
 The sage Chaldeans, rob'd in white, appear'd,
 And Brachmans, deep in desert woods rever'd.
 These stopp'd the moon, and call'd th'unbody'd
 shades

To midnight banquets in the glimmering glades ;
 Made visionary fabrics round them rise,
 And airy spectres skim before their eyes ;
 Of Talismans and Sigils knew the pow'r,
 And careful watch'd the planetary hour.
 Superior, and alone, Confucius stood,
 Who taught that useful science, *to be good*.

But on the South, a long majestic race
 Of Egypt's priests the gilded niches grace,
 Who measur'd earth, describ'd the starry spheres,
 And trac'd the long records of lunar years.
 High on his car Sesostris struck my view,
 Whom scepter'd slaves in golden harness drew :
 His hands a bow and pointed jav'lin hold ;
 His giant limbs are arm'd in scales of gold :
 Between the statues obelisks were plac'd,
 And the learn'd walls with hieroglyphics grac'd.

Of Gothic structure was the northern side,
 O'erwrought with ornaments of bar'rous pride.
 There huge Colossus rose, with trophies crown'd ;
 And Runic characters were grav'd around.
 There sat Zamolxis with erected eyes ;
 And Odin here in mimic trances dies.
 There, on rude iron columns, smear'd with blood,
 The horrid forms of Scythian heroes stood,
 Druids and Bards (their once loud harps unstrung)
 And youths that dy'd to be by poets sung.
 These, and a thousand more of doubtful fame,
 To whom old fables gave a lasting name,
 In ranks adorn'd the Temple's outward face ;
 The wall in lustre and effect like glass,
 Which o'er each object casting various dyes,
 Enlarges some, and others multiplies :
 Nor void of emblem was the mystic wall ;
 For thus romantic Fame increases all.

The Temple shakes, the sounding gates unfold,
 Wide vaults appear, and roofs of fretted gold :
 Rais'd on a thousand pillars, wreath'd around
 With laurel foliage, and with eagles crown'd :
 Of bright transparent beryl were the walls,
 The freezes gold, and gold the capitals :
 As heav'n with stars, the roof with jewels glows,
 And ever-living lamps depend in rows.

Full

Full in the passage of each spacious gate,
 The sage Historians in white garments wait;
 Grav'd o'er their seats the form of Time was found,
 His scythe revers'd, and both his pinions bound.
 Within stood Heroes, who thro' loud alarms
 In bloody fields pursu'd renown in arms.
 High on a throne, with trophies charg'd, I view'd
 The Youth that all things but himself subdu'd;
 His feet on sceptres and tiaras trod,
 And his horn'd head bely'd the Libyan God.
 There Cæsar, grac'd with both Minervas, shone;
 Cæsar, the world's great master, and his own;
 Unmov'd, superior still in ev'ry state,
 And scarce detested in his country's fate.
 But chief were those who not for empire fought,
 But with their toils their people's safety bought.
 High o'er the rest Epaminondas stood;
 Timoleon, glorious in his brother's blood;
 Bold Scipio, saviour of the Roman state;
 Great in his triumphs, in retirement great;
 And wise Aurelius, in whose well-taught mind
 With boundless pow'r unbounded virtue join'd,
 His own strict judge, and patron of mankind.

Much suffer'g heroes next their honours claim;
 Those of less noisy, and less guilty fame,
 Fair Virtue's silent train: supreme of these
 Here ever shines the godlike Socrates:
 He whom ungrateful Athens could expel,
 At all times just, but when he sign'd the shell:
 Here his abode the martyr'd Phocion claims
 With Agis, not the last of Spartan names:
 Unconquer'd Cato shows the wound he tore;
 And Brutus his ill genius meets no more.

But in the centre of the hallow'd choir,
 Six pompous columns o'er the rest aspire;
 Around the shrine itself of Fame they stand,
 Hold the chief honours, and the fane command;
 High on the first the mighty Homer shone;
 Eternal adamant compos'd his throne;
 Father of Verse! in holy fillets drest,
 His silver beard wav'd gently o'er his breast;
 Tho' blind, a boldness in his looks appears;
 In years he seem'd, but not impair'd by years.
 The wars of Troy were round the pillar seen:
 Here fierce Tydides wounds the Cyprian queen;
 Here Hector glorious from Patroclus' fall,
 Here dragg'd in triumph round the Trojan wall:
 Motion and life did ev'ry part inspire,
 Bold was the work, and prov'd the master's fire;
 A strong expression most he seem'd t' affect,
 And here and there disclos'd a brave neglect.

A golden column next in rank appear'd,
 On which a shrine of purest gold was rear'd;
 Finish'd the whole, and labour'd ev'ry part,
 With patient touches of unwear'd art:
 The Mantuan there in sober triumph fate,
 Compos'd his posture, and his look sedate;
 On Homer still he fix'd a rev'rend eye,
 Great without pride, in modest majesty.
 In living sculpture on the sides were spread
 The Latian wars, and haughty Turnus dead;
 Eliza stretch'd upon the fun'ral pyre;
 Æneas bending with his aged fire:
 Troy flam'd in burning gold, and o'er the throne
Arms and the Man in golden cyphers shone.

Four swans sustain a car of silver bright,
 With heads advanc'd, and pinions stretch'd for flight:

Here, like some furious prophet, Pindar rode,
 And seem'd to labour with th'inspiring God.
 Across the harp a careless hand he flings,
 And boldly sinks into the sounding strings.
 The figur'd games of Greece the column grace;
 Neptune and Jove survey the rapid race.
 The youths hang o'er their chariots as they run;
 The fiery steeds seem starting from the stone:
 The champions, in distorted postures, threat;
 And all appear'd irregularly great.

Here happy Horace tun'd th' Ausonian lyre
 To sweeter sounds, and temper'd Pindar's fire:
 Pleas'd with Alcæus' manly rage, t'infuse
 The softer spirit of the Sapphic Muse.
 The polish'd pillar diff'rent sculptures grace;
 A work outlasting monumental brass.
 Here smiling Loves and Bacchanals appear;
 The Julian star, and great Augustus here.
 The Doves that round the infant poet spread
 Myrtles and bays, hang hov'ring o'er his head.

Here, in a shrine that cast a dazzling light,
 State fix'd in thought the mighty Stagirite;
 His sacred head a radiant Zodiac crown'd,
 And various animals his sides surround;
 His piercing eyes, erect, appear to view
 Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

With equal rays immortal Tully shone;
 The Roman rostra deck'd the consul's throne:
 Gath'ring his flowing robe, he seem'd to stand
 In act to speak, and graceful stretch'd his hand.
 Behind, Rome's genius waits with civic crowns,
 And the great Father of his country owns.

These massy columns in a circle rise,
 O'er which a pompous dome invades the skies:
 Scarce to the top I stretch'd my aching sight,
 So large it spread, and swell'd to such a height.
 Full in the midst proud Fame's imperial seat
 With jewels blaz'd, magnificently great;
 The vivid em'rals there revive the eye;
 The flaming rubies show their sanguine dye,
 Bright azure rays from lively sapphires stream,
 And lucid amber casts a golden gleam.
 With various-colour'd light the pavement shone,
 And all on fire appear'd the glowing throne;
 The dome's high arch reflects the mingled blaze,
 And forms a rainbow of alternate rays.
 When on the Goddess first I cast my sight,
 Scarce seem'd her stature of a cubit's height;
 But swell'd to larger size, the more I gaz'd,
 Till to the roof her tow'ring front she rais'd.
 With her, the temple ev'ry moment grew;
 And ampler vistas open'd to my view:
 Upward the columns shoot, the roofs ascend,
 And arches widen, and long isles extend.
 Such was her form, as ancient bards have told,
 Wings raise her arms, and wings her feet infold;
 A thousand busy tongues the Goddess bears,
 And thousand open eyes, and thousand list'ning
 Beneath, in order rang'd, the tuneful Nine [ears.
 (Her virgin handmaids) still attend the shrine:
 With eyes on Fame for ever fix'd, they sing;
 For Fame they raise the voice, and tune the string:

With

With time's first birth began the heav'nly lays,
And last, eternal, thro' the length of days.

Around these wonders as I cast a look,
The trumpet sounded, and the temple shook;
And all the nations, summon'd at the call,
From different quarters fill the crowded hall:
Of various tongues the mingled sounds were heard;
In various garbs promiscuous throngs appear'd;
Thick as the bees, that with the spring renew
Their flow'ry toils, and sip the fragrant dew,
When the wing'd colonies first tempt the sky,
O'er dusky fields and shaded waters fly,
Or settling, seize the sweets the blossoms yield,
And a low murmur runs along the field.
Millions of suppliant crowds the shrine attend,
And all degrees before the Goddess bend;
The poor, the rich, the valiant and the sage,
And boasting youth, and narrative old age.
Their pleas were different, their request the same:
For good and bad alike are fond of Fame.
Some she disgrac'd, and some with honours
Unlike successes equal merits found. [crown'd;
Thus her blind sister, fickle Fortune, reigns,
And, undiscerning, scatters crowns and chains.

First at the shrine the learned world appear,
And to the Goddess thus prefer their pray'r:
Long have we sought t' instruct and please mankind
With studies pale, with midnight vigils blind;
But thank'd by few, rewarded yet by none,
We here appeal to thy superior throne:
On wit and learning the just prize bestow;
For Fame is all we must expect below.

The Goddess heard, and bade the Muses raise
The golden trumpet of eternal praise:
From pole to pole the winds diffuse the sound
That fills the circuit of the world around;
Not all at once, as thunder breaks the cloud;
The notes at first were rather sweet than loud:
By just degrees they ev'ry moment rise,
Fill the wide earth, and gain upon the skies.
At ev'ry breath were balmy odours shed,
Which still grew sweeter as they wider spread;
Less fragrant scents th'unfolding rose exhales,
Or spices breathing in Arabian gales.

Next these the good and just, an awful train,
Thus on their knees address the sacred fane.
Since living virtue is with envy curs'd,
And the best men are treated like the worst,
Do thou, just Goddess, call our merits forth,
And give each deed th'exact intrinsic worth.
Not with bare justice shall your act be crown'd
(Said Fame) but high above desert renown'd:
Let fuller notes th'applauding world amaze,
And the loud clarion labour in your praise.

This band dismiss'd, behold another crowd
Prefer the same request, and lowly bow'd;
The constant tenour of whose well-spent days
No less deserv'd a just return of praise.
But straight the direful tramp of slander sounds;
Thro' the big dome the doubling thunder bounds;
Loud as the burst of cannon rends the skies,
The dire report thro' ev'ry region flies;
In ev'ry ear incessant humours rung,
And gath'ring scandals grew on ev'ry tongue.

From the black trumpet's rusty concave broke
Sulphureous flames, and clouds of rolling smoke:
The pois'nous vapour blots the purple skies,
And withers all before it as it flies. [wore,

A troop came next, who crowns and armour
And proud defiance in their looks they bore:
For thee (they cry'd) amidst alarms and strife,
We sail'd in tempests down the stream of life;
For thee whole nations fill'd with flames and blood,
And swam to empire thro' the purple flood.
Those ills we dar'd, thy inspiration own;
What virtue seem'd, was done for thee alone.
Ambitious fools! (the Queen reply'd, and frown'd)
Be all your acts in dark oblivion drown'd:
There sleep forgot, with mighty tyrants gone,
Your statues moulder'd, and your names un-
known! [sight,

A sudden cloud straight snatch'd them from my
And each majestic phantom sunk in night.

Then came the smallest tribe I yet had seen;
Plain was their dress, and modest was their mien.
Great idol of mankind! we neither claim
The praise of merit, nor aspire to fame!
But safe in deserts from th'applause of men,
Would die unheard of, as we liv'd unseen.
'Tis all we beg thee, to conceal from sight
Those acts of goodness which themselves requite.
O let us still the secret joy partake,
To follow virtue ev'n for virtue's sake.

And live there men who slight immortal fame!
Who then with incense shall adore our name?
But, mortals! know, 'tis still our greatest pride
To blaze those virtues which the good would hide.
Rise! muses, rise! add all your tuneful breath;
These must not sleep in darkness and in death.
She said: in air the trembling music floats,
And on the winds triumphant swell the notes;
So soft, tho' high, so loud, and yet so clear,
Ev'n list'ning angels lean from heav'n to hear:
To furthest shores th'ambrosial spirit flies,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies.

Next these, a youthful train their vows ex-
press'd, [dress'd;
With feathers crown'd, with gay embroid'ry
Hither, they cry'd, direct your eyes, and see
The men of pleasure, dress, and gallantry;
Ours is the place at banquets, balls, and plays;
Sprightly our nights, polite are all our days;
Courts we frequent, where 'tis our pleasing care
To pay due visits, and address the fair:
In fact, 'tis true, no nymph we could persuade,
But still in fancy vanquish'd ev'ry maid;
Of unknown duchesses lewd tales we tell;
Yet, would the world believe us, all were well.
The joy let others have, and we the name;
And what we want in pleasure, grant in fame.

The queen assents, the trumpet rends the skies,
And at each blast a lady's honour dies. [prest
Pleas'd with the strange success, vast numbers
Around the shrine, and made the same request:
What you (she cry'd) unlearn'd in arts to please,
Slaves to yourselves, and ev'n fatigu'd with ease,
Who lose a length of undeserving days,
Would you usurp the lover's dear-bought praise?
To

To just contempt, ye vain pretenders, fall ;
The people's fable, and the scorn of all.
Straight the black clarion sends a horrid sound,
Loud laughs burst out, and bitter scoffs fly round ;
Whispers are heard, with taunts reviling loud,
And scornful hisses run thro' all the crowd.

Last, those who boast of mighty mischiefs done,
Enslave their country, or usurp a throne ;
Or who their glory's dire foundation lay'd
On sov'reigns ruin'd, or on friends betray'd ;
Calm thinking villains, whom no faith could fix,
Of crooked counsels and dark politics ;
Of these a gloomy tribe surround the throne,
And beg to make th'immortal treasons known.
The trumpet roars, long flaky flames expire,
With sparks, that seem'd to set the world on fire.
At the dread sound pale mortals stood aghast,
And startled nature trembled with the blast.

This having heard and seen, some pow'r unknown
Straight chang'd the scene, and snatch'd me from
the throne.

Before my view appear'd a structure fair,
Its site uncertain, if in earth or air ;
With rapid motion turn'd the mansion round ;
With ceaseless noise the ringing walls resound ;
Not less in number were the spacious doors
Than leaves on trees, or sands upon the shores ;
Which still unfolded stand, by night, by day,
Pervious to winds, and open ev'ry way.
As flames by nature to the skies ascend,
As weighty bodies to the centre tend,
As to the sea returning rivers roll,
And the touch'd needle trembles to the pole ;
Hither, as to their proper place, arise
All various sounds from earth, and seas, and skies,
Or spoke aloud, or whisper'd in the ear ;
Nor ever silence, rest, or peace is here.
As on the smooth expanse of crystal lakes
The sinking stone at first a circle makes,
The trembling surface, by the motion stirr'd,
Spreads in a second circle, then a third ;
Wide, and more wide, the floating rings advance,
Fill all the wat'ry plain, and to the margin dance :
Thus ev'ry voice and sound, when first they break,
On neighb'ring air a soft impression make ;
Another ambient circle then they move ;
That, in its turn, impels the next above ;
Thro' undulating air the sounds are sent,
And spread o'er all the fluid element.

There various news I heard of love and strife,
Of peace and war, health, sickness, death, and life,
Of loss and gain, of famine and of store,
Of storms at sea, and travels on the shore,
Of prodigies, and portents seen in air,
Of fires and plagues, and stars with blazing hair,
Of turns of fortune, changes in the state,
The falls of fav'rites, projects of the great,
Of old mismanagements, taxations new :
All neither wholly false, nor wholly true.

Above, below, without, within, around,
Confus'd, unnumber'd multitudes are found,
Who pass, repass, advance, and glide away ;
Hosts rais'd by fear, and phantoms of a day :

Astrologers, that future fates foresaw,
Projectors, quacks, and lawyers not a few ;
And priests, and party zealots, num'rous bands
With home-born lies, or tales from foreign lands ;
Each talk'd aloud, or in some secret place ;
And wild impatience star'd in ev'ry face.
The flying rumours gather'd as they roll'd,
Scarce any tale was sooner heard than told ;
And all who told it added something new,
And all who heard it made enlargements too ;
In ev'ry ear it spread, on ev'ry tongue it grew.
Thus flying east and west, and north and south,
News travell'd with increase from mouth to mouth.
So from a spark, that kindled first by chance,
With gath'ring force the quick'ning flames ad-
Till to the clouds their curling heads aspire, [vance ;
And tow'rs and temples sink in floods of fire.

When thus ripe lies are to perfection sprung,
Full grown, and fit to grace a mortal tongue,
Thro' thousand vents, impatient, forth they flow,
And rush in millions on the world below ;
Fame sits aloft, and points them out their course,
Their date determines, and prescribes their force ;
Some to remain, and some to perish soon ;
Or wane and wax alternate like the moon.

Around, a thousand winged wonders fly, [sky.
Born by the trumpet's blast, and scatter'd thro' the

There, at one passage, oft you might survey
A lie and truth contending for the way ;
And long 'twas doubtful, both so closely pent,
Which first should issue thro' the narrow vent :
At last agreed, together out they fly,
Inseparable now the truth and lye ;
The strict companions are for ever join'd,
And this or that unmix'd, no mortal e'er shall find.

While thus I stood, intent to see and hear,
One came, methought, and whisper'd in my ear :
What could thus high thy rash ambition raise ?
Art thou, fond youth, a candidate for praise ?

'Tis true, said I, not void of hopes I came,
For who so fond as youthful bards of Fame ?
But few, alas ! the casual blessing boast,
So hard to gain, so easy to be lost.
How vain that second life in others breath,
Th' estate which wits inherit after death !
Ease, health, and life, for this they must resign
(Unsure the tenure, but how vast the fine !)
The great man's curse, without the gains, endure,
Be env'y'd, wretched, and be flatter'd, poor ;
All luckless wits their enemies profess,
And all successful, jealous friends at best.
Nor Fame I slight, nor for her favours call ;
She comes unlook'd for, if she comes at all.
But if the purchase costs so dear a price
As soothing folly, or exalting vice :
Oh ! if the muse must flatter lawless sway,
And follow still where fortune leads the way ;
Or if no basis bears my rising name,
But the fall'n ruins of another's fame,
Then teach me, Heav'n ! to scorn the guilty bays,
Drive from my breast that wretched lust of praise,
Unblemish'd let me live, or die unknown ;
Oh ! grant an honest fame, or grant me none.

Imitation

§ 10. *Imitation of Dr. Swift. POPE.*

THE HAPPY LIFE OF A COUNTRY PARSON.

PARSON, these things in thy possessing
Are better than the Bishop's blessing.
A Wife that makes conferves; a Steed
That carries double when there's need:
October store, and best Virginia,
Tythic-Pig and Mortuary Guinea;
Gazettes sent gratis down, and frank'd,
For which thy patron's weekly thank'd;
A large Concordance, bound long since;
Sermons to Charles the First when Prince:
A Chronicle of ancient standing;
A Chrysostom to smooth thy band in.
The Polyglott—three parts,—my next,
Howbeit,—likewise—now to my text.
Lo, here the Septuagint,—and Paul,
To sum the whole,—the close of all.

He that has these, may pass his life,
Drink with the 'Squire, and kiss his Wife;
On Sundays preach, and eat his fill;
And fast on Fridays—if he will:
Toast Church and Queen, explain the News,
Talk with Churchwardens about pews,
Pray heartily for some new Gift,
And shake his head at Doctor S—t.

§ 11. *An Essay on Man: in Four Epistles. POPE.*

To H. St. John, Lord Bolingbroke.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE I.

Of the Nature and State of Man with respect to the UNIVERSE.

Of Man in the abstract.—That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relations of systems and things.—That Man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown.—That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends.—The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of Man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of his dispensations.—The absurdity of conceiving himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural.—The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the Angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the Brutes; though to possess any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable.—That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to Man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection,

reason; that Reason alone counterwails all the other faculties.—How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation, must be destroyed.—The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire.—The consequence of all the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my Saint John! leave all manner things

To low ambition and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die)
Expatriate free o'er all this scene of man;
A mighty maze! but not without a plan:
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit. [shoot:
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield!
The latent tracts, the giddy heights explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye Nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise:
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.

Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer?
'Thro' worlds unnumber'd tho' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What vary'd being peoples ev'ry star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame, the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' or can a part contain the whole?

Is the great chain that draws all to agree,
And drawn, supports, upheld by God, or thee?
Presumptuous man! the reason wouldst thou find!
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller and stronger than the weeds they shade?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's satellites are less than Jove?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confess,
That Wisdom Infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises rise in due degree:
Then in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be, somewhere, such a rank as man;
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong?

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.

In

In human works, tho' labour'd on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use;
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man re-
strains

His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god:
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions, passions, being's, use and end;
Why doing, suff'ring, check'd, impell'd; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought:
His knowledge measur'd to his state and place;
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there;
The blest to day is as completely so
As who began a thousand years ago. [Fate;

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits
Or who could suffer Being here below? [know;
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy Reason, would he skip and play?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just rais'd to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n:
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish or a sparrow fall;
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd;
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions
soar;

Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.
What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
But gives that Hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the Human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest,
The soul uneasy, and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul proud science never taught to stray,
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topp'd hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
Some happier island in the wat'ry waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold;
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To Be, contents his natural desire;
He asks no Angel's wing, no Seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.
Go, wiser thou! and in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy Opinion against Providence;

Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such;
Say here he gives too little, there too much:
Destroy all creatures for support or gust,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch'd from his hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge his justice, be the God of God.
In Pride, in reas'ning Pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes;
Men would be Angels, Angels would be Gods!
Aspiring to be Gods, if Angels fell,
Aspiring to be Angels, Men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against th'Eternal Cause.
Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine?
Earth for whose use?—Pride answers, " 'Tis for
mine:

" For me kind Nature wakes her genial pow'r,
" Suckles each herb, and spreads out ev'ry flow'r;
" Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
" The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew;
" For me, the mine a thousand treasures brings;
" For me, health gushes from a thousand springs;
" Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise;
" My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies."

But errs not Nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns when livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests
sweep

Towns to one grave, whole Nations to the deep?
" No ('tis reply'd) the first Almighty Cause
" Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;
" Th'exceptions few; some change since all be-
gan:

' And what created perfect!—Why then Man?
If the great end be human Happiness,
Then Nature deviates; and can Man do less?
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sunshine, as of Man's desires;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate calm and wise. [sign.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's de-
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline? [forms,
Who knows but He, whose hand the lightning
Who heaves old Ocean, and who wings the storms,
Pours fierce Ambition in a Cæsar's mind,
Or turns young Ammon loose to scourge man-
kind? [springs?

From pride, from pride, our very reas'ning
Account for moral as for nat'ral things:
Why charge we Heav'n in those, in these acquit?
In both, to reason right, is to submit.
Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here;
That never air or ocean felt the wind;
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife;
And passions are the elements of Life.

The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in Nature, and is kept in Man. [soar,
What would this Man? Now upward will he
And little less than Angel, would be more!
Now

Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all?
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd;
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees or swiftneſs, there of force;
All in exact proportion to the ſtate;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beaſt, each inſect, happy in its own:
Is Heav'n unkind to Man, and Man alone?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not bleſt with all?

The bliſs of man (could Pride that bleſſing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind;
No pow'rs of body or of ſoul to ſhare,
But what his nature and his ſtate can bear.
Why has not man a microſcopic eye?
For this plain reaſon, Man is not a Fly.
Say what the uſe, were finer optics giv'n
T'inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To ſmart and agonize at ev'ry pore?
Or quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a roſe in aromatic pain?
If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And ſtunn'd him with the muſic of the ſpheres,
How would he wiſh that Heav'n had left him ſtill
The whiſp'ring Zephyr, and the purling rill!
Who finds not Providence all good and wiſe,
Alike in what it gives and what denies?

Far as Creation's ample range extends,
The ſcale of ſenſual, mental pow'rs aſcends:
Mark how it mounts to Man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled graſs:
What modes of ſight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain and the lynx's beam:
Of ſmell, the headlong lion'eſs between,
And hound ſagacious on the tainted green:
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood?
The ſpider's touch, how exquisitely fine!
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee what ſenſe ſo ſubtly true
From poiſ'nous herbs extracts the healing dew!
How Inſtinct varies in the grov'ling ſwine,
Compar'd half-reas'ning elephant, with thine?
Twixt that and Reaſon, what a nice barrier?
For ever ſep'rate, yet for ever near!
Remembrance and Reflection how ally'd;
What thin partitions Senſe from Thought divide!
And middle natures how they long to join,
Yet never paſs th'inſuperable line!
Without this juſt gradation could they be
Subjected, theſe to thoſe, or all to thee?
The pow'rs of all ſubdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reaſon all theſe pow'rs in one?

See thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and buſting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may go!
Around, how wide! how deep extend below!
Vaſt chain of being! which from God began;
Natures æthereal, human, angel, man,

Beaſt, bird, fiſh, inſect, what no eye can ſee,
No glaſs can reach; from Infinite to thee,
From thee to Nothing.—On ſuperior pow'rs
Were we to preſs, inferior might on ours:
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where one ſtep broken, the great ſcale's de-
ſtroy'd:

From Nature's chain whatever link you ſtrike,
Tenth, or ten thouſandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each ſyſtem in gradation roll
Alike eſſential to th'amazing Whole,
The leaſt confuſion but in one, not all
That ſyſtem only, but the Whole muſt fall.
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and Suns run lawleſs thro' the ſky;
Let ruling Angels from their ſpheres be hurl'd,
Being on Being wreck'd, and world on world;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature trembles to the throne of God.
All this dread Order break—for whom? for
thee?

Vile worm! oh Madneſs! Pride! Impiety!

What if the foot, ordain'd the duſt to tread,
Or hand, to toil, ſpir'd to be the head?
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To ſerve mere engines to the ruling Mind?
Juſt as abſurd for any part to claim
To be another in this gen'ral frame;
Juſt as abſurd, to mourn the taſks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one ſtupendous whole,
Whoſe body Nature is, and God the ſoul;
That chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the ſame;
Great in the earth as in th'æthereal frame;
Warms in the ſun, reſreſhes in the breeze,
Glowſ in the ſtars, and bloſſoms in the trees;
Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent;
Spreads undivided, operates unſpent;
Breathes in our ſoul, informs our mortal part
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile Man that mourns,
As the rapt Seraph that adores and burns:
To him no high, no low, no great, no ſmall;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Ceaſe then, nor Order imperfection name:
Our proper bliſs depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: This kind, this due degree
Of blindneſs, weakneſs, Heav'n beſtows on thee.
Submit—In this, or any other ſphere,
Secure to be as bleſt as thou canſt bear:
Safe in the hand of one diſpoſing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee;
All Chance, Direction, which thou canſt not ſee;
All Diſcord, Harmony not underſtood;
All partial Evil, univerſal Good:
And, ſpite of Pride, in erring Reaſon's ſpite,
One truth is clear, *Whatever is, is right.*

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE II.

*Of the Nature and State of Man with reſpect to
Himſelf, as an Individual.*

*The buſineſs of Man not to pry into God, but to ſtudy
Himſelf. His Middle Nature: his Powers and
Fraits.*

Frailties. — The Limits of his Capacity. — The two Principles of Man, Self-love and Reason, both necessary. — Self-love the stronger, and why. — Their end the same. — The Passions, and their use. — The Predominant Passion, and its force. — Its Necessity, in directing Men to different Purposes. — Its providential Use, in fixing our Principle, and ascertaining our Virtue — Virtue and Vice joined in our mixed Nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident. What is the Office of Reason. — How odious Vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it. — That, however, the Ends of Providence and general Good are answered in our Passions and Imperfections. — How usefully these are distributed to all Orders of Men. — How useful they are to Society — And to Individuals — In every state, and every age of life.

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of Mankind is Man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great :
With too much knowledge for the Sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
In doubt to deem himself a God or Beast ;
In doubt his Mind or Body to prefer,
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;
Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much :
Chaos of Thought and Passion, all confus'd ;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall ;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
Sole judge of Truth, in endless Error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where Science
guides ;

Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the Sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to th'empyrean sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
And quitting sense, call imitating God ;
As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the Sun.
Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule —
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal Man unfold all Nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an Ape.

Could he, whose rules the rapid Comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his Mind ?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end ?
Alas, what wonder ! Man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art ;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone.

Trace Science then, with Modesty thy guide ;
First strip off all her equipage of Pride ;
Deduct but what is Vanity or Dress,
Or Learning's Luxury, or Idleness ;
Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
Expunge the whole, or lop th'excrecent parts
Of all our vices have created Arts ;
Then see how little the remaining sum,
Which serv'd the past, and must the time to come !

Two Principles in human nature reign ;
Self-love to urge, and Reason to restrain ;
Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
Each works its end, to move or govern all :
And to their proper operation still,
Ascribe all Good ; to their improper, Ill.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
Reason's comparing balance rules the whole.
Man, but for that, no action could attend ;
And, but for this, were active to no end :
Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
To draw nutrition, propagate and rot :
Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.
Most strength the moving principle requires ;
Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
Sedate and quiet the comparing lies ;
Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise.
Self-love, still stronger, as its object's nigh ;
Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
That sees immediate good by present sense ;
Reason, the future and the consequence.
Thicker than arguments, temptations throng ;
At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
The action of the stronger to suspend,
Reason still use, to Reason still attend.
Attention, habit, and experience gains ;
Each strengthens Reason, and Self-love restrains.
Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
More studious to divide than to unite ;
And Grace and Virtue, Sense and Reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like Fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and Reason to one end aspire ;
Pain their aversion, Pleasure their desire ;
But greedy That, its object would devour ;
This taste the honey, and not wound the flow'r :
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of Self-love the Passions we may call :
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And Reason bids us for our own provide ;
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
Lift under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some Virtue's name.

In lazy Apathy let Stoics boast
Their Virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is Exercise, not Rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul ;
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.

On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but Passion is the gale;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find;
He mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind.

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite:
These 'tis enough to temper and employ;
But what composes Man, can Man destroy?
Suffice that Reason keep to Nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, Hope, and Joy, fair Pleasure's smiling
train;

Hate, Fear, and Grief, the family of Pain.
These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
Make and maintain the balance of the mind:
The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
Give all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes;
And when in act they cease, in prospect rise:
Present to grasp, and future still to find,
The whole employ of body and of mind.
All spread their charms, but charm not all alike;
On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike;
Hence diff'rent Passions more or less inflame,
As strong or weak the organs of the frame;
And hence one master Passion in the breast,
Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
Receives the lurking principle of death;
The young disease, that must subdue at length,
Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
strength:

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
The mind's disease, its ruling passion came;
Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
Soon flows to this, in body and in soul:
Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
And pours it all upon the peccant part.

Nature its mother, Habit is its nurse;
Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse;
Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r;
As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects, tho' to lawful sway,
In this weak queen, some fav'rite still obey:
Ah! if she lend not arms, as well as rules,
What can she more than tell us we are fools?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not to mend;
A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
The choice we make, or justify it made;
Proud of an easy conquest all along,
She but removes weak passions for the strong:
So, when small humours gather to a gout,
The doctor fancies he has driv'n them out.

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferr'd;
Reason is here no guide, but still a guard;
'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
And treat this passion more as friend than foe;
A mightier Pow'r the strong direction sends,
And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends:
Like varying winds, by other passions tost,
This drives them constant to a certain coast.

Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory please,
Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease;
Thro' life 'tis follow'd, ev'n at life's expence;
The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
The monk's humility, the hero's pride;
All, all alike, find Reason on their side.

Th'Eternal Art educing good from ill,
Grafts on this passion our best principle:
'Tis thus the Mercury of Man is fix'd,
Strong grows the Virtue with his nature mix'd;
The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
And in one int'rest body acts with mind.

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear;
The surest Virtues thus from passions shoot,
Wild Nature's vigour working at the root.
What corps of wit and honesty appear
From spleen, from obstinacy, hate, or fear!
See Anger, zeal and fortitude supply;
Ev'n Avarice, prudence; Sloth, philosophy;
Lust, thro' some certain strainers, well refin'd,
Is gentle love, and charms all womankind;
Envy, to which th'ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in th'learn'd or brave;
Nor Virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on Pride, or grow on
Shame.

Thus Nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice ally'd:
Reason the bias turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine:
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide? The God within the mind.

Extremes in Nature equal ends produce;
In man they join to some mysterious use;
Tho' each by turns the other's bounds invade,
As, in some well wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the Virtue or begins the Vice.

Fools! who from hence into the notion fall,
That Vice or Virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black and white?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain.

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen;
Yet seen too oft; familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.
But where th'Extreme of Vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North? At York, 'tis on the
Tweed;

In Scotland, at the Orcades; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows where.
No creature owns it in the first degree,
But thinks his neighbour further gone than he:
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own;
What happier nature shrinks at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right.

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry Man must be;
 Few in th'extreme, but all in the degree:
 The rogue and fool, by fits, is fair and wise;
 And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
 'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill;
 For, Vice or Virtue, Self directs it still;
 Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal;
 But Heaven's great view is One, and that the
 Whole:

That counterworks each folly and caprice;
 That disappoints th'effect of ev'ry vice;
 That, happy frailties to all ranks apply'd:
 Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
 Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
 To kings presumption, and to crowds belief:
 That, Virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
 Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise;
 And build on wants and on defects of mind,
 The joy, the peace, the glory of Mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
 A master, or a servant, or a friend,
 Bids each on other for assistance call,
 Till one Man's weakness grows the strength of
 all.

Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
 The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
 To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
 Each home-felt joy that life inherits here;
 Yet from the same we learn in its decline,
 Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign;
 Taught half by Reason, half by mere decay,
 To welcome death, and calmly pass away.

Whate'er the Passion, knowledge, fame, or
 pelf,

Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore;
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n;
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest; the poet in his Muse.
 See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend:
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply;
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickl'd with a straw:
 Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
 A little louder, but as empty quite:
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
 Pleas'd with this hauble still, as that before;
 Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.
 Meanwhile Opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of Happiness by Hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by Pride:
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble, Joy;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain.

Ev'n mean Self-love becomes by force divine,
 The scale to measure others wants by thine.
 See! and confess, one comfort still must rise;
 'Tis this, Tho' Man's a fool, yet God is wise.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE III.

*Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to
 Society.*

*The whole Universe one system of Society.—No-
 thing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for
 another.—The happiness of Animals mutual.—
 Reason or Instinct operate alike to the good of
 each Individual. Reason or Instinct operate
 also to Society in all animals.—How far So-
 ciety carried by instinct.—How much farther by
 Reason.—Of that which is called the State of
 Nature.—Reason instructed by Instinct in the
 Invention of Arts, and in the Forms of Society.
 —Origin of Political Societies.—Origin of Mo-
 narchy.—Patriarchal Government.—Origin of
 true Religion and Government, from the same
 principle of Love.—Origin of Superstition and
 Tyranny, from the same principle of Fear.—
 The Influence of Self-love operating to the so-
 cial and public Good.—Restoration of true Re-
 ligion and Government on their first Principle.
 —Mist Government.—Various Forms of each,
 and the true end of all.*

EPISTLE III.

HERE then we rest: 'The Universal Cause
 'Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
 In all the madness of superfluous health,
 The train of pride, the impudence of wealth,
 Let this great truth be present night and day;
 But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our World; behold the chain of
 Combining all below and all above. [Love
 See plastic Nature working to this end;
 The single atoms each to other tend;
 Attract, attracted to the next in place,
 Form'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace!
 See matter next with various life endu'd,
 Press to one centre still, the gen'ral Good.
 See dying Vegetables life sustain,
 See life dissolving vegetate again:
 All forms that perish other forms supply
 (By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
 Like bubbles on the sea of Matter borne,
 They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
 Nothing is foreign; Parts relate to whole;
 One all-extending, all-preserving Soul
 Connects each being, greatest with the least;
 Made Beast in aid of Man, and Man of Beast;
 All serv'd, all serving; nothing stands alone;
 The chain holds on, and where it ends unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy
 Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire thy food? [good
 Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
 For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn:
 Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.

Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer :
The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
Lives on the labours of his lord of all.

Know, Nature's children shall divide her care;
The fur that warms a monarch warm'd a bear.
While Man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
"See man for mine!" replies a pamper'd goose.
And just as short of reason he must fall,
Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak controul ;
Be Man the Wit and Tyrant of the whole :
Nature that Tyrant checks ; he only knows,
And helps another creature's wants and woes.
Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
Admires the jay the infect's gilded wings ?
Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings ?
Man cares for all : to birds he gives his woods.
To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
For more his pleasure. yet for more his pride :
All feed on one vain Patron, and enjoy
Th'extensive blessing of his luxury.

That very life his learned hunger craves,
He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
And, till he ends the being, makes it blest;
Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the pain,
Than favour'd Man by touch ethereal slain.
The creature had his feast of life before;
Thou too must perish when thy feast is o'er!
To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
Gives not the useless knowledge of its end:
To Man imparts it; but with such a view
As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with Reason or with Instinct blest,
Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best;
To blifs alike by that direction tend,
And find the means proportion'd to their end.
Say, where full Instinct is th'unerring guide,
What Pope or Council can they need beside?
Reason, however able, cool at best,
Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
Stays till we call, and then not often near;
But honest Instinct comes a volunteer,
Sure never to o'ershoot, but just to hit;
While still too wide or short in human Wit;
Sure by quick Nature happiness to gain,
Which heavier Reason labours at in vain.
This too serves always, Reason never long;
One must go right, the other may go wrong.
See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
One in their nature, which are two in ours;

And Reason raise o'er Instinct as you can ;
In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis Man.

Who taught the nations of the field and wood
To shun their poison, and to choose their food?
Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
Build on the wave, or arch beneath their sand?
Who made the spider parallels design,
Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
Heav'n's not his own, and worlds unknown before?
Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper blifs, and fets its proper bounds :
But as he fram'd a Whole, the whole to blefs,
On mutual Wants built mutual Happinefs :
So from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning æther keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the
 deeps,

Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam of wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood,
Each loves itself, but not itself alone;
Each sex desires alike, till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace;
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge at-
tend;

The mothers nurse it, and the fires defend ;
The young disinherits'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the Instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race.
A longer care Man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, Reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest, and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each Virtue in each Passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That grafts benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain, habitual those :
The last scarce ripen'd into perfect Man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began ;
Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage ;
That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
While pleasure, gratitude, and hope, combin'd,
Still spread the int'rest, and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in Nature's State they blindly trod;
The State of Nature was the reign of God.
Self-love and social at her birth began,
Union the bond of all things, and of Man.
Pride then was not; nor Arts, that Pride to aid;
Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade;
The same his table, and the same his bed;
No murder cloath'd him, and no murder fed.
In the same temple, the resounding wood,
All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God:
The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
Unbruid, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:

Heav'n's attribute was Universal Care,
And man's prerogative to rule, but spare,
Ah! how unlike the man of times to come!
Of half that live the butcher and the tomb;
Who, foe to Nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
Murders their species, and betrays his own.
But just disease to luxury succeeds,
And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds;
The fury passions from that blood began,
And turn'd on Man a fiercer savage, Man.

See him from Nature rising flow to Art!
To copy Instinct then was Reason's part;
Thus then to Man the voice of Nature spake—
"Go, from the Creatures thy instructions take:
"Learn from the birds what food the thickets

"yield;
"Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
"Thy arts of building from the bee receive;
"Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave;
"Learn of the little Nautilus to sail,
"Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.
"Here too all forms of social union find,
"And hence let Reason, late, instruct mankind:
"Here subterranean works and cities see;
"There towns aerial on the waving tree.
"Learn each small People's genius, policies,
"The Ant's republic, and the realm of Bees;
"How those in common all their wealth bestow,
"And Anarchy without confusion know;
"And these for ever, tho' a Monarch reign,
"Their separate cells and properties maintain.
"Mark what unvary'd laws preserve each state,
"Laws wise as Nature, and as fix'd as Fate.
"In vain thy Reason finer webs shall draw,
"Entangled Justice in her net of Law,
"And right, too rigid, harden into wrong;
"Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
"Yet go! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
"Thus let the wiser make the rest obey:
"And for those arts mere Instinct could afford,
"Be crown'd as Monarchs, or as gods ador'd."

Great Nature spoke; observant Man obey'd;
Cities were built, Societies were made:
Here rose one little state; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd, thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend?
What War could ravish, Commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend who came a foe.
Converse and Love mankind might strongly draw,
When Love was Liberty, and Nature Law.
Thus states were form'd; the name of king un-

known,
Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one,
'Twas Virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a Sire the Sons obey'd,
A Prince the Father of a People made.

Till then, by Nature crown'd, each Patriarch
fate
King, priest, and parent, of his growing state;
On him, their second Providence, they hung;
Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
Taught to command the fire, controul the flood,

Draw forth the monsters of th'abyss profound,
Or fetch th'aërial eagle to the ground.
Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began,
Whom they rever'd as God, to mourn as Man:
Then, looking up from fire to fire, explor'd
One great First Father, and that first ador'd,
Or plain tradition that this All begun,
Convey'd unbroken faith from fire to son;
The worker from the work distinct was known,
And simple Reason never sought but one:
Ere Wit oblique had brought that steady light,
Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right;
To Virtue, in the paths of Pleasure trod,
And own'd a Father when he own'd a God.
Love all the faith, and all th'allegiance then;
For Nature knew no right divine in Men,
No ill could fear in God; and understood
A Sov'reign being but a sov'reign good,
True faith, true policy, united ran;
That was but love of God, and this of Man.

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms un-
Th'enormous faith of many made for one; [done,
That proud exception to all Nature's laws,
T'invert the world, and counterwork its Cause?
Force first made Conquest, and that Conquest,
Till Superstition taught the Tyrant awe, [Law;
Then shar'd the Tyranny, then lent it aid,
And Gods of Conquerors, Slaves of Subjects made:
She, 'midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's
found, [the ground,
When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd
She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray,
To Pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they:
She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
Saw Gods descend, and fiends infernal rise:
Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes:
Fear made her Devils, and weak Hope her Gods;
Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
Whose attributes were Rage, Revenge, or Lust;
Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe.
Zeal then, not charity, became the guide!
And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
Then sacred seem'd th'etereal vault no more;
Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
Then first the Flamen tasted living food;
Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood;
With Heav'n's own thunders shook the world be-
And play'd the God an engine on his foe. [low,
So drives self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust;
To one man's pow'r ambition, lucre, lust:
The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
Of what restrains him, government and laws.
For, what one likes, if others like as well,
What serves one will, when many wills rebel?
How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
A weaker may surprise, a stronger take?
His safety must his liberty restrain:
All join'd to guard what each desires to gain.
Forc'd into virtue thus, by self-defence,
Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence.
Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
And found the private in the public good.
'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
Follow'r of God, or friend of human kind,

Poet

Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
The faith and moral Nature gave before;
Refum'd her ancient light, not kindled new;
If not God's image, yet his shadow drew:
Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings;
The less or greater, set so justly true,
That touching one must strike the other too;
Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
Th'according music of a well-mix'd state.
Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
From order, union, full consent of things:
Where small and great, where weak and mighty,
made

To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
And, in proportion as it blesses, blest;
Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.
For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right;
In faith and hope the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is charity:
All must be false that thwart this one great end;
And all of God that bless mankind, or mend.
Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives:
The strength he gains is from th'embrace he gives.
On their own axis as the planets run,
Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
So two consistent motions act the soul;
And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
And bade self-love and social be the same.

ARGUMENT OF EPISTLE IV.

Of the Nature and State of Man, with respect to Happiness.

False Notions of Happiness, Philosophical and Popular—It is the End of all Men, and attainable by all—God intends Happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular Happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular Laws—As it is necessary for Order, and the peace and welfare of Society, that external goods should be unequal, Happiness is not made to consist in these, —But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of Happiness among mankind is kept even by Providence, by the two Passions of Hope and Fear—What the Happiness of Individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the Good Man has here the advantage — The error of imputing to Virtue what are only the calamities of Nature or of Fortune—The folly of expecting that God should alter his general Laws in favour of particulars — That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest — That eternal goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of, Virtue — That even these can make no Man happy without Virtue: Instanced in Riches

—Honours—Nobility—Greatness—Fame—Superior Talents—With pictures of human infelicity in Men possessed of them all—That Virtue only constitutes a Happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal — That the perfection of Virtue and Happiness consists in a conformity to the Order of Providence here, and a Resignation to it here and hereafter.

EPISTLE IV.

O HAPPINESS! our being's end and aim!
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content! whate'er thy name:
That something still which prompts th'eternal
For which we bear to live, or dare to die; [sigh,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies
O'erlook'd, seen double, by the fool and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with di'monds in the flaming mine?
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field? [toil,
Where grows? where grows it not? if vain our
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil:
Fix'd to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free, [thee.
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with
Ask of the learn'd the way? The learn'd are
blind:

This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some, sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some, swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.

Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?

Take Nature's path, and mad opinions leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense and common ease.

Remember Man, "the universal cause
"Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws;"
And makes what Happiness we justly call,
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind;
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit rests self-satisfy'd:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is Heav'n's first law; and this confess,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness;

O 4

But

Put mutual wants this happiness increase ;
 All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing ;
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king.
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend :
 Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 But fortune's gifts, if each alike possess,
 And each were equal, must not all contest ?
 If then to all men happiness was meant,
 God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
 And these be happy call'd, unhappy those ;
 But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
 While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear :
 Not present good or ill, the joy or curse ;
 But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh sons of earth ! attempt ye still to rise,
 By mountains pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
 Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
 And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
 Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
 Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
 Lie in three words, Health, Peace, and Competence ;
 But health consists with temperance alone ;
 And peace, oh virtue ! peace is all thy own.
 The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain ;
 But these less taste them as they worse obtain.
 Sav, in pursuit of profit or delight,
 Who risk the most, that take wrong means or right ?
 Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curs'd,
 Which meets contempt, or which compassion first ?
 Count all th'advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
 'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains :
 And grant the bad what happiness they wou'd,
 One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
 Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
 Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe !
 Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
 Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
 But fools, the good alone, unhappy call,
 For ills or accidents that chance to all.

See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just !
 See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust !
 See Sydney bleeds amid the martial strife !
 Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
 Say, was it virtue, more tho' Heav'n ne'er gave,
 Lamented Digby ! sunk thee to the grave ?
 Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
 Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire ?
 Why drew Marfeilles' good bishop purer breath,
 When Nature sick'n'd, and each gale was death ?
 Or why so long (in life if long can be)
 Lest Heav'n a parent to the poor and me ?

What makes all physical or moral ill ?
 There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
 God sends not ill ; if rightly understood,
 Or partial ill is universal good,
 Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
 Short, and but rare, till man improv'd it all.
 We just as wisely might of Heav'n complain,
 That righteous Abel was destroy'd by Cain,

As that the virtuous son is still at ease
 When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
 Think we, like some weak prince, th'Eternal Cause
 Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws.

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
 Forget to thunder, and recal her fires ?
 On air or sea new motions be impress'd,
 Oh blameless Bethel ! to relieve thy breast ?
 When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
 Shall gravitation cease, if you go by ?
 Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
 For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall ?

But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
 Contents us not. A better shall we have ?
 A kingdom of the just then let it be :
 But first consider how those just agree.
 The good must merit God's peculiar care ;
 But who, but God, can tell us who they are ?
 One thinks, on Calvin Heav'n's own Spirit fell ;
 Another, deems him instrument of hell ?
 If Calvin feels Heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
 This cries, there is ; and that, there is no God.
 What shocks one part will edify the rest,
 Nor with one system can they all be blest.
 The very best will variously incline,
 And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
 Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too ;
 And which more blest ? who chain'd his country,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ? [say,
 "But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
 What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?
 That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it when he tills the soil.
 The knave deserves it when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
 The good man may be weak, be indolent ;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?
 "No—shall the good want health, the good want
 "pow'r ?"

Add health and pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
 'Why bounded pow'r ? why private ? why no
 'king ?'

Nay, why external for internal giv'n ?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give ;
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine and the heart-felt joy
 Is virtue's prize : A better would you fix ?
 Then give humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heav'n reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here ?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes ?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife ;
 As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
 As toys and empires for a godlike mind.

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Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind.
 The lover and the love of human kind, [clear,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a year!

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
 Fortune in men has some small difference made;
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade:
 The cobbler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
 "What differ more (you cry) than crown and
 "cowl?"

I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
 The rest is all but leather or prunella. [strings,

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with
 That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings,
 Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
 But by your fathers worth if your's you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
 Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go! and pretend your family is young;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
 Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards. [lies?

Look next on greatness; say where greatness
 "Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
 Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
 From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
 The whole strange purpose of their lives, to find
 Or make an enemy of all mankind!
 Not one looks backward, onward still he goes;
 Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
 No less alike the politic and wise;
 All fly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
 Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
 Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
 But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat,
 'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great:
 Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
 Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
 Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
 Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
 Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
 Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? A fancy'd life in others breath;
 A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends;
 To all beside, as much an empty shade
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;

Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.
 Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave;
 When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
 Is hung on high, to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
 Plays round the head,—but comes not to the
 heart:

One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
 'Tis but to know how little can be known;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own:
 Condemn'd in bus'ness or in arts to drudge,
 Without a second, or without a judge.
 Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
 All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
 Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
 Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
 Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
 How much of other each is sure to cost;
 How each for other oft is wholly lost;
 How inconsistent greater goods with these;
 How sometimes life is risk'd, and always eafe:
 Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
 Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
 To sigh for ribbands, if thou art so silly,
 Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy!
 Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?

Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife!
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame!
 If all, united, thy ambition call,
 From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
 See the false scale of happiness complete!
 In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
 How happy those to ruin, these betray.
 Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
 From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
 In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
 And all that rais'd the hero sunk the man:
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
 Oh wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctify'd from shame!
 What greater bliss attends their close of life?
 Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
 The trophy'd arches, story'd halls invade,
 And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
 Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
 The whole amount of that enormous fame,
 A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know

Know then this truth—(enough for man to
 "Virtue alone is happiness below." [know])
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
 The joy unequal'd, if its end it gain;
 And if it lose, attended with no pain:
 Without satiety, tho' e'er so blest'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears:
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
 For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
 Never elated while one man's oppress'd;
 Never dejected while another's blest'd;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can
 know:

Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks thro' nature, up to nature's God:
 Pursues that chain which links th'immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine;
 Sees that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God and love of man.
 For him alone hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul;
 Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find)
 Wife is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
 Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
 In one close system of benevolence:
 Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
 And height of bliss but height of charity.

God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
 Must rise from individual to the whole.
 Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
 As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
 The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds;
 Another still, and still another spreads;
 Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace;
 His country next; and next all human race;
 Wide and more wide, th'o'erflowings of the mind
 Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
 Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
 And Heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend! my genius! come along;
 Oh master of the poet, and the song!
 And while the Muse now stoops, or now ascends,
 To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
 Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
 To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
 Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
 From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
 Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
 Intent to reason, or polite to please.
 Oh! while along the stream of time thy name
 Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
 Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
 Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
 When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
 Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
 Shall then this verse to future age pretend
 Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend?
 That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art,
 From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
 For wit's false mirror held up nature's light;
 Shew'd erring pride, *whatever is, is right*;
 That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
 That true self-love and social are the same;
 That virtue only makes our bliss below;
 And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

§ 14. *Moral Essays. In Four Epistles.* POPE.

To Sir Richard Temple, L. Cobham.

EPISTLE I.

YES, you despise the man to books confin'd,
 Who from his study rails at human kind;
 Tho' what he learns he speaks, and may advance
 Some gen'ral maxims, or be right by chance.
 The coxcomb bird, so talkative and grave,
 That from his cage cries Cuckold, Whore, and
 Tho' many a passenger he rightly call, [Knaves,
 You hold him no philosopher at all.

And yet the fate of all extremes is such,
 Men may be read, as well as books, too much.
 To observations which ourselves we make,
 We grow more partial for th'observer's sake;
 To written Wisdom, as another's, less: [Guess.
 Maxims are drawn from Notions, these from
 There's some peculiar in each leaf and grain,
 Some unmark'd fibre, or some varying vein;
 Shall only Man be taken in the gross?
 Grant but as many sorts of mind as moss:

That each from other differs, first confess:
 Next, that he varies from himself no less;
 Add Nature's, Custom's, Reason's, Passion's strife,
 And all Opinion's colours cast on life.

Our depths who fathoms, or our shallows finds,
 Quick whirls, and shifting eddies of our minds?
 On human actions reason tho' you can,
 It may be Reason, but it is not Man:
 His Principle of action once explore,
 That instant 'tis his Principle no more.
 Like following life, thro' creatures you dissect,
 You lose it in the moment you detect.
 Yet more; the difference is as great between
 The optics seeing, as the objects seen.

Al

All Manners take a tincture from our own ;
Or come discolour'd thro' our Passions shown.
Or Fancy's beam enlarges, multiplies,
Contracts, inverts, and gives ten thousand dyes.

Nor will Life's stream for observation stay ;
It hurries all too fast to mark their way :
In vain sedate reflections we would make,
When half our knowledge we must snatch, not
Oft in the Passion's wild rotation tost, [take.
Our spring of action to ourselves is lost :
Tir'd, not determin'd, to the last we yield ;
And what comes then is master of the field.
As the last image of that troubled heap,
When Sense subsides, and Fancy sports in sleep
(Tho' past the recollection of the thought)
Becomes the stuff of which our dream is wrought,
Something as dim to our internal view,
Is thus, perhaps, the cause of most we do.

True, some are open, and to all men known ;
Others so very close, they're hid from none :
(So darkness strikes the sense no less than light)
Thus gracious Chandos is belov'd at sight :
And ev'ry child hates Shylock, tho' his soul
Still sits at squat, and peeps not from its hole.
At half mankind when gen'rous Manly raves,
All know 'tis virtue, for he thinks them knaves.
When universal homage Umbra pays,
All see 'tis vice, and itch of vulgar praise.
When flatt'ry glares, all hate it in a queen,
While one there is who charms us with his spleen.

But these plain characters we rarely find :
Tho' strong the bent, yet quick the turns of mind :
Or puzzling contraries confound the whole ;
Or affectations quite reverse the soul.
The Dull, flat Falsehood serves for policy :
And in the Cunning, Truth itself's a lie.
Unthought-of frailties cheat us in the wise ;
The fool lies hid in inconsistencies.

See the same man in vigour, in the gout ;
Alone, in company ; in place, or out ;
Early at bus'ness, and at hazard late ;
Mad at a fox-chace, wise at a debate ;
Drunk at a borough, civil at a ball ;
Friendly at Hackney, faithless at Whitehall.

Catius is ever moral, ever grave,
Thinks, who endures a knave is next a knave,
Save just at dinner—then prefers, no doubt,
A rogue with ven'son to a saint without.

Who would not praise Patricio's high desert,
His hand unstain'd, his uncorrupted heart,
His comprehensive head ! all int'rests weigh'd,
All Europe sav'd, yet Britain not betray'd.
He thanks you not, his pride is in picquette,
Newmarket-fame, and judgment at a bet.
What made (say Montagne, — or more sage
Charron !)

Otho a warrior, Cromwell a buffoon ?
A perjurd prince a leaden saint reverse,
A godless regent tremble at a star ?
The throne a bigot keep, a genius quit,
Faithless thro' piety, and dup'd thro' wit ?
Europe a woman, child, or dotard rule,
And just her wisest monarch made a fool ?

Know, God and Nature only are the same :
In Man, the judgment shoots at flying game ;

A bird of passage ! gone as soon as found ;
Now in the moon perhaps, now under ground.

In vain the sage, with retrospective eye,
Would from th'apparent What conclude the Why,
Infer the motive from the deed, and shew,
That what we chanc'd was what we meant to do.
Behold ! if Fortune or a mistress frowns,
Some plunge in business, others shave their crowns :
To ease the soul of one oppressive weight,
This quits an empire, that embroils a state ;
The same adult complexion has impell'd
Charles to the convent, Philip to the field.
Not always actions shew the man ; we find
Who does a kindness is not therefore kind :
Perhaps prosperity becalm'd his breast ;
Perhaps the wind just shifted from the east :
Not therefore humble he who seeks retreat,
Pride guides his steps, and bids him shun the great.
Who combats bravely is not therefore brave ;
He dreads a death-bed like the meanest slave :
Who reasons wisely is not therefore wise ;
His pride in reas'ning, not in acting, lies.

But grant that actions best discover man ;
Take the most strong, and sort them as you can.
The few that glare, each character must mark ;
You balance not the many in the dark.
What will you do with such as disagree ?
Suppress them, or miscall them policy ?
Must then at once (the character to save)
The plain rough hero turn a crafty knave ?
Alas ! in truth the man but chang'd his mind ;
Perhaps was sick, in love, or had not din'd.
Ask why from Britain Caesar would retreat ?
Caesar himself might whisper he was beat.
Why risk the world's great empire for a punk ?
Caesar perhaps might answer, he was drunk.
But, sage historians ! 'tis your task to prove
One action conduct ; one, heroic love.

'Tis from high life high characters are drawn ;
A saint in crape is twice a saint in lawn ;
A judge is just, a chancellor juster still ;
A gownman learn'd ; a bishop what you will ;
Wise, if a minister ; but, if a king, [thing !
More wise, more learn'd, more just, more ev'ry
Court-Virtues bear, like gems, the highest rate,
Born where Heav'n's influence scarce can pene-
In life's low vale, the soil the virtues like, [trate :
They please as beauties, here as wonders strike.
Tho' the same sun, with all diffusive rays,
Blush in the rose, and in the di'mond blaze,
We prize the stronger effort of his pow'r,
And justly set the gem above the flow'r.
'Tis education forms the common mind ;
Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclin'd.
Boastful and rough, your first son is a 'squire ;
The next a tradesman, meek, and much a liar ;
Tom struts a soldier, open, bold, and brave ;
Will sneaks a scriv'ner, an exceeding knave :
Is he a churchman ? then he's fond of pow'r ;
A quaker ? sly ; a presbyterian ? sour ;
A smart free-thinker ? all things in an hour. }

Ask mens opinions : Scoto now shall tell
How trade increases, and the world goes well ;
Strike off his pension, by the setting sun,
And Britain, if not Europe, is undone.

That

That gay free-thinker, a fine talker once,
What turns him now a stupid silent dunce?
Some God, or Spirit, he has lately found;
Or chanc'd to meet a minister that frown'd.

Judge we by nature? Habit can efface,
Int'rest o'ercome, or policy take place:
By actions? those uncertainty divides:
By passions? these dissimulation hides:
Opinions? they still take a wider range:
Find, if you can, in what you cannot change.

Manners with fortunes, humours turn with
climes,

Tenets with books, and principles with times.

Search then the ruling passion: There, alone,
The wild are constant, and the cunning known;
The fool consistent, and the false sincere;
Priests, princes, women, no dissemblers here.
This clue once found, unravels all the rest,
The prospect clears, and Wharton stands confest.
Wharton, the scorn and wonder of our days,
Whose ruling passion was the lust of praise:
Born with what'er could win it from the wife,
Women and fools must like him, or he dies:
Tho' wond'ring senates hung on all he spoke,
The Club must hail him, Master of the Joke.
Shall parts so various aim at nothing new?
He'll shine a Tully and a Wilmot too.

Then turns repentant, and his God adores
With the same spirit that he drinks and whores;
Enough if all around him but admire,
And now the Punk applaud, and now the Friar.
Thus with each gift of nature and of art,
And wanting nothing but an honest heart;
Grown all to all, from no one vice exempt;
And most contemptible to shun contempt;
His passion still to covet gen'ral praise,
His life, to forfeit it a thousand ways;
A constant bounty which no friend has made;
An angel tongue, which no man can persuade;
A fool, with more of wit than half mankind,
Too rash for thought, for action too refin'd:
A tyrant to the wife his heart approves;
A rebel to the very king he loves;
He dies, sad outcast of each church and state,
And, harder still! flagitious, yet not great.

Ask you why Wharton broke thro' ev'ry rule?
'Twas all for fear the knaves should call him
Nature well known, no prodigies remain, [fool!
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

Yet in this search the wisest may mistake,
If second qualities for first they take.
When Catiline by rapine swell'd his store;
When Cæsar made a noble dame a whore;
In this the lust, in that the avarice
Were means, not ends; ambition was the vice;
That very Cæsar, born in Scipio's days,
Had aim'd, like him, by chastity, at praise.
Lucullus, when frugality could charm,
Had roasted turnips in the Sabin farm.
In vain th'observer eves the builder's toil;
But quite mistakes the scaffold for the pile.

In this one passion man can strength enjoy,
As fits give vigour just when they destroy.
Time, that on all things lays his lenient hand,
Yet tames not this; it sticks to our last sand.

Consistent in our follies and our sins,
Here honest Nature ends as she begins.

Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in bus'ness to the last;
As weak, as earnest; and as gravely out,
As sober Laneb'row dancing in the gout.

Behold a rev'rend fire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unblest:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees.

A salmon's belly, Helluo, was thy fate;
The doctor call'd, declares all help too late:
"Mercy! cries Helluo, mercy on my soul!
"Is there no hope?—Alas! then bring the jowl."

The frugal crone, whom praying priests attend,
Still strives to save the hallow'd taper's end;
Collects her breath as ebbing life retires,
For one puff more, and in that puff expires.

"Odious! in woollen! 'twould a saint provoke!
(Were the last words that poor Narcissa spoke)
"No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace
"Wrap my cold limbs, and shade my lifeless face:
"One would not sure be frightful when one's
dead—

"And—Betty—give this cheek a little red."

The Courtier, smooth, who forty years had
An humble servant to all human kind, [thin'd
Just brought out this, when scarce his tongue
could stir,

"If—where I'm going—I could serve you, Sir?"

"I give and I devise (old Euclio said,
And sigh'd) 'my lands and tenements to Ned.'
Your money, Sir?—'My money, Sir! what all?
"Why,—if I must—(then wept) I give it Paul.'
The manor, Sir?—'The manor! hold,' he cry'd,
"Not that,—I cannot part with that—and dy'd.

And you, brave Cobham, to the latest breath,
Shall feel your ruling passion strong in death:
Such in those moments as in all the past,
"O save my country, Heav'n! shall be your
last.

EPISTLE II.

To a Lady.

Of the Characters of Women.

NOTHING so true as what you once let fall,
"Most women have no characters at all."
Matter too soft a lasting mark to bear,
And best distinguish'd by black, brown, or fair.

How many pictures of one nymph we view,
All how unlike each other, all how true!
Arcadia's Countess, here, in ermin'd pride,
Is there, Pastora, by a fountain side.
Here Fannia, leering on her own good man;
And there, a naked Leda with a swan.
Let then the fair one beautifully cry,
In Magdalene's loose hair and lifted eye,
Or dress'd in smiles of sweet Cecilia shine,
With simp'ring angels, palms, and harps divine;
Whether the charmer tinner it or saint it,
If folly grow romantic, I must paint it.

Come

Come then, the colours and the ground pre-
Dip in the rainbow, trick her off in air; [pare;
Chuse a firm cloud, before it fall, and in it
Catch, ere she change, the Cynthia of this minute.

Rufa, whose eye, quick glancing o'er the Park,
Attracts each light gay meteor of a spark,
Agrees as ill with Rufa studying Locke,
As Sappho's di'monds with her dirty sinock;
Or Sappho at her toilet's greasy task,
With Sappho fragrant at an ev'ning mask:
So morning insects, that in muck begun,
Shine, buzz, and flyblow in the setting sun.

How soft is Silia! fearful to offend;
The frail one's advocate, the weak one's friend!
To her, Calista prov'd her conduct nice;
And good Simplicius asks of her advice.
Sudden, she storms! she raves! You tip the wink,
But spare your censure; Silia does not drink.
All eyes may see from what the change arose;
All eyes may see—a pimple on her nose.

Papillia, wedded to her am'rous spark,
Sighs for the shades—'How charming is a park!'
A park is purchas'd, but the fair he sees
All bath'd in tears—'Oh odious, odious trees!'

Ladies, like variegated tulips, show,
'Tis to their changes half their charms we owe;
Fine by defect, and delicately weak,
Their happy spots their nice admirer take.
'Twas thus Calypso once each heart alarm'd,
Aw'd without virtue, without beauty charm'd;
Her tongue bewitch'd as oddly as her eyes;
Less wit than mimic, more a wit than wife;
Strange graces still, and stranger flights she had,
Was just not ugly, and was just not mad;
Yet ne'er so sure our passion to create,
As when she touch'd the brink of all we hate.

Narcissa's nature, tolerably mild,
To make a wash would hardly stew a child!
Has ev'n been prov'd to grant a lover's pray'r,
And paid a tradesman once, to make him stare!
Gave alms at Easter, in a Christian trim,
And made a widow happy for a whim!
Why then declare good-nature is her scorn,
When 'tis by that alone she can be borne?
Why pique all mortals, yet affect a name?
A fool to pleasure, yet a slave to fame:
Now deep in Taylor and the Book of Martyrs,
Now drinking citron with his Grace and Chartres:
Now conscience chills her, and now passion burns;
And atheism and religion take their turns;
A very heathen in the carnal part,
Yet still a sad good Christian at her heart.

See Sin in state majestically drunk;
Proud as a peeress, prouder as a punk;
Chaste to her husband, frank to all beside,
A teeming mistress, but a barren bride.
What then? Let blood and body bear the fault,
Her head's untouch'd, that noble seat of thought;
Such this day's doctrine—in another fit
She sins with poets, thro' pure love of wit.
What has not stir'd her bosom, or her brain?
Cesar and Tall-boy, Charles and Charlema'ne.
As Helluo, late dictator of the feast,
The nose of Haut-gout, and the tip of taste,

Critiqu'd your wine, and analyz'd your meat:
Yet on plain pudding deign'd at home to eat,
So Philomedé, lest'ring all mankind
On the soft passion and the taste refin'd,
Th'address, the delicacy stoops at once,
And makes her hearty meal upon a dunce.

Flavia's a wit, has too much sense to pray;
To toast our wants and wishes is her way;
Nor asks of God, but of her stars, to give
The mighty blessing, "while we live, to live."
Then all for death, that opiate of the soul!
Lucretia's dagger, Rosamonda's bowl.
Say, what can cause such impotence of mind?
A spark too fickle, or a spouse too kind,
Wife wretch! with pleasures too refin'd to please;
With too much spirit to be e'er at ease;
With too much quickness ever to be taught;
With too much thinking to have common
thought;

You purchase Pain with all that Joy can give,
And die of nothing but a rage to live.

Turn then from wits; and look on Simo's
Mate;

No ass so meek, no ass so obstinate.
Or her that owns her faults, but never mends,
Because she's honest, and the best of friends.
Or her, whose life the church and scandal share,
For ever in a passion, or a pray'r.
Or her, who laughs at hell, but (like her Grace)
Cries, "Ah how charming, if there's no such
Or who in sweet vicissitude appears [place!"
Of mirth and opium, ratifie and tears,
The daily anodyne, and nightly draught,
To kill those foes to fair ones, time and thought;
Woman and fool are too hard things to hit;
For true no-meaning puzzles more than wit.

But what are these to great Atossa's mind?
Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind!
Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
Finds all her life one warfare upon earth:
Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,
Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
No thought advances, but her eddy brain
Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
Full sixty years the world has been her trade;
The wisest fool much time has ever made.
From loveless youth to unrespected age,
No passion gratify'd, except her rage,
So much the fury still out-ran the wit,
The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
Who breaks with her provokes revenge from
But he's a bolder man who dares be well. [Hell;
Her ev'ry turn with violence pursu'd,
No more a storm her hate than gratitude:
To that each passion turns, or soon or late;
Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate:
Superiors! death! and equals! what a curse!
But an inferior not dependant! worse.
Offend her, and she knows not to forgive;
Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live;
But die, and she'll adore you—Then the bust
And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
Last night her lord was all that's good and great;
A knave this morning, and his Will a cheat.

Strange!

Strange! by the means defeated of the ends,
By spirit robb'd of Pow'r, by warmth of friends,
By wealth of follow'rs! without one distress
Sick of herself, thro' very selfishness!
Atossa, curs'd with ev'ry granted pray'r,
Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
To heirs unknown descends th'unguarded store,
Or wanders, Heav'n directed, to the poor.

Pictures, like these, dear Madam, to design,
Ask no firm hand, and no unerring line;
Some wand'ring touches, some reflected light,
Some flying stroke alone can hit 'em right:
For how should equal colours do the knack?
Cameleons who can paint in white and black?

'Yet Chloe sure was form'd without a spot.'
Nature in her then err'd not, but forgot.
'With ev'ry pleasing, ev'ry prudent part,
'Say, what can Chloe want?'—She wants a heart.
She speaks, behaves, and acts just as she ought;
But never, never, reach'd one gen'rous thought.
Virtue she finds too painful an endeavour;
Content to dwell in decencies for ever.
So very reasonable, so unmov'd,
As never yet to love, or to be lov'd.
She, while her lover pants upon her breast,
Can mark the figures on an Indian chest;
And when she sees her friend in deep despair,
Observes how much a chintz exceeds mohair!
Forbid it Heav'n, a favour or a debt
She e'er should cancel—but she may forget.
Safe is your secret still in Chloe's ear;
But none of Chloe's shall you ever hear.
Of all her dears she never slander'd one,
But cares not if a thousand are undone.
Would Chloe know if you're alive or dead?
She bids her footman put it in her head.
Chloe—is prudent—Would you too be wise?
Then never break your heart when Chloe dies.

One certain portrait may (I grant) be seen,
Which Heav'n has varnish'd out, and made a Queen:

The same for ever! and describ'd by all
With truth and goodness, as with crown and ball.
Poets heap virtues, painters gems at will,
And shew their zeal, and hide their want of skill.
'Tis well—but artists! who can paint or write,
To draw the naked is your true delight.
That robe of quality so struts and swells,
None see what parts of nature it conceals:
Th'exactest traits of body or of mind,
We owe to models of an humble kind.
If Queenberry to strip there's no compelling,
'Tis from a handmaid we must take an Helen.
From Peer or Bishop 'tis no easy thing
To draw the man who loves his God, or King:
Alas! I copy (or my draught would fail)
From honest Mah'met, or plain Parson Hale.

But grant, in public, Men sometimes are shown,
A Woman's seen in private life alone:
Our bolder talents in full light display'd;
Your virtues open fairest in the shade.
Bred to disguise, in public 'tis you hide;
There, none distinguish 'twixt your shame or pride,
Weakness or delicacy; all so nice,
That each may seem a virtue or a vice.

In Men we various ruling passions find;
In Women, two almost divide the kind;
Those, only fix'd, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure and the love of sway.

That, Nature gives; and where the lesson
taught

Is but to please, can pleasure seem a fault?
Experience, this; by Man's oppression curst,
They seek the second not to lose the first.

Men, some to bus'ness, some to pleasure take;
But ev'ry Woman is at heart a rake:
Men, some to quiet, some to public strife;
But ev'ry Lady would be queen for life.
Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens!
Pow'r all their end, but beauty all the means:
In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
As leaves them scarce a subject in their age:
For foreign glory, foreign joy they roam;
No thought of peace or happiness at home.
But wisdom's triumph is well tim'd retreat,
As hard a science to the fair as great!
Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone.
Worn out in public, weary ev'ry eye,
Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

Pleasures the sex, as children birds, pursue;
Still out of reach, yet never out of view;
Sure, if they catch, to spoil the toy at most,
To covet flying, and regret when lost:
At last, to follies youth could scarce defend,
It grows their age's prudence to pretend;
Atham'd to own they gave delight before,
Reduc'd to feign it when they give no more:
As hags hold Sabbaths, less for joy than spight,
So these their merry, miserable night;
Still round and round the ghosts of beauty glide,
And haunt the places where their honour dy'd.

See how the world its veterans rewards:
A youth of frolics, an old age of cards;
Fair to no purpose, artful to no end,
Young without lovers, old without a friend;
A sop for their passion, but their prize a sor,
Alive, ridiculous, and dead, forgot!

Ah! friend! to dazzle let the vain design;
To raise the thought, and touch the heart be thine!
That charm shall grow, while what fatigues the
ring,

Flaunts and goes down an unregarded thing:
So when the Sun's broad beam has tir'd the
sight,

All mild ascends the Moon's more sober light;
Serene in virgin modesty she shines,
And, unobserv'd, the glaring orb declines.

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day;
She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear;
She who ne'er answers till a husband cools;
Or, if she rules him, never shews she rules;
Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
Yet has her humour most when she obeys:
Let fops or fortune fly which way they will;
Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille;
Spleen, vapours, or small-pox, above them all,
And mistress of herself, tho' china fall.

And

And yet, believe me, good as well as ill,
Woman's at best a contradiction still.
Heav'n, when it strives to polish all it can,
Its last best work, but forms a softer man;
Picks from each sex, to make the fav'rite blest,
Your love of pleasure, our desire of rest:
Blends, in exception to all gen'ral rules,
Your taste of follies with our scorn of fools:
Reserve with frankness, art with truth ally'd,
Courage with softness, modesty with pride;
Fix'd principles, with fancy ever new;
Shakes all together, and produces—You.

Be this a Woman's fame; with this unblest,
Toasts live a scorn, and queens may die a jest.
This Phœbus promis'd (I forget the year)
When those blue eyes first open'd on the sphere;
Ascendant Phœbus watch'd that hour with care,
Averted half your parents simple pray'r;
And gave you beauty, but deny'd the pelf
That buys your sex a tyrant o'er itself.
The gen'rous God, who wit and gold refines,
And ripens spirits as he ripens mines,
Kept dross for duchesses, the world shall know it,
To you gave sense, good-humour, and a Poet.

EPISTLE III.

To Allen, Lord Bathurst.

P. WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me?
You hold the word, from Jove to Momus giv'n,
That man was made the standing jest of Heav'n;
And gold but sent to keep the fools in play;
For some to heap, and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind
(And surely, Heav'n and I are of a mind)
Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
Deep hid the shining mischief under ground:
But when by man's audacious labour won,
Flam'd forth this rival to its fire, the sun;
Then careful Heav'n supply'd two sorts of men;
To squander these, and those to hide agen.

Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
We find our tenets just the same at last.
Both fairly owning, riches in effect,
No grace of Heav'n, or token of th'elect;
Giv'n to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the devil.

B. What Nature wants, commodious gold
bestows;

'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it starve:
What Nature wants (a phrase I must distrust)
Extends to luxury, extends to lust:

Useful I grant, it serves what life requires;
But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend:

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid:

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
In vain may heroes fight, and patriots rave,
If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.

Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
And, jingling down the back-stairs, told the crew,
"Old Cato is as great a rogue as you."

Blest paper-credit! last and best supply!
That lends corruption lighter wings to fly!
Gold, imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings;
A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,
Or ship off senates to some distant shore;
A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
Our fates and fortunes, as the wind shall blow:
Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
And silent sells a king, or buys a queen.

Oh! that such bulky bribes as all might see,
Still, as of old, incumber'd villany!
Could France or Rome divert our brave designs
With all their brandies, or with all their wines,
What could they more than knights and 'squires
confound,

Or water all the quorum ten miles round?
A statesman's slumbers how this speech would spoil!
'Sir, Spain has sent a thousand jars of oil;
'Huge bales of British cloth blockade the door:
'A hundred oxen at your levee roar.'

Poor avarice one torment more would find;
Nor could profusion squander all in kind.
Astride his cheese Sir Morgan might we meet;
And Worldly crying coals from street to street;
Whom, with a wig so wild, and mien so maz'd,
Pity mistakes for some poor tradesman craz'd.
Had Colepepper's whole wealth been hops and
hogs,

Could he himself have sent it to the dogs?
His Grace will game: to White's a bull be led,
With spurning heels and with a butting head.
To White's be carry'd, as to ancient games,
Fair courfers, vases, and alluring dames.
Shall then Uxorio, if the stakes he sweep,
Bear home six whores, and make his lady weep?
Or soft Adonis, so perfum'd and fine,
Drive to St. James's a whole herd of swine?
Oh filthy check on all industrious skill,
To spoil the nation's last great trade, Quadrille!
Since then, my Lord, on such a world we fall,
What say you? B. Say? Why take it, gold
and all.

P. What riches gives us, let us then inquire:
Meat, fire, and cloaths. B. What more. P. Meat,
cloaths, and fire.

Is this too little? would you more than live?
Alas! 'tis more than Turner finds they give.
Alas! 'tis more than (all his visions past)
Unhappy Wharton, waking, found at last!
What can they give? to dying Hopkins, heirs;
To Chartres vigour; Japhet, nose and ears?
Can they, in gems bid pallid Hippia glow?
In Fulvia's buckle ease the throbs below?
Or heal, old Narses, thy obscurer ail,
With all th'embroid'ry plaster'd at thy tail?
They might (were Harpax not too wise to spend)
Give Harpax self the blessing of a friend;
Or find some doctor that would save the life
Of wretched Shylock, spite of Shylock's wife:

But

But thousands die, without or this or that;
Die, and endow a college, or a cat!
To some, indeed, Heav'n grants the happier fate,
T'enrich a bastard, or a son they hate. [part?
Perhaps you think the poor might have their
Bond damns the poor, and hates them from his
heart:

The grave Sir Gilbert holds it for a rule,
That ev'ry man in want is knave or fool:
'God cannot love (says Blunt, with tearless eyes)
'The wretch he starves'—and *piously* denies:
But the good Bishop, with a meeker air,
Admits, and leaves them Providence's care.

Yet, to be just to those poor men of pelf,
Each does but hate his neighbour as himself:
Damn'd to the mines, an equal fate betides
The slave that digs it, and the slave that hides.

B. Who suffer thus, mere charity should own,
Must act on motives pow'rful, tho' unknown.

P. Some war, some plague, or famine they foresee,
Some revelation hid from you and me.
Why Shylock wants a meal the cause is found;
He thinks a loaf will rise to fifty pound.
What made Directors cheat in South-Sea year?
To live on ven'son when it sold so dear.
Ask you why Phryne the whole auction buys?
Phryne foresees a general excise.

Why she and Sappho raise that monstrous sum?
Alas! they fear a man will cost a plum.

Wife Peter sees the world's respect for gold,
And therefore hopes this nation may be sold:
Glorious ambition! Peter swell thy store,
And be what Rome's great Didius was before.

The crown of Poland, venal twice an age,
To just three millions stinted modest Gage.
But nobler scenes Maria's dreams unfold,
Hereditary realms, and worlds of gold.
Congenial souls! whose life one av'rice joins,
And one fate buries in th'Asturian mines.

Much-injur'd Blunt! why bears he Britain's
hate?

A wizard told him in these words our fate:

'At length corruption, like a gen'ral flood
(So long by watchful ministers withstood)
'Shall deluge all; and av'rice creeping on,
'Spread like a low-born mist, and blot the sun;
'Statesman and patriot ply alike the stocks,
'Peercis and butler share alike the box,
'And judges job, and bishops bite the town,
'And mighty dukes pack cards for half a crown.
'See Britain sunk in lucre's sordid charms,
'And France reveng'd of Anne's and Edward's
'arms!' [brain,

'Twas no court badge, great Scriv'ner! fir'd thy
Nor lordly luxury, nor city gain:
No, 'twas thy righteous end, ashamed to see
Senates degen'rate, patriots disagree,
And nobly wishing party-rage to cease,
To buy both sides, and give thy country peace.

'All this is madness,' cries a sober sage:
But who, my friend, has reason in his rage?
'The ruling passion, be it what it will,
'The ruling passion conquers reason still.
Less mad the wildest whimsey we can frame,
Than ev'n that passion, if it has no aim;

For tho' such motives folly you may call,
The folly's greater to have none at all. [ends,
Hear then the truth: 'Tis Heav'n each passion
'And diff'rent men directs to diff'rent ends.
'Extremes in nature equal good produce;
'Extremes in man concur to gen'ral use.'

Ask we what makes one keep, and one bestow?
That Pow'r who bids the ocean ebb and flow;
Bids seed-time, harvest, equal course maintain,
Thro' reconcil'd extremes of drought and rain;
Builds life on death, on change duration founds,
And gives th'eternal wheels to know their rounds.

Riches, like insects, when conceal'd they lie,
Wait but for wings, and in their season fly.
Who sees pale Mammon pine amidst his store,
Sees but a backward steward for the poor;
This year a reservoir, to keep and spare;
The next, a fountain, spouting thro' his heir,
In lavish streams to quench a country's thirst;
And men and dogs shall drink him till they burst.

Old Cotta sham'd his fortune and his birth,
Yet was not Cotta void of wit or worth:
What tho' (the use of barb'rous spits forgot)
His kitchen vy'd in coolness with his grot?
His court with nettles, moats with cresses stor'd,
With soups unbought and sallads blest his board?
If Cotta liv'd on pulse, it was no more
Than bramins, faints, and fages did before;
To cram the rich was prodigal expence;
And who would take the poor from Providence?
Like some lone Chartreux stands the good old hall,
Silence without, and fasts within the wall;
No rafter'd roofs with dance and tabor sound,
No noontide bell invites the country round:
Tenants with sighs the smokeless tow'rs survey,
And turn th'unwilling steeds another way:
Benighted wanderers, the forest o'er,
Curse the fav'd candle, and unop'ning door;
While the gaunt mastiff growling at the gate,
Affrights the beggar, whom he longs to eat.

Not so his son, he mark'd this oversight,
And then mistook reverse of wrong for right.
(For what to shun will no great knowledge need;
But what to follow is a task indeed.)

Yet sure, of qualities deserving praise,
More go to ruin fortunes than to raise.
What slaughter'd hecatombs, what floods of wine,
Fill the capacious 'squire and deep divine!
Yet no mean motives this profusion draws,
His oxen perish in his country's cause;
'Tis George and Liberty that crowns the cup,
And zeal for that great house which ears him up.
The woods recede around the naked seat,
The Sylvans groan—no matter—for the fleet:
Next goes his wool—to clothe our valiant bands;
Last, for his country's love, he sells his lands.
To town he comes, completes the nation's hope,
And heads the bold train-bands, and burns a
pope.

And shall not Britain now reward his toils,
Britain, that pays her patriots with her spoils?
In vain at court the bankrupt pleads his cause;
His thankless country leaves him to her laws.

The sense to value riches, with the art
T'enjoy them, and the virtue to import,

Not

Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursu'd,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude;
To balance fortune by a just expence,
Join with economy, magnificence;
With splendour, charity; with plenty, health!
Oh teach us, Bathurst! yet unspoil'd by wealth!
That secret rare, between th'extremes to move,
Of mad good-nature, and of mean self-love.

B. To worth or want well weigh'd be bounty
giv'n,

And ease or emulate the care of Heav'n;
(Whose measure full o'erflows on human race)
Mend Fortune's fault, and justify her grace.
Wealth in the gross is death; but life diffus'd,
As poison heals, in just proportion us'd:
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies;
But well dispers'd, is incense to the skies.

P. Who starves by nobles, or with nobles eats?
The wretch that trusts them, and the rogue that
cheats.

Is there a lord who knows a cheerful noon
Without a fidler, flatt'rer, or buffoon?
Whose table, wit, or modest merit share,
Unelbow'd by a gamester, pimp, or player?
Who copies your's, or Oxford's better part,
To ease th'oppress'd, and raise the sinking heart?
Where'er he shines, oh fortune gild the scene,
And angels guard him in the golden mean!
There English bounty yet awhile may stand,
And honour linger ere it leaves the land.

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Rofs:
Pleas'd Vaga echoes thro' her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry
brow?

From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring thro' the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Rofs,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Rofs divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate;
Him portion'd maids, apprentic'd orphans blest;
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Rofs relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the med'cine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balk'd are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place;
And vile attornies, now an useless race.

B. Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the pow'r to do!
Oh say, what sums that gen'rous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?

P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children
clear,
This man possess—five hundred pounds a year.

Blush, grandeur blush! proud courts withdraw
your blaze!

Ye little stars! hide your diminish'd rays.

B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?

P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue fill'd the space between;
Prov'd by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living sav'd a candle's end!
Should'ring God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay extends his hands;
That live-long wig which Gorgon's self might
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone. [own,
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,
With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villers lies—alas! how chang'd from him
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,
The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.

No wit to flatter left, of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

His Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresee,
And well (he thought) advis'd him, — 'Live
like me.'

As well his Grace reply'd, 'Like you, Sir John?
'That I can do, when all I have is gone.'
Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse,
Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confess'd;
Arise and tell me, was thy death more blest'd?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall,
For very want; he could not build a wall.
His only daughter in a stranger's pow'r,
For very want; he could not pay a dow'r.
A few grey hairs his rev'rend temples crown'd,
'Twas very want that sold them for two pound.
What ev'n deny'd a cordial at his end,
Banish'd the doctor, and expell'd the friend?
What but a want, which you perhaps think mad,
Yet numbers feel the want of what he had!
Cutler and Brutus, dying, both exclaim,
'Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name!'

Say, for such worth are other worlds prepar'd?
Or are they both in this their own reward?
A knotty point! to which we now proceed.
But you are tir'd—I'll tell a tale—E. Agreed.

P. Where London's column, pointing at the skies,
Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies;
There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,
A plain good man, and Balaam was his name;

P

Religious,

Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth;
His word would pass for more than he was worth.
One solid dish his week-day meal affords,
An added pudding solemniz'd the Lord's:
Constant at church and 'change; his gains were
sure,
His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The dev'l was piqu'd such faintship to behold,
And long'd to tempt him, like good Job of old:
But Satan now is wiser than of yore,
And tempts by making rich, not making poor.
Rouz'd by the prince of air, the whirlwinds sweep
The surges, and plunge his father in the deep;
Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,
And two rich shipwrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks;
He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes:
'Live like yourself,' was soon my lady's word;
And lo! two puddings smok'd upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,
An honest factor stole a gem away:
He pledg'd it to the knight; the knight had wit,
So kept the di'mond; and the rogue was bit.
Some scruple rose, but thus he eas'd his thought,
'I'll now give sixpence where I gave a groat;
'Where once I went to church, I'll now go
twice;
'And am so clear too of all other vice.'

The tempter saw his time; the work he ply'd;
Stocks and subscriptions pour on ev'ry side,
Till all the daemon makes his full descent
In one abundant show'r of cent. per cent.
Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,
Then dubs director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,
Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit;
What late he call'd a blessing, now was wit;
And God's good providence, a lucky hit.
Things change their titles as our manners turn:
His counting-house employ'd the Sunday morn:
Seldom at church ('twas such a busy life)
But duly sent his family and wife.
There (so the dev'l ordain'd) one Christmas tide
My good old lady catch'd a cold, and dy'd.

A nymph of quality admires our knight;
He marries, bows at court, and grows polite:
Leaves the dull city, and joins (to please the fair)
The well-bred cuckolds in St. James's air:
First, for his son a gay commission buys,
Who drinks, whores, fights, and in a duel dies.
His daughter flaunts a viscount's tawdry wife;
She bears a coronet and p—x for life.
In Britain's senate he a seat obtains,
And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.
My lady falls to play: so bad her chance,
He must repair it; takes a bribe from France;
The House impeach him, — Coningsby harangues;

The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs;
Wife, son, and daughter, Satan! are thy own;
His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the crown:
The devil and the king divide the prize,
And sad Sir Balaam curses God and dies.

EPISTLE IV.

To Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington.

'TIS strange, the miser should his cares employ
To gain those riches he can ne'er enjoy:
Is it less strange the prodigal should waste
His wealth to purchase what he ne'er can taste?
Not for himself he sees, or hears, or eats;
Artists must chuse his pictures, music, meats:
He buys for Topham drawings and designs;
For Pembroke statues, dirty gods, and coins;
Rare monkish manuscripts for Hearne alone;
And books for Mead, and butterflies for Sloane.
Think we all these are for himself? No more
Than his fine wife, alas! or finer whore.

For what has Virro painted, built, and planted?
Only to shew how many tastes he wanted.
What brought Sir Visto's ill-got wealth to waste?
Some daemon whisper'd 'Visto! have a taste.'
Heav'n visits with a taste the wealthy fool,
And needs no rod but Ripley with a rule.
See! sportive fate, to punish awkward pride,
Bids Bubo build, and sends him such a guide:
A standing sermon, at each year's expence,
That never coxcomb reach'd magnificence!

You shew us Rome was glorious, not profuse,
And pompous buildings once were things of use:
Yet shall (my Lord) your just, your noble rules
Fill half the land with imitating fools; [take,
Who random drawings from your sheets shall
And of one beauty many blunders make;
Load some vain church with old theatric state,
Turn arcs of triumph to a garden-gate;
Reverse your ornaments, and hang them all
On some patch'd dog-hole ek'd with ends of wall;
Then clap four slices of pilaster on't,
That, lac'd with bits of rustic, makes a front.
Shall call the winds thro' long arcades to roar,
Proud to catch cold at a Venetian door;
Conscious they act a true Palladian part,
And if they starve, they starve by rules of art.

Oft have you hinted to your brother peer,
A certain truth, which many buy too dear:
Something there is more needful than expence,
And something previous ev'n to taste—'tis sense:
Good sense, which only is the gift of Heav'n,
And tho' no science, fairly worth the seven:
A light, which in yourself you must perceive;
Jones and Le Nôtre have it not to give.

To build, to plant, whatever you intend,
To rear the column, or the arch to bend,
To swell the terras, or to sink the grot;
In all, let nature never be forgot;
But treat the Goddess like a modest fair,
Nor over-dress, nor leave her wholly bare;
Let not each beauty ev'rywhere be spy'd,
Where half the skill is decently to hide.
He gains all points who pleasingly confounds,
Surprizes, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Consult the genius of the place in all;
That tells the waters or to rise or fall;
Or helps th'ambitious hill the heav'ns to scale;
Or scoops in circling theatres the vale;
Calls in the country, catches op'ning glades,
Joins willing woods, and varies shades from shades;
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There gla

Now breaks, or now directs, th'intending lines;
Paints as you plant, and, as you work, designs.

Still follow sense, of ev'ry art the soul,
Parts answering parts shall slide into a whole;
Spontaneous beauties all around advance,
Start ev'n from difficulty, strike from chance;
Nature shall join you, time shall make it grow
A work to wonder at—perhaps a Stow.

Without it, proud Versailles! thy glory falls;
And Nero's terraces desert their walls:

The vast parterres a thousand hands shall make,
Lo! Cobham comes, and floats them with a lake:
Or cut wide views thro' mountains to the plain,
You'll wish your hill or shelter'd seat again.

Ev'n in an ornament its place remark,
Nor in an hermitage set Dr. Clarke.

Behold Villario's ten years toil complete;
His Quincunx darkens, his Espaliers meet;
The wood supports the plain, the parts unite,
And strength of shade contends with strength of light;

A waving glow the bloomy beds display,
Blushing in bright diversities of day,
With silver-quiv'ring rills meander'd o'er—
Enjoy them, you! Villario can no more;
Tir'd of the scene parterres and fountains yield,
He finds at last he better likes a field.

Thro' his young woods how pleas'd Sabinus
fray'd,

Or sat delighted in the thick'ning shade,
With annual joy the redd'ning shoots to greet,
Or see the stretching branches long to meet!
His son's fine taste an op'ner vista loves,
Foe to the dryads of his father's groves;
One boundless green, or flourish'd carpet views,
With all the mournful family of yews;
The thriving plants, ignoble broomsticks made,
Now sweep those alleys they were born to shade.

At Timon's villa let us pass a day, [away!]
Where all cry out,— 'What fums are thrown
So proud, so grand; of that stupendous air,
Soft and agreeable, come never there.

Greatness, with Timon, dwells in such a draught
As brings all Brobdignag before your thought.

To compass this his building is a town,
His pond an ocean, his parterre a down:
Who but must laugh, the master when he sees,
A puny insect, shiv'ring at a breeze!

Lo, what huge heaps of littleness around!
The whole, a labour'd quarry above ground.
Two Cupids squirt before: a lake behind
Improves the keenness of the northern wind.

His gardens next your admiration call;
On ev'ry side you look, behold the wall!

No pleasing intricacies intervene,
No artful wildness to perplex the scene;
Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.

The suff'ring eye inverted nature sees,
Trees cut to statues, statues thick as trees;
With here a fountain never to be play'd;
And there a summer-house that knows no shade;
Here Amphitrite sails thro' myrtle bow'rs;
There gladiators fight, or die in flow'rs;

Unwater'd see the drooping sea-horse mourn;
And swallows roost in Nilus' dusty urn.

My lord advances with majestic mien,
Smit with the mighty pleasure to be seen:
But soft—by regular approach—not yet—
First thro' the length of yon hot terrace sweat;
And when up ten steep slopes you've dragg'd your
thighs,

Just at his study-door he'll bless your eyes.

His study! with what authors is it stor'd?
In books, not authors, curious is my lord;
To all their dated backs he turns you round;
These Aldus printed, those Du Sueil has bound.
Lo, some are vellum, and the rest as good
For all his lordship knows, but they are wood.
For Locke or Milton 'tis in vain to look;
These shelves admit not any modern book.

And now the chapel's silver bell you hear,
That summons you to all the pride of pray'r:
Light quirks of music, broken and uneven,
Make the soul dance upon a jig to heav'n.
On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio or Laguerre,
Or gilded clouds in fair expansion lie,
And bring all Paradise before your eye.
To rest, the cushion and soft dean invite,
Who never mentions hell to ears polite.

But hark! the chiming clocks to dinner call;
A hundred footsteps scrape the marble hall:
The rich buffet well colour'd serpents grace,
And gaping Tritons spew to wash your face.
Is this a dinner? this a genial room?
No, 'tis a temple and a hecatomb.

A solemn sacrifice, perform'd in state;
You drink by measure, and to minutes eat.
So quick retires each flying course, you'd swear,
Sancho's dread doctor and his wand were there;
Between each act the trembling salvers ring,
From soup to sweet-wine, and God bless the King.
In plenty starving, tantaliz'd in state,
And complaisantly help'd to all I hate,
Treated, care's'd, and tir'd, I take my leave,
Sick of his civil pride from morn to eve;
I curse such lavish cost, and little skill,
And swear no day was ever past so ill.

Yet hence the poor are cloth'd, the hungry fed
Health to himself, and to his infants bread
The lab'rer bears: what his hard heart denies,
His charitable vanity supplies.

Another age shall see the golden ear
Imbrown the slope, and nod on the parterre,
Deep harvest bury all his pride has plann'd,
And laughing Ceres reassume the land.

Who then shall grace, or who improve the
soil?

Who plants like Bathurst, or who builds like
'Tis use alone that sanctifies expence, [Boyle.
And splendor borrows all her rays from sense.

His father's acres who enjoys in peace,
Or makes his neighbours glad, if he increase:
Whose cheerful tenants bless their yearly toil,
Yet to their lord owe more than to the soil;
Whose ample lawns are not ashamed to feed
The milky heifer and deserving steed;

Whose rising forests, not for pride or show,
But future buildings, future navies, grow:
Let his plantations stretch from down to down,
First shade a country, and then raise a town.

You too proceed! make falling arts your care,
Erect new wonders, and the old repair;
Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
And be whate'er Vitruvius was before:
Till kings call forth th'ideas of your mind
(Proud to accomplish what such hands design'd)
Bid harbours open, public ways extend,
Bid temples, worthier of the god, ascend;
Bid the broad arch the dang'rous flood contain,
The mole projected break the roaring main;
Back to his bounds their subject sea command,
And roll obedient rivers thro' the land;
These honours, peace to happy Britain brings;
These are imperial works, and worthy kings.

§ 15. *Epistle to Mr. Addison, occasioned by his
Dialogues on Medals.* POPE.

SEE the wild waste of all devouring years!
How Rome her own sad sepulchre appears,
With nodding arches broken temples spread!
The very tombs now vanish'd like their dead!
Imperial wonders rais'd on nations spoil'd,
Where, mix'd with slaves, the groaning martyr
toil'd:

Huge theatres, that now unpeopled woods,
Now drain'd a distant country of her floods:
Fanes, which admiring gods with pride survey,
Statues of men, scarce less alive than they!
Some felt the silent stroke of mould'ring age,
Some hostile fury, some religious rage.
Barbarian blindness, Christian zeal conspire,
And Papal piety, and Gothic fire.
Perhaps, by its own ruins sav'd from flame,
Some bury'd marble half preserves a name;
That name the learn'd with fierce disputes pur-
And give to Titus old Vespasian's due. [sue,

Ambition sigh'd: she found it vain to trust
The faithless column and the crumbling bust:
Huge moles, whose shadow stretch'd from shore
to shore,

Their ruins perish'd, and their place no more!
Convinc'd, she now contracts her vast design,
And all her triumphs shrink into a coin.
A narrow orb each crowded conquest keeps;
Beneath her palm here sad Judea weeps.
Now scantier limits the proud arch confine,
And scarce are seen the prostrate Nile or Rhine;
A small Euphrates thro' the piece is roll'd,
And little eagles wave their wings in gold.

The Medal, faithful to its charge of fame,
Thro' climes and ages bears each form and name;
In one short view subjected to our eye,
Gods, emp'rors, heroes, sages, beauties, lie.
With sharpen'd sight pale antiquaries pore;
Th'inscription value, but the rust adore.
This the blue varnish, that the green endears,
The sacred rust of twice ten hundred years!
To gain Pescennius one employs his schemes;
One grasps a Cærops in extatic dreams.

Poor Vadius, long with learned spleen devour'd,
Can taste no pleasure since his shield was scour'd:
And Curio, restless by the fair one's side,
Sighs for an Otho, and neglects his bride.

Theirs is the vanity, the learning thine:
Touch'd by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush, these studies thy regard engage;
These pleas'd the fathers of poetic rage:
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

Oh when shall Britain, conscious of her claim,
Stand emulous of Greek and Roman fame?
In living medals see her wars enroll'd,
And vanquish'd realms supply recording gold!
Here, rising bold, the patriot's honest face;
There, warriors frowning in historic brass:
Then future ages with delight shall see
How Plato's, Bacon's, Newton's looks agree;
Or in fair series laurell'd bards be shown,
A Virgil there, and here an Addison.
Then shall thy Craggs (and let me call him mine)
On the cast ore, another Pollio, shine;
With aspect open shall erect his head,
And round the orb in lasting notes be read,
'Statetman, yet friend to truth! of soul sincere,
'In action faithful, and in honour clear;
'Who broke no promise, serv'd no private end;
'Who gain'd no title, and who lost no friend;
'Ennobled by himself, by all approv'd;
'And prais'd, unenvy'd, by the Muse he lov'd.'

§ 16. *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot, being the Prologue
to the Satires.* POPE.

P. SHUT, shut the door, good John! fatigu'd I
said;

Tye up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What walls can guard me, or what shades
can hide?

They pierce my thickets, thro' my grot they glide;
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the Church is free;
Ev'n Sunday shines no Sabbath-day to me!
Then from the Mint walks forth the man of rhyme;
Happy to catch me just at dinner-time!

Is there a parson, much bemus'd in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoom'd his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza when he should engross?
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, scrawls
With desprate charcoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain,
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cause:
Poor Cornus fees his frantic wife elope;
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.

Friend

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be silent, and who will not lye:
To laugh, were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all pow'r of face;
I fit with sad civility, I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'

Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by soft zephyrs thro' the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
'I'm all submission, what you'd have it, make it.'

Three things another's modest wishes bound;
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.

Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his Grace:
'I want a patron; ask him for a place.'

Pitholeon libell'd me—'but here's a letter
'Informs you, Sir, t'was when he knew no better.

'Dare you refuse him? Curl invites to dine;
'He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'

Bless me! a packet.—'Tis a stranger fues,
'A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'

If I dislike it, 'Furies, death and rage!
If I approve, 'Commend it to the stage.'

There (thank my stars) my whole commission
The players and I are, luckily, no friends. [ends,
Fir'd that the house reject him, 'Sdeath, I'll
print it, [Lintot.]

'And shame the fools—Your int'rest, Sir, with
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:

'Not, Sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his attacks;

At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, strait I clap the door,

'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.'
'Tis sung, when Midas' ears began to spring

(Midas, a sacred person and a king)
His very minister who spy'd them first,

(Some say his queen) was forc'd to speak, or burst.
And is not mine, my friend, a forer case,

When ev'ry cockcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous

things;
I'd never name queens, ministers, or kings;

Keep close to ears; and those let asses prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing, if they bite and kick?

Out with it, Dunciad! let the secret pass,
That secret to each fool, that he's an ass:

The truth once told (and wherefore should we lie?)
The queen of Midas slept, and so may I.

You think this cruel: take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.

Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd can'st hear the mighty crack:

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulsions hurl'd,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.

Who shames a scribbler? break one cobweb thro',
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:

Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,

Thron'd on the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!

Whom have I hurt! has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arch'd eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?

And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
His butcher's Henly, his free-mason's Moor.

Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit? [offend:

Still Sappho—A. Hold, for God's sake—you'll
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:

I too could write, and I am twice as tall; [all.
But foes like these—P. One flatt'rer's worse than

Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.

One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes;

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend:

This prints my Letters; that expects a bribe;
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'

There are, who to my person pay their court;
I cough like Horace, and, tho' lean, am short.

Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high;
Such Ovid's nose; and, 'Sir! you have an eye'—

Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgrac'd my betters met in me.

Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head;'

And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer dy'd three thousand years ago.

Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in ink, my parent's, or my own?

As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisp'd in numbers, for the numbers came.

I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobey'd:

The Muse but serv'd to ease some friend, not wife,
To help me thro' this long disease, my life;

To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserv'd to bear.

But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;

Well-natur'd Garth inflam'd with early praise;
And Congreve lov'd; and Swift endur'd my lays;

The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read;
Ev'n mitred Rochester would nod the head;

And St. John's self (great Dryden's friends be-
With open arms receiv'd one poet more. [fore)

Happy my studies, when by these approv'd!
Happier their author, when by these belov'd!

From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?

Like gentle Fanny's was my flow'ry theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.

Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wish'd the man a dinner, and sat still.

Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret ;
I never answer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madness made them print,
I wag'd no war with Bedlam or the Mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad ;
If wrong, I smil'd ; if right, I kill'd the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence ;
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right ;
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their right.

Yet ne'er one sprig of laurel grac'd these ribalds,
From flashing Bentley down to piddling Tibalds :
Each wight who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Ev'n such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserv'd in Milton's or in Shakespear's name.
Pretty ! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms !
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were others angry, I excus'd them too ;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find ;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify ? for who can guess ?
The bard whom pilfer'd pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half a crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear, [a year ;
And strains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines
He, who still wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left :
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning :
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad :
All these, my modest Satire bade translate,
And own'd that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume and stamp, and roar and chafe !
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.

Peace to all such ! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease :
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himself to rise ;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
Alike reserv'd to blame or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieg'd,
And so obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd ;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause ;
While wits and Templars ev'ry sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

What tho' my name stood rubric on the walls,
Or plaster'd posts, with claps, in capitals ?

Or smoking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad ?
I sought no homage from the race that write ;
I kept, like Asian monarchs, from their sight :
Poems I heeded (now berhym'd so long)
No more than thou, great George ! a birthday song.
I ne'er with wits or wittings pass'd my days,
To spread about the itch of verse and praise ;
Nor, like a puppy, dangled thro' the town,
To fetch and carry sing-song up and down ;
Nor at rehearsals sweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my side ;
But sick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To Bufo left the whole Castalian state.

Proud as Apollo on his forked hill,
Sat full-blown Bufo, puff'd by ev'ry quill ;
Fed with soft dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand and hand in song.
His library (where busts of poets, dead,
And a true Pindar stood, without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undistinguish'd race,
Who first his judgment ask'd, and then a place :
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his feat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and some days eat :
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid some bards with port, and some with praise ;
To some a dry rehearsal was assign'd ;
And others (harder still) he paid in kind.
Dryden alone (what wonder !) came not nigh ;
Dryden alone escap'd this judging eye :
But still the Great have kindness in reserve ;
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to starve.

May some choice patron bless each grey goose-
May ev'ry Bavius have his Bufo still ! [quill !
So when a statesman wants a day's defence,
Or envy holds a whole week's war with sense,
Or simple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whistled off my hands !
Blest be the Great ! for those they take away,
And those they left me ; for they left me Gay ;
Left me to see neglected genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb :
Of all thy blameless life the sole return,
My verse, and Queensb'ry weeping o'er thy urn.

Oh let me live my own, and die so too !
(To live and die is all I have to do :)
Maintain a poet's dignity and ease,
And see what friends, and read what books I please :
Above a patron, tho' I condescend
Sometimes to call a minister my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs :
I pay my debts, believe, and say my pray'rs ;
Can sleep without a poem in my head ;
Nor know if Dennis be alive or dead.

Why am I ask'd what next shall see the light ?
Heav'n's ! was I born for nothing but to write ?
Has life no joys for me ? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to serve, no soul to save ? [doubt
" I found him close with Swift"—" Indeed ! no
(Cries prating Balbus) something will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will ;
'No, such a genius never can lie still ;'
And then for mine, obligingly mistakes
The first lampoon Sir Will or Bufo makes.

Poor

Poor guiltless I ! and can I chuse but smile,
When ev'ry coxcomb knows me by my style ?
Curst be the verse, how well foe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-ey'd virgin steal a tear !
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fall'n worth, or beauty in distress,
Who loves a lye, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out ;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent, wounds an author's honest fame ;
Who can your merit selfishly approve,
And shew the sense of it without the love ;
Who has the vanity to call you friend ;
Yet wants the honour injur'd, to defend ;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lye not, must at least betray :
Who to the dean and silver bell can swear,
And sees at Canons what was never there ;
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Make satire a lampoon, and fiction lye.
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.

Let Sporus tremble—*A.* What ? that thing of
Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk ? [silk,
Satire or sense, alas ! can Sporus feel ?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel !
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings ;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys :
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal finiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks ;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies.
His wit all see-saw, between that and this ;
Now high, now low, now master up, now mis ;
And he himself one vile antithesis. }
Amphibious thing ! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have express'd,
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest.
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool,
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor servile ; be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways.
That flatt'ry, ev'n to kings, he held a shame,
And thought a lye in verse or prose the same.
That not in fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song :
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit ;

Laugh'd at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad ;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never shed ;
The tale reviv'd, the lye so oft o'erthrown,
Th'imputed trash and dulness not his own ;
The morals blacken'd when the writings 'scape,
The libell'd person, and the pictur'd shape ;
Abuse on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, spread ;
A friend in exile, or a father dead ;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his sov'reign's ear—
Welcome for thee, fair virtue ! all the past :
For thee, fair virtue ! welcome ev'n the last !
A. But why insult the poor, affront the great ?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry state :
Alike my scorn, if he succeed or fail,
Sporus at court, or Japhet in a jail,
A hireling scribb'ler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the post corrupt, or of the shire ;
If on a pillory, or near a throne,
He gain his prince's ear, or lose his own.

Yet soft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit :
This dreaded sat'rist Dennis will confess
Foe to his pride, but friend to his distress :
So humble, he has knock'd at Tibbald's door,
Has drank with Cibber, nay has rhym'd for Moor.
Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply ?
Three thousand suns went down on Welsted's lye.
To please a mistress, one aspers'd his life ;
He lash'd him not, but let her be his wife :
Let Budget charge low Grubstreet on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his will ;
Let the two Curls of town and court, abuse
His father, mother, body, soul, and muse.
Yet why ? that father held it for a rule,
It was a sin to call our neighbour fool :
That harmless mother thought no wife a whore :
Hear this, and spare his family, James Moor !
Unspotted names, and memorable long !
If there be force in virtue, or in song.

Of gentle blood (part shed in honour's cause,
While yet in Britain honour had applause)
Each parent sprung—*A.* What fortune, pray ?—

P. Their own,
And better got, than Bestia's from the throne.
Born to no pride, inheriting no strife,
Nor marrying discord in a noble wife,
Stranger to evil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age.
No courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an oath, nor hazarded a lye.
Unlearn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art ;
No language, but the language of the heart.
By nature honest, by experience wise,
Healthy by temperance and by exercise ;
His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
His death was instant, and without a groan.
O grant me thus to live, and thus to die !
Who sprung from kings shall know less joy than I
O friend ! may each domestic bliss be thine !
Be no unpleasing melancholy mine :
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age ;

With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,
Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the sky!
On cares like these, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend;
Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he serv'd a queen.
A. Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

§ 17. *Satires and Epistles of Horace imitated.* POPE.

SATIRE I.

To Mr. Fortescue.

P. **T**HERE are (I scarce can think it, but am told)
There are, to whom my Satire seems too bold;
Scarce to wife Peter complaisant enough;
And something said of Chartres much too rough.
The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to say;
Lord Fanny spins a thousand such a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the rich in awe,
I come to council learned in the law:
You'll give me, like a friend both sage and free,
Advice; and (as you use) without a fee.
F. I'd write no more.

P. Not write? but then I think;
And, for my soul, I cannot sleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools rush into my head, and so I write.

F. You could not do a worse thing for your life.
Why, if the nights seem tedious—take a wife:
Or rather truly, if your point be rest,
Lettuce and cowslip wine; *probatum est*.
But talk with Celsus, Celsus will advise
Hartshorn, or something that shall close your eyes.
Or, if you needs must write, write Cæsar's praise:
You'll gain at least a knighthood, or the bays.

P. What! like Sir Richard, rumbling, rough,
and fierce, [the verse?
With arms, and George, and Brunswick crowd
Rend with tremendous sounds your ears asunder
With gun, drum, trumpet, blunderbuss, and thun-
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force, [der?
Paint angels trembling round his falling horse?

F. Then all your Muse's softer art display;
Let Carolina smooth the tuneful lay;
Lull with Amelia's liquid name the Nine,
And sweetly flow thro' all the royal line.

P. Alas! few verses touch their nicer ear;
They scarce can bear their Laureat twice a year;
And justly Cæsar scorns the poet's lays;
It is to history he trusts for praise.

F. Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it still,
Than ridicule all taste, blaspheme quadrille,
Abuse the city's best good men in metre,
And laugh at peers that put their trust in Peter.
Ev'n those you touch not, hate you—

P. What should ail them?

F. A hundred smart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer still you name you wound the more:
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a score.

P. Each mortal has his pleasure: none deny
Scarsdale his bottle; Darry his ham-pye;

Ridotta tips and dances, till she see
The doubling lustres dance as fast as she;
F— loves the senate, Hockleyhole his brother;
Like in all else, as one egg to another.
I love to pour out all myself, as plain
As downright Shippen, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as seen,
The soul stood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what spots (for spots I have) appear,
Will prove at least the medium must be clear.
In this impartial glass, my Muse intends
Fair to expose myself, my foes, my friends;
Publish the present age; but where my text
Is vice too high, reserve it for the next:
My foes shall wish my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the less lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing thro' my quill,
Verseman or proseman, term me which you will;
Papist or Protestant, or both between,
Like good Erasmus in an honest mean;
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.

Satire's my weapon, but I'm too discreet
To run a-muck, and tilt at all I meet;
I only wear it in a land of hectors,
Thieves, supercargoes, sharpers, and directors.
Save but our army! and let Jove incrust
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlasting rust!
Peace is my dear delight—not Fleury's more:
But touch me, and no minister so fore.
Whoe'er offends, at some unlucky time
Slides into verse, and hitches in a rhyme;
Sacred to ridicule his whole life long,
And the sad burthen of some merry song.

Slander or poison dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your judge be Page.
From furious Sappho scarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and asses lift their heels;
'Tis a bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not stung by pug.
So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat;
They'll never poison you, they'll only cheat.

Then, learned Sir (to cut the matter short)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the ev'ning of my day,
Or death's black wing already be display'd,
To wrap me in the universal shade;
Whether the darken'd room to muse invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the skew'r to write:
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.

F. Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;

In flow'r of age you perish for a song!
Plume and directors, Shylock and his wife,
Will club their testers, now, to take your life!

P. What? arm'd for virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of shameless guilty men;
Dash the proud gamester in his gilded car;
Bare the mean heart that lurks beneath a star;
Can there be wanting, to defend her cause,
Lights of the church, or guardians of the laws?

Could

Could pension'd Boileau lash in honest strain
 Flatt'ers and bigots, even in Louis' reign?
 Could Laureat Dryden pimp and fry'r engage,
 Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
 And I not strip the gilding off a knave,
 Unplac'd, unpension'd, no man's heir or slave?
 I will, or perish in the gen'rous cause:
 Hear this and tremble! you, who 'scape the laws.
 Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
 Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
 To virtue only and her friends a friend,
 The world beside may murmur, or commend.
 Know, all the distant din that world can keep,
 Rolls o'er my grotto, and but soothes my sleep.
 There, my retreat the best companions grace,
 Chiefs out of war, and statesmen out of place.
 There St. John mingles with my friendly bowl
 The feast of reason and the flow of soul:
 And he, whose lightning pierc'd th' Iberian lines,
 Now forms my quincunx, and now ranks my vines;
 Or tames the genius of the stubborn plain,
 Almost as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

Envy must own, I live among the great,
 No pimp of pleasure, and no spy of state;
 With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
 Fond to spread friendships, but to cover heats;
 To help who want, to forward who excel;
 This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
 And who unknown defame me, let them be
 Scribblers or peers, alike are mob to me.
 This is my plea, on this I rest my cause—
 What faith my counsel, learned in the laws?

F. Your plea is good; but still I say, beware!
 Laws are explain'd by men—so have a care.
 It stands on record, that in Richard's times
 A man was hang'd for very honest rhymes!
 Consult the statute, *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi sext. or prim. et quint. Eliz.

See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.

P. *Libels and Satires!* lawless things indeed!
 But grave *Epistles*, bringing vice to light,
 Such as a knight might read, a bishop write,
 Such as Sir Robert would approve—

F. Indeed?

The case is alter'd—you may then proceed;
 In such a cause the plaintiff will be hiss'd,
 My lords the judges laugh, and you're dismiss'd.

SATIRE II.

To Mr Bethel.

WHAT, and how great the Virtue and the art
 To live on little, with a cheerful heart
 (A doctrine sage, but truly none of mine)
 Let's talk my friend; but talk before we dine.
 Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
 Turns you from sound philosophy aside;
 Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
 And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.
 Hear Bethel's Sermon, not one vers'd in schools,
 But strong in sense, and wise without the rules.
 Go work, hunt, exercise! (he thus began)
 Then scorn a homely dinner if you can.
 Your wine lock'd up, your butler stroll'd abroad,
 Or fish deny'd (the river yet unthaw'd)

If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
 The pleasure lies in you, and not the meat.

Preach as I please, I doubt, our curious men
 Will chuse a pheasant still before a hen;
 Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
 Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
 Of carps and mullets why prefer the great
 (Tho' cut in pieces ere my lord can eat)
 Yet for small turbot such esteem profess?
 Because God made these large, the other less.
 Oldfield, with more than harpy throat endu'd,
 Cries, "Send me, Gods, a whole hog barbecue'd!"
 Oh blast it, South-winds, till a stench exhale
 Rank as the ripeness of a rabbit's tail.

By what criterion do you eat, d'ye think,
 If this is priz'd for sweetness, that for stink?
 When the tir'd glutton labours thro' a treat,
 He finds no relish in the sweetest meat;
 He calls for something bitter, something sour;
 And the rich feast concludes extremely poor:
 Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives still we see;
 Thus much is left of old Simplicity!

The Robin-red-breast till of late had rest,
 And children sacred held a Martin's nest,
 Till Becca-ficos sold so dev'lish dear
 To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.

Let me extol a cat on oysters fed;
 I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
 Or ev'n to crack like crawfish recommend;
 I'd never doubt at court to make a friend.

'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
 About one vice, and fall into the other:
 Between excess and famine lies a mean;
 Plain, but not fordid; tho' not splendid clean.
 Avidien, or his wife (no matter which,
 For him you'll call a dog, and her a bitch)
 Sell their presented partridges and fruits,
 And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:

One half-pint bottle serves them both to dine;
 And is at once their vinegar and wine.
 But on some lucky day (as when they found
 A lost bank-bill, or heard their son was drown'd)
 At such a feast, old vinegar to spare,
 Is what two souls so gen'rous cannot bear;
 Oil, tho' it stink, they, drop by drop, impart;
 But fouse the cabbage with a bounteous heart.

He knows to live who keeps the middle state,
 And neither leans on this side nor on that;
 Nor stops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay;
 Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
 Nor lets, like Nævius, ev'ry error pass;
 The musty wine, foul cloth, or greasy glass.

Now hear what blessings temperance can bring:
 (Thus said our friend, and what he said I sing)
 First Health: the stomach (cramm'd from ev'ry
 dish,

A tomb of boil'd and roast, and flesh and fish,
 Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
 And all the man is one intestine war)
 Remembers oft the School-boy's simple fare,
 The temp'rate sleeps, and spirits light as air.

How pale each Worshipful and Rev'rend guest
 Rise from a clergy or a city-feast!
 What life in all that ample body, say?
 What heav'nly particle inspires the clay?

The

The soul subsides, and wickedly inclines
To seem but mortal, ev'n in sound Divines.

On morning wings how active springs the mind
That leaves the load of yesterday behind !
How easy ev'ry labour it pursues !

How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muse !
Not but we may exceed some holy time,
Or tir'd in search of Truth, or search of Rhyme ;
Ill health some just indulgence may engage ;
And more the sickness of long life, Old Age ;
For fainting age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the vessel drains ?

Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'fon. You suppose,

Perhaps, young men ! our fathers had no nose.
Not so : a Buck was then a week's repast ;
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it last ;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,

Than eat the sweetest by themselves at home.
Why had not I in those good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb pyes or coxcombs were on earth ?

Unworthy he, the voice of fame to hear,
That sweetest music to an honest ear ;
(For faith, Lord Fanny ! you are in the wrong ;
The world's good word is better than a song)
Who has not learn'd, fresh surgeon and ham-pye
Are no rewards for want and infamy !

When luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd be thy neighbours, thy trustees, thyself.
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a shame,
Think how posterity will treat thy name ;
And buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou hast at least bestow'd one penny well.

"Right," cries his Lordship, "for a rogue in need
"To have a taste, is insolence indeed !

"In me 'tis noble, suits my birth and state,
"My wealth unwieldy and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let Bounty spread her ray,
And shine that superfluity away.

Oh impudence of wealth ! with all thy store,
How dar'st thou let one worthy man be poor ?
Shall half the new-built churches round thee fall ?
Make quays, build bridges, or repair Whitehall :
Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M—o's was, but not at five per cent.

Who thinks that fortune cannot change her
Prepares a dreadful jest for all mankind. [mind,
And who stands safest ? Tell me, is it he
That spreads and swells in puff'd prosperity ?
Or, blest with little, whose preventing care
In peace provides fit arms against a war ?

Thus Bethel spoke, who always speaks his thought,

And always think the very thing he ought :
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.

In South-Sea days not happier when surmis'd
The lord of thousands, than if now excis'd ;
In forest planted by a father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content with little, I can piddle here
On broccoli and mutton round the year !
But ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of pay)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.

'Tis true, no Turbots dignify my boards ;
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords.

To Hounslow-heath I point, and Pansted-down ;
Thence comes your mutton, and these chicks my own :

From yon old walnut-tree a show'r shall fall ;
And grapes long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from standard and espalier join ;
The dev'l is in you if you cannot dine : [place)
Then cheerful healths (your mistress shall have
And, what's more rare, a poet shall say grace.
Fortune not much of humbling me can boast ;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I lost ?

My life's amusements have been just the same
Before and after standing armies came.

My lands are sold, my father's house is gone ;
I'll hire another's : is not that my own, [are
And yours, my friends ? thro' whose free op'ning

None comes too early, none departs too late ;
For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

"Pray Heav'n it last ! (cries Swift !) as you go on ;
"I wish to God this house had been your own.

"Pity ! to build without a son or wife ;
"Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."

Well, if the use be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon ?

What's property ? dear Swift ! you see it alter
From you to me, from me to Peter Walter ;

Or, in a mortgage, prove a lawyer's share ;
Or, in a jointure, vanish from the heir ;

Or, in pure equity (the case not clear)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year !

At best, it falls to some ungracious son, [own !"
Who cries, "My father's damn'd, and all's my

Shades, that to Bacon could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby lord ;

And Hemsley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a scriv'ner, or a city knight.

Let lands and houses have what lords they will,
Let us be fix'd, and own our masters still.

The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace.

EPISTLE I.

To Lord Bolingbroke.

ST. John, whose love indulg'd my labours past,
Matures my present, and shall bound my last !
Why will you break the Sabbath of my days ?
Now sick alike of envy and of praise.

Public too long, ah let me hide my age !
See modest Cibber now has left the stage ;

Our Gen'als now retir'd to their estates,
Hang their old trophies o'er the garden-gates ;

In life's cool ev'ning, satiate of applause,
Nor fond of bleeding, ev'n in Brunswick's cause.

A voice there is, that whispers in my ear
('Tis Reason's voice, which sometimes one can hear) [breath,

"Friend Pope ! be prudent, let your Muse take
"And never gallop Pegasus to death ;

"Left stiff and stately, void of fire or force,
"You limp, like Blackmore, on a Lord Mayor's horse."

Farewell

Farewell then Verse, and Love, and ev'ry toy,
The rhymes and rattles of the man or boy;
What right, what true, what fit we justly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is all:
To lay this harvest up, and hoard with haste,
What ev'ry day will want, and most, the last.
But ask not to what Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no master, of no sect am I;
As drives the storm, at any door I knock;
And house with Montagne now, or now with
Locke.

Sometimes a Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State;
Free as young Lyttleton, her cause pursue,
Still true to Virtue, and as warm as true:
Sometimes with Aristippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my native moderation slide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.

Long, as to him who works for debt, the day;
Long as the night to her whose Love's away;
Long as the year's dull circle seems to run,
When the brisk Minor pants for twenty-one;
So slow th'unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the functions of my soul;
That keep me from myself, and still delay
Life's instant bus'ness to a future day:
That task, which as we follow, or despise,
The eldest is a fool, the youngest wise:
Which done, the poorest can no wants endure:
And which, not done, the richest must be poor.

Late as it is, I put myself to school,
And feel some comfort not to be a fool.
Weak tho' I am of limb, and short of sight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a giant quite,
I'll do what Mead and Chelfelden advise,
To keep these limbs, and to preserve these eyes.
Not to go back, is somewhat to advance;
And men must walk at least before they dance.

Say, does thy blood rebel, thy bosom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are words and spells which can con-
Between the fits this fever of the soul; [trol
Know, there are rhymes, which, fresh and fresh
apply'd,

Will cure the arrant'st puppy of his pride.
Be furious, envious, slothful, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk,
A Switz, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear;
All that we ask is but a patient ear.

'Tis the first Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the first Wisdom, to be fool no more.
But to the world no bugbear is so great
As want of figure and a small estate.
'To either India see the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the spectre of pale Poverty!
See him with pains of body, pangs of soul,
Burn thro' the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt thou do nothing for a noble end,
Nothing, to make Philosophy thy friend?
To top thy foolish views, thy long desires,
And ease thy heart of all that it admires?
Here Wisdom calls: "Seek Virtue first, be bold!
"As gold to silver, Virtue is to gold."

There, London's voice, "Get money, money still!
"And then let Virtue follow, if she will."
This, this the saving doctrine preach'd to all,
From low St. James's up to high St. Paul:
From him whose quills stand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches sticks at Westminster.

Barnard in spirit, sense, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he!" Four-score thou-
sand pounds;

A pension, or such harness for a slave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard thou art a Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D^l, Their Honours, and so forth,
Yet ev'ry child another song will sing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King!"
True, conscious honour is to feel no sin;
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy screen, and this thy wall of brass;
Compar'd to this, a Minister's an Ass.

And say to which shall our applause belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old song?
The modern language of corrupted peers,
Or what was spoke at Cressy or Poitiers?
Who counsels best? who whispers, "Be but great,
"With praise or infamy, leave that to fate;
"Get place and wealth, if possible with grace;
"If not, by any means, get wealth and place."
For what? to have a box where eunuchs sing,
And foremost in the circle eye a king!
Or he, who bids thee face with steady view
Proud Fortune, and look shallow Greatness
thro';

And while he bids thee, sets th'example too?
If such a doctrine in St. James's air
Should chance to make the well-drest rabble
If honest S^z take scandal at a Spark [stare;
That less admires the palace than the park,
Faith, I shall give the answer Reynard gave:
"I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave,
"Because I see, by all the tracks about,
"Full many a beast goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a slave:
Send her to court, you send her to her grave.

Well, if a king's a lion, at the least
The people are a many-headed beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one lust of gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their country's wealth our mightier misers drain;
Or cross, to plunder provinces, the main;
The rest, some farm the poor-box, some the pews;
Some keep assemblies, and would keep the stew;
Some with far bucks on childless dotards fawn;
Some win rich widows by their chine and brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per cent.
In dirt and darkness, hundreds stink content.

Of all these ways, if each pursues his own,
Satire be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But shew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act consistent with himself an hour!
Sir Job fail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and still,
"No place on earth (he cryd) like Greenwich
hill!"

Up starts a palace, lo ! th'obedient base
Slopes at its foot, the woods its sides embrace,
The silver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let some whimsy, or that Dev'l within
Which guides all those who know not what
they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) spleen;
' Away, away ! take all your scaffolds down,
' For snug's the word: my dear, we'll live in town.'
At am'rous Flavio is the stocking thrown;
That very night he longs to lie alone.
The fool whose wife elopes some thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial solace dies a martyr.
Did ever Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
' Transform themselves so strangely as the rich ?
Well, but the poor--the poor have the same itch !
They change their weekly barber, weekly news,
Prefer a new japanner to their shoes,
Discharge their garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a chaise and one;
They hire their sculler, and when once aboard,
Grow sick, and damn the climate like a lord.
You laugh, half beau half sloven if I stand,
My wig all powder, and all snuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches strangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary;
But when no prelate's lawn with hair-shirt lin'd
Is half so incoherent as my mind,
When (each opinion with the next at strife,
One ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to square, and square again to round;
You never change one muscle of your face,
You think this madness but a common case,
Nor once to chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to see a seam awry !
Careless how ill I with myself agree,
Kind to my dress, my figure, not to me.
Is this my guide, philosopher, and friend ?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend ?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That man divine whom wisdom calls her own;
Great without title, without fortune blest'd;
Rich ev'n when plunder'd, honor'd while op-
press'd;
Lov'd without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; free, tho' in the tow'r:
In short, that reas'ning, high immortal thing;
Just less than Jove, and much above a king,
Nay, halfin heav'n--except (what's ~~sun~~ ^{sun} ~~right~~ ^{right} odd)
A fit of vapours clouds this demi-god !

EPISTLE VI.

To Mr. Murray.

" NOT to admire, is all the art I know
" To make men happy, and to keep them so."
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flow'rs of
So take it in the very words of Creech) [speech;
This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-center'd sun, and stars that run and fall,
There are, my friend ! whose philosophic eyes
Look thro' and trust the Ruler with his skies;
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful all without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ?
Or popularity ? our stars and strings ?
The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings ?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze ?
If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing.
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surpriz'd at better, or surpriz'd at worse.
Thus, good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th'unbalanc'd mind, and snatch the man away;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.
Go then, and if you can admire the state
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate,
Procure a taste to double the surprise,
And gaze on Parian charms with learned eyes:
Be struck with bright brocade, or Tyrian dye,
Our birthday nobles splendid livery.
If not so pleas'd, at council-board rejoice,
To see their judgments hang upon thy voice;
From morn to night, at senate rolls, and hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this strife ?
For fame, for riches, for a noble wife ?
Shall one whom nature, learning, birth conspir'd
To form, not to admire but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe, blind to wit and worth,
Weds the rich dulness of some son of earth ?
Yet time ennobles or degrades each line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is fame ? The meanest have their day;
The greatest can but blaze, and pass away.
Grac'd as thou art, with all the pow'r of words,
So known, so honor'd, at the House of Lords;
Conspicuous scene ! another yet is nigh,
(More silent far) where kings and poets lie;
Where Murray (long enough his country's pride)
Shall be no more than Tully, or than Hyde !
Rack'd with sciatics, martyr'd with the stone,
Will any mortal let himself alone ?
See Ward by batter'd beaus invited over,
And desp'rate misery lays hold on Dover.
The case is easier in the mind's disease;
There all men may be cur'd when'er they please.
Would ye be blest ! despise low joys, low gains;
Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains:
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.
But art thou one whom new opinions sway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a church alike disowns;
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and
stones ?
Fly then, on all the wings of wild desire,
Admire whate'er the maddest can admire.
Is wealth thy passion ? Hence ! from pole to pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian spices, for Peruvian gold,
Prevent the greedy, or outbid the bold:
Advance thy golden mountain to the skies;
On the broad base of fifty thousand rise ;

Add

Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair).
 Add fifty more, and bring it to a square.
 For, mark th'advantage, just so many score
 Will gain a wife with half as many more;
 Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaste,
 And then such friends — as cannot fail to last.
 A man of wealth is dubb'd a man of worth;
 Venus shall give him form, and Anstis birth.
 (Believe me, many a German prince is worse,
 Who, proud of pedigree, is poor of purse)
 His wealth brave Timon gloriously confounds;
 Ask'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
 Or if three ladies like a luckless play,
 Takes the whole house upon the poet's day.

Now, in such exigencies not to need,
 Upon my word, you must be rich indeed!
 A nobly superfluity it craves,
 Not for yourself, but for your fools and knaves;
 Something, which for your honor they may
 And which it much becomes you to forget. [cheat,
 If wealth alone then make and keep us blest,
 Still, still be getting, never, never rest.

But if to pow'r and place your passion lie,
 If in the pomp of life consists the joy,
 Then hire a slave, or (if you will) a lord,
 To do the honors, and to give the word;
 Tell at your levee, as the crowds approach,
 To whom to nod, whom take into your coach;
 Whom honor with your hand: to make remarks
 Who rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
 'This may be troublesome, is near the chair;
 'That makes three members, this can choose a
 'may'r.'

Instructed thus, you bow, embrace, protest,
 Adopt him son, or cousin, at the least;
 Then turn about, and laugh at your own jest. }
 Or, if your life be one continu'd treat;
 If to live well means nothing but to eat;
 Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day;
 Go drive the deer, and drag the finny prey;
 With hounds and horns go hunt an appetite —
 So Ruffel did, but could not eat at night;
 Call'd Happy Dog! the beggar at his door;
 And envy'd thirst and hunger to the poor!

Or shall we ev'ry decency confound,
 Thro' taverns, stews, and bagnios take our round;
 Go dine with Chartres, in each vice outdo
 K—l's lewd cargo, or Ty—y's crew;
 From Latian Syrens, French Circæan feasts,
 Return'd well travell'd, and transform'd to beasts;
 Or for a titled punk, or foreign flame,
 Renounce our country, and degrade our name?

If, after all, we must with Wilmot own,
 The cordial drop of life is love alone;
 And Swift cry wisely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
 The man that loves and laughs, must sure do well.
 Adieu — if this advice appear the worst,
 Even take the counsel which I gave you first;
 Or better precepts if you can impart,
 Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

EPISTLE I. BOOK II.

To Augustus.

WHILE you, great patron of mankind! sustain
 The balanc'd world, and open all the main;

Your country, chief, in arms abroad defend,
 At home with morals, arts and laws amend;
 How shall the muse, from such a monarch, steal
 An hour, and not defraud the public weal?

Edward and Henry, now the boast of fame,
 And virtuous Alfred, a more sacred name,
 After a life of gen'rous toils endur'd,
 The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
 Ambition humbl'd, mighty cities storm'd,
 Or laws establish'd and the world reform'd,
 Clos'd their long glories with a sigh, to find
 Th'unwilling gratitude of base mankind!
 All human virtue, to its latest breath,
 Finds envy never conquer'd but by death.
 The great Alcides, ev'ry labour past,
 Had still this monster to subdue at last.
 Sure fate of all, beneath whose rising ray
 Each star of meaner merit fades away!
 Oppress'd, we feel the beam directly beat;
 Those suns of glory please not till they set.

To thee, the world its present homage pays,
 The harvest early, but mature the praise:
 Great friend of liberty! in kings a name
 Above all Greek, above all Roman fame:
 Whose word is truth, as sacred and rever'd
 As Heav'n's own oracles from altars heard.
 Wonder of kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
 None e'er has risen, and none e'er shall rise.

Just in one instance, be it yet confess'd,
 Your people, sir, are partial in the rest:
 Foes to all living worth, except your own,
 And advocates for folly dead and gone.
 Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
 It is the rust we value, not the gold.
 Chaucer's worst ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
 And beastly Skelton heads of houses quote:
 One likes no language but the Faery Queen;
 A Scot will fight for Christ's Kirk o'the Green:
 And each true Briton is to Ben so civil,
 He swears the muses met him at the Devil.

Tho' justly Greece her eldest sons admires,
 Why should not we be wiser than our fires?
 In ev'ry public virtue we excel;
 We build, we paint, we sing, we dance as well;
 And learned Athens to our art must stoop,
 Could she behold us tumbling thro' a hoop.
 If time improve our wits as well as wine,
 Say at what age a poet grows divine?
 Shall we, or shall we not, account him so,
 Who dy'd perhaps an hundred years ago?
 End all dispute, and fix the year precise
 When British bards begin t'immortalize?

"Who lasts a century can have no flaw,
 "I hold that wit a classic, good in law."
 Suppose he wants a year, will you com-
 pound?

And shall we deem him ancient, right and sound,
 Or damn to all eternity at once,
 At ninety-nine, a modern and a dunce?
 "We shall not quarrel for a year or two;
 "But, courtesy of England, he may do."

Then by the rule that made the horse-tail bare,
 I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
 And melt down ancients like a heap of snow,
 While you to measure merits, look in Stowe;

And

And estimating authors by the year,
Bestow a garland only on a bier.

Shakespear (whom you and ev'ry playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless, what you will)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own despatch.
Ben, old and poor, as little seem'd to heed
The life to come, in ev'ry poet's creed.
Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
His moral pleasures, not his pointed wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric art;
But still I love the language of his heart.

'Yet surely, surely, these were famous men!
'What boy but hears the sayings of old Ben?
'In all debates where critics bear a part,
'Not one but nods, and talks of Jonson's art,
'Of Shakespear's nature, and of Cowley's wit;
'How Beaumont's judgment check'd what
Fletcher writ;
'How Shadwell hasty, Wycherly was slow;
'But, for the passions, Southern, sure, and Rowe.
'These, only these, support the crowded stage,
'From eldest Heywood down to Cibber's age.'

All this may be; the people's voice is odd;
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.
To Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careless Husband praise,
Or say our fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I say, the public is a fool.
But let them own, that greater faults than we
They had, and greater virtues, I'll agree.
Spenser himself affects the obsolete,
And Sydney's verse halts ill on Roman feet:
Milton's strong pinion now not heav'n can bound;
Now, serpent-like, in prose he sweeps the ground;
In quibbles, angel and archangel join,
And God the Father turns a school-divine.
Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like flashing Bentley, with his desprate hook,
Or damn all Shakespear, like th'affected fool
At court, who hates whate'er he read at school.

But for the wits of either Charles's days,
The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more
(Like twinkling stars the miscellanies o'er)
One simile that solitary shines
In the dry desert of a thousand lines, [page,
Or lengthen'd thought that gleams thro' many a
Has sanctify'd whole poems for an age.
I lose my patience, and I own it too,
When works are censur'd not as bad, but new;
While, if our elders break all reason's laws,
These fools demand not pardon, but applause.

On Avon's bank, where flow'rs eternal blow,
If I but ask, if any weed can grow;
One tragic sentence if I dare deride,
Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,
Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphasis proclaims
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muster roll of names)
How will our fathers rise up in a rage,
And swear, all shame is lost in George's age!
You'd think no fools disgrac'd the former reign,
Did not some grave examples yet remain,
Who scorn a lad should teach his father skill,
And, having once been wrong, will be so still.

He who, to seem more deep than you or I,
Extols old bards, or Merlin's prophecy,
Mistake him not; he envies, not admires;
And, to debase the sons, exalts the fires.
Had ancient times conspir'd to disallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, so worthy to be read
By learned critics of the mighty dead?

In days of ease, when now the weary sword
Was sheath'd, and luxury with Charles restor'd;
In ev'ry taste of foreign courts improv'd,
'All, by the king's example, liv'd and lov'd.'
Then peers grew proud in horsemanship t'excel
Newmarket's glory rose as Britain's fell;
The soldier breath'd the gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry courtier writ Romance.
Then marble soften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on animated canvass stole

The sleepy eye, that spoke the melting soul.
No wonder then, when all was love and sport,
The willing muses were debauch'd at court:
On each enervate string they taught the note
To pant or tremble thro' an eunuch's throat.
But Britain, changeful as a child at play,
Now calls in princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for pleasure, now for church and state;
Now for prerogative, and now for laws;
Effects unhappy from a noble cause.

Time was, a sober Englishman would knock
His servants up, and rise by five o'clock,
Instruct his family in ev'ry rule,
And send his wife to church, his son to school;
To worship like his fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal virtues to his heir;
To prove, that luxury could never hold;
And place, on good security, his gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one poetic itch
Has seiz'd the court and city, poor and rich:
Sons, fires, and grandfires, all will wear the bays;
Our wives read Milton, and our daughters plays;
To theatres, and to rehearsals throng;
And all our grace at table is a song!

I, who so oft renounce the muses, lye,
Not —'s self e'er tells more fibs than I;
When sick of muse, our follies we deplore,
And promise our best friends to rhyme no more,
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink, to show our wit.

He serv'd a 'prenticeship who sets up shop;
Ward try'd on puppies and the poor his Drop;
Ev'n! Radcliff's doctors travel first to France,
Nor dare to practise till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would
smile)

But those who cannot write, and those who can,
All rhyme, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.

Yet, sir, reflect, the mischief is not great;
These madmen never hurt the church or state;
Sometimes the folly benefits mankind;
And rarely av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his plaything of a pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

Flight

Flight of cashiers, or mobs, he'll never mind;
And knows no losses while the muse is kind.
To cheat a friend; or ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre;
Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then a perfect hermit in his diet.

Of little use the man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a poet's of some weight,
And (tho' no soldier) useful to the state.
What will a child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some monster of a king;
Or virtue, or religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving court.
Unhappy Dryden! — In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse from courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He, from the taste obscene, reclaims our youth,
And sets the passions on the side of truth,
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art,
And pours each human virtue in the heart.
Let Ireland tell, how wit upheld her cause,
Her trade supported, and supply'd her laws;
And leave on Swift this grateful verse engrav'd,
'The rights a court attack'd, a poet sav'd.'
Behold the hand that wrought a nation's cure,
Stretch'd to relieve the idiot and the poor,
Proud vice to brand, or injur'd worth adorn,
And stretch'd the ray to ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with
psalms:

The boys and girls whom charity maintains,
Implore your help in these pathetic strains:
How could devotion touch the country pews,
Unless the Gods bestow'd a proper muse?
Verse cheers their leisure, verse assists their work,
Verse prays for peace, or sings down Pope and
Turk.

The silenc'd preacher yields to potent strain,
And feels that grace his pray'r besought in vain;
The blessing thrills thro' all the lab'ring throng,
And heav'n is won by violence of song.

Our rural ancestors, with little blest,
Patient of labour when the end was rest,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feasts and off'rings, and a thankful strain:
The joy their wives, their sons, and servants share,
Ease of their toil, and partners of their care:
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd every brow, and open'd ev'ry soul:
With growing years the pleasing licence grew,
And taunts alternate innocently flew.

But times corrupt, and nature ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left the sting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at strife,
Triumphant malice rag'd thro' private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th'alarm,
Appeal'd to law, and justice lent her arm.

At length, by wholesome dread of statutes bound
The poets learn'd to please, and not to wound:
Most warp'd to flatt'ry's side; but some more nice,
Preserv'd the freedom, and forbore the vice.
Hence satire rose, that just the medium hit,
And heals with morals what it hurts with wit.

We conquer'd France, and felt our captive's
charms;

Her arts victorious triumph'd o'er our arms;
Britain to soft refinement less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine; }
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splayfoot verse remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire,
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shal'spear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line;
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest art, the art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The humbler muse of comedy require.

But in known images of life, I guess
The labour greater, as th'indulgence less.
Observe how seldom ev'n the best succeed:
Tell me if Congreve's Fools are fools indeed?
What pert low dialogue has Farquhar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!
The stage how loosely does Astraea tread,
Who fairly puts all characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinkey eat with vast applause;
But fill their purse, our poet's work is done:
Alike to them, by pathos or by pun.

O you! whom vanity's light bark conveys
On fame's mad voyage by the wind of praise,
With what a shifting gale your course you ply;
For ever sunk too low, or borne too high!
Who pants for glory finds but short repose;
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
Farewell the stage! if just as thrives the play
The silly bard grows fat, or falls away.

There still remains to mortify a wit,
The many-headed monster of the pit;
A senseless, worthless, and unhonor'd crowd;
Who, to disturb their betters mighty proud.
Clatt'ring their sticks before ten lines are spoke,
Call for the farce, the Bear, or the Black Joke.
What dear delight to Britons farce affords!
Ever the taste of mobs, but now of lords!
(Taste; that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes)
The play stands still; damn action and discourse,
Back fly the scenes, and enter foot and horse;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, heralds, bishops, ermin, gold, and lawn;
The champion too! and, to complete the jest,
Old Edward's armour beams on Cibber's breast!

With

With laughter, sure, Democritus had dy'd,
 Had he beheld an audience gape so wide.
 Let bear or elephant be e'er so white,
 The people, sure, the people are the sight!
 Ah luckless poet! stretch thy lungs and roar,
 That bear or elephant shall heed thee more;
 While all its throats the gallery extends,
 And all the thunder of the pit ascends!
 Loud as the wolves, on Orcas' stormy steep,
 Howl to the roarings of the northern deep.
 Such is the shout, the long-applauding note,
 At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat;
 Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
 Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
 Both enters—hark! the universal peal!
 "But has he spoken?" Not a syllable. [stare]"
 "What shook the stage, and made the people
 Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd
 Yet, lest you think I rally more than teach, [chair!
 Or praise malignly arts I cannot reach,
 Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
 To know the poet from the man of rhymes:
 'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains;
 Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
 In rage, compose, with more than magic art,
 With pity, and with terror tear my heart;
 And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
 To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.

But not this part of the poetic state
 Alone, deserves the favour of the great:
 Think of those authors, Sir, who would rely
 More on a reader's sense than gazer's eye.
 Or who shall wander where the Muses sing?
 Who climb their mountain, or who taste their
 How shall we fill a library with wit, [spring?
 When Merlin's Cave is half unfurnish'd yet?
 My Liege! why writers little claim your thought,
 I guess; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
 We Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
 Of all mankind, the creatures most absurd:
 The season when to come, and when to go,
 To sing, or cease to sing, we never know;
 And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
 You lose your patience just like other men.
 Then too we hurt ourselves, when to defend
 A single verse, we quarrel with a friend;
 Repeat unask'd; lament, the wit's too fine
 For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
 But most when straining with too weak a wing,
 We needs will write Epistles to the King;
 And from the moment we oblige the town,
 Expect a place, or pension from the Crown:
 Or dubb'd Historians by express command,
 T'enroll your triumphs o'er the seas and land;
 Be call'd to court to plan some work divine,
 As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.

Yet think, great Sir! (so many virtues shown)
 Ah think, what Poet best may make them known?
 Or chuse at least some minister of grace,
 Fit to bestow the Laureat's weighty place.

Charles, to late times to be transmitted fair,
 Assign'd his figure to Bernini's care;
 And great Nassau, to Kneller's hand decreed
 To fix him graceful on the bounding steed;

So well in paint and stone they judg'd of merit:
 But Kings in wit may want discerning spirit.
 The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
 One knighted Blackmore, and one pension'd

Quarles;

Which made old Ben and surly Dennis swear,
 "No Lord's anointed, but a Russian Bear!"
 Not with such majesty, such bold relief,
 The forms august of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
 E'er swell'd on marble, as in verse have shin'd
 (In polish'd verse) the Manners and the Mind.
 Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
 Your arms, your actions, your repose to sing!
 What seas you travers'd, and what fields you
 fought!

Your country's peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
 How barb'rous rage subside'd at your word,
 And nations wonder'd while they dropt the sword!
 How, when you nodded o'er the land and deep,
 Peace stole her wing, and wrapt the world in sleep;
 Till earth's extremes your meditation own,
 And Asia's tyrants tremble at your throne—
 But Verse, alas! your majesty disdains;
 And I'm not us'd to panegyric strains:
 The zeal of fools offends at any time,
 But most of all, the zeal of fools in rhyme.
 Besides, a fate attends on all I write,
 That when I aim at praise, they say I bite.
 A vile encomium doubly ridiculous:
 There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
 If true, a woful likeness; and if lies,
 "Praise undeserv'd is scandal in disguise:"
 Well may he blush, who gives it or receives;
 And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
 (Like journals, odes, and such forgotten things
 As Eusden, Phillips, Settle, writ of Kings)
 Clothe spice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
 Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

EPISTLE II. Book II.

DEAR col'nel, Cobham's, and your country's
 You love a verse, take such as I can send. [friend!
 A Frenchman comes, presents you with his boy,
 Bows and begins—"This lad, Sir, is of Blois:
 'Observe his shape how clean! his locks how
 'My only son, I'd have him see the world:[curl'd!
 'His French is pure; his voice too—you shall hear.
 'Sir, he's your slave for twenty pounds a year.
 'Mere wax as yet, you fashion him with ease,
 'Your barber, cook, upholst'rer, what you please:
 'A perfect genius at an op'ra song—
 'To say too much, might do my honour wrong.
 'Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
 'His whole ambition was to serve a lord:
 'But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
 'Tho' faith, I fear 'twill break his mother's heart.
 'Once (and but once) I caught him in a lye,
 'And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry.
 'The fault he has I fairly shall reveal;
 '(Could you o'erlook but that) it is to steal.'

If, after this, you took the graceless lad,
 Could you complain, my friend, he prov'd so bad?
 Faith, in such case, if you should persecute,
 I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit;

Who

Who sent the thief that stole the cash, away,
And punish'd him that put it in his way.

Consider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You said the same; and are you discontent
With laws to which you gave your own assent?
Nay worse, to ask for verse at such a time!
D'y'e think me good for nothing but to rhyme?

In Anna's wars, a soldier, poor and old,
Had dearly earn'd a little purse of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckless night,
He slept, poor dog! and lost it to a doit.
This put the man in such a desprate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd,
Against the foe, himself, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, scal'd the castle-wall,
Tore down a standard, took the fort and all.
'Prodigious well!' his great commander cry'd;
Gave him much praise, and some reward beside.
Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter:
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter)
'Go on, my friend (he cry'd); see yonder walls!
'Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
'More honors, more rewards, attend the brave.'
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
'D'y'e think me, noble Gen'ral, such a sot?
'Let him take castles who has ne'er a groat.'

Bred up at home, full early I begun
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' son.
Besides, my father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know, the good from bad:
(And little sure imported to remove,
To hunt for truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half so well,
Depriv'd us soon of our paternal cell;
And certain laws, by sufferers thought unjust,
Deny'd all posts of profit or of trust:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papists fail'd,
While mighty William's thund'ring arm pre-
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd; [vail'd.
He stuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me the Muses help to undergo it;
Convict a Papist he, and I a Poet.

But (thanks to Homer) since I live and thrive,
Indebted to no prince or peer alive,
Sure I should want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would scribble rather than repose.
Years following years, steal something ev'ry
At last they steal us from ourselves away; [day:
In one our frolics, one amusement end,
In one a mistress drops, in one a friend:
This subtle thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it snatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd mill,
That turn'd ten thousand verses, now stand still?

But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can please not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praise,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg.
Hard task! to hit the palate of such guests,
When Oldfield loves what Dartineuf detests.
But grant I may relapse, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme, can London be the place?

Who there his Muse, or self, or soul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'ness, feasts, and
My counsel sends to execute a deed: [friends?
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:
In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there —
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomsbury-square —
Before the Lords, at twelve, my cause comes on —
There's a Rehearsal, Sir, exact at one —
'Oh, but a wit can study in the streets,
'And raise his mind above the mob he meets.'
Not quite so well, however, as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to spoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ablest head.
Have you not seen, at Guildhall's narrow pass,
Two aldermen dispute it with an ass?
And peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v--nce in a car?

Go, lofty Poet! and in such a crowd,
Sing thy sonorous verse — but not aloud.
Alas! to grottos and to groves we run;
To ease and silence ev'ry Muse's son:
Blackmore himself, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's Court.
How shall I rhyme in this eternal roar? [before?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd

The man who, stretch'd in Isis' calm retreat,
To books and study gives sev'n years complete,
See! strow'd with learned dust, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the sun!
The boys flock round him, and the people

stare:
So stiff, so mute! some statue you would swear,
Stept from its pedestal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars
With mobs, and duns, and soldiers, at their doors,
Shall I, in London act this idle part?
Composing songs, for fools to get by heart!

The Temple late two brother Serjeants saw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents, these congenial souls,
One lull'd th'Exchequer, and one stunn'd the
Each had a gravity would make you split, [Rolls;
And shook his head at Murray, as a wit.
'Twas, "Sir, your law" — and 'Sir, your elo-
'quence,' [sense.]

"Yours, Cowper's manner," and 'yours, Talbot's
Thus we dispose of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's spirit.
Call Tibbald Shakespear, and he'll 'wear the Nine,
Dear Cibber, never match'd one Ode of thine!
Lord! how we strut thro' Merlin's Cave, to see
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me!
Walk with respect behind, while we at ease
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we
'My dear Tibullus!' if that will not do, [please.
'Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
'Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's strains;
'And you shall rise up Otway for your pains.'
Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And much must flatter, if the whim should bite,
To court applause, by printing what I write:
But let the fit pass o'er, I'm wise enough
To stop my ears to their confounded stuff.

In vain, bad rhymers all mankind reject;
 They treat themselves with most profound respect;
 'Tis to small purpose that you hold your tongue;
 Each prais'd within is happy all day long:
 But how severely with themselves proceed
 The men who write such verse as we can read!
 Their own strict judges, not a word they spare
 That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care.
 Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
 Nay tho' at court (perhaps) it may find grace:
 Such they'll degrade; and sometimes, in its stead,
 In downright charity revive the dead;
 Mark where a bold expressive phrase appears,
 Bright thro' the rubbish of some hundred years;
 Command old words that long have slept, to
 wake;

Words, that wise Bacon or brave Rawleigh
 Or bid the new be English, ages hence,
 (For Use will father what's begot by Sense)
 Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
 Serenely pure, and yet divinely strong,
 Rich with the treasures of each foreign tongue;
 Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
 But shew no mercy to an empty line:
 Then polish all, with so much life and ease,
 You think 'tis Nature, and a knack to please!
 "But ease in writing flows from art, not chance;
 "As those move easiest who have learn'd to
 dance."

If such the plague and pains to write by rule,
 Better (say I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
 Call, if you will, bad rhyming a disease;
 It gives men happiness, or leaves them ease.

There liv'd in *primo Georgii* (they record)
 A worthy member, no small fool, a Lord;
 Who, tho' the House was up, delighted sat,
 Heard, noted, answer'd, as in full debate!
 In all but this, a man of sober life,
 Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;
 Not quite a madman, tho' a puffy fellow;
 And much too wise to walk into a well.
 Him, the damn'd doctors and his friends immur'd,
 They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in short,
 they cur'd:

Whereat the gentleman began to stare— [care!
 My friends! he cry'd, p—x take you for your
 That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,
 Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote.

Well, on the whole, plain prose must be my fate:
 Wisdom, curse on it, will come soon of late.
 There is a time when poets will grow dull:
 I'll e'en leave verses to the boys at school:
 To rules of poetry no more confin'd,
 I'll learn to smooth and harmonize my mind;
 Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
 And keep the equal measure of the soul.

Soon as I enter at my country door,
 My mind resumes the thread it dropt before;
 Thoughts which at Hyde-park Corner I forgot,
 Meet, and rejoin me in the pensive grot;
 There, all alone, and compliments apart,
 I ask these sober questions of my heart: [crave,

If, when the more you drink, the more you
 You tell the Doctor? When the more you have,

The more you want, why not with equal ease
 Confess as well your folly as disease?

The heart resolves this matter in a trice;
 "Men only feel the smart, but not the vice."

When golden angels cease to cure the Evil,
 You give all royal witchcraft to the Devil;
 When servile chaplains cry, that birth and place
 Endue a peer with honour, truth, and grace,
 Look in that breast (most dirty D—l be fair)
 Say, can you find out one such lodger there?
 Yet still, not heeding what your heart can teach,
 You go to church to hear these flatt'ers preach.

Indeed, could wealth bestow or wit or merit,
 A grain of courage, or a spark of spirit,
 The wisest man might blush, I must agree,
 If D*** lov'd sixpence more than he.

If there be truth in law, and use can give
 A property, that's your's on which you live.
 Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
 Their fruits to you, confesses you its lord,
 All Worldly's hens, nay partridge, sold to town,
 His ven'son too, a guinea makes your own:
 He bought at thousands what, with better wit,
 You purchase as you want, and bit by bit;
 Now, or long since, what difference will be found?
 You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.

Heathcote himself, and such large-acr'd men,
 Lords of fat E'sham, or of Lincoln-fen,
 Buy ev'ry stick of wood that lends them heat;
 Buy ev'ry pullet they afford to eat.
 Yet these are wights, who fondly call their own
 Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.
 The laws of God, as well as of the land,
 Abhor a perpetuity should stand:
 Estates have wings, and hang in fortune's pow'r,
 Loose on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour;
 Ready by force, or of your own accord,
 By sale, at least by death, to change their lord.
 Man? and for ever? wretch! what wouldst
 thou have?

Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
 All vast possessions (just the same the case
 Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chace)
 Alas, my Bathurst! what will they avail?
 Join Cotswold hills to Saperton's fair dale;
 Let rising granaries and temples here,
 There mingled farms and pyramids appear;
 Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
 Enclose whole downs in walls. 'tis all a joke!
 Inexorable Death shall level all,
 And trees, and stones, and farms, and farmer fall.

Gold, silver, iv'ry, vases sculptur'd high,
 Paint, marble, gems, and robes of Persian dye,
 There are who have not—and thank Heav'n there
 are, [care,

Who, if they have not, think not worth their
 Talk what you will of taste, my friend, you'll
 Two of a face as soon as of a mind. [find
 Why, of two brothers, rich and restless, one
 Ploughs, burns, manures, and toils from sun to
 sun;

The other slights, for women, sports, and wines,
 All Townshend's turnips, and all Grosvenor's
 mines;

Why

Why one, like Bu—, with pay and scorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One, driv'n by strong benevolence of soul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r
Who forms the genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us still
Inclines our action, not constrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great end the same.

Yes, Sir, how small soever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy as well as keep.
My heir may sigh, and think it want of grace
A man so poor would live without a place:
But sure no statute in his favour says,
How free or frugal I shall pass my days;
I, who at sometimes spend, at others spare,
Divided between carelessness and care.
'Tis one thing madly to disperse my store;
Another, not to heed to treasure more;
Glad, like a boy, to snatch the first good day,
And pleas'd, if sordid want be far away.
What is't to me (a passenger God wot)
Whether my vessel be first rate or not?
The ship itself may make a better figure;
But I that sail am neither less nor bigger;
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the tempest in my teeth;
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.

"But why all this of av'rice, I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the avarice of pow'r?
Does neither rage inflame, nor fear appal?
Not the black fear of death that saddens all?
With terrors round, can Reason hold her throne,
Despite the known, not tremble at th'unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has life no fountains, drawn so near its end?
Canst thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your bus'ness done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank
your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such a trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom folly pleases, and whose follies please.

§ 18. *Epilogues to the Satires. In Two Dialogues.*
POPE.

DIALOGUE I.

F. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in
print;
And when it comes, the court see nothing in't.
You grow correct, that once with rapture writ,
And are besides too moral for a wit.

Decay of parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?
'Tis all from Horace; Horace, long before ye,
Said, 'Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a
Tory:'

And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
'To laugh at fools who put their trust in Peter.'

But Horace, Sir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo observes, he lash'd no sort of Vice.
Horace would say, Sir Billy serv'd the Crown,
Blunt could do bus'ness, H-ggins knew the town;
In Sappho touch the failings of the sex,
In rev'rend Bishops note some small neglects,
And own the Spaniard did a waggish thing,
Who cropt our ears, and sent them to the King.
His fly, polite, insinuating style,
Could please at court, and make Augustus smile:
An artful manager, that crept between
His friend and shame, and was a kind of screen.
But 'faith, your very friends will soon be sore;
Patriots there are who wish you'd jest no more—
And where's the glory? 'Twill be only thought
The great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go see Sir Robert—

P. See Sir Robert!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of social pleasure, ill exchang'd for pow'r;
Seen him, uncumber'd with a venal tribe,
Smile without art, and win without a bribe.
Would he oblige me? Let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.
Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt;
The only difference is—I dare laugh out.

F. Why yes, with Scripture still you may be free;
A horse-laugh, if you please, at *Honesty*;
A joke on JEKYL, or some odd *Old Whig*,
Who never chang'd his principle or wig;
A patriot is a fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the stage;
These nothing hurts; they keep their fashion
still,

And wear their strange old virtue as they will.
If any ask you, 'Who's the man so near
'His prince, that writes in verse, and has his ear?'
Why answer, Lyttleton, and I'll engage
The worthy youth shall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his verses vile, his whisper base,
You'd quickly find him in Lord Fanny's case.
Sejanus, Wolfey, hurt not honest Fleury;
But well may put some statesmen in a fury.

Laugh then at any, but at fools or foes;
These you but anger, and you mend not those.
Laugh at your friends, and, if your friends are sore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To vice and folly to confine the jest,
Sets half the world, God knows, against the rest,
Did not the sneer of more impartial men
At sense and virtue balance all again.
Judicious wits spread wide the ridicule,
And charitably comfort knave and fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the prejudice of youth:
Adieu distinction, satire, warmth, and truth!
Come harmless characters that no one hit;
Come, Henly's oratory, Osborn's wit!

Q₂

The

The honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The flow'rs of Bubo, and the flow of Y—g!
The gracious dew of pulpit eloquence,
And all the well-whipt cream of courtly sense;
The first was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once again.
O come, that easy, Ciceronian style,
So Latin, yet so English all the while,
As, tho' the pride of Middleton and Bland,
All boys may read, and girls may understand!
Then might I sing, without the least offence;
And all I sung should be the nation's sense!
Or teach the melancholy Muse to mourn,
Hang the sad verse on Carolina's urn,
And hail her passage to the realms of rest,
All parts perform'd, and all her children blest!
So Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No Gazetteer more innocent than I—
And let, a God's name, ev'ry fool and knave
Be grac'd thro' life, and flatter'd in his grave.

F. Why so? If Satire knows its time and place,
You still may lash the greatest—in disgrace:
For merit will by turns forsake them all;
Would you know when? Exactly when they fall.
But let all satire in all changes spare
Immortal S—k, and grave D—re.
Silent and soft as saints remov'd to heav'n,
All tyes dissolv'd, and ev'ry sin forgiv'n,
These may some gentle ministerial wing
Receive, and place for ever near a king!
There, where no passion, pride, or shame, transf-
Lull'd with the sweet Nepeathe of a court; [port,
There, where no father's, brother's, friend's
disgrace

Once break their rest, or stir them from their place:
But past the sense of human miseries,
All tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No check is known to blush, no heart to throb,
Save when they lose a question, or a job.

P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I should blast
their glory,
Who know how like Whig Ministers to Tory,
And when three sov'reigns dy'd, could scarce be
next,

Confid'ring what a gracious Prince was next.
Have I, in silent wonder, seen such things
As pride in slaves, and avarice in kings,
And at a peer, or peeress, shall I fret,
Who starves a sister, or forswears a debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boast;
But shall the dignity of Vice be lost?
Ye Gods! shall Cibber's son, without rebuke,
Swear like a lord, or Rich outwhore a duke?
A fav'rite's porter with his master vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw contracts with a statesman's
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a will? [skill?
Is it for Bond, or Peter (paltry things) [kings?
To pay their debts, or keep their faith, like
If Blount dispatch'd himself, he play'd the man;
And so may't thou, illustrious Passeran!
But shall a printer, weary of his life,
Learn from their books to hang himself and wife?
This, this, my friend, I cannot, must not bear;
Vice thus abus'd demands a nation's care;

This calls the church to deprecate our sin,
And hurls the thunder of the laws on gin.

Let modest Foster, if he will, excel
Ten metropolitans in preaching well;
A simple quaker, or a quaker's wife,
Outdo Landaffe in doctrine—yea in life:
Let humble Allen, with an awkward shame,
Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame.
Virtue may chuse the high or low degree;
'Tis just alike to virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a monk, or light upon a king,
She's still the same belov'd contented thing.
Vice is undone if she forgets her birth,
And stoops from angels to the dregs of earth:
But 'tis the Fall degrades her to a whore;
Let Greatness own her, and she's mean no more:
Her birth, her beauty, crowds and courts confess,
Chaste matrons praise her, and grave bishops bless;
In golden chains the willing world she draws,
And hers the gospel is, and hers the laws;
Mounts the tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead.
Lo! at the wheels of her triumphal car,
Old England's genius, rough with many a scar,
Dragg'd in the dust! his arms hang idly round,
His flag, inverted, trails along the ground!
Our youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign gold,
Before her dance: behind her crawl the old!
See thronging millions to the Pagod run,
And offer country, parent, wife, or son!
Hear her black trumpet thro' the land proclaim,
That *Not to be corrupted is the shame!*
In soldier, churchman, patriot, man in pow'r,
'Tis av'rice all, ambition is no more!
See, all our nobles begging to be slaves!
See, all our fools aspiring to be knaves!
The wit of cheats, the courage of a whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential awe,
At times that 'scape, or triumph o'er the law:
While truth, worth, wisdom, daily they decry—
'Nothing is sacred now but villany!'
Yet may this verse (if such a verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

DIALOGUE II.

F. 'Tis all a libel—Paxton (Sir) will say.

P. Not yet, my friend! to-morrow 'faith it
And for that very cause, I print to-day. [may;
How should I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the sins of *Thirty-Nine!*
Vice with such giant strides comes on amain;
Invention strives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er so strong,
Some rising genius sins up to my song.

F. Yet none but you by name the guilty lash;
Ev'n Guthry saves half Newgate by a dash.
Spare then the person, and expose the vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the sharper, but the
dice?

Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, andouse on all the kind.
Ye statesmen, priests, of one religion all!
Ye tradesmen, vile, in army, court, or hall!

Ye

Ye rev'rend atheists. F. Scandal! name them,
Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a sister, who forswore a debt,
I never nam'd; the town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning dame.—F. You mean—P. I don't.

F. You do.

P. See, now I keep the secret, and not you!
The bribing statesman—F. Hold, too high you go.

P. The brib'd elector—F. There you stoop
too low. [what;

P. I fain would please you, if I knew with
Tell me, which knave is lawful game, which not?
Must great offenders, once escap'd the crown,
Like royal harts be never more run down?
Admit your law to spare the knight requires,
As beasts of nature may we hunt the 'quires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a bishop, may I name a dean?

F. A dean, sir? No; his fortune is not made;
You hurt a man that's rising in the trade.

P. If not the tradesman who set up to-day,
Much less the 'prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud satire! tho' a realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier thief than wretched Wild;
Or, if a court or country's made a job,
Go drench a pickpocket, and join the mob.

But, Sir, I beg you (for the love of vice)
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice;
Have you less pity for the needy cheat,
The poor and friendless villain, than the great?
Alas! the small discredit of a bribe
Scarce hurts the lawyer, but undoes the scribe.
Then better, sure, it charity becomes
To tax directors, who (thank God) have plums;
Still better ministers; or, if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a king.

F. Stop! Stop!

P. Must satire, then, nor rise nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no rogues at all.

F. Yes, strike that Wild, I'll justify the blow.

P. Strike? Why the man was hang'd ten
years ago;

Who now that obsolete example fears;
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his ears.

F. What always Peter? Peter thinks you mad;
You make men desp'rate, if they once are bad:
Else might he take to virtue some years hence—

P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the Prince.

F. Strange spleen to S—k!

P. Do I wrong the man?

God knows, I praise a courtier where I can.
When I confess, there is who feels for fame,
And melts to goodness, need I Scarb'ro' name?
Pleas'd let me own in Esther's peaceful grove
(Where Kent and Nature vie for Pelham's love)
The scene, the master op'ning to my view,
I sit and dream I see my Craggs anew!

Ev'n in a bishop I can spy desert;
Secker is decent, Rundel has a heart:
Manners with candour are to Benson given;
To Berkley, ev'ry virtue under heav'n.

But does the court a worthy man remove?
That instant, I declare, he has my love:

I shun his zenith, court his mild decline;
Thus Somers once, and Halifax were mine.
Oft, in the clear, still mirror of retreat,
I study'd Shrewsbury, the wise and great:
Carleton's calm sense, and Stanhope's noble flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous end the same:
How pleasing Atterbury's softer hour!
How shin'd the soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How can I Pult'ney, Chesterfield forget,
While Roman spirit charms, and Attic wit:
Argyle, the State's whole thunder born to wield,
And shake alike the senate and the field:
Or Wyndham, just to freedom and the throne,
The master of our passions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their friends, not number'd with
their train;

And if yet higher the proud list should end,
Still let me say, No follower, but a friend.

Yet think not friendship only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue*; where she shines, I praise;
Point she to Priest or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's beaver cast a glory.
I never (to my sorrow I declare)
Din'd with the Man of Ros's, or my Lord May'r.
Some, in their choice of friends (nay look not
Have still a secret bias to a knave: [grave)
To find an honest man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praise him, in or out.

F. Then why so few commended?—

P. Not so fierce;

Find you the virtue, and I'll find the verse.
But random praise—the task can ne'er be done:
Each mother asks it for her booby son.
Each widow asks it for *the best of men*;
For him she weeps, for him she weds agen.
Praise cannot stoop, like satire, to the ground:
The number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the greatest of these days,
To 'scape my censure, not expect my praise.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a post for their friend?
What Richlieu wanted, Louis scarce could gain;
And what young Ammon wish'd, but wish'd in
vain.

No pow'r the Muse's friendship can command;
No pow'r, when Virtue claims it, can withstand:
To Cato, Virgil pay'd one honest line;
O let my country's friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith, the
thought's no sin,

I think your friends are out, and would be in.

P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is strangely round about.

F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow

P. I only call those knaves who are so now.

Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of Arnall! aid me while I lie:
Cobham's a coward, Polwart is a slave,
And Littleton a dark designing knave;
St. John has ever been a wealthy fool—
But let me add, Sir Robert's mighty dull;
Has never made a friend in private life,
And was, besides, a tyrant to his wife.

But pray, when others praise him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolfey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a wreath of mine,
Oh all accomplish'd St. John! deck thy shrine?

What! shall each spur-gall'd hackney of the day,

When Paxton gives him double pots and pay:
Or each new pension'd sycophant pretend
To break my windows if I treat a friend;
Then wisely plead, to me they meant no hurt;
But 'twas my guest at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I spare the Minister, no rules
Of honour bind me, not to maul his tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be said
His saws are toothless, and his hatchets lead.

It anger'd Turenne, once upon a day,
To see a footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th'affront the fellow gave,
Knew one a man of honour, one a knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jest,
And begg'd he'd take the pains to kick the rest:
Which not at present having time to do—

F. Hold, Sir, for God's sake! where's the affront to you?

Against your worship when had S—k writ?
Or P—ge pour'd forth the torrent of his wit?
Or grant the bard, whose distich all commend
(*In pow'r a servant, out of pow'r a friend*)
To W—le guilty of some venial sin;

What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?

The priest, whose flattery bedropt the crown,
How hurt he you? he only stain'd the gown.
And how did, pray, the florid youth offend,
Whose speech you took, and gave it to a friend?

P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;

Whoever borrow'd could not be to blame,
Since the whole House did afterwards the same.
Let courtly wits to wits afford supply,
As hog to hog in huts of Westphaly;
If one, thro' nature's bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal, dirty soil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a mess almost as it came in;
The blessed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles close behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouse:
The last full fairly gives it to the House.

F. This filthy simile, this beastly line
Quite turns my stomach—

P. So does flatt'ry mine:

And all your courtly civit-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is excrement.
But hear me farther, Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres scarce could write or read.
In all the courts of Pindus guiltless quite;
But pens can forge, my friend, that cannot write;

And must no egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Because the deed he forg'd was not my own?
Must never patriot then declaim at gin,
Unless, good man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous pastor blame a failing spouse,
Without a staring reason on his brows?

And each blasphemer quite escape the rod,
Because the insult's not on man, but God?

Ask you, what provocation I have had?
The strong antipathy of good to bad.

When truth or virtue an affront endures,
Th'affront is mine, my friend, and shall be your's.
Mine, as a foe profess'd to false pretence,
Who think a coxcomb's honour like his sense;
Mine, as a friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as man, who feel for all mankind.

F. You're strangely proud.

P. So proud, I am no slave:
So impudent, I own myself no knave:
So odd, my country's ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the bar, the pulpit, and the throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by ridicule alone.

O sacred weapon! left for truth's defence;
Sole dread of folly, vice, and insolence!
To all but heav'n-directed hands deny'd;
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide:
Rev'rent, I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rouse the watchmen of the public weal;
To virtue's work provoke the tardy hall,
And goad the prelate slumb'ring in the stall.
Ye tinsel insects! whom a court maintains,
That counts your beauties only by your stains,
Spin all your cobwebs o'er the eye of day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:
All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes faints of queens, and gods of kings,
All, all but truth, drops dead-born from the press;
Like the last Gazette, or the last address.

When black ambition stains a public cause,
A monarch's sword when mad vainglory draws,
Not Waller's wreath can hide the nation's scar,
Not Boileau turn the feather to a star.

Not so, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the flame that breaks from Vir-
tue's shrine,

Her priestess Muse forbids the good to die,
And opes the temple of Eternity.
There, other trophies deck the truly brave,
Than such as Anstis casts into the grave;
Far other stars than ** and ** wear,
And may descend to Mordington from Stair;
(Such as on Hough's unfully'd mitre shine,
Or beam, good Digby, from a heart like thine)
Let Envy howl, while Heav'n's whole chorus
sings,

And bark at honour not conferr'd by kings;
Let flatt'ry sick'ning see the incense rise,
Sweet to the world, and grateful to the skies:
Truth guards the poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes immortal verse as mean as mine.

Yes, the last pen for freedom let me draw,
When truth stands trembling on the edge of law;
Here, last of Britons! let your names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praise the dead;
And, for that cause which made your fathers
Fall by the votes of their degen'rate line. [shine,

F. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Essays on Man*.

Imitations

§ 19. *Imitations of Horace.* POPE.

EPISTLE VII.

Imitated in the manner of Dr. Swift.

'TIS time, my Lord, I gave my word
I would be with you, June the third;
Chang'd it to August, and, in short,
Have kept it—as you do at court.
You humour me when I am sick,
Why not when I am splenetic?
In town, what objects could I meet?
The shops shut up in ev'ry street,
And fun'ral black'ning all the doors,
And yet more melancholy whores!
And what a dust in ev'ry place?
And a thin court that wants your face,
And fevers raging up and down,
And W* and H** both in town!

"The dog-days are no more the case."
'Tis true, but winter comes apace:
Then southward let your bard retire,
Hold out some months 'twixt sun and fire,
And you shall see the first warm weather,
Me and the butterflies together.

My Lord, your favours well I know;
'Tis with distinction you bestow;
And not to ev'ry one that comes,
Just as a Scotman does his plums.
'Pray take them, Sir, enough's a feast:
'Eat some, and pocket up the rest—
What, rob your boys? those pretty rogues!
'No, Sir, you'll leave them to the hogs.'
Thus fools with compliments besiege ye,
Contriving never to oblige ye.
Scatter your favours on a fop,
Ingratitude's the certain crop;
And 'tis but just, I'll tell you wherefore,
You give the things you never care for.
A wise man always is or shou'd
Be mighty ready to do good;
But makes a difference in his thought
Betwixt a guinea and a groat.

Now this I'll say, you'll find in me
A safe companion, and a free;
But if you'd have me always near—
A word, pray, in your Honour's ear:
I hope it is your resolution
To give me back my constitution!
The sprightly wit, the lively eye,
Th'engaging smile, the gaiety,
That laugh'd down many a summer sun,
And kept you up so oft till one:
And all that voluntary vein,
As when Belinda rais'd my strain.

A weazel once made shift to sink
In at a corn-lost thro' a chink;
But having amply stuff'd his skin,
Could not get out as he got in:
Which one belonging to the house
('Twas not a man, it was a mouse)
Observing, cry'd, 'You, 'scape not so,
'Lean as you came, Sir, you must go.'
Sir, you may spare your application,
I'm no such beast, nor his relation;

Nor one that temperance advance,
Cramm'd to the throat with ortolans:
Extremely ready to resign
All that may make me none of mine.
South-Sea subscriptions take who please,
Leave me but liberty and ease:
'Twas what I said to Craggs and Child,
Who prais'd my modesty, and smil'd.
Give me, I cry'd (enough for me)
My bread, and independency!
So bought an annual rent or two,
And liv'd—just as you see I do;
Near fifty, and without a wife,
I trust that sinking fund, my life.
Can I retrench? Yes, mighty well,
Shrink back to my paternal cell,
A little house, with trees a row,
And, like its master, very low.
There dy'd my father, no man's debtor;
And there I'll die, nor worse nor better.

To set this matter full before ye,
Our old friend Swift will tell his story.

"Harley, the nation's great support,"—
But you may read it, I stop short.

SATIRE VI.

*The first part imitated in the year 1714, by Dr.**Swift; the latter part added afterwards.*

I'VE often wish'd that I had clear
For life, six hundred pounds a year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terras-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
'But here a grievance seems to lie,
'All this is mine but till I die;
'I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
"To me and to my heirs for ever."

'If I ne'er got or lost a groat
'By any trick or any fault;
'And if I pray by reason's rules,
'And not like forty other fools,
'As thus: "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
"To grant me this and t'other acre:
"Or, if it be thy will and pleasure,
"Direct my plough to find a treasure:"
'But only what my station fits,
'And to be kept in my right wits:
'Preserve, Almighty Providence!
'Just what you gave me, competence:
'And let me in these shades compose
'Something in verse as true as prose;
'Remov'd from all th'ambitious scene,
'Nor puff'd by pride, nor sunk by spleen.

In short, I'm perfectly content,
Let me but live on this side Trent;
Nor cross the Channel twice a year,
To spend six months with statesmen her

I must by all means come to town,
'Tis for the service of the Crown.
"Lewis, the Dean will be of use;
"Send for him up, take no excuse."

The toil, the danger of the seas,
Great Ministers ne'er think of these;
Or let it cost five hundred pound,
No matter where the money's found;
It is but so much more in debt;
And that they ne'er consider'd yet.

"Good Mr. Dean, go change your gown,
"Let my Lord know you're come to town."
I hurry me in haste away,
Not thinking it is levee-day;
And find his Honour in a pound,
Hemm'd by a triple circle round,
Chequer'd with ribbons blue and green:
How should I thrust myself between?
Some wag observes me thus perplex'd,
And, smiling, whispers to the next,
"I thought the Dean had been too proud
"To juggle here among a crowd."

Another, in a surly fit,
Tells me I have more zeal than wit:
"So eager to express your love,
"You ne'er consider whom you shove,
"But rudely press before a Duke."
I own I'm pleas'd with this rebuke,
And take it kindly, meant to show
What I desire the world should know.

I get a whisper, and withdraw;
When twenty fools I never saw
Come with petitions fairly penn'd,
Desiring I would stand their friend.

This humbly offers me his case—
That begs my interest for a place—
A hundred other men's affairs,
Like bees, are humming in my ears.
"To-morrow my appeal comes on;
"Without your help the cause is gone—"
The Duke expects my Lord and you
About some great affairs, at two—
"Put my Lord Bolingbroke in mind,
"To get my warrant quickly sign'd:
"Consider, 'tis my first request."
Be satisfy'd, I'll do my best:
Then presently he falls to teize,
"You may for certain, if you please;
"I doubt not, if his Lordship knew—
"And, Mr Dean, one word from you—"

'Tis (let me see) three years and more,
(October next it will be four)
Since Harley bid me first attend,
And chose me for an humble friend;
Would take me in his coach to chat,
And question me of this and that;
As, 'What's o'clock?' and, 'How's the wind?'
'Whose chariot's that we left behind?'
Or gravely try to read the lines
Writ underneath the country signs;
Or, "Have you nothing new to-day
"From Pope, from Parnell, or from Gay?"
Such tattle often entertains
My Lord and me as far as Stains;
As once a week we travel down
To Windsor, and again to Town;
Where all that passes *inter nos*
Might be proclaim'd at Charing-Cross.

Yet some I know with envy swell,
Because they see me us'd so well:
"How think you of our friend the Dean?"
"I wonder what some people mean;
"My Lord and he are grown so great,
"Always together *tele-a-tete*.
"What, they admire him for his jokes—
"See but the fortune of some folks!"
There flies about a strange report
Of some express arriv'd at court:
I'm stopp'd by all the fools I meet,
And catechis'd in ev'ry street.
"You, Mr. Dean, frequent the great;
"Inform us, will the Emp'rour treat?
"Or do the prints and papers lie?"
Faith, Sir, you know as much as I.
"Ah, Doctor, how you love to jest?
" 'Tis now no secret—I protest
 'Tis one to me—"Then tell us, pray,
"When are the troops to have their pay?"

And, tho' I solemnly declare
I know no more than my Lord Mayor,
They stand amaz'd, and think me grown
The closest mortal ever known.
Thus, in a sea of folly tost,
My choicest hours of life are lost;
Yet always wishing to retreat,
Oh, could I see my country-seat!
There leaning near a gentle brook,
Sleep, or peruse some ancient book;
And there in sweet oblivion drown
Those cares that haunt the court and town.
O charming noons, and nights divine!
Or when I sup, or when I dine,
My friends above, my folks below,
Chatting and laughing all a-row;
The beans and bacon set before 'em,
The grace-cup serv'd with all decorum:
Each willing to be pleas'd, and please,
And ev'n the very dogs at ease!
Here no man prates of idle things,
How this or that Italian sings,
A neighbour's madness, or his spouse's,
Or what's in either of the houses:
But something much more our concern,
And quite a scandal not to learn:
Which is the happier, or the wiser,
A man of merit, or a miser?
Whether we ought to choose our friends
For their own worth, or our own ends?
What good, or better, we may call?
And what, the very best of all?

Our friend Dan Prior told (you know)
A tale extremely *a-propos*:
Name a town-life, and in a trice,
He had a story of two mice.—
Once on a time, so runs the fable,
A country mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a town mouse at his board,
Just as a farmer might a lord.
A frugal mouse, upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his friend, and had a soul;
Knew what was handsome, and would do't,
On just occasion, *conte qui conte*.

He

He brought him bacon (nothing lean) ;
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a dean ;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But with'd it Stilton for his sake ;
 Yet, to his guest tho' no way sparing,
 He eat himself the rind and paring.
 Our courtier scarce would touch a bit,
 But show'd his breeding and his wit ;
 He did his best to seem to eat,
 And cry'd, " I vow you're mighty neat.
 " But lord, my friend, this savage scene !
 " For God's sake, come, and live with men :
 " Consider, mice, like men, must die,
 " Both small and great, both you and I ;
 " Then spend your life in joy and sport.—
 " This doctrine, friend, I learn'd at court."

The veriest hermit in the nation
 May yield, God knows, to strong temptation.
 Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
 To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn :
 'Twas on the night of a debate,
 When all their lordships had sat late.

Behold the place, where if a poet
 Shin'd in description, he might show it ;
 Tell how the moon-beam trembling falls,
 And tips with silver all the walls ;
 Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
 Grottesco roofs, and stucco floors :
 But let it, in a word, be said,
 The moon was up, and men a-bed,
 The napkins white, the carpet red :
 The guests withdrawn, had left the treat,
 And down the mice sat, *tete-a-tete*.

Our courtier walks from dish to dish,
 Tastes for his friend of fowl and fish ;
 Tells all their names, lays down the law,
 "*Que ca est bon ! Ah goutez ca !*
 " That jelly's rich, this malmsey healing ;
 " Pray dip your whiskers and your tail in."
 Was ever such a happy swain ?
 He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
 " I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
 " To eat so much—but all's so good !
 " I have a thousand thanks to give—
 " My lord alone knows how to live."
 No sooner said, but from the hall
 Rush chaplain, butler, dogs and all :
 " A rat ! a rat ! clap too the door."—
 The cat comes bouncing on the floor !
 O for the heart of Homer's mice,
 Or gods to save them in a trice !
 (It was by Providence they think,
 For your damn'd Stucco has no chink.)
 " An't please your honour," quoth the peasant,
 " This same desert is not so pleasant :
 " Give me again my hollow tree,
 " A crust of bread, and liberty !"

ODE I. BOOK IV.

To Venus.

AGAIN, new tumults in my breast ?
 Ah spare me, Venus ! let me, let me rest !
 I am not now, alas ! the man
 As in the gentle reign of my queen Anne.

Ah sound no more thy soft alarms,
 Nor circle sober fifty with thy charms !
 Mother too fierce of dear desires !
 Turn, turn to willing hearts your wanton fires.
 To *number five* direct your doves, [loves ;
 There spread round Murray all your blooming
 Noble and young, who strikes the heart
 With ev'ry sprightly, ev'ry decent part ;
 Equal, the injur'd to defend,
 To charm the mistress, or to fix the friend.
 He, with a hundred arts refin'd,
 Shall stretch thy conquests over half the kind :
 To him each rival shall submit,
 Make but his riches equal to his wit.
 Then shall thy form the marble grace
 (Thy Grecian form) and Chloë lend the face :
 His house embosom'd in the grove,
 Sacred to social life and social love,
 Shall glitter o'er the pendent green,
 Where Thames reflects the visionary scene :
 Thither the silver sounding lyres
 Shall call the smiling loves and young desires ;
 There, ev'ry grace and muse shall throng,
 Exalt the dance, or animate the song ;
 There youths and nymphs, in consort gay,
 Shall hail the rising, close the parting day.
 With me, alas ! those joys are o'er ;
 For me the vernal garlands bloom no more.
 Adieu, fond hope of mutual fire !
 The still-believing, still-renew'd desire ;
 Adieu ! the heart-expanding bowl,
 And all the kind deceivers of the soul !
 But why ? Ah tell me, ah too dear !
 Steals down my cheek th'involuntary tear ?
 Why words so flowing, thoughts so free,
 Stop, or turn nonsense, at one glance of thee ?
 Thee, dress'd in fancy's airy beam,
 Absent I follow thro' th'extended dream ;
 Now, now I cease, I clasp thy charms,
 And now you burst (ah cruel !) from my arms ;
 And swiftly shoot along the mall,
 Or softly glide by the canal ;
 Now shown by Cynthia's silver ray,
 And now on rolling waters snatch'd away.

Part of the Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book.

A FRAGMENT.

LEST you should think that verse shall die,
 Which sounds the silver Thames along,
 Taught on the wings of truth to fly,
 Above the reach of vulgar song ;
 Tho' daring Milton sits sublime,
 In Spencer native muses play ;
 Nor yet shall Waller yield to time,
 Nor pensive Cowley's moral lay—
 Sages and chiefs long since had birth
 Ere Cæsar was, or Newton nam'd ;
 These rais'd new empires o'er the earth,
 And those, new heav'ns and systems fram'd.
 Vain was the chief's, the sage's pride !
 They had no poet, and they dy'd :
 In vain they schem'd, in vain they bled !
 They had no poet, and are dead.

The

§ 20. *The Traveller; or, a Prospect of Society*.*

Inscribed to the Rev. Mr. H. Goldsmith.

By Dr. GOLDSMITH.

REMOTE, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Scheld, or wand'ring Po;
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies;
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd, fondly turns to thee:
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags, at each remove, a length'ning chain.

Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend;
Bless'd be that spot where cheerful guests retire;
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire;
Bless'd that abode where want and pain repair,
And ev'ry stranger finds a ready chair:
Bless'd be those feasts, with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!

But me, not destin'd such delights to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care:
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good that mocks me with the view;
That, like the circle, bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet as I follow, flies;
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.

Ev'n now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And plac'd on high, above the storm's career,
Look downward where an hundred realms appear;
Lakes, forests, cities, plains, extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.

When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store, should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain [vain?
That good which makes each humbler bosom
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind. [crown'd;
Ye glitt'ring towns, with wealth and splendor
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flow'ry vale,
For me your tributary stores combine:
Creation's heir! the world, the world is mine!

As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er;
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still:
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleas'd with each good that Heav'n to man sup-
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall, [plies;
To see the hoard of human bliss so small;

And oft I wish, amidst the scene, to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd;
Where my worn soul, each wand'ring hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest'd.

But where to find that happiest spot below,
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shudd'ring tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine;
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast, where'er we roam;
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Tho' patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations, makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labour's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supply'd
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side;
And tho' the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent;
Wealth, commerce, honour, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's pow'r so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest. [fails;
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment
And honour sinks where commerce long prevails.
Hence ev'ry state, to one lov'd blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the fav'rite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This fav'rite good begets peculiar pain.

But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them thro' the prospect as it lies:
Here for a while, my proper cares resign'd;
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at ev'ry blast.

Far to the right, where Apeanine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping, deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride;
While oft some temple's mould'ring tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.

Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest.
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year;
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal leaves, that blossom but to die,—
These, here disporting, own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance from the planter's toil;

* The Reader is not to be informed that *chronological* order is not intended; but such a commixture of earlier and later Poems as may furnish the most agreeable variety.

While sea-born gales their gelid wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.

But small the bliss that sense alone bestows;
And sensual bliss is all the nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults thro' all his manners reign:
Tho' poor, luxurious; tho' submissive, vain;
Tho' grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue;
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind;
For wealth was theirs, not far remov'd the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd thro' the state:
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long-fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en Nature warm;
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form;
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,
Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supply'd
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long-fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen, in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in ev'ry grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd;
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim, repress'd by long controul,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights, succeeding fast behind,
In happier meannesses occupy the mind:
As in those domes, where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defac'd by time, and tott'ring in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile,
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul turn from them—turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display;
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread,
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steel, the soldier and his sword.
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter ling'ring chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly fues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, e'en here Content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all its rage disarm.
Tho' poor the peasant's hut, his feast tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meannesses of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal,
To make him loath his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each with contrasting, fits him to the soil.

Cheerful at morn he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep;
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, ev'ry labour sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by his cheerful fire, and round surveys
His childrens looks, that brighten at the blaze;
While his lov'd partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board:
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus ev'ry good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms;
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd:
Their wants but few, their wishes all confin'd.
Yet let them only share the praises due;
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few:
For ev'ry want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
When from such lands each pleasing science flies,
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those pow'rs that raise the soul to flame,
Catch ev'ry nerve, and vibrate thro' the frame.
Their level life is but a mould'ring fire,
Unquench'd by want, unfann'd by strong desire;
Unfit for raptures; or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, bury'd in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow;
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low:
For, as refinement stops, from fire to son,
Unalter'd, unimprov'd, the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely-pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit, like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals, such as play [way,
Thro' life's more cultur'd walks, and charm the
These far dispers'd, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign,
I turn—and France displays her bright domain.
Gay sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleas'd with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe, beside the murmur'ing Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And, freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, tho' my harsh touch falt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill,

Yet

Yet would the village praise my wond'rous pow'r,
And dance, forgetful of the noon-tide hour!
Alike all ages. Dames of ancient days
Have led their children thro' the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandfire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display,
Thus idly busy rolls their world away:
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear;
For honour forms the social temper here.
Honour, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land:
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays;
And all are taught an avarice of praise;
They please, are pleas'd, they give to get esteem,
Till, seeming blest'd, they grow to what they seem.

But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise;
For praise too dearly lov'd, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought;
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart:
Here vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frize with copper lace;
Here beggar pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a year;
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.

To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Embosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land;
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow;
Spreads its long arms amidst the wat'ry roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore,
While the pent ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation, rescu'd from his reign.

Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-lov'd wealth im-
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts; [parts
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
E'en liberty itself is barrer'd here!
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies;
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys;
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves!
Here wretches seek dishonourable graves,
And calmly bent, to servitude conform;
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.

Heavens! how unlike their Belgic fires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold;
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!

Fir'd at the sound, my Genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaëpis glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray;
There gentle music melts on ev'ry spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd;
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great:
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human-kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd fresh from Nature's hand,
Fierce in their native hardness of soul,
True to imagin'd right, above controul,
While e'en the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.

Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd
here;

Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest'd indeed were such without alloy,
But foster'd e'en by Freedom ills annoy;
That independance Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self-dependant lordlings stand alone;
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of Nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd.
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress'd ambition struggles round her shore,
Till, over-wrought, the general system feels
Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honour fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when, stripp'd of all her
charms,

The land of scholars and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, foldiers, kings, unhonour'd die.

Yet think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye pow'rs of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tyrant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud Contempt, or Favour's fost'ring sun,
Still may thy blooms the changeeful clime endure,
I only would repress them to secure:
For just experience tells, in ev'ry soil,
That those who think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.

Hence,

Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.

O, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast-approaching danger warms :
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own,
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roan,
Pillag'd from slaves, to purchase slaves at home ;
Fear, pity, justice, indignation start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.

Yes, brother, curse me with that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power ;
And thus polluting honour in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchange'd for useless ore ?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers, bright'ning as they waste ;
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose ?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling long-frequented village fall ?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Rere'd from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main ;
Where wild Osvego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thund'ring sound !
Even now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Thro' tangled forests, and thro' dang'rous ways ;
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murd'rous aim ;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and too faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.

Vain, very vain, my weary search, to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind !
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows ?
In ev'ry government, tho' terrors reign,
Tho' tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That part which laws or kings can cause or cure !
Still to ourselves in ev'ry place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find :
With secret course, which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted ax, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith, and conscience, all our own.

§ 21. *The Deserted Village.* GOLDSMITH.

SWEET Auburn ! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheer'd the labouring
swain ;

Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's ling'ring blooms delay'd.
Dear lovely bow'rs of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when ev'ry sport could please,
How often have I loiter'd o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endear'd each scene !
How often have I paus'd on ev'ry charm,
The shelter'd cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church, that topt the neighb'ring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whisp'ring lovers made :
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circle in the shade,
The young contending as the old survey'd ;
And many a gambol frolic'd o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went
round.

And still as each repeated pleasure tir'd,
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspir'd ;
The dancing pair that simply sought renown,
By holding out to tire each other down,
The swain mistrustful of his smutted face,
While secret laughter titter'd round the place ;
The bashful virgin's side long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks re-
prove, [these
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like
With sweet succession, taught e'en toil to please ;
These round thy bow'rs their cheerful influence
shed, [are shed.
These were thy charms—But all these charms
Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms with-
drawn ;

Amidst thy bow'rs the Tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain ;
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But choak'd with sedges, works its weedy way ;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest ;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvar'd cries.
Sunk are thy bow'rs in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mould'ring wall.
And, trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's
hand,

Far, far away thy children leave the land.

Ill fares the land, to hast'ning ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay :
Princes and Lords may flourish, or may fade ;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroy'd, can never be supply'd.

A time

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintain'd its man;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store;
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:
His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are alter'd: trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumb'rous pomp repose;
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room,
These healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful
scene,

Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore;
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's pow'r.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds,
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruin'd grounds,
And many a year elaps'd, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wand'rings, round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and God has giv'n my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bow'rs to lay me down:
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to shew my book-learn'd skill;
Around my fire an ev'ning group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare, whom hounds and horns pursue,
Pants to the place from whence at first he flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How blest is he who crowns, in shades like these,
A youth of labour with an age of ease!
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dang'rous deep;
No furly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending virtue's friend;
Sinks to the grave with unperceiv'd decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way:
And, all his prospects bright'ning to the last,
His heav'n commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at ev'ning's
close,

Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I pass, with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came soften'd from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that low'd to meet their young;

The noisy geese that gabbl'd o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,
The watch-dog's voice that bay'd the whisp'ring
wind,

And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And fill'd each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
But all the bloomy flush of life is fled!
All but yon widow'd, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring;
She, wretched matron, forc'd, in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,
To pick her wint'ry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn;
She only left, of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden
smil'd,

And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year!
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor ere had chang'd, nor wish'd to change his
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for pow'r, [place;
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learn'd to prize;
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wand'rings, but reliev'd their pain.
The long-remember'd beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or tales of sorrow done,
Shoulder'd his crutch, and shew'd how fields
were won.

[glow,
Pleas'd with his guests, the good man learn'd to
And quite forget their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And ev'n his failings lean'd to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at ev'ry call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd, and felt for all.
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt her new-fledg'd offspring to the skies,
He try'd each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed, where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismay'd,
The rev'rend champion stood. At his controul
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to
raise,

And his last fault'ring accents whisper'd praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorn'd the venerable place;

Truth

Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Ev'n children follow'd with entreating wile,
And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's
smile.

His ready smile a parent's warmth express'd;
Their welfare pleas'd him, and their ears distract;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were giv'n;
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form, [storm,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are
Eternal sunshine settles on its head. [spread,

Beside yon straggling fence that skirt the way,
With blossom furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skill'd to rule,
The village-master taught his little school:
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and ev'ry truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes; for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declar'd how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge:
In arguing too, the parson own'd his skill;
For ev'n tho' vanquish'd, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring
found,

Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around.
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumph'd, is forgot.
Near yonder thorn that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye,
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts
inspir'd,

Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retir'd;
Where village statesmen talk'd with looks pro-
found;

And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendors of that festive place;
The white-wash'd wall, the nicely fanded floor;
The varnish'd clock that click'd behind the door;
The chest, contriv'd a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of draw'rs by day;
The pictures plac'd for ornament and use;
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen bows, and flowers, and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups, wisely kept for show,
Rang'd o'er the chimney, glist'ning in a row.

Vain transitory splendour! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall!

Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart;
Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his pond'rous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half-willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first-born sway;
Light they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvy'd, unmolested, unconfin'd:
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth array'd,
In these, ere triflers half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain;
And, ev'n while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart, distrusting, asks if this be joy?

Ye friends to truth, ye statesmen who survey
The rich man's joys encrease, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and a happy land.

Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards, ev'n beyond the miser's wish, abound;
And rich men flock from all the world around;
Yet count our gains: This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful product still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supply'd;
Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds;
Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds;
The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth,
Has robb'd the neighb'ring fields of half their
His seat, where solitary sports are seen, [growth;
Indignant spurns the cottage from the green;
Around the world each needful product flies,
For all the luxuries the world supplies.

While thus the land adorn'd for pleasure all,
In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female, unadorn'd and plain,
Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
Slights ev'ry borrow'd charm that dress supplies,
Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes;
But when those charms are past, for charms are
When time advances, and when lovers fail, [frail,
She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
In all the glaring impotence of dress.
Thus fares the land, by luxury betray'd,
In nature's simplest charms at first array'd,
But verging to decline, its splendours rise,
Its vistas strike, its palaces surprise;
While, scourg'd by famine from the smiling land,
The mournful peasant leads his humble band;
And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where

Where then, ah! where shall poverty reside,
To 'scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
If to some common's fenceless limits stray'd,
He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
And ev'n the bare-worn common is deny'd.

If to the city sped—What waits him there?
To see profusion that he must not share;
To see ten thousand baneful arts combin'd
To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;
To see each joy the sons of pleasure know,
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here, while the counter glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade;
Here, while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,

There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her mid-night reign,

Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train;
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure, scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!

Sure, these denote one universal joy! [eyes
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine
Where the poor houseless shiv'ring female lies!
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn;
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's doors she lays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and shrinking from the show'r,

With heavy heart deploras that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown!

Do thine, sweet Auburn, thine, the loveliest
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain? [train,
Ev'n now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud mens doors they ask a little bread!

Ah, no. To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Thro' torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before,
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns, that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day;
Those matted woods where birds forget to sing,
But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling;
Those pois'nous fields with rank luxuriance crown'd,

Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake;
Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
And savage men, more murd'rous still than they;
While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
Mingling the ravag'd landscape with the skies.
Far different these from ev'ry former scene,
The cooling brook, the grassy-vested green,
The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
That only shelter'd thefts of harmless love.

Good Heav'n! what sorrows gloom'd that
parting day,

That call'd them from their native walks away;
When the poor exiles, ev'ry pleasure past,
Hung round the bow'rs, and fondly look'd their
last!

And took a long farewell, and wish'd in vain
For seats like these beyond the western main!
And shudd'ring still to face the distant deep,
Return'd and wept, and still return'd to weep!
The good old fire, the first prepar'd to go
To new-found worlds, and wept for others woe;
But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
He only wish'd for worlds beyond the grave.
His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
The fond companion of his hapless years,
Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
And left a lover's for her father's arms.
With louder plaints, the mother spoke her woes,
And blest the cot where ev'ry pleasure rose;
And kist her thoughtless babes with many a tear,
And clasp'd them close in sorrow doubly dear;
Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
In all the silent manliness of grief.

O, Luxury! thou curst by Heav'n's decree,
How ill exchang'd are things like these for thee!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasures only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own.
At ev'ry draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapp'd their strength, and ev'ry port unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Ev'n now the devastation is begun,
And half the bus'ness of destruction done;
Ev'n now, methinks, as pond'ring here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.

Down where yon anch'ring vessel spreads the sail
That idly waiting flaps with ev'ry gale,
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness are there;
And piety, with wishes plac'd above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degen'rate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame;
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decry'd,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride.

Thou, source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so;
Thou guide, by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou, source of ev'ry virtue, fare thee well;
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be try'd,
On Torrio's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world in snow,
Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of th'inclement clime;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain;

Teach

Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the labour'd mole away;
While self-dependent pow'r can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

§ 22. *A Panegyric to my Lord Protector, of the present Greatness and joint Interest of his Highness and this Nation.* WALLER.

WHILE with a strong, and yet a gentle, hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command;
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too:

Let partial spirits still aloud complain:
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign:
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without controul upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves as Neptune shew'd his face
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, rais'd above the rest,
Storms of ambition, tossing us, repress.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own: and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet:
Your pow'r extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n (that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and her states to awe)
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile;
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world was rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created; it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither th'oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour, at your court:
And then your Highness, not for ours alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

Fame, swifter than your winged navy, flies
Thro' ev'ry land that near the ocean lies,
Sounding your name, and telling dreadful news
To all that piracy and rapine use.

With such a chief the meanest nation blest,
Might hope to lift her head above the rest:
What may be thought impossible to do
By us, embraced by the sea and you?

Lords of the world's great waste, the ocean, we
Whole forests send to reign upon the sea;
And ev'ry coast may trouble, or relieve;
But none can visit us without your leave.

Angels and we have this prerogative,
That none can at our happy seats arrive;
While we descend at pleasure, to invade
The bad with vengeance, and the good to aid.

Our little world, the image of the great,
Like that, amidst the boundless ocean set,
Of her own growth hath all that nature craves;
And all that's rare, as tribute from the waves.

As Egypt does not on the clouds rely,
But to the Nile owes more than to the sky;
So, what our earth, and what our heav'n, denies,
Our ever-constant friend, the sea, supplies.

The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow:
Without the worm, in Persian silks we shine;
And, without planting, drink of ev'ry vine.

To dig for wealth we weary not our limbs;
Gold, tho' the heaviest metal, hither swims:
Ours is the harvest where the Indians mow;
We plough the deep, and reap what others sow.

Things of the noblest kind our own soil breeds;
Stout are our men, and warlike are our steeds:
Rome, tho' her eagle thro' the world had flow'n,
Could never make this island all her own.

Here the third Edward, and the Black Prince too,
France-conquering Henry, flourish'd; and now
For whom we stay'd, as did the Grecian state, [you:
Till Alexander came to urge their fate.

When for more worlds the Macedonian cry'd,
He wist not Theris in her lap did hide
Another yet: a world reserv'd for you,
To make more great than that he did subdue.

He safely might old troops to battle lead,
Against th'unwarlike Persian and the Mede;
Whose hasty flight did, from a bloodless field,
More spoils than honour to the victor yield.

A race unconquer'd, by their clime made bold,
The Caledonians, arm'd with want and cold,
Have, by a fate indulgent to your fame,
Been from all ages kept for you to tame.

Whom the old Roman wall so ill confin'd,
With a new chain of garrisons you bind:
Here foreign gold no more shall make them come;
Our English iron holds them fast at home.

They, that henceforth must be content to know
No warmer region than their hills of snow,
May blame the sun; but must extol your grace,
Which in our senate hath allow'd them place.

Preferr'd by conquest, happily o'erthrown,
Falling they rise, to be with us made one:
So kind Dictators made, when they came home,
Their vanquish'd foes free citizens of Rome.

Like favour find the Irish, with like fate,
Advanc'd to be a portion of our state:
While by your valour, and your bounteous mind,
Nations divided by the sea are join'd.

Holland, to gain your friendship, is content
To be our out-guard on the Continent:
She from her fellow-provinces would go,
Rather than hazard to have you her foe.

In our late fight, when cannons did diffuse,
Preventing posts, the terror and the news,
Our neighbour-princes trembled at their roar:
But our conjunction makes them tremble more.

R

Your

Your never-failing sword made war to cease;
And now you heal us with the acts of peace:
Our minds with bounty and with awe engage,
Invite affection, and restrain our rage.

Less pleasure take brave minds in battles won,
Than in restoring such as are undone:
Tigers have courage, and the rugged bear;
But man alone can whom he conquers spare.

To pardon, willing; and to punish, loth;
You strike with one hand, but you heal with both.
Lifting up all that prostrate lie, you grieve
You cannot make the dead again to live.

When fate or error had our age misled,
And o'er this nation such confusion spread,
The only cure which could from heav'n come
Was so much pow'r and piety in one! [down,

One! whose extraction from an ancient line
Gives hope again that well-born men may shine.
The meanest, in your nature mild and good;
The noble, rest secured in your blood.

Oft have we wonder'd, how you hid in peace
A mind proportion'd to such things as these;
How such a ruling spirit you could restrain,
And practise first o'er yourself to reign.

Your private life did a just pattern give,
How fathers, husbands, pious sons, should live:
Born to command, your princely virtues slept,
Like humble David's, while the flock he kept.

But when your troubled country call'd you forth,
Your flaming courage and your matchless worth,
Dazzling the eyes of all that did pretend,
To fierce contention gave a prosperous end.

Still as you rise, the state, exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when,
without noise,

The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story:
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still, to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found: and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars:
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them
Lord,

What hope had ours, while yet their pow'r was
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You! that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high spirits com-
To ev'ry duty could their minds engage, [pose:
Provoke their courage and command their rage.

So, when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth, approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast,
So England now does, with like toil oppress,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace!
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight;

Tell of towns storm'd, of armies over-run,
And mighty kingdoms by your conduct won;
How, while you thunder'd, clouds of dust did
choak

Contending troops, and seas lay hid in smoke.

Illustrious acts high raptures do infuse,
And ev'ry conqueror creates a Muse:
Here in low strains your milder deeds we sing;
But there, my Lord! we'll bays and olive bring

To crown your head: while you in triumph ride
O'er vanquish'd nations, and the sea beside:
While all your neighbour-princes unto you,
Like Joseph's sheaves, pay reverence and bow.

§ 23. *Cooper's Hill.* DENHAM.

SURE there are poets which did never dream
Upon Parnassus, nor did taste the stream
Of Helicon; we therefore may suppose
Those made not poets, but the poets those.
And as courts make not kings, but kings the court,
So, where the Muses and their train resort,
Parnassus stands; if I can be to thee
A poet, thou Parnassus art to me.
Nor wonder, if (advantag'd in my flight,
By taking wing from thy auspicious height)
Thro' untrac'd ways and airy paths I fly,
More boundless in my fancy than my eye:
My eye, which swift as thought contracts the space
That lies between, and first salutes the place
Crown'd with that sacred pile, so vast, so high,
That, whether 'tis a part of earth or sky,
Uncertain seems, and may be thought a proud
Aspiring mountain, or descending cloud,
Paul's the late theme of such a Muse* whose flight
Has bravely reach'd, and soar'd above thy height:
Now shalt thou stand, tho' sword, or time, or fire,
Or zeal, more fierce than they, thy fall conspire,
Secure, whilst thee the best of poets sings,
Preserv'd from ruin by the best of kings.
Under his proud survey the city lies,
And, like a mist, beneath a hill doth rise;
Whose state and wealth, the business and the
crowd;

Seems at this distance but a darker cloud:

And is, to him, who rightly things esteems,
No other in effect than what it seems:

Where, with like haste, tho' several ways they
Some to undo, and some to be undone; [run,

* Mr. Waller.

While luxury and wealth, like war and peace,
Are each the other's ruin and increase ;
As rivers lost in seas, some secret vein
Thence reconveys, there to be lost again.
Oh happiness of sweet retir'd content !
To be at once secure, and innocent.
Wind for the next (where Mars with Venus dwells,
Beauty with strength) above the valley swells
Into my eye, and doth itself present
With such an easy and unforc'd ascent,
That no stupendous precipice denies —
Access, no horror turns away our eyes :
But such a rise as doth at once invite
A pleasure and a rev'rence from the sight.
Thy mighty master's emblem, in whose face
Sat meekness, heighten'd with majestic grace ;
Such seems thy gentle height, made only proud
To be the basis of that pompous load,
Than which, a nobler weight no mountain bears,
But Atlas only which supports the spheres.
When Nature's hand this ground did thus advance,
'Twas guided by a wiser pow'r than Chance ;
Mark'd out for such an use, as if 'twere meant
T'invite the builder, and his choice prevent.
Nor can we call it choice, when what we chuse,
Folly or blindness only could refuse.
A crown of such majestic tow'rs doth grace
The gods great mother, when her heav'nly race
Do homage to her, yet she cannot boast
Among that num'rous and celestial host,
More heroes than can Wind for ; nor doth Fame's
Immortal book record more noble names.
Not to look back so far, to whom this isle
Owes the first glory of so brave a pile,
Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
The British Arthur, or the Danish Cnute
(Though this of old no less contest did move,
Than when for Homer's birth seven cities strove ;
Like him in birth, thou should'st be like in fame,
As thine his fate, if mine had been his flame) ;
But whosoe'er it was, Nature design'd
First a brave place, and then as brave a mind.
Not to recount those sev'ral kings, to whom
It gave a cradle, or to whom a tomb ;
But thee, great Edward*, and thy greater son
(The lilies which his father wore he won)
And thy Bellona †, who the comfort came
Not only to thy bed, but to thy fame,
She to thy triumph led one captive king ‡,
And brought that son, which did the second † bring.
Then didst thou found that order (whether love
Or victory thy royal thoughts did move)
Each was a noble cause, and nothing less
Than the design has been the great success ;
Which foreign kings and emperors esteem
The second honor to their diadem.
Had thy great destiny but giv'n thee skill
To know, as well as pow'r to act her will,
That from those kings, who then thy captives
In after-times should spring a royal pair, [were,
Who should possess all that thy mighty pow'r,
Or thy desires more mighty, did devour :
To whom their better fate reserves what'er
The victor hopes for, or the vanquish'd fear ;

That blood which thou and thy great grandfire
And all that since these sister nations bled, [shed,
Had been unspilt, and happy Edward known
That all the blood he spilt had been his own.
When he that patron chose, in whom are join'd
Soldier and martyr, and his arms confin'd
Within the azure circle, he did seem
But to foretel, and prophesy of him,
Who to his realms that azure round hath join'd,
Which Nature for their bound at first design'd ;
That bound which to the world's extremest ends,
Endless itself, its liquid arms extends.
Nor doth he need those emblems which we paint,
But is himself the soldier and the faint.
Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise ;
But my fix'd thoughts my wand'ring eye betrays,
Viewing a neighb'ring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th'adjoining abbey fell : (may no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform !)
Tell me, my Muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime, could any Christian king incense
To such a rage ? Was't luxury, or lust ?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just ? [more :
Were these their crimes ? They were his own much
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor ;
Who, having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear Devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good :
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame :
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils :
But princes swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th'ages past he makes amends ;
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplations dwell ;
And, like the block, unmoved lay : but ours,
As much too active, like the stork, devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone ?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme ?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture ?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance ;
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than led by a false guide to err by day ?
Who sees these dismal heaps, but would demand
What barbarous invader sack'd the land ?
But when he hears, no Goth, no Turk did bring
This desolation, but a Christian king ;
When nothing, but the name of zeal, appears
'Twixt our best actions and the worst of theirs ;
What does he think our sacrilege would spare,
When such th'effects of our devotions are ?
Parting from thence 'twixt anger, shame, and fear,
Those for what's past, and this for what's too near,
My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton vallies strays.

* Edward III. and the Black Prince.

† Queen Philippa.

‡ The kings of France and Scotland.

R 2

Thames,

Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons
 By his old fire, to his embraces runs;
 Hast'ning to pay his tribute to the sea,
 Like mortal life to meet eternity.
 Tho' with those streams he no resemblance hold,
 Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
 His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
 Search not his bottom, but survey his shore;
 O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
 And hatches plenty for th'ensuing spring.
 Nor then destroys it with too fond a stay,
 Like mothers who their infants overlay.
 Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
 Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
 No unexpected inundations spoil [toil:
 The mower's hopes, nor mock the plowman's
 But god-like his unwear'd bounty flows:
 First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
 Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
 But free and common, as the sea or wind;
 When he, to boast or to disperse his stores
 Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
 Visits the world, and in his flying tow'rs
 Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours;
 Finds wealth where 'tis; bestows it where it wants,
 Cities in deserts, wood in cities plants.
 So that to us, no thing no place is strange,
 While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
 O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
 My great example, as it is my theme!
 Tho' deep, yet clear; tho' gentle, yet not dull;
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.
 Heav'n her Eridanus no more shall boast,
 Whose fame in thine, like lesser current, 's lost;
 Thy nobler streams shall visit Jove's abodes,
 To shine among the stars*, and bathe the gods.
 Here nature, whether more intent to please
 Us for herself, with strange varieties,
 (For things of wonder give no less delight
 To the wise Maker's, than beholder's sight,
 Tho' these delights from sev'ral causes move;
 For so our children, thus our friends we love)
 Wisely she knew, the harmony of things,
 As well as that of sounds, from discord springs.
 Such was the discord which did first disperse
 Form, order, beauty, thro' the universe;
 While dryness moisture, coldness heat resists,
 All that we have, and that we are, subsists.
 While the steep horrid roughness of the wood
 Strives with the gentle calmness of the flood.
 Such huge extremes, when nature doth unite,
 Wonder from hence results, from thence delight.
 The stream is so transparent, pure, and clear,
 That had the self-enamour'd youth gaz'd here,
 So fatally deceiv'd he had not been.
 While he the bottom, not his face had seen.
 But his proud head the airy mountain hides
 Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
 A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
 Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;
 While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat:
 The common fate of all that's high or great.

Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
 Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd:
 Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
 While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
 And in the mixture of all these appears
 Variety, which all the rest endears.
 This scene, had some bold Greek or British bard
 Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
 Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
 Their feasts, their revels, and their am'rous flames:
 'Tis still the same, altho' their airy shape
 All but a quick poetic sight escape.
 There Faunus and Sylvanus keep their courts,
 And thither all the horned host resorts
 To graze the ranker mead, that noble herd,
 On whose sublime and shady fronts is rear'd
 Nature's great master-piece; to shew how soon
 Great things are made, but sooner are undone,
 Here have I seen the king, when great affairs
 Gave leave to slacken and unbend his cares,
 Attended to the chase by all the flow'r
 Of youth, whose hopes a nobler prey devour:
 Pleasure with praise, and danger they would buy,
 And wish a foe that would not only fly.
 The stag, now conscious of his fatal growth,
 At once indulgent to his fear and sloth,
 To some dark covert his retreat had made,
 Where nor man's eye, nor Heav'n's should invade
 His soft repose; when th'unexpected sound
 Of dogs and men his wakeful ear does wound:
 Rouz'd with the noise, he scarce believes his ear,
 Willing to think th'illusions of his fear
 Had giv'n this false alarm; but freight his view
 Confirms, that more than all he fears is true.
 Betray'd in all his strengths, the wood beset;
 All instruments, all arts of ruin met:
 He calls to mind his strength, and then his speed,
 His winged heels, and then his armed head;
 With these t'avoid, with that his fate to meet:
 But fear prevails, and bids him trust his feet.
 So fast he flies, that his reviewing eye
 Has lost the chacers, and his ear the cry;
 Exulting, till he finds their nobler sense
 Their disproportion'd speed doth recompense;
 Then curses his conspiring feet, whose scent
 Betrays that safety which their swiftness lent.
 Then tries his friends; among the baser herd,
 Where he so lately was obey'd and fear'd,
 His safety seeks: the herd, unkindly wise,
 Or chaces him from thence, or from him flies,
 Like a declining statesman, left forlorn
 To his friends pity, and pursuers scorn,
 With shame remembers, while himself was one
 Of the same herd, himself the same had done.
 Thence to the coverts and the conscious groves,
 The scenes of his past triumphs and his loves;
 Sadly surveying where he rang'd alone,
 Prince of the soil, and all the herd his own;
 And, like a bold knight-errant, did proclaim
 Combat to all, and bore away the dame;
 And taught the woods to echo to the stream
 His dreadful challenge and his clashing beam.

Yet faintly now declines the fatal strife,
 So much his love was dearer than his life.
 Now ev'ry leaf, and ev'ry moving breath
 Presents a foe, and ev'ry foe a death.
 Weary'd, forsaken, and pursu'd, at last
 All safety in despair of safety plac'd,
 Courage he thence resumes, resolv'd to bear
 All their assaults, since 'tis in vain to fear.
 And now, too late, he wishes for the fight
 That strength he waited in ignoble flight:
 But when he sees the eager chace renew'd,
 Himself by dogs, the dogs by men pursu'd,
 He straight revokes his bold resolve, and more
 Repents his courage than his fear before;
 Finds that uncertain ways unsafest are,
 And doubt a greater mischief than despair.
 Then to the stream, when neither friends, nor force,
 Nor speed, nor art avail, he shapes his course;
 Thinks not their rage so desp'rate to essay
 An element more merciless than they.
 But fearless they pursue, nor can the flood
 Quench their dire thirst; alas, they thirst for blood.
 So towards a ship the oar-finn'd galleys ply,
 Which wanting sea to ride, or wind to fly,
 Stands but to fall reveng'd on those that dare
 Tempt the last fury of extreme despair.
 So fares the stag, among th'enraged hounds,
 Repels their force, and wounds return for wounds.
 And as a hero, whom his baser foes
 In troops surround, now these assail, now those,
 Tho' prodigal of life, disdains to die
 By common hands; but if he can descry
 Some nobler foe approach, to him he calls,
 And begs his fate, and then contented falls.
 So, when the king a mortal shaft lets fly
 From his unerring hand, then gleed, to die,
 Proud of the wound, to it resigns his blood,
 And stains the crystal with a purple flood.
 This a more innocent and happy chace,
 Than when of old, but in the self-same place,
 Fair liberty pursu'd*, and meant a prey
 To lawless pow'r, here turn'd, and stood a bay.
 When in that remedy all hope was plac'd,
 Which was or should have been at least, the last,
 Here was that charter seal'd, wherein the crown
 All marks of arbitrary pow'r lays down:
 Tyrant and slave, those names of hate and fear,
 The happier stile of king and subject bear:
 Happy, when both to the same centre move,
 When kings give liberty, and subjects love.
 Therefore not long in force this charter stood;
 Wanting that seal, it must be seal'd in blood.
 The subjects arm'd, the more their princes gave;
 Th'advantage only took, the more to crave:
 Till kings, by giving, give themselves away,
 And ev'n that pow'r that should deny betray.
 'Who gives constrain'd, but his own fear reviles,
 'Not thank'd, but scorn'd; nor are they gifts,
 'but spoils.' [hold,
 Thus kings, by grasping more than they could
 First made their subjects, by oppression, bold:
 And pop'lar sway, by forcing kings to give
 More than was fit for subjects to receive,

Ran to the same extremes; and one excess
 Made both, by striving to be greater, less.
 When a calm river rais'd with sudden rains,
 Or snows dissolv'd, o'erflows th'adjoining plains,
 The husbandmen, with high rais'd banks secure
 Their greedy hopes, and this he can endure.
 But if with bays and dams they strive to force
 His channel to a new, or narrow course,
 No longer then within his banks he dwells;
 First to a torrent, then a deluge swells:
 Stronger and fiercer by restraint he roars,
 And knows no bound, but makes his power his
 shores.

§ 24. *On Mr. Abraham Cowley's Death and Burial
 amongst the ancient Poets.* DENHAM.

OLD Chaucer, like the morning star,
 To us discovers day from far,
 His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd,
 Which our dark nation long involv'd:
 But he descending to the shades,
 Darkness again the age invades.
 Next (like Aurora) Spencer rose,
 Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
 The other three, with his own fires,
 Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires;
 By Shakespeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's, lines,
 Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines;
 These poets near our princes sleep,
 And in one grave our mansion keep.
 They liv'd to see so many days,
 Till time had blasted all their bays;
 But curst be the fatal hour
 That pluck'd the fairest, sweetest flow'r
 That in the Muse's garden grew,
 And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
 Time, which made their fame out-live,
 To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
 Old mother Wit, and Nature gave
 Shakespeare and Fletcher all they have;
 In Spenser, and in Jonson, Art
 Of slower Nature got the start;
 But both in him so equal are,
 None knows which bears the happiest share:
 To him no author was unknown,
 Yet what he wrote was all his own;
 He melted not the ancient gold,
 Nor, with Ben Jonson, did make bold
 To plunder all the Roman stores
 Of poets, and of orators:
 Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
 He did not steal, but emulate!
 And when he would like them appear,
 Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear:
 He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
 Like Jason, brought the golden fleece:
 To him that language (though giv'n to none
 Of th'others) as his own was known.
 On a stiff gale (as Flaccus sings)
 The Theban swan extends his wings,
 When thro' th'ætherial clouds he flies,
 To the same pitch our swan doth rise;

Old Pindar's flights by him are reach'd,
 When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
 His fancy and his judgment such,
 Each to the other seem'd too much,
 His severe judgment (giving law).
 His modest fancy kept in awe:
 As rigid husbands jealous are,
 When they believe their wives too fair.
 His English streams so pure did flow,
 As all that saw and tasted know,
 But for his Latin vein, so clear,
 Strong, full, and high it dota appear,
 That were immortal Virgil here,
 Him for his judge he would not fear;
 Of that great portraiture, so true
 A copy pencil never drew.
 My Muse her song had ended here,
 But both their Genii straight appear;
 Joy and amazement her did strike,
 Two twins she never saw so like.
 'Twas taught by wife Pythagoras,
 One soul might thro' more bodies pass:
 Seeing such transmigration there,
 She thought it not a fable here.
 Such a resemblance of all parts,
 Life, death, age, fortune, nature, arts;
 Then lights her torch at theirs to tell,
 And shew the world this parallel:
 Fixt and contemplative their looks,
 Still turning over Nature's books:
 Their works chaste, moral, and divine,
 Where profit and delight combine;
 They, gilding dirt, in noble verse
 Rustic philosophy rehearse.
 When heroes, gods, or god-like kings,
 They praise, on their exalted wings
 To the celestial orbs they climb,
 And with th'harmonious spheres keep time:
 Nor did their actions fall behind
 Their words, but with like candour shin'd;
 Each drew fair characters, yet none
 Of these they feign'd excels their own.
 Both by two generous princes lov'd,
 Who knew, and judg'd what they approv'd.
 Yet having each the same desire,
 Both from the busy throng retire:
 Their bodies, to their minds resign'd,
 Car'd not to propagate their kind:
 Yet, tho' both fell before their hour,
 Time on their offspring hath no pow'r,
 Nor fire nor fate their bays shall blast,
 Nor death's dark veil their day o'ercast.

§ 25. *An Essay on Translated Verse.*

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

HAPPY that author, whose correct * essay
 Repairs so well our old Horatian way:
 And happy you, who (by propitious fate)
 On great Apollo's sacred standard wait,
 And with strict discipline instructed right,
 Have learn'd to use your arms before you fight.

But since the press, the pulpit, and the stage,
 Conspire to censure and expose our age;
 Provok'd too far, we resolutely must,
 To the few virtues that we have, be just.
 For who have long'd, or who have labour'd more
 To search the treasures of the Roman store;
 Or dig in Grecian mines for purer ore?
 The noblest fruits transplanted in our isle,
 With early hope and fragrant blossoms smile.
 Familiar Ovid tender thoughts inspires,
 And nature seconds all his soft desires:
 Theocritus does now to us belong;
 And Albion's rocks repeat his rural song.
 Who has not heard how Italy was blest
 Above the Medes, above the wealthy East?
 Or Gallus' song, so tender and so true,
 As ev'n Lycoris might with pity view? [hearse,
 When mourning nymphs attend their Daphnis,
 Who does not weep that reads the moving verse!
 But hear, oh hear, in what exalted strains
 Sicilian Muses through these happy plains
 Proclaim Saturnian times—our own Apollo
 reigns!

When France had breath'd, after intestine broils,
 And peace and conquest crown'd her foreign toils,
 There (cultivated by a royal hand)
 Learning grew fast, and spread, and blest the land;
 The choicest books that Rome or Greece have
 Her excellent translators made her own: [known,
 And Europe still considerably gains,
 Both by their good example and their pains.
 From hence our generous emulation came;
 We undertook, and we perform'd the same.
 But now, we show the world a nobler way,
 And in translated verse do more than they;
 Serene, and clear, harmonious Horace flows,
 With sweetness not to be express'd in prose:
 Degrading prose explains his meaning ill,
 And shews the stuff, but not the workman's skill:
 I (who have serv'd him more than twenty years)
 Scarce know my master as he there appears.
 Vain are our neighbours hopes, and vain their
 cares;

The fault is more the language's than theirs;
 'Tis courtly, florid, and abounds in words
 Of softer sound than ours perhaps affords;
 But who did ever in French authors see
 The comprehensive English energy?
 The weighty bullion of one sterling line,
 Drawn to French wire, would thro' whole pages
 I speak my private, but impartial sense, [shin'd,
 With freedom, and (I hope) without offence;
 For I'll recant, when France can shew me wit
 As strong as ours, and as succinctly writ.
 'Tis true, composing is a nobler part;
 But good translation is no easy art.
 For tho' materials have long since been found,
 Yet both your fancy and your hands are bound;
 And by improving what was writ before,
 Invention labours less, but judgment more.

The soil intended for Picrian seeds
 Must be well purg'd from rank pedantic weeds.

* John Sheffield duke of Buckinghamshire.

Apollo

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Apollo starts, and all Parnassus shakes,
At the rude rumbling Boralion makes.
For none have been with admiration read,
But who (beside their learning) were well bred.

The first great work (a task perform'd by few)
Is, that yourself may to yourself be true:
No mask, no tricks, no favour, no reserve;
Dissect your mind, examine ev'ry nerve.
Whoever vainly on his strength depends,
Begins like Virgil, but like Mævius ends.
That wretch (in spite of his forgotten rhymes)
Condemn'd to live to all succeeding times,
With pompous nonsense and a bellowing sound,
Sung lofty Ilium, tumbling to the ground.
And (if my Muse can thro' past ages see)
That noisy, nauseous, gaping fool was he;
Exploded, when with universal scorn,
The mountains labour'd and a mouse was born.

Learn, learn, Crotona's brawny wrestler cries,
Audacious mortals, and be timely wise!
'Tis I that call, remember Milo's end,
Wedge'd in that timber which he strove to rend.
Each poet with a diff'rent talent writes;
One praises, one instructs, another bites.
Horace did ne'er aspire to epic bays,
Nor lofty Maro stoop to lyric lays.
Examine how your humour is inclin'd,
And which the ruling passion of your mind;
Then, seek a poet who your way does bend,
And choose an author as you choose a friend;
United by this sympathetic bond,
You grow familiar, intimate, and fond;
Your thoughts, your words, your styles, your souls
No longer his interpreter, but he. [agree,

With how much ease is a young Muse betray'd!
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early, kind, paternal care appears,
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear,
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear;
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait,
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.

Immodest words admit of no defence;
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the Park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may
Variety of such is to be found; [choose?
Take then a subject proper to expound:
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street;
To copy bulls and bears, and ev'ry sign
That calls the staring fots to nasty wine.

Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new)
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.

Instruct the list'ning world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude as well as praise:
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like, or being ill.
For who, without a qualm, have ever look'd
On holy garbage, tho' by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Makes some suspect he snores, as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down;
My blushing Muse with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like, implicitly admires.

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise,
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which thro' the whole insensibly must pass,
With vital heat to animate the mass:
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame, [came;
And bright as heav'n, from whence the blessing
But few, oh few souls, præordain'd by fate,
The race of gods, have reach'd that envy'd height.
No Rebel-Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grizly ferryman of hell deny'd
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide:
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heav'n without a call!

Pride (of all others the most dang'rous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men, who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast:
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear,
No vulgar deity inhabits there:
Heav'n shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod,
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame;
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse; [Muse!
The Muse instruct my voice, and thou inspire the

What I have instanc'd only in the best,
Is, in proportion, true of all the rest.
Take pains the genuine meaning to explore,
There sweat, there strain, tug the laborious oar;
Search ev'ry comment that your care can find,
Some here, some there, may hit the poet's mind;
Yet be not blindly guided by the throng;
The multitude is always in the wrong.
When things appear unnatural or hard,
Consult your author, with himself compar'd;
Who knows what blessings Phœbus may bestow,
And future ages to your labour owe?
Such secrets are not easily found out;
But, once discover'd, leave no room for doubt.
Truth stamps conviction in your ravish'd breast,
And peace and joy attend the glorious guest.
Truth is still one; truth is divinely bright,
No cloudy doubts obscure her native light;

While in your thoughts you find the least debate,
You may confound, but never can translate.
Your style will this thro' all disguises show,
For none explain more clearly than they know.
He only proves he understands a text,
Whose exposition leaves it unperplex'd.
They who too faithfully on names insist,
Rather create than dissipate the mist;
And grow unjust by being over-nice;
For superstitious virtue turns to vice.
Let Crassus' * ghost and Labienus tell
How twice in Parthian plains their legions fell.
Since Rome hath been so jealous of her fame,
That few know Pacorus' or Monæses' name.

Words in one language elegantly us'd,
Will hardly in another be excus'd.
And some that Rome admir'd in Cæsar's time,
May neither suit our genius nor our clime.
The genuine sense, intelligibly told,
Shews a translator both discreet and bold.

Excursions are inexpiably bad;
And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.
Abstruse and mystic thoughts you must express }
With painful care, but seeming easiness; }
For truth shines brightest thro' the plainest dress. }
Th'Ænean Muse, when she appears in state,
Makes all Jove's thunder on her verses wait.
Yet writes sometimes as soft and moving things
As Venus speaks, or Philomela sings.
Your author always will the best advise;
Fall when he falls, and when he rises rise.
Affected noise is the most wretched thing
That to contempt can empty scribblers bring.
Vowels and accents, regularly plac'd,
On even syllables (and still the last)
Tho' gross innumerable faults abound,
In spite of nonsense, never fail of sound.
But this is meant of even verse alone,
As being most harmonious and most known:
For if you will unequal numbers try,
There accents on odd syllables must lie.
Whatever sister of the learned Nine
Does to your suit a willing ear incline,
Urge your success, deserve a lasting name,
She'll crown a grateful and a constant flame.
But, if a wild uncertainty prevail,
And turn your veering heart with ev'ry gale,
You lose the fruit of all your former care
For the sad prospect of a just despair.

A quack (too scandalously mean to name)
Had, by man-midwifery, got wealth and fame:
As if Lucina had forgot her trade,
The labouring wife invokes his surer aid.
Well-season'd bowls the gossip's spirits raise,
Who, while she guzzles, chats the doctor's praise;
And largely what she wants in words supplies,
With maudlin-eloquence of trickling eyes.
But what a thoughtless animal is man!
(How very active in his own trepan!)
For, greedy of physicians frequent fees,
From female mellow praise he takes degrees;
Struts in a new unlicens'd gown, and then,
From saving women, falls to killing men.

Another such had left the nation thin,
In spite of all the children he brought in.
His pills as thick as hand-granadoes flew;
And where they fell, as certainly they flew;
His name struck everywhere as great a damp
As Archimedes thro' the Roman camp.
With this, the doctor's pride began to cool;
For smarting soundly may convince a fool.
But now repentance came too late for grace;
And meagre famine star'd him in the face;
Fain would he to the wives be reconcil'd,
But found no husband left to own a child.
The friends that got the brats, were poison'd too;
In this sad case, what could our vermin do?
Worry'd with debts, and past all hope of bail,
Th'unpity'd wretch lies rotting in a jail:
And there with basket-alms, scarce kept alive,
Shews how mistaken talents ought to thrive.

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute their pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and cares,
Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse.
'Tis very dangerous, tampering with a muse,
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For tho' true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade th'attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led thro' the Cumæan cave,
And heard th'impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes:
And panting, Lo! the god, the god, she cries;
With words not hers, and more than human sound
She makes th'obedient ghosts peep trembling thro'
the ground.

But, tho' we must obey when Heav'n commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess.
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Thro' ev'ry swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate metals to the sterling stamp,
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss:
There, cold salutes; but here a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid, headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passing Soane divide;
Whose lazy waters without motion lay, [way.
While he, with eager force, urg'd his impetuous

The privilege that ancient poets claim,
Now turn'd to licence by too just a name,
Belongs to none but an establish'd fame,
Which scorns to take it—
Absurd expressions, crude, abortive thoughts,
All the lewd legion of exploded faults,
Base fugitives to that asylum fly,
And sacred laws with insolence defy.
Not thus our heroes of the former days,
Deserv'd and gain'd their never-fading bays;
For I mistake, or far the greatest part
Of what some call neglect, was study's art.
When Virgil seems to trifle in a line,
'Tis like a warning-piece, which gives the sign
To wake your fancy, and prepare your fight,
To reach the noble height of some unusual flight.
I lose my patience, when with saucy pride,
By untun'd ears I hear his numbers try'd.
Reverse of nature! shall such copies then
Arraign th'originals of Maro's pen!
And the rude notions of pedantic schools
Blaspheme the sacred founder of our rules!

The delicacy of the nicest ear
Finds nothing harsh, or out of order there.
Sublime or low, unbended or intense;
The sound is still a comment to the sense.

A skilful ear in numbers should preside,
And all disputes without appeal decide.
This ancient Rome, and elder Athens found,
Before mistaken stops debauch'd the sound.

When by impulse from Heav'n, Tyrtæus sung,
In drooping soldiers a new courage sprung;
Reviving Sparta now the flight maintain'd,
And what two gen'ral's lost a poet gain'd.
By secret influence of indulgent skies,
Empire and poetry together rise.
True poets are the guardians of the state,
And, when they fail, portend approaching fate.
For that which Rome to conquest did inspire,
Was not the vestal, but the muse's fire;
Heav'n joins the blessings: no declining age
E'er felt the raptures of poetic rage.

Of many faults, rhyme is (perhaps) the cause;
Too strict to rhyme, we slight more useful laws;
For that, in Greece or Rome, was never known,
Till by barbarian deluges o'erflown:
Subdu'd, undone, they did at last obey,
And change their own for their invader's way.

I grant, that from some mossy, idol oak,
In double rhymes our Thor and Woden spoke;
And by succession of unlearn'd times,
As bards began, so monks rung on the chimes.

But now that Phœbus and the sacred Nine,
With all their beams on our blest island shine,
Why should not we their ancient rites restore,
And be, what Rome or Athens were before?
* Have forgot how Raphael's numerous prose
Led our exalted souls thro' heavenly camps,
' And mark'd the ground where proud apostate
thrones

' Defy'd Jehovah! here, 'twixt host and host,

' (A narrow, but a dreadful interval)

' Portentous fight! before the cloudy van

' Satan with vast and haughty strides advanc'd,
' Came tow'ring arm'd in adamant and gold.
' There bellowing engines, with their fiery tubes,
' Dispers'd æthereal forms, and down they fell
' By thousands, angels on arch-angels roll'd;
' Recover'd to the hills they ran, they flew,
' Which (with their ponderous load, rocks, wa-
' ters, woods)

' From their firm seats, torn by the shaggy tops,
' They bore like shields before them thro' the air,
' Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
' All was confusion, heaven's foundations shook,
' Threat'ning no less than universal wreck;
' For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
' And over-prest whole legions weak with sin:
' Yet they blasphem'd and struggled as they lay,
' Till the great ensign of Messiah blaz'd,
' And (arm'd with vengeance) God's victorious
' (Effulgence of paternal deity) [Son
' Grasping ten thousand thunders in his hand,
' Drove th'old original rebels headlong down,
' And sent them flaming to the vast abyss.'

O may I live to heal the glorious day,
And sing loud pæans thro' the crowded way,
When in triumphant state the British Muse,
True to herself, shall barbarous aid refuse,
And in the Roman majesty appear,
Which none know better, and none come so near.

§ 26. *Abraham and Achitophel.* DRYDEN.

IN pious times, ere priesthood did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin;
When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was cursedly confin'd;
When nature prompted, and no law deny'd
Promiscuous use of concubine and bride,
Then Israel's monarch, after Heav'n's own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variously impart
To wives and slaves; and wide as his command,
Scatter'd his Maker's image thro' the land.
Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear;
A soil ungrateful to the tiller's care:
Not so the rest; for sev'ral mothers bore
To god-like David sev'ral sons before.
But since, like slaves, his bed they did ascend,
No true succession could their seed attend.
Of all the numerous progeny, was none
So beautiful, so brave, as Absalom:
Whether, inspir'd by some diviner lust,
His father got him with a greater gust;
Or that his conscious destiny made way,
By manly beauty, to imperial sway.
Early in foreign fields he won renown,
With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown:
In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
And seem'd as he were only born for love.
Whate'er he did was done with so much ease,
In him alone 'twas natural to please:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And paradise was open'd in his face.
With secret joy, indulgent David view'd
His youthful image in his son renew'd:

To all his wishes nothing he deny'd ;
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.
 What faults he had (for who from faults is free ?)
 His father could not, or he would not see.
 Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
 Were construed youth that purg'd by boiling o'er;
 And Amnon's murder, by a specious name,
 Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame.
 Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
 While David undisturb'd in Sion reign'd ;
 But life can never be sincerely blest :
 Heav'n punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring race,
 As ever try'd th'extent and stretch of grace ;
 God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with ease,

No king could govern, nor no God could please ;
 Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 That godsmiths could produce, or priests devise :
 These Adam-wits too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty ;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found,
 Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound,
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves.
 They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;
 Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
 And with a gen'ral shout proclaim'd him king :
 Those very Jews, who at their very best
 Their humour more than loyalty exprest,
 Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 An idol monarch, which their hands had made !
 Thought they might ruin him they could create,
 Or melt him to that golden calf a state.
 But these were random bolts : no form'd design,
 Nor int'rest made the factious crowd to join :
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign ;
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,
 Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight :
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
 They curst the memory of civil wars.
 The mod'rate sort of men thus qualify'd,
 Inclind the balance to the better side ;
 And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.
 But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
 The careful devil is still at hand with means ;
 And providently pimps for ill desires :
 The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

Th'inhabitants of old Jerusalem
 Were Jebusites ; the town so call'd from them ;
 And theirs the native right——
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong ;
 And ev'ry loss the men of Jebus bore,
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill content,
 Submit they must to David's government :
 Impov'rish'd and depriv'd of all command,
 Their taxes doubl'd as they lost their land ;

And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common
 This set the heathen priesthood in a flame ; [wood !
 For priests of all religions are the same.
 Of whatso'er descent their godhead be,
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
 In his defence his servants are as bold
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.
 The Jewish rabbins, tho' their enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise :
 For 'twas their duty, all the learned think,
 T'espouse his cause by whom they eat and drink,
 From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
 Bad in itself, but represented worse ;
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd ;
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd ;
 Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude ;
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd with
 To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise. [lies,
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing or believing all.
 Th'Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd ;
 Where gods were recommended by their taste,
 Such savoury deities must needs be good,
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
 By force they could not introduce these gods :
 For ten to one in former days was odds.
 So fraud was us'd, the Sacrificer's trade :
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews,
 And rak'd for converts ev'n the court and stews :
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.
 Some thought they God's anointed meant to slay,
 By guns, invented since full many a day :
 Our author swears it not ; but who can know
 How far the devil and Jebusites may go ?
 This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dang'rous consequence :
 For as, when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,
 And every hostile humour, which before
 Slept quiet in his channels, bubbles o'er ;
 So sev'ral factions from this first ferment,
 Work up to foam and fret the government. [wise,
 Some by their friends, more by themselves thought
 Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.
 Some had in courts been great, and thrown from
 thence,

Like fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
 Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown
 From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,
 Were rais'd in power and public office high :
 Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.
 Of these the false Achitophel was first ;
 A name to all succeeding ages curst :
 For close designs and crooked counsels fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.

A dar-

A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went
high,
He fought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;
Else why should he, with wealth and honor blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a Son;
Got while his soul did huddled notions try;
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
To compass this, the triple bond he broke;
The pillars of the public safety shook;
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper to the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed,
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand,
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
He stood at bold defiance with his prince;
Held up the buckler of the people's cause
Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws.
The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes;
Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing emissaries fills the ears
Of list'ning crowds with jealousies and fears
Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
Weak arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were strong with people easy to rebel.
For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
Tread the same track when she the prime renews;
And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
By natural instinct they change their lord.
Achitophel still wants a chief; and none
Was found so fit as warlike Absalom.

Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
For politicians neither love nor hate:
But, for he knew his title not allow'd,
Would keep him still depending on the crowd,
That kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
And sheds his venom in such words as these:
Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky;
Thy longing country's darling and desire;
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day, in ev'ry distant age,
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young mens vision, and the old mens
dream!
Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfy'd with seeing, blest:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stamm'ring babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the gen'ral joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools that feed on praise,
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright,
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight?
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
Heav'n has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate:
Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
For human good depends on human will,
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent:
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies.
Had thus old David, from whose lines you spring,
Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might yet remain,
And Heav'n's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage;
But shun th'example of declining age:
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows length'ning as the vapours rise.
He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and black'ning all the
strand;
But, like the prince of angels, from his height
Comes tumbling downward—with diminish'd
light:
Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn:
Our only blessing since his curst return:
Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
What strength can he to your designs oppose,
Naked of friends and round beset with foes?
If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
A foreign aid would more incense the Jews:
Proud

Proud Egypt would dissembl'd friendship bring;
Foment the war, but not support the king:
Nor would the royal party e'er unite
With Pharaoh's arms t'assist the Jebusite;
Or if they should, their int'rest soon would break,
And with such odious aid make David weak.
All sorts of men by my successful arts,
Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts.
From David's rule: and 'tis their general cry,
Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
If you, as champion of the public good,
Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
What may not Israel hope, and what applause
Might such a gen'ral gain by such a cause?
Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
Fair only to the sight, but solid power:
And nobler is a limited command,
Given by the love of all your native land,
Than a successive title, long and dark,
Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
When flattery soothes, — and when ambition
blinds?

Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed,
Yet sprung from high, is of celestial seed:
In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
'Tis but a spark too much of heav'nly fire.
Th'ambitious youth, too covetous of fame,
Too full of angel's metal in his frame,
Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with
praise.

Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
For royal blood within him struggled still,
He thus reply'd: — And what pretence have I
To take up arms for pulic liberty?
My father governs with unquestion'd right;
The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;
Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws;
And Heav'n by wonders has espous'd his cause.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
Who sues for justice to his throne in vain?
What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose!
Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good;
Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood.
If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
His crime is God's beloved attribute.
What could he gain his people to betray,
Or change his right for arbitrary sway?
Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
Why then should I, encouraging the bad,
Turn rebel, and run popularly mad?
Were he a tyrant, who by lawless might
Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
Well might I mourn; but nature's holy bands
Would curb my spirits, and restrain my hands:
The people might assert their liberty;
But what was right in them were crime in me.
His favour leaves me nothing to require,
Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire;

What more can I expect while David lives?
All but his kingly diadem he gives:
And that — but here he paus'd; then, sighing,
said —

Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.
For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest,
His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.
His brother, tho' oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,
Of ev'ry royal virtue stands possess'd;
Still dear to all, the bravest and the best.
His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame,
His mercy ev'n th'offending crowd will find;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind.
Why should I then repine at Heav'n's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty?
Yet oh that fate, propitiously inclin'd,
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind;
To my large soul not all her treasure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean descent!
I find, I find my mounting spirit's bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mould.
Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth:
And made for empire, whispers me within,
Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent found,
While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her
ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies:
Th'eternal God, supremely good and wise,
Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain:
What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign!
Against your will your arguments have shown,
Such virtue's only given to guide a throne.
Not that your father's mildness I contemn;
But manly force becomes the diadem.
'Tis true, he grants the people all they crave;
And more perhaps than subjects ought to have!
For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame,
And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
But when should people strive their bonds to break,
If not when kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The thrifty sanhedrim shall keep him poor;
And ev'ry shekel, which he can receive,
Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.
To ply him with new plots shall be my care,
Or plunge him deep in some expensive war;
Which, when his treasure can no more supply,
He must, with the remains of kingship, buy.
His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
He shall be naked left to public scorn.
The next successor whom I fear and hate,
My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
His right, for sums of necessary gold,
Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;

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Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
To pass your doubtful title into law;
If not, the people have a right supreme [them.
To make their kings; for kings are made for
All empire is no more than power in trust,
Which when resum'd, can be no longer just.
Succession, for the gen'ral good design'd,
In its own wrong a nation cannot bind;
If alt'ring that the people can relieve,
Better one suffer than a nation grieve.
The Jews well knew their power: ere Saul they
chose,

God was their king, and God they durst depose.
Urge now your piety, your filial name,
A father's right and fear of future fame;
The public good, that universal call,
To which ev'n Heav'n submitted, answers all.
Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.
Our fond begetters, who would never die,
Love but themselves in their posterity.
Or let his kindness by th'effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.
God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
A better proof than to anoint him king?
It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.
Would David have you thought his darling son,
What means he then to alienate the crown?
The name of godly he may blush to bear:
Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir;
He to his brother gives supreme command,
To you a legacy of barren land;
Perhaps th'old harps on which he thumps his lays,
Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise.
Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
Already looks on you with jealous eyes;
Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
And marks your progress in the people's hearts;
Though now his mighty soul its grief contains,
He meditates revenge who least complains;
And like a lion slumb'ring in the way,
Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
His fearless foes within his distance draws,
Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws;
Till at the last, his time for fury found,
He shoots with sudden vengeance from the
ground;

The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
Your case no tame expedients will afford:
Resolve on death or conquest by the sword,
Which for no less a stake than life you draw;
And self-defence is nature's eldest law.
Leave the warm people no considering time;
For then rebellion may be thought a crime.
Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
But try your title while your father lives:
And, that your arms may have a fair pretence,
Proclaim you take them in the king's defence;
Whose sacred life each minute would expose
To plots, from seeming friends and secret foes.
And who can sound the depth of David's soul?
Perhaps his fear his kindness may controul.

He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
For plighted vows too late to be undone.
If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd,
Like womens lechery to seem constrain'd;
Doubt not but when he most affects the frown,
Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
Secure his person to secure your cause:
They who possess the prince possess the laws.
He said; and this advice above the rest,
With Absalom's mild nature suited best:
Unblam'd of life, ambition set aside,
Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puffed with pride.
How happy had he been, if destiny
Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high!
His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne,
And blest all other countries but his own.
But charming greatness since so few refuse,
'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.
Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
With blandishments to gain the public love:
To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
And popularly prosecute the plot.
To further this, Achitophel unites
The malcontents of all the Israelites,
Whose differing parties he would wisely join,
For several ends, to serve the same design.
The best, and of the princes some were such,
Who thought the power of monarchy too much;
Mistaken men, and patriots in their hearts;
Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
By these the springs of property were bent,
And wound so high, they crack'd the government.
The next for interest sought t'embroider the state,
To sell their duty at a dearer rate,
And make their Jewish markets of the throne;
Pretending public good to serve their own.
Others thought kings an useless heavy load,
Who cost too much, and did too little good.
These were for laying honest David by,
On principles of pure good husbandry.
With them join'd all th'haranguers of the throng,
That thought to get preferment by the tongue.
Who follow next a double danger bring,
Not only hating David but the king;
The Solymæan rout, well vers'd of old,
In godly faction, and in treason bold;
Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd;
Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
From th'ark, which in the judges days they bore,
Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
Pursu'd their old belov'd theocracy:
Where sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the nation,
And justify'd their spoils by inspiration:
For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race,
If once dominion they could found in grace?
These led the pack, tho' not of surest scent,
Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
A num'rous host of dreaming saints succeed,
Of the true old enthusiastic breed:
'Gainst form and order they their power employ,
Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.

But

But far more num'rous was the herd of such
 Who think too little, and who talk too much;
 These, out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their father's God and property;
 And by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The devil and the Jebusite did hate:
 Born to be sav'd, ev'n in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing right.
 Such were the tools: but a whole Hydra more
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand:
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong:
 Was ev'ry thing by starts, and nothing long;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon:
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could ev'ry hour employ
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy!
 Railing and praising were his usual themes;
 And both, to shew his judgment in extremes;
 So over-violent, or over-civil,
 That ev'ry man with him was God or Devil.
 In squand'ring wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court; — then sought relief

By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief:
 For, spite of him, the weight of bus'ness fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse,
 Of lords, below the dignity of verse.
 Wits, warriors, commonwealths-men, were the best:

Kind husbands and mere nobles all the rest.
 And therefore, in the name of dulness, be
 The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free:
 And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.
 Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
 Some their own worth, and some let scorn secure.
 Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place,
 Whom kings no title gave, and God no grace:
 Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
 To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
 But he, tho' bad, is follow'd by a worse,
 The wretch who Heav'n's anointed dar'd to curse.
 Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king,
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain;
 And never broke the Sabbath but for gain:
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse; unless against the government.
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way,
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray;
 The city to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.

His hand a vase of justice did uphold;
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time:
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself.
 When two or three were gather'd to declaim
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem,
 Shimei was always in the midst of them:
 And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse,
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews;
 Whose fellow feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws,
 For laws are only made to punish those
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power,
 Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,
 His business was, by writing to persuade,
 That kings were useless, and a clog to trade:
 And that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd;
 His cooks, with long disuse, their trade forgot;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.
 Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
 For towns once burnt, such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire.
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.
 To speak the rest, who better are forgot,
 Would tire a well breath'd witness of the plot.
 Yet, Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,
 High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What though his birth were base, yet comes
 rise

From earthly vapours ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's son.
 This arch attestor for the public good,
 By that one deed ennoble all his blood.
 Who ever ask'd the witness's high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen grace?
 Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen.
 Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and loud,
 Sure signs he neither cholerick was, nor proud:
 His long chin prov'd his wit; his faint-like grace
 A church vermillion, and a Moses' face.
 His memory, miraculously great,
 Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat:
 Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
 For human wit could never such devise.
 Some future truths are mingled in his book;
 But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke;
 Some things like visionary flight appear:
 The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where;
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And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgment yet his mem'ry did excel;
Which pierc'd his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heav'nly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, tho' once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to Heav'n made him his prince despise,
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For Witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of ev'ry sort,
Deluded Absalom forfakes the court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
And fir'd with near possession of a crown.
Th'admiring crowd are dazzl'd with surprise,
And on his goodly person feed their eyes.
His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show;
On each side bowing popularly low:
His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar ease repeats their names.
Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
Then with a kind compassionating look,
And sighs, bespeaking pity ere he spoke,
Few words he said; but easy those and fit,
More slow than Hybla-drops, and far more sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate;
Though far unable to prevent your fate:
Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause
Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws!
Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
Cut off from empire, and no more a son!
Now all your liberties a spoil are made;
Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade,
And Jebusites your sacred rites invade.
My father, whom with rev'rence yet I name,
Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame;
And, brib'd with petty sums of foreign gold,
Is grown in Bethsheba's embraces old;
Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys;
And all his power against himself employs.
He gives, and let him give, my right away:
But why should he his own and yours betray?
He, only he, can make the nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my tears (with that he wip'd his eyes)
'Tis all the aid my present pow'r supplies:
No court informer can these arms accuse:
These arms my sons against their fathers use:
And 'tis my wish the next successor's reign
May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action, seldom fail;
But common int'rest always will prevail:
And pity never ceases to be shown
To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
With lifted hands their young Messiah blest:
Who now begins his progress to ordain
With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train:
From east to west his glories he displays,
And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
Fame runs before him as the morning star,
And shouts of joy salute him from afar:
Each house receives him as a guardian god,
And consecrates the place of his abode.
But hospitable treats did most commend
Wife Issachar, his wealthy western friend.
This moving court, that caught the people's eyes,
And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise;
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To sound the depths, and fathom where it went.
The people's hearts distinguish friends from foes,
And try their strength before they came to blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a smooth pretence
Of specious love, and duty to their prince.
Religion and redress of grievances,
Two names that always cheat and always please,
Are often urg'd; and good king David's life
Endanger'd by a brother and a wife.
Thus in a pageant show a plot is made;
And peace itself is war in masquerade.
Oh foolish Israel! never warn'd by ill!
Still the same bait, and circumvented still!
Did ever men forsake their present ease?
In midst of health imagine a disease?
Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee?
Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
What shall we think? Can people give away,
Both for themselves and sons, their native sway?
Then they are left defenceless to the sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary lord;
And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy!
Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just,
And kings are only officers in trust,
Then this resuming cov'nant was declar'd
When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
If those who gave the scepter could not tie
By their own deed their own posterity,
How then could Adam bind his future race?
How could his forfeit on mankind take place?
Or how could heav'nly justice damn us all,
Who ne'er consented to our father's fall?
Then kings are slaves to those whom they com-
mand,
And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
Add, that the power for property allow'd
Is mischievously seated in the crowd:
For who can be secure of private right,
If sov'reign sway may be dissolv'd by might?
Nor is the people's judgment always true:
The most may err as grossly as the few;
And faultless kings, run down by common cry,
For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.
What standard is there in a fickle rout,
Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?

Nor

Nor only crowds, but sanhedrims may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes.
 If they may give and take whene'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
 But government itself at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet grant our lords the people kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would
 shake?

For whatsoever their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet makes them suffer more.
 All other errors but disturb a state;
 But innovation is the blow of Fate.
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch their flaws and buttress up the wall,
 Thus far 'tis duty: but here fix the mark;
 For all beyond it is to touch the ark.

To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels who base ends pursue;
 At once divine and human laws controul,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tam'ring world is subject to this curse,
 To physic their disease into a worse.

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king!
 Friends he has few, so high the madness
 grows:

Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
 Yet some there were, ev'n in the worst of days;
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise.
 In this short file Barzillai first appears;
 Barzillai, crown'd with honor and with years.
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood:
 Unfortunately brave to buoy the state;
 But sinking underneath his master's fate:
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd;
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd.
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art:
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
 Which well the noblest objects knew to choose,
 The fighting warrior and recording Muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast;
 Now more than half a father's name is lost.
 His eldest hope, with ev'ry grace adorn'd,
 By me, so Heav'n will have it, always mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, — snatch'd in manhood's
 prime

B' unequal fates, and providence's crime:
 Yet not before the goal of honor won,
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son:
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run.
 Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line!
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was known,
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own:
 Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd:
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
 Oh ancient honor! Oh unconquer'd hand,
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand!
 But Israel was unworthy of his name:
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.

It looks as Heaven our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy person and thy mind.
 Now, free from earth, thy disencumber'd soul
 Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and
 starry pole:

Fromthence thy kindred legions mayst thou bring,
 To aid the guardian angel of thy king.
 Here stop, my Muse, here cease thy painful flight:
 No pinions can pursue immortal height:
 Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,
 And tell thy soul she should have fled before:
 Or fled she with his life, and left this verse
 To hang on her departed patron's hearse?
 Now take thy steepy flight from Heav'n, and see
 If thou canst find on earth another he:
 Another he would be too hard to find;
 See then whom thou canst see not far behind.
 Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and
 place,

His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace,
 With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem;
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heav'nly eloquence.
 The prophet's sons, by such example led,
 To learning and to loyalty were bred:
 For colleges on bounteous kings depend;
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.
 To these succeed the pillar of the laws;
 Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause,
 Next them a train of loyal peers ascend;
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the Muses friend,
 Himself a muse: in sanhedrims debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state;
 Whom David's love with honors did adorn,
 That from his disobedient son were torn.
 Jotham, of piercing wit and pregnant thought;
 Endu'd by nature, and by learning taught,
 To move assemblies, who but only try'd
 The worse awhile, then chose the better side:
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress;
 In public storms of manly steadfastness,
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,
 And join'd experience to his native truth.
 His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow;
 But hard the task to manage well the low:
 For sov'reign pow'r is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary Muse,
 For Amiel: who can Amiel's praise refuse?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet
 In his own worth, and without title great:
 The sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd:
 So dext'rous was he in the crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense,
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rather charioteers the seat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend:
 They,

They, like th'unèqual ruler of the day,
Mistake the seasons, and mistake the way;
While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to stand,
And tempt th'united fury of the land:
With grief they view'd such pow'rful engines bent,
To batter down the lawful government.
A num'rous faction with pretended frights,
In sanhedrims to plume the regal rights;
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would
please,

But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:
That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
Had turn'd the plot, to ruin church and state:
The council violent the rabble worse:
That Shimei taught Jerusalem to curse.
With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
And long revolving in his careful breast
Th'event of things, at last his patience tir'd,
Thus, from his royal throne by heav'n inspir'd,
The god-like David spoke; with awful fear
His train their Maker in their master hear.

Thus long have I, by native mercy, sway'd,
My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th'offending age;
So much the father did the king assuage;
But now so far my clemency they flight,
Th'offenders question my forgiving right.
That one was made for many they contend;
But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end.
They call my tenderness of blood my fear;
Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
Yet, since they will divert my native course,
'Tis time to show I am not good by force.
Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects bring,
Are burdens for a camel, not a king;
Kings are the public pillars of the state,
Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight:
If my young Samson will pretend at call
To shake the column, let him share the fall:
But oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How easy 'tis for parents to forgive!
With how few tears a pardon might be won
From nature, pleading for a darling son!
Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his frame could bear!
Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
He would have giv'n his soul another turn:
Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern sense
Is one that would by law supplant his prince;
The people's brave, the politician's tool;
Never was patriot yet but was a fool.

Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
Should more be Absalom's than David's cause?

His old instructor, ere he lost his place,
Was never thought endu'd with so much grace.

Good heav'ns, how faction can a patriot paint!
My rebel ever proves my people's saint.
Would they impose an heir upon the throne,
Let sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
A king's at least a part of government:
And mine as requisite as their consent:
Without my leave a future king to chuse,
Infers a right the present to depose.
True, they petition me t'approve their choice:
But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
My pious subjects for my safety pray;
Which to secure, they take my pow'r away.
From plots and treasons Heav'n preserve my years,
But save me most from my petitioners;
Unsatiate as the barren womb or grave,
God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous eye,
To guard the small remains of royalty?
The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
And the same law teach rebels to obey:
Votes shall no more establish'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.
No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they prove;
For Gods and god-like kings their care express
Still to defend their servants in distress.
Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like heav'n, against my mind,
To make examples of another kind?
Must I at length the sword of justice draw?
Oh curst effects of necessary law!
How ill my fear they by my mercy scan!
Beware the fury of a patient man.
Law they require, let law then show her face;
They could not be content to look on grace,
Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
To tempt the terror of her front and die.
By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.
Against themselves their witnesses will swear,
Till, viper like, their mother-plot they tear;
And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
Which was their principal of life before.
Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight:
Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.
Nor doubt th'event: for factious crowds engage,
In their first onset, all their brutal rage.
Then let them take an unresisted course:
Retire, and traverse, and delude their force:
But when they stand all breathless, urge the fight,
And rise upon them with redoubl'd might:
For lawful power is still superior found;
When long driv'n back, at length it stands the
ground.

He said: Th'Almighty nodding gave consent;
And peals of thunder shook the firmament.
Henceforth a series of new time began;
The mighty years in long procession ran:
Once more the god-like David was restor'd,
And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

PART II.

"— Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis

"Captus amore leget —

In the year 1680, Mr. Dryden undertook the poem, of Absalom and Achitophel, upon the desire of King Charles II. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a Second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate to write one, and gave him his advice in directing of it; and that part beginning with

"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,"
and ending with

"To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."
containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's composition, besides some touches in other places.—The preceding lines, upwards of three hundred in number, were written by Mr. Tate. The Poem is here printed complete.

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men, like beasts, each other's prey were made

Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade;
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as
That madly their own happiness oppose; [those
There Heaven itself, and god-like kings, in vain,
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown;
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to condemn
Was held the charter of Jerusalem;
His rights t'invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews;
As if from heav'nly call this licence fell,
And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel!

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
Thus suited to the madness of the times;
And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed,
Of flatter'd charms no longer stands in need;
While, fond of change, tho' e'er so dearly bought,
Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious thought;
His swiftest hopes with swifter homage meet,
And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair,
He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
But what can our besotted Israel plead?
Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land;
Whose only grievance is excess of ease;
Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease!
Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
With arguments they'd make their treason good,
And righteous David's self with slanders load:
That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
And guilty Jebusites from law protect,
Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed;
Nay, we have seen their sacrifices bleed!

Accusers infamy is urg'd in vain,
While in the bounds of sense they did contain;
But soon they launch'd into th' unfathom'd tide,
And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
For probable discoveries to dispense,
Was thought below a pension'd evidence;
Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
No less than wonders now they will impose,
And projects void of grace or sense disclose.
Such was the change on pious Michal brought,
Michal that ne'er was cruel ev'n in thought;
The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life!
His life, the theme of her eternal prayer,
'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
The Hermon lily, nor the Sharon rose.
Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on high:
She lives with angels, and, as angels do,
Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world below:
Where, cherish'd by her bounty's plenteous spring,
Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing.
Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
Are threaten'd with her Lord's approaching fate,
The piety of Michal then remain
In Heav'n's remembrance, and prolong his reign!
Less desolation did the pest pursue,
That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew;
Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.
With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
Than since our evidencing days began!
On ev'ry cheek a pale confusion sat,
Continued fear beyond the worst of fate!
Trust was no more, art science useless made;
All occupations lost but Corah's trade.
Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
If not for safety needful, yet for state.
Well might he deem each peer and prince his slave,
And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save:
Ev'n vice in him was virtue — what sad fate
But for his honesty had seiz'd our state!
And with what tyranny had we been curst,
Had Corah never prov'd a villain first!
T' have told his knowledge of th' intrigue in gross,
Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss:
The travell'd Levite had th' experience got
To husband well, and make the best of's plot;
And therefore, like an evidence of skill,
With wise reserves secur'd his pension still;
Not quite of future pow'r himself bereft,
But limbo large for unbelievers left.
And now his writ such reverence had got,
'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out;
Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear;
But more for int'rest's sake believe and swear:
Ev'n to that height with some the phrenzy grew,
They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.
Yet, than all these, a viler crew remain,
Who with Achitophel the cry maintain;

Not

Not urg'd by fear, nor thro' misguided sense
(Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence)
But for the good old cause that did excite
Th'original rebels wiles, revenge and spight.
These raise the plot to have the scandal thrown
Upon the bright successor of the crown,
Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursu'd,
As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
The cheated crowd applaud, and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie
Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,
Ev'n Absalom amidst the dazzling beams
Of empire, and ambition's flatt'ring dreams,
Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
Thus to Achitophel his doubts express:

Why are my thoughts upon a crown employ'd,
Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd?
Not so when virtue did my arms require,
And to my father's wars I flew intire.
My regal pow'r how will my foes resent,
When I myself have scarce my own consent!
Give me a son's unblemish'd truth again,
Or quench the sparks of duty that remain.
How slight to force a throne that legions guard
The task to me; to prove unjust, how hard!
And if th'imagin'd guilt thus wound my thought,
What will it when the tragic scene is wrought?
Dire war must first be conjur'd from below;
The realm we'd rule we first must overthrow;
And when the civil furies are on wing
That blind and undistinguish'd slaughters fling,
Who knows what impious chance may reach
the king?

Oh! rather let me perish in the strife,
Than have my crown the price of David's life!
Or, if the tempest of the war he stand,
In peace, some vile officious villain's hand
His soul's anointed temple may invade,
Or, prest by clam'rous crowds, myself be made
His murderer; rebellious crowds, whose guilt
Shall dread his vengeance till his blood be spilt.
Which if my filial tenderness oppose,
Since to the empire by their arms I rose,
Those very arms on me shall be employ'd,
A new usurper crown'd, and I destroy'd:
The same pretence of public good will hold,
And new Achitophels be found as bold
To urge the needful change, perhaps the old.

He said. The statesman with a smile replies,
A smile that did his rising spleen disguise,
My thoughts presum'd our labour's at an end;
And are we still with conscience to contend?
Whose want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.
Far in the doubtful passage you are gone,
And only can be safe by pressing on.
The crown's true heir, a prince severe and wise,
Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes;
Your person's charms, your more prevailing arts,
And mark'd your progress in the people's hearts,

Whose patience is th'effect of stinted power,
But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour;
And if remote the peril he can bring,
Your present danger's greater from the king.
Let not a parent's name deceive your sense,
Nor trust the father in a jealous prince!
Your trivial faults if he could so resent,
To doom you little less than banishment,
What rage must your presumption since inspire!
Against his orders you return from Tyre.
Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity,
The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill!
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!
Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel,
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.
The course you steer I worthy blame conclude;
But 'tis because you leave it unpursu'd.
A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies;
Who reach, lay hold on death that mis the prize.
Did you for this expose yourself to show,
And to the crowd bow popularly low!
For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a num'rous train.
With fame before you, like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar? [view,
Oh, from the heights you've reach'd but take a
Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?
Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single int'rest with the nation weigh'd,
And turn'd the scale where your desires were laid!
Ev'n when at helm a course so dang'rous mov'd
To land your hopes as my removal prov'd.

I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
The known perfection of your policies,
Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
The privilege that statesmen ever claim;
Who private int'rest never yet pursu'd,
But still pretended 'twas for others good:
What politician yet e'er 'scap'd his fate,
Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state?
From hence on ev'ry hum'rous wind that veer'd,
With shifted sails a sev'ral course you steer'd.
What from a sway did David e'er pursue
That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you?
Who at your instance quash'd each penal law,
That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe;
And who suspends fixt laws, may abrogate;
That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
Ev'n property, whose champion now you stand,
And seem for this the idol of the land,
Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
As when your counsel shut the royal store;
Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
But secret kept till your own banks secur'd.
Recount with this the triple cov'nant broke,
And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke;
Nor here your counsels fatal progress staid,
But sent our levied pow'rs to Pharaoh's aid.
Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, [made.
And Egypt, once their scorn, their common terror
Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,
When royal rights you made your darling theme;

For pow'r unlimited could reasons draw,
And place prerogative above the law;
Which on your fall from office grew unjust,
The laws made king, the king a slave in trust:
Whom with state-craft, to int'rest only true,
You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
Let int'rest be the star by which you steer,
Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
Whose int'rest most in your advancement lies.
A tie so firm as always will avail
When friendship, nature, and religion fail;
On our's the safety of the crowd depends;
Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends;
Whom I will cause so far our guilt to share,
Till they are made our champions by their fear.
What opposition can your rival bring,
While sanhedrims are jealous of the king?
His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
And what can David's self without supplies?
Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
Debar the heir, or starve in his defence;
Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
And David's justice never can admit.
Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
To your ambition next he clears the way;
For if succession once to nought they bring,
Their next advance removes the present king:
Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's pow'r so much alarms,
Shall rise without their prince to oppose his arms;
Nor boots it on what cause at first they join,
Their troops once up, are tools for our design.
At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
Till peace itself is war in masquerade;
Associations of mysterious sense
Against, but seeming for, the king's defence:
E'en on their courts of justice fetters draw,
And from our agents muzzle up their law.
By which a conquest, if we fail to make,
'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our
He said, and for the dire success depends [stake.
On various sects, by common guilt made friends.
Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their
creed,

I'th'point of treason yet were well agreed.
'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears,
Pursu'd by meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
Blest times when Ishban, he whose occupation
So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation!
Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
As good a saint as us'rer ever made.
Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
But Belial lays as large a claim of spight;
Who, for those pardons from his prince he draws,
Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.
That year in which the city he did sway,
He left rebellion in a hopeful way.
Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
To offer talents of extorted gold;
Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to shame
And scandalize our peerage with his name!
For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
And ev'n turn loyal to be made a peer!

Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
So full of zeal he has no need of grace;
A saint that can both flesh and spirit use,
Alike haunt conventicles and the stew's:
Of whom the question difficult appears,
If most i'th'preachers or the bawds arrears.
What caution could appear too much in him
That keeps the treasure of Jerusalem!
Let David's brother but approach the town,
Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
Protecting that he dares not sleep in's bed,
Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

"Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,
Of little fortunes, and of conscience less;
With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd;
Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
And long to fish the troubled streams anew.
Some further hopes, some present payment draws,
To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
Such stipends those vile hirelings best besit,
Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,
Judas that keeps the rebels pensive purse;
Judas that pays the treason-writer's fee,
Judas that well deserves his namesake's tree;
Who at Jerusalem's own gates erects
His college for a nursery of sects;
Young prophets with an early care secures,
And with the dung of his own arts manures?
What have the men of Hebron here to do?
What part in Israel's promis'd land have you?
Here Phaleg the lay-Hebronite is come,
'Cause like the rest he could not live at home;
Who from his own possessions could not drain
An omer ev'n of Hebronitish grain,
Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property:
An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises
dust.

Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed,
Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
A waiting-man to trav'ling nobles chose,
He his own laws would saucily impose,
'Till bastinadoed back again he went,
To learn those manners he to teach was sent.
Chastis'd he ought to have retreated home;
But he reads politics to Absalom.
For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
To his own country willingly return'd.
—But, leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed,
And to talk treason for his daily bread,
Let Hebron, nay, let hell produce a man
So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan;
A Jew of humble parentage was he,
By trade a Levite, though of low degree:
His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd;
But, for the drudgery of priests, was hir'd
To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
And pick up single shekels from the grave.
Marry'd at last, but finding charge come faster,
He could not live by God, but chang'd his master:
Inspir'd

Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool ;
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,
 But most against the party he forsook ;
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.
 But, as the devil owes all his imps a shame,
 He chose th'apostate for his proper theme ;
 With little pains he made the picture true,
 And from reflexion took the rogue he drew.
 A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
 In ev'ry age a murin'ring generation ;
 To trace them from their infancy of sinning,
 And shew them factious from their first beginning.
 To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
 Much to the credit of the chosen flock ;
 A strong authority, which must convince,
 That saints owe no allegiance to their prince.
 As 'tis a leading card to make a whore,
 To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
 The son that shew'd his father's nakedness ?
 Such thanks the present church thy pen will give,
 Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
 Must ancient failings be examples made ?
 Then murderers from Cain may learn their trade.
 As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
 Methinks th'apostate was the better man ;
 And thy hot father, waving my respect,
 Not of a mother-church, but of a sect.
 And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
 This comes of drinking asses milk and writing.
 If Balack should be call'd to leave his place,
 As profit is the loudest call of grace,
 His temple, dispossest of one, would be
 Replenish'd with sev'n devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down,
 And shew rebellion bare, without a gown ;
 Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
 Whorhyme below ev'n David's psalms translated.
 Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
 As lame Mephibosheth the wizard's son :
 To make quick way, I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza as I would the pox ;
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse ;
 Who by my Muse to all succeeding times,
 Shall live in spite of their own doggel rhymes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of melody ;
 Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd thro' thick and thin,
 Thro' sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And in one word, heroically mad :
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But fagotted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhym'd and rattl'd, all was well ;
 And if they rhym'd and rattl'd, all was well ;
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satyr,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature :
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think ;
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot :

The words for friend and foe alike were made ;
 To fetter them in verse is all his trade.
 For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother :
 And call young Absalom king David's brother.
 Let him be gallows-free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant ;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason ;
 This animal's below committing treason :
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel ?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 The woman that committed buggery,
 Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die ;
 But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led
 The dog that never heard the statute read.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass for mere instinct in him :
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows ;
 For to write verse with him is to transprose.
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
 Who makes heav'n's gate a lock to its own key :
 Let him rail on, let his invective Muse
 Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse ;
 Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offence.
 In fire-works give him leave to vent his spight,
 Those are the only serpents he can write ;
 The height of his ambition is, we know,
 But to be master of a puppet-show ;
 On that one stage his works may yet appear :
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some, }
 For here's a ton of midnight-work to come,
 Og from a treason-tavern rowling home. }
 Round as a globe, and liquor'd ev'ry chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind his link ;
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og ;
 For ev'ry inch that is not fool is rogue :
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
 When wine has giv'n him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before curst him ;
 And, if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew ;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That ev'n on tripe and carrion could rebel ?
 But tho' Heav'n made him poor, with reverence
 He never was a poet of God's making ; [speaking,
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—" Be thou dull ;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk ; do any thing but write :
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen !
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink :
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane :
 Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck :
 Why should thy metre good king David blast ?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose ?

Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, tho' he's the poet's horse.
A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull
For writing treason, and for writing dull;
To die for faction is a common evil;
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil!
Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
Thy praises had been satyr at the best;
But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:
I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes?
But of king David's foes be this the doom,
May all be like the young man Absalom!
And for my foes, may this their blessing be,
To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee!"

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age,
For various ends neglects not to engage;
The wise and rich for purse and counsel brought,
The fools and beggars for their number fought:
Who yet not only on the town depends,
For ev'n in court the faction had its friends;
These thought the places they possess too small,
And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall:
Whose names the Muse disdain, holds i'th' dark,
Thrust in the villain herd without a mark;
With parasites and libel-spawning imps,
Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
Their set cabals are yet a viler crew;
See where involv'd in common smoke they sit;
Some for our mirth, some for our satyr fit:
These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief bent,
While those for mere good fellowship frequent
Th'appointed club, can let sedition pass,
Sense, nonsense, any thing t'employ the glass;
And who believe in their dull honest hearts,
The rest talk treason but to shew their parts;
Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:
The labours of this midnight-magistrate
May vie with Corah's, to preserve the state.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most pow'rful, dang'rous weapon, gold.
And last, to take from Jebusites all odds,
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods!
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpriz'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd:
Which to his house with richer relics came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame:
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains t'enquire
What 'twas he burnt, so't made a rousing fire.
With which our elder was enrich'd no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;
So poor, that when our chusing-tribes were met,
Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The saints he chous'd for his electing drink;
Thus ev'ry shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last.

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high, his legions threat'ning far and wide;
As when a battering storm engender'd high,
By winds upheld, hangs hov'ring in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by ev'ry trembling swain;
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain;
For blooming plants, and flow'rs new opening,
these,

For lambs yearn'd lately, and far-labouring bees:
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will fall:
Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.

Where, Judah, where was now the lion's roar?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore:
But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.
Thy prince from sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,
Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy:
As if their monarch's rights to violate
More needful were than to preserve the state!
From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir;
Whom now the reigning malice of his foes,
Unjudg'd would sentence, and ere crown depose,
Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!
By sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus prest,
What passions rent the righteous David's breast!
Who knows not how t'oppose or to comply,
Unjust to grant, and dang'rous to deny!
How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
Which yet th'extremest virtue did require,
Ev'n of that prince whose downfall they conspire!
His absence David does with tears advise,
T'appease their rage. Undaunted he complies;
Thus he who prodigal of blood and ease,
A royal life expos'd to winds and seas,
At once contending with the waves and fire,
And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
And, like an exile, quits the promis'd land!
Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
And painfully his royal state maintains;
Who now embracing on th'extremest shore,
Almost revokes what he enjoin'd before:
Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
Forbear, rash Muse, the parting scene to draw,
With silence charm'd as deep as theirs that saw!
Not only our attending nobles weep,
But hardy sailors swell with tears the deep!
The tide restrain'd her course, and more amaz'd,
The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
While this sole fear—

Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
Lest next the pop'lar rage oppress the king!
Thus parting, each for th'other's danger griev'd,
The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales,
Soft as thy comfort's breath, inspire thy sails:

Well

Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode !
Safe on thy breast reclin'd her rest be deep,
Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep ;
While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
And to Elysian fields convert the main !
Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre
At thy approach so silent shall admire,
Who on thy thunder still their thoughts employ,
And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
Admir'd by ev'ry nation but their own ;
Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
Their aking conscience gives their tongue the lie.
Ev'n in the worst of men the noblest parts
Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
Whom to his king the best respects commend
Of subject, soldier, kinsman, prince, and friend ;
All sacred names of most divine esteem,
And to perfection all sustain'd by him ;
Wife, just, and constant, courtly without art,
Swift to discern and to reward desert ;
No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
But on the noblest subjects still employ'd :
Whose steady soul ne'er learn'd to separate
Between his monarch's int'rest and the state ;
But heaps those blessings on the royal head,
Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar rage
Against his worth and native rights engage ?
Religious fears their argument are made,
Religious fears his sacred rights invade !
Of future superstition they complain,
And Jebusitic worship in his reign :
With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive ;
With dangers fright which not themselves believe.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove,
Whate'er the faith of the successor prove :
Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
At least while their religion is their gain,
Who know, by old experience, Baal's commands
Not only claim'd their conscience but their lands ;
They grudge God's tythes, how therefore shall
An idol full possession of the field ? [they yield
Grant such a prince enthron'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's less,
Who must to hard conditions still be bound,
And for his quiet with the crowd compound ;
Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,
Where are the means to compass the design ?
Our crown's revenues are too short a store,
And jealous sanhedrims would give no more.

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,
Not so has Pharaoh learn'd ambition's trade,
Nor ever with such measures can comply,
As shock the common rules of policy ;
None dread like him the growth of Israel's king ;
And he alone sufficient aids can bring ;
Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law ;
That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could draw,
At such profound expence he has not stood,
Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood ; [take,
Would ne'er thro' wrong and right his progress
Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,

To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own :
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his crimes and toil.
We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so num'rously partake,
That ev'n an host his pensioners would make ;
From these deceivers our divisions spring,
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's king ;
These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create ;
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious cry,
To guard their sacred rights and property ;
To ruin, thus the chosen flock are sold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold ;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign :
Thus our forefathers crooked paths are trod ;
We trust our prince no more than they their God.
But all in vain our reas'ning prophets preach,
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,
Who can commence new broils in bleeding fears,
And fresh remembrance of intestine wars ;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers blood the field ;
When sons curst steel the fathers gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain !
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand,
Our tribes lay slaughter'd thro' the promis'd land,
Whose few survivors with worse fate remain,
To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign :
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew,
And madly, ev'n those ills we fear, pursue ;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations spoils.
Yet our fierce sanhedrim in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage,
And chiefly urge, such did their phrenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move ;
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.

Long David's patience waits relief to bring,
With all th'indulgence of a lawful king,
Expecting still the troubled waves would cease ;
But found the raging billows still increase.

The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels.
At last his deep resentments silence broke ;
Th'imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke :

Then Justice wake, and Rigour take her time,
For lo ! our mercy is become our crime.
While halting Punishment her stroke delays,
Our sov'reign right, Heav'n's sacred trust, decays !
For whose support ev'n subjects interest calls,
Woe to that kingdom where the monarch falls !
That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray.
Right lives by law, and law subsists by pow'r ;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.
Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which Heav'n itself in vain has try'd with grace !
When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes uncloze,
And Israel judge between her friends and foes ?

When shall we see expir'd deceivers sway,
 And credit what our God and monarchs say?
 Dissembled patriots, brib'd with Egypt's gold,
 Ev'n sanhedrims in blind obedience hold;
 Those patriots falshood in their actions see,
 And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree;
 If aught for which so loudly they declaim,
 Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim;
 Our senates in due methods they had led,
 T'avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to dread;
 But first ere yet they propt the sinking state,
 T'impeach and charge, as urg'd by private hate;
 Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they prest,
 But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest!
 O! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
 And to what bounds licentious votes arrive?
 When their injustice we are prest'd to share,
 The monarch urg'd t'exclude the lawful heir;
 Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
 And this the privilege of royal blood?
 But grant we should confirm the wrongs they prest,
 His sufferings yet were than the people's less;
 Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
 And on their heirs entail a bloody field:
 Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
 And for th'oppression which they fear make way;
 Succession fix'd by Heav'n, the kingdom's bar,
 Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war,
 Waste, rapine, spoil, without, th'assault begin;
 And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
 Since then their good they will not understand,
 'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
 Authority and force to join with skill,
 And save the lunatics against their will. [pause
 The same rough means that swage the crowd, ap-
 Our senate's raging with the crowd's disease.
 Henceforth unbias'd measures let them draw
 From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
 Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score,
 Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
 Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
 Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.
 Impartial justice from our throne shall show'r;
 All shall have right, and we our sov'reign pow'r.

He said; th'attendants heard with awful joy,
 And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
 From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
 A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
 Till his approach, like some arriving god,
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
 The deluge check'd that to Judea spread,
 And stopp'd sedition at the fountain's head.
 Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
 And chac'd from Israel, Israel's peace contrives.
 The field confess'd his power in arms before,
 And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore;
 As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
 How fit t'inherit godlike David's throne.
 Thro' Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
 And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head;
 His train their sufferings think o'erpaid, to see
 The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
 Success charms all, but zeal for worth distrust
 A virtue proper to the brave and best;

'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always bent
 To serve the crown, and loyal by descent;
 Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
 Deserv'd at once two royal masters trust;
 Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully withstood
 On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood;
 Of learning yet, no portion was deny'd;
 Friend to the Muses, and the Muses pride.
 Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
 Of steady soul when public storms were high;
 Whose conduct, while the Moor fierce onsets made,
 Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
 Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings
 mourn'd,

And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd;
 While those that sought his absence to betray,
 Prest first their nauseous false respects to pay;
 Him still th'officious hypocrites molest,
 And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
 And foes are loud in their dissembled joy,
 His triumphs so resounded far and near,
 Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear;
 And as when joyful hunters clamorous train
 Some slumbering lion wakes in Moab's plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield,
 And scatter'd his pursuers thro' the field,
 Disdaining, furls his mane and tears the ground,
 His eyes enflaming all the desert round,
 With roar of seas directs his chacers way,
 Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray;
 Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
 Such indignation his fir'd eyes confest;
 Where now was the instructor of his pride?
 Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide?
 Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
 And thus on shelves the credulous youth con-
 vey'd;

In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
 Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate;
 At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
 To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift,
 In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,
 And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own;
 But now with more than common danger prest,
 Of various resolutions stands possess'd,
 Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay,
 Lest their recanting chief the cause betray;
 Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
 And for his pardon with their heads compound.
 Him therefore, ere his fortune slip her time,
 The statesman plots t'engage in some bold crime
 Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
 Or treat with open arms the royal head,
 Or other daring method, and unjust,
 That may confirm him in the people's trust;
 But failing thus t'ensnare him, nor secure
 How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
 Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
 And try some new pretender's luckier fate;
 Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
 Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the true.
 Wake, Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
 And see, O see, for whom thou art undone!

How

How are thy honours and thy fame betray'd,
The property of desp'rate villains made !
Lost power and conscious fears their crimes create,
And guilt in them was little less than fate ;
But why shouldst thou, from ev'ry grievance free,
Forake thy vineyards for their stormy sea ?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow ;
Love drest'd thy bowers, and laurels fought thy brow ;

Preferment, wealth, and power, thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.
Oh should our crimes again that curse draw down,
And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalom,
Alike by conquest or defeat undone ;
Who could relentless see such youth and charms
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms ?
A prince so form'd with earth's and Heaven's
applause,

To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's cause :
Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail ;
The faction whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray ;
Amongst themselves divide the captive state,
And found their hydra-empire in his fate !
Thus having beat the clouds with painful flight,
The pity'd youth, with sceptres in his fight,
So have their cruel politics decreed,
Must, by that crew that made him guilty, bleed !
For could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they chuse to obey ?
Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design ;
From hate to that their reformations spring,
And David not their grievance, but the king.
Seiz'd now with panic fear, the faction lies,
Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd eyes ;
Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,
What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.
But whate'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,
Fair carriage still became Achitophel.
Who now an envious festival enstals,
And to survey their strength the faction calls,
Which fraud, religious worship too must gild ;
But oh how weakly does sedition build !
For lo ! the royal mandate issues forth,
Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth !
So have I seen disastrous chance invade,
Where careful emmets had their forage laid,
Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
Had seiz'd, engender'd by some careless swain ;
Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
And to their cell of store his flood convey'd ;
The commonwealth broke up, distracted go,
And in wild haste their loaded mates o'erthrow ;
Ev'n so our scatter'd guests confus'dly meet,
With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all jostling in the street ;
Dejecting all, and ruefully dismay'd,
For shekel without treat or treason paid.

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows ;
More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
In kind conjunction of assisting stars.

Here, lab'ring Muse, those glorious chiefs relate,
That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate ;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse :
Hard task ! yet will not I thy flight recal ;
View heav'n, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Foretells our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land ;
Which for its generous natives yet could be
Held worthy such a president as he !
Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks ; serene his life and thought ;
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more !
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal,
His second care that service to conceal :
Of dues observant, firm to ev'ry trust,
And to the needy always more than just.
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride ;
Thus crown'd with worth from heights of honour
Sees all his glories copy'd in his son ; [won,
Whose forward fame should ev'ry Muse engage :
Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to others age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest kind,
Already are the conquest of his mind.
Whose loyalty before its date was prime ;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time :
The monster Faction early he dismay'd,
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

Brave Abdael o'er the prophet's school was
plac'd ;

Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd ;
A hero, who, while stars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his ; what therefore did remain
For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain
That crown restor'd ; and in this rank of fame,
Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
Proceed, illustrious, happy chief ! proceed,
Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
While th'inspir'd tribe attend with noblest strain
To register the glories thou shalt gain :
For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake ;
Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose,
And to the sun their scaly brood expose ;
Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.
Eliab our next labour does invite,
And hard the task to do Eliab right :
Long with the royal wanderer he rovd,
And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd !
Such ancient service, and desert so large,
Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
His age with only one mild heiress blest,
In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
And blest again to see his flow'r ally'd
To David's stock, and made young Othniel's
bride !

The bright restorer of his father's youth,
Devoted to a son's and subject's truth :

Resolv'd

Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,
So bravely fought, while fought by Absalom.
Ah prince ! th'illustrious planet of thy birth,
And thy more pow'rful virtue guard thy worth,
That no Achitophel thy ruin boast ;
Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

Ev'n envy must consent to Helon's worth,
Whose soul, tho' Egypt glories in his birth,
Could for our captive-ark its zeal retain,
And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain :
To slight his gods was small ; with nobler pride,
He all th'allurements of his court defy'd.
Whom profit nor example could betray,
But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.
What acts of favour in his province fall,
On merit he confers, and freely all.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high place ;
Who with a loyalty that did excel,
Brought all th'endowments of Achitophel.
Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
But Israel's factions into practice drew ;
Our laws, that did a boundless ocean seem,
Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him.
No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
So just, and with such charms of eloquence :
To whom the double blessing does belong,
With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.
Than Shava none more loyal zeal have shown,
Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,
Who for that cause still combats in his age,
For which his youth with danger did engage.
In vain our factious priests the cant revive ;
In vain seditious scribes with libel strive
T'enflame the crowd ; while he with watchful eye
Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly :
Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect ;
He undeceives more fast than they infect.
So Moses, when the pest on legions prey'd,
Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.

Once more, my fainting Muse, thy pinions try,
And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee ?
We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own tree !
Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast ;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.
With wonder late posterity shall dwell
On Absalom and false Achitophel :

Thy strains shall be our slumb'ring prophets dream,
And when our Sion virgins sing their theme,
Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd ;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last. [tame ;

How fierce his satyr loos'd ; restrain'd, how
How tender of th'offending young man's fame !
How well his worth, and brave adventures stil'd ;
Just to his virtues, to his errors mild.
No page of thine, that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as true :
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield ;
All paradise without one barren field :
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past ;
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we allow ?
What just rewards the grateful crown bestow ?

While bees in flow'rs rejoice, and flow'rs in dew,
While stars and fountains to their course are true ;
While Judah's throne and Sion's rock stand fast,
The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy soil retains
Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains ;
Who now sails off with winds nor wishes slack,
To bring his suff'rings bright companion back,
But ere such transport can our sense employ,
A bitter grief must poison half our joy ;
Nor can our toasts restor'd those blessings see
Without a bribe to envious destiny !
Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
Where, by inglorious chance, the valiant dy'd !
Give not insulting Ascalon to know,
Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe !
No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd !
Weep, Arnon ! Jordan, weep thy fountains dry,
While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply.

Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murmur'ing, and the winds asleep ;
Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treach'rous sands the princely bark devour ;
Then death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous race,
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace !
Oh ! had th'indulgent pow'rs vouchsaf'd to yield,
Instead of faithless shelves, a lifted field ;
A lifted field of Heav'n's and David's foes,
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd ;
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying ev'n o'er that they triumph too ;
With loud last breaths their master's scape applaud,
Of whom kind force could scarce the fates defraud ;
Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind !
At his own safety now almost repin'd !
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms,
If all your suff'rings past so nearly prest,
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your breast ?

Thus some diviner Muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but tost in storms.
Nor stretch'd on roses in the myrtle grove,
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights with
love.

But far remov'd in thund'ring camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herbless ground :
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his thirst.
Long must his patience strive with fortune's rage,
And long opposing gods themselves engage ;
Must see his country flame, his friends destroy'd,
Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd :
Such toil of fate must build a man of fame,
And such, to Israel's crown, the god-like David
came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyardswastel
The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
On th' instant is in all her bloom array'd ;
The winds breathe low, the element serene ;
Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen !

Thronging

Thronging
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That fa
When e
And me
With D
Crowds

Abdael,

Abethdin

Abalom

Achitoph

Adriel,

Agag,

Amiel,

Amri,

Annabe

Arod,

Asaph,

Balaam

Balaak

Barzill

Bathshe

Benai

Ben Jo

Bezali

Caleb,

Corah,

David

Doeg,

Egypt,

Eliab,

Ethnic

Gath,

Hebro

Hebre

Helon

Husha

Jebusi

Jerusa

Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
See where the princely bark, in loosest pride,
With all her guardian fleet adorns the tide!
High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
Our crimes to pardon ere they touch'd our land.
Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!
Here all your toils, here all your sufferings rest.

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all sedition's Syrtes stem,
Howe'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;
Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd,
That faction at the next election fail'd;
When ev'n the common cry did justice sound,
And merit by the multitude was crown'd:
With David then was Israel's peace restor'd;
Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their lord,

Key to Absalom and Achitophel.

<i>Abdael,</i>	—	{ General Monk, Duke of Albemarle.
<i>Abethdin,</i>	—	{ The name giv'n thro' this poem to a Lord-Chancellor in general.
<i>Absalom,</i>	—	Duke of Monmouth.
<i>Achitophel,</i>	—	The Earl of Shaftesbury.
<i>Adriel,</i>	—	Earl of Mulgrave.
<i>Agag,</i>	—	Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
<i>Amiel,</i>	—	{ Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of Commons.
<i>Amri,</i>	—	{ Sir Heneage Finch, Earl of Winchelsea, and Lord-Chancellor.
<i>Annabel,</i>	—	Duchess of Monmouth.
<i>Arod,</i>	—	Sir William Waller.
<i>Asaph,</i>	—	{ A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden, in the second part of this Poem.
<i>Balaam,</i>	—	Earl of Huntingdon.
<i>Balaak,</i>	—	Barnet.
<i>Barzillai,</i>	—	Duke of Ormond.
<i>Bathsheba,</i>	—	Duchess of Portsmouth.
<i>Benaiah,</i>	—	General Sackville.
<i>Ben Jochanan,</i>	—	Rev. Mr. Sam. Johnson.
<i>Bezalel,</i>	—	Duke of Beaufort.
<i>Caleb,</i>	—	Lord Grey.
<i>Corah,</i>	—	Dr. Oates.
<i>David,</i>	—	Charles II.
<i>Doeg,</i>	—	Elkanah Settle.
<i>Egypt,</i>	—	France.
<i>Eliab,</i>	—	Sir Hen. Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
<i>Ethnic-Plot,</i>	—	The Popish-Plot.
<i>Gath,</i>	—	{ The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where K. Charles II. long resided.
<i>Hebron,</i>	—	Scotland.
<i>Hebrew Priests,</i>	—	The Ch. of Engl. Clergy.
<i>Helon,</i>	—	Earl of Feverham.
<i>Hushai,</i>	—	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
<i>Jebusites,</i>	—	Papists.
<i>Jerusalem,</i>	—	London.

<i>Jews,</i>	—	English.
<i>Jonas,</i>	—	Sir William Jones.
<i>Jordan,</i>	—	Déver.
<i>Jotham,</i>	—	Marquis of Halifax.
<i>Jothran,</i>	—	Lord Dartmouth.
<i>Ishbosheth,</i>	—	Richard Cromwell.
<i>Israel,</i>	—	England.
<i>Iffachar,</i>	—	Thomas Thynne, Esq.
<i>Judas,</i>	—	{ Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
<i>Ishban,</i>	—	Sir Robert Clayton.
<i>Mephobosheth,</i>	—	Pordage.
<i>Michal,</i>	—	Queen Catharine.
<i>Nadab,</i>	—	Lord Howard of Escrick.
<i>Og,</i>	—	Shadwell.
<i>Phaleg,</i>	—	Forbes.
<i>Pharaoh,</i>	—	King of France.
<i>Rabsheka,</i>	—	Sir Thomas Player.
<i>Sagan of Jerusalem,</i>	—	Dr. Compton, Bp. of Lond.
<i>Sanhedrim,</i>	—	Parliament.
<i>Saul,</i>	—	Oliver Cromwell.
<i>Shimei,</i>	—	Sheriff Bethell.
<i>Sheva,</i>	—	Sir Roger Lestrangle.
<i>Solymean Rout,</i>	—	London Rebels.
<i>Tyre,</i>	—	Holland.
<i>Uzza,</i>	—	Jack Hall.
<i>Zadoc,</i>	—	{ Sancroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
<i>Zaken,</i>	—	{ A Member of the House of Commons.
<i>Zimri,</i>	—	Villers, D. of Buckingham.
<i>Ziloah,</i>	—	Sir John Moor.

§ 27. *Palamon and Arcite; or, the Knight's Tale.* DRYDEN.

BOOK I.

IN days of old, there liv'd, of mighty fame,
A valiant prince, and Theseus was his name:
A chief who more in feats of arms excell'd,
The rising nor the setting sun beheld.
Of Athens he was lord; much land he won,
And added foreign countries to his crown.
In Scythia with the warrior queen he strove,
Whom first by force he conquer'd, then by love;
He brought in triumph back the beautiful dame,
With whom her sister, fair Emilia, came.
With honour to his home let Theseus ride
With love to friend, and fortune for his guide,
And his victorious army at his side. }
I pass their warlike pomp, their proud array,
Their shouts, their songs, their welcome on the way:
But, were it not too long, I would recite
The feats of Amazons, the fatal fight
Betwixt the hardy queen and hero knight; }
The town besieg'd, and how much blood it cost
The female army and th' Athenian host;
The 'spousals of Hippolita, the queen;
What tilts and turneys at the feast were seen;
The storm at their return, the ladies fear:
But these, and other things, I must forbear.
The field is spacious I design to sow,
With oxen far unfit to draw the plow:

The

The remnant of my tale is of a length
To tire your patience, and to waste my strength;
And trivial accidents shall be forborn,
That others may have time to take their turn;
As was at first enjoin'd us by mine host,
That he whose tale is best, and pleases most,
Should win his supper at our common cost.

And, therefore, where I left, I will pursue,
This ancient story, whether false or true,
In hope it may be mended with a new.
The prince I mention'd, full of high renown,
In this array drew near th'Athenian town;
When in his pomp and utmost of his pride,
Marching he chanc'd to cast his eye aside,
And saw a choir of mourning dames, who lay
By two and two across the common way:
At his approach they rais'd a rueful cry, [high,
And beat their breasts, and held their hands on
Creeping and crying, till they seiz'd at last
His courser's bridle, and his feet embrac'd.

Tell me, said Theseus, what and whence you
are,

And why this fun'ral pageant you prepare?
Is this the welcome of my worthy deeds,
To meet my triumph in ill-omen'd weeds?
Or envy you my praise, and would destroy
With grief my pleasures, and pollute my joy?
Or are you injur'd, and demand relief?

Name your request, and I will ease your grief.

The most in years of all the mourning train
Began (but swooned first away for pain);
Then, scarce recover'd, spoke: Nor envy we
Thy great renown, nor grudge thy victory;
'Tis thine, O king, th'afflicted to redress,
And fame has fill'd the world with thy success:
We, wretched women, sue for that alone,
Which of thy goodness is refus'd to none;
Let fall some drops of pity on our grief,
If what we beg be just, and we deserve relief:
For none of us, who now thy grace implore,
But held the rank of sov'reign queen before;
Till, thanks to giddy chance, which never bears,
That mortal bliss should last for length of years,
She cast us headlong from our high estate,
And here, in hope of thy return, we wait:
And long have waited in the temple nigh,
Built to the gracious goddess Clemency.
But rev'rence thou the Pow'r whose name it bears,
Relieve th'oppress'd, and wipe the widow's tears;
I, wretched I, have other fortune seen,
The wife of Capaneus, and once a queen.
At Thebes he fell; curs'd be the fatal day!
And all the rest thou seest in this array,
To make their moan, their lords in battle lost,
Before that town besieg'd by our confederate host:
But Creon, old and impious, who commands
The Theban city, and usurps the lands,
Denies the rites of fun'ral fires to those
Whose breathless bodies yet he calls his foes.
Unburn'd, unbury'd, on a heap they lie;
Such is their fate, and such his tyranny;
No friend has leave to bear away the dead,
But with their lifeless limbs his hounds are fed!
At this she shriek'd aloud; the mournful train
Echo'd her grief, and, grov'ling on the plain,

With groans, and hands upheld, to move his mind,
Besought his pity to their helpless kind!

The prince was touch'd, his tears began to flow,
And, as his tender heart would break in two,
He sigh'd; and could not but their fate deplore,
So wretched now, so fortunate before.

Then lightly from his lofty steed he flew,
And raising, one by one, the suppliant crew,
To comfort each, full solemnly he swore,
That by the faith which knights to knighthood
bore,

And whate'er else to chivalry belongs,
He would not cease till he reveng'd their wrongs:
That Greece should see perform'd what he de-
And cruel Creon find his just reward. [clar'd,
He said no more; but, shunning all delay,
Rode on: nor enter'd Athens on his way:
But left his sister and his queen behind,
And wav'd his royal banner in the wind:
Where in an argent field the God of War
Was drawn triumphant on his iron car:
Red was his sword, and shield, and whole attire:
And all the godhead seem'd to glow with fire;
Ev'n the ground glitter'd where the standard flew,
And the green grass was dy'd to sanguine hue.
High on his pointed lance his pennon bore
His Cretan fight, the conquer'd Minotaur:
The soldiers shout around with gen'rous rage,
And in that victory their own presage.
He prais'd their ardour, inly pleas'd to see
His host the flow'r of Grecian chivalry.
All day he march'd, and all th'ensuing night,
And saw the city with returning light.
The process of the war I need not tell,
How Theseus conquer'd, and how Creon fell:
Or after, how by storm the walls were won,
Or how the victor sack'd and burn'd the town:
How to the ladies he restor'd again
The bodies of their lords in battle slain:
And with what ancient rites they were interr'd;
All these to fitter times shall be deferr'd.
I spare the widow's tears, their woeful cries,
And howling at their husband's obsequies;
How Theseus at these fun'erals did assist,
And with what gifts the mourning dames dis-
miss'd.

Thus, when the victor chief had Creon slain,
And conquer'd Thebes, he pitch'd upon the plain
His mighty camp, and, when the day return'd,
The country wasted, and the hamlets burn'd,
And left the pillagers, to rapine bred,
Without controul to strip and spoil the dead.

There, in a heap of slain, among the rest
Two youthful knights they found, beneath a
load oppress'd

Of slaughter'd foes, whom first to death they sent,
The trophies of their strength, a bloody monument.
Both fair, and both of royal blood they seem'd,
Whom kinsmen to the crown the heralds deem'd;
That day in equal arms they fought for fame;
Their swords, their shields, their surcoats, were
the same.

Close by each other laid, they press'd the ground,
Their manly bosoms pierc'd with many a grievous
wound;

Nor

Nor well alive, nor wholly dead they were,
But some faint signs of feeble life appear:
The wand'ring breath was on the wing to part,
Weak was the pulse, and hardly heav'd the heart.
These two were sisters sons; and Arcite one,
Much fam'd in fields, with valiant Palamon.
From these their costly arms the spoilers rent,
And softly both convey'd to Theseus' tent:
Whom known of Creon's line, and cur'd with care,
He to his city sent as pris'ners of the war,
Hopeless of ransom, and condemn'd to lie
In durance, doom'd a ling'ring death to die.
This done, he march'd away with warlike sound,
And to his Athens turn'd with laurels crown'd,
Where happy long he liv'd, much lov'd, and
more renown'd.

But in a tow'r, and never to be loos'd,
The woe'ful captive kinsmen are inclos'd:

Thus year by year they pass, and day by day;
Till once, 'twas on the morn of cheerful May,
The young Emilia, fairer to be seen
Than the fair lily on the flow'ry green,
More fresh than May herself in blossoms new
(For with the rosy colour strove her hue,)
Wak'd, as her custom was, before the day,
To do th'observance due to sprightly May:
For sprightly May commands our youth to keep
The vigils of her night, and breaks their slug-
gard sleep:

Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves;
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.
In this remembrance, Emily ere day
Arose, and dress'd herself in rich array:
Fresh as the month, and as the morning fair;
Adown her shoulders fell her length of hair:
A ribband did the braided tresses bind,
The rest was loose, and wanton'd in the wind:
Aurora had but newly chac'd the night,
And purpl'd o'er the sky with blushing light,
When to the garden-walk she took her way,
To sport and trip along in cool of day,
And offer maiden vows in honour of the May.

At ev'ry turn she made a little stand,
And thro' among the thorns her lily hand
To draw the rose; and ev'ry rose she drew
She shook the stalk, and brush'd away the dew:
Then party-colour'd flow'rs of white and red
She wove, to make a garland for her head:
This done, she sung, and carol'd out so clear,
That men and angels might rejoice to hear!
Ev'n wond'ring Philomel forgot to sing,
And learn'd from her to welcome-in the spring!
The tow'r, of which before was mention made,
Within whose keep the captive knights were laid,
Built of a large extent, and strong withal,
Was one partition of the palace wall:
The garden was inclos'd within the square,
Where young Emilia took the morning-air.

It happen'd Palamon, the pris'ner knight,
Restless for woe, arose before the light,
And, with his jailor's leave, desir'd to breathe
An air more wholesome than the damps beneath.
This granted, to the tow'r he took his way,
Cheer'd with the promise of a glorious day:

Then cast a languishing regard around,
And saw with hateful eyes the temples crown'd
With golden spires, and all the hostile ground.
He sigh'd, and turn'd his eyes, because he knew
'Twas but a larger gaol he had in view:
Then look'd below, and from the castle's height
Beheld a nearer and more pleasing sight:
The garden, which before he had not seen,
In spring's new liv'ry clad of white and green,
Fresh flow'rs in wide parterres, and shady
walks between.

This view'd, but not enjoy'd, with arms across
He stood, reflecting on his country's loss;
Himself an object of the public scorn,
And often wish'd he never had been born.
At last, for so his destiny requir'd,
With walking giddy, and with thinking tir'd,
He thro' a little window cast his sight,
Tho' thick of bars, that gave a scanty light:
But ev'n that glimm'ring serv'd him to descry
Th'inevitable charms of Emily.

Scarce had he seen, but, seiz'd with sudden
smart,

Stung to the quick, he felt it at his heart;
Struck blind with overpow'ring light he stood,
Then started back amaz'd, and cry'd aloud.

Young Arcite heard; and up he ran with haste,
To help his friend, and in his arms embrac'd;
And ask'd him why he look'd so deadly wzn,
And whence and how his change of cheer began?
Or who had done th'offence? But if, said he,
Your grief alone is hard captivity,
For love of heav'n, with patience undergo
A cureless ill, since fate will have it so:
So stood our horoscope in chains to lie,
And Saturn in the dungeon of the sky,
Or other baleful aspect, rul'd our birth,
When all the friendly stars were under earth:
Whate'er betides, by destiny 'tis done;
And better bear, like men, than vainly seek to
shun.

Nor of my bonds, said Palamon again,
Nor of unhappy planets I complain;
But when my mortal anguish caus'd my cry,
That moment I was hurt thro' either eye;
Pierc'd with a random shaft I faint away,
And perish with insensible decay:
A glance of some new goddess gave the wound,
Whom, like Acteon, unaware I found.
Look how she walks along yon shady space,
Not Juno moves with more majestic grace;
And all the Cyprian queen is in her face.
If thou art Venus (for thy charms confess
That face was form'd in heav'n, nor art thou less;
Disguis'd in habit, undisguis'd in shape)
Or help us captives from our chains to 'scape;
But if our doom be past in bonds to lie
For life, and in a loathsome dungeon die,
Then be thy wrath appeas'd with our disgrace,
And shew compassion to the Theban race,
Oppress'd by tyrant pow'r! While yet he spoke,
Arcite on Emily had fix'd his look;
The fatal dart a ready passage found,
And deep within his heart infix'd the wound:

So

So that if Palamon were wounded fore,
Arcite was hurt as much as he, or more:
Then from his inmost soul he sigh'd, and said,
The beauty I behold has struck me dead:
Unknowingly she strikes, and kills by chance;
Poison's in her eyes, and death in ev'ry glance.
O, I must ask; nor ask alone, but move
Her mind to mercy, or must die for love.

Thus Arcite: and thus Palamon replies
(Eager his tone, and ardent were his eyes)
Speak'st thou in earnest, or in jesting vein? }
Jesting, said Arcite, suits but ill with pain.
It suits far worse (said Palamon again,
And bent his brows) with men who honor weigh,
Their faith to break, their friendship to betray;
But worst with thee, of noble lineage born,
My kinsman, and in arms my brother sworn.
Have we not plighted each our holy oath,
That one should be the common good of both;
One soul should both inspire, and neither prove
His fellow's hindrance in pursuit of love?
To this before the gods we gave our hands,
And nothing but our death can break the bands.
This binds thee, then, to further my design
(As I am bound by vow to further thine):
Nor can'st, nor dar'st thou, traitor, on the plain
Approach my honour, or thine own maintain,
Since thou art of my council, and the friend
Whose faith I trust, and on whose care depend:
And would'st thou court my lady's love, which I
Much rather than release would choose to die?
But thou, false Arcite, never shalt obtain
Thy bad pretence; I told thee first my pain:
For first my love began ere thine was born,
Thou, as my counsel, and my brother sworn,
Art bound t'assist my eldership of right:
Or justly to be deem'd a perjur'd knight.

Thus Palamon: but Arcite with disdain,
In haughty language, thus reply'd again;
Forsworn thyself: the traitor's odious name
I first return, and then disprove thy claim.
If love be passion, and that passion nurs'd
With strong desires, I lov'd the lady first.
Canst thou pretend desire, whom zeal inflam'd
To worship, and a pow'r celestial nam'd?
Thine was devotion to the blest above;
I saw the woman, and desir'd her love;
First own'd my passion, and to thee commend
Th'important secret, as my chosen friend.
Suppose (which yet I grant not) thy desire
A moment elder than my rival fire;
Can chance of seeing first thy title prove?
And know'st thou not, no law is made for love;
Law is to things which to free choice relate;
Love is not in our choice, but in our fate;
Laws are but positive; love's pow'r, we see,
Is Nature's sanction, and her first decree.
Each day we break the bond of human laws
For love, and vindicate the common cause.
Laws for defence of civil rights are plac'd;
Love throws the fences down, and makes a
gen'ral waste:
Maids, widows, wives, without distinction fall;
The sweeping deluge, Love, comes on, and
covers all.

If then the laws of friendship I transgress,
I keep the greater, while I break the less;
And both are mad alike, since neither can possess. }
Both hopeless to be ransom'd, never more
To see the sun, but as he passes o'er.

Like Æsop's hounds contending for the bone,
Each pleaded right, and would be lord alone;
The fruitless fight continu'd all the day;
A cur came by, and snatch'd the prize away.
As courtiers therefore juggle for a grant, [want,
And when they break their friendship plead their
So thou, if fortune will thy suit advance,
Love on, nor envy me my equal chance:
For I must love, and am resolv'd to try
My fate, or, failing in th'adventure, die.

Great was their strife, which hourly was renew'd,
Till each with mortal hate his rival view'd:
Now friends no more, nor walking hand in hand;
But when they met they made a surly stand,
And glar'd like angry lions as they pass'd,
And wish'd that ev'ry look might be their last.

It chanc'd at length, Pirithous came t'attend
This worthy Theseus, his familiar friend;
Their love in early infancy began,
And rose as childhood ripen'd into man.
Companions of the war, and lov'd so well,
That when one dy'd, as ancient stories tell,
His fellow to redeem him went to hell. }

But to pursue my tale; to welcome home
His warlike brother is Pirithous come:
Arcite of Thebes was known in arms long
since,

And honour'd by this young Thessalian prince.
Theseus, to gratify his friend and guest,
Who made our Arcite's freedom his request,
Restor'd to liberty the captive knight,
But on these hard conditions I recite:
That if hereafter Arcite should be found
Within the compass of Athenian ground,
By day or night, or on whate'er pretence,
His head should pay the forfeit of th'offence.
To this Pirithous for his friend agreed;
And on his promise was the pris'n'r freed.

Unpleas'd and pensive hence he takes his way,
At his own peril; for his life must pay.
Who now but Arcite mourns his bitter fate,
Finds his dear purchase, and repents too late?
What have I gain'd, he said, in prison pent,
If I but change my bonds for banishment?
And banish'd from her sight, I suffer more
In freedom than I felt in bonds before;
Forc'd from her presence, and condemn'd to live:
Unwelcome freedom, and unthank'd reprieve:
Heav'n is not but where Emily abides;
And where she's absent—all is hell besides.
Next to my day of birth was that accurst,
Which bound my friendship to Pirithous first:
Had I not known that prince, I still had been
In bondage, and had still Emilia seen:
For tho' I never can her grace deserve,
'Tis recompence enough to see and serve.
O Palamon, my kinsman and my friend,
How much more happy fates thy love attend!
Thine is th'adventure; thine the victory:
Well has thy fortune turn'd the dice for thee:
Thou

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Thou on that angel's face may'st feed thine eyes,
In prison—No; but blissful paradise!
Thou daily seest that sun of beauty shine,
And lov'st at least in love's extremest line.
I mourn in absence, love's eternal night;
And who can tell but since thou hast her sight,
And art a comely, young, and valiant knight,
Fortune (a various pow'r) may cease to frown,
And, by some ways unknown, thy wishes crown?
But I, the most forlorn of human kind,
Nor help can hope, nor remedy can find;
But, doom'd to drag my loathsome life in care,
For my reward, must end it in despair.
Fire, water, air, and earth, and force of fates
That governs all, and Heav'n that all creates,
Nor art, nor nature's hand can ease my grief;
Nothing but death, the wretch's last relief:
Then farewell youth, and all the joys that dwell
With youth and life, and life itself farewell.

But why, alas! do mortal men in vain
Of fortune, fate, or providence complain?
God gives us what he knows our wants require,
And better things than those which we desire:
Some pray for riches; riches they obtain;
But, watch'd by robbers, for their wealth are slain:
Some pray from prison to be freed; and come,
When guilty of their vows, to fall at home;
Murder'd by those they trusted with their life,
A favour'd servant, or a bosom wife.
Such dear-bought blessings happen ev'ry day,
Because we know not for what things to pray.
Like drunken sots, about the street we roam:
Well knows the sot he has a certain home;
Yet knows not how to find th'uncertain place,
And blunders on, and staggers ev'ry pace.
Thus all seek happiness, but few can find;
For far the greater part of men are blind.
This is my case, who thought our utmost good
Was in one word of freedom understood:
The fatal blessing came; from prison free,
I starve abroad, and lose the sight of Emily.

Thus Arcite: but if Arcite thus deplore
His sufferings, Palamon yet suffers more.
For when he knew his rival freed and gone,
He swells with wrath; he makes outrageous moan:
He frets, he fumes, he stares, he stamps the ground;
The hollow tow'r with clamours rings around:
With briny tears he bath'd his fetter'd feet,
And dropt all o'er with agony of sweat,
Alas! he cry'd, I, wretch, in prison pine.
Too happy rival, while the fruit is thine,
Thou liv'st at large, thou draw'st thy native air,
Pleas'd with thy freedom, proud of my despair!
Thou may'st, since thou hast youth and courage
A sweet behaviour and a solid mind, [join'd,
Assemble ours, and all the Theban race,
To vindicate on Athens thy disgrace;
And after, by some treaty made, possess
Fair Emily, the pledge of lasting peace.
So thine shall be the beauteous prize, while I
Must languish in despair, in prison die.
Thus all th'advantage of the strife is thine;
Thy portion double joys, and double sorrows mine.
The rage of jealousy then fir'd his soul,
And his face kindl'd like a burning coal:

Now cold Despair, succeeding in her stead,
To livid paleness turns the glowing red.
His blood, scarce liquid, creeps within his veins,
Like water, which the freezing wind constrains.
Then thus he said: Eternal Deities,
Who rule the world with absolute decrees,
And write whatever time shall bring to pass,
With pens of adamant on plates of brass;
What, is the race of human kind your care
Beyond what all his fellow-creatures are?
He with the rest is liable to pain,
And like the sheep, his brother beast, is slain.
Cold, hunger, prisons, ills without a cure,
All these he must, and guiltless oft endure;
Or does your justice, pow'r, or prescience fail
When the good suffer, and the bad prevail?
What worse to wretched virtue could befall,
If fate or giddy fortune govern'd all?
Nay, worse than other beasts is our estate;
Them, to pursue their pleasures, you create;
We, bound by harder laws, must curb our will,
And your commands, not our desires, fulfil;
Then when the creature is unjustly slain,
Yet after death at least he feels no pain;
But man, in life surcharg'd with woe before,
Not freed when dead, is doom'd to suffer more.
A serpent shoots his sting at unawares;
An ambush'd thief forelays a traveller:
The man lies murder'd, while the thief and snake,
One gains the thickets, and one thrills the brake.
This let divines decide; but well I know,
Just or unjust, I have my share of woe,
Through Saturn seated in a luckless place,
And Juno's wrath that persecutes my race;
Or Mars and Venus in a quarrel, move
My pangs of jealousy for Arcite's love.

Let Palamon, oppress'd in bondage, mourn,
While to his exil'd rival we return.
By this, the sun, declining from his height,
The day had shorten'd to prolong the night:
The lengthen'd night gave length of misery
Both to the captive lover and the free;
For Palamon in endless prison mourns,
And Arcite forfeits life if he returns:
The banish'd never hopes his love to see,
Nor hopes the captive lord his liberty:
'Tis hard to say who suffers greater pains:
One sees his love, but cannot break his chains:
One free, and all his motions uncontroul'd,
Beholds whate'er he would, but what he would
behold.

Judge as you please, for I will haste to tell
What fortune to the banish'd knight befel.
When Arcite was to Thebes return'd again,
The loss of her he lov'd renew'd his pain;
What could be worse, than never more to see
His life, his soul, his charming Emily?
He rav'd with all the madness of despair,
He roar'd, he beat his breast, he tore his hair.
Dry sorrow in his stupid eyes appears;
For wanting nourishment, he wanted tears;
His eye-balls in their hollow sockets sink;
Bereft of sleep, he loathes his meat and drink.
He withers at his heart, and looks as wan
As the pale spectre of a murder'd man:

That

That pale turns yellow, and his face receives
 The faded hue of sapless boxen leaves :
 In solitary groves he makes his moan,
 Walks early out, and ever is alone :
 Nor, mix'd in mirth, in youthful pleasures shares,
 But sighs when songs and instruments he hears.
 His spirits are so low, his voice is drown'd,
 He hears as from afar, or in a swoon,
 Like the deaf murmurs of a distant sound :
 Uncomb'd his locks, and squalid his attire,
 Unlike the trim of love and gay desire :
 But full of museful moping, which preface
 The loss of reason, and conclude in rage.
 This when he had endur'd a year and more,
 Now wholly chang'd from what he was before,
 It happen'd once that, slumb'ring as he lay,
 He dream'd (his dream began at break of day)
 That Hermes o'er his head in air appear'd,
 And with soft words his drooping spirits cheer'd :
 His hat, adorn'd with wings, disclos'd the God,
 And in his hand he bore the sleep-compelling rod :
 Such as he seem'd, when, at his sire's command,
 On Argus' head he laid the snaky wand.
 Arise, he said, to conqu'ring Athens go ;
 There Fate appoints an end to all thy woe.
 The fright awaken'd Arcite with a start ;
 Against his bosom bounc'd his heaving heart ;
 But soon he said, with scarce-recover'd breath,
 And thither will I go to meet my death,
 Sure to be slain ; but death is my desire,
 Since in Emilia's fight I shall expire.
 By chance he spy'd a mirror while he spoke,
 And gazing there, beheld his alter'd look ;
 Wond'ring, he saw his features and his hue
 So much were chang'd, that scarce himself he knew.
 A sudden thought then starting in his mind,
 Since I in Arcite cannot Arcite find,
 The world may search in vain with all their eyes,
 But never penetrate through this disguise.
 Thanks to the change which grief and sickness
 In low estate I may securely live, [give ;
 And see, unknown, my mistress day by day.
 He said ; and cloth'd himself in coarse array :
 A lab'ring hind in shew ; then forth he went,
 And to th' Athenian tow'rs his journey bent :
 One 'squire attended in the same disguise,
 Made conscious of his master's enterprise :
 Arriv'd at Athens, soon he came to court,
 Unknown, unquestion'd, in that thick resort :
 Proff'ring for hire his service at the gate,
 To drudge, draw water, and to run or wait.
 So far befel him, that for little gain
 He serv'd at first Emilia's chamberlain ;
 And, watchful all advantages to spy,
 Was still at hand, and in his master's eye ;
 And as his bones were big, and sinews strong,
 Refus'd no toil that could to slaves belong ;
 But from deep wells with engines water drew,
 And us'd his noble hands the wood to hew.
 He pass'd a year at least attending thus
 On Emily, and call'd Philostratus.
 But never was there man of his degree
 So much esteem'd, so well belov'd as he.
 So gentle of condition was he known,
 That thro' the court his courtesy was blown :

All think him worthy of a greater place,
 And recommend him to the royal grace :
 That, exercis'd within a higher sphere,
 His virtues more conspicuous might appear.
 Thus by the gen'ral voice was Arcite prais'd,
 And by great Theseus to high favour rais'd :
 Among his menial servants first enroll'd,
 And largely entertain'd with sums of gold ;
 Besides what secretly from Thebes was sent,
 Of his own income, and his annual rent : [fame,
 This well employ'd, he purchas'd friends and
 But cautiously conceal'd from whence it came.
 Thus for three years he liv'd with large increase,
 In arms of honor, and esteem in peace ;
 To Theseus' person he was ever near ;
 And Theseus, for his virtues, held him dear.

Palamon and Arcite ; or, the Knight's Tale.

BOOK II.

WHILE Arcite lives in bliss, the story turns
 Where hopeless Palamon in prison mourns.
 For six long years immur'd, the captive knight
 Had dragg'd his chains, and scarcely seen the light :
 Lost liberty and love at once he bore :
 His prison pain'd him much, his passion more :
 Nor dares he hope his fetters to remove,
 Nor ever wishes to be free from love.
 But when the sixth revolving year was run,
 And May within the Twins receiv'd the sun,
 Were it by chance, or forceful destiny,
 Which forms in causes first whate'er shall be,
 Assisted by a friend, one moonless night,
 This Palamon from prison took his flight :
 A pleasant bev'rage he prepar'd before
 Of wine and honey, mix'd with added store
 Of opium ; to his keeper this he brought,
 Who swallow'd unaware the sleepy draught,
 And snor'd secure till morn, his senses bound
 In slumber, and in long oblivion drown'd.
 Short was the night, and careful Palamon
 Sought the next covert ere the rising sun.
 A thick spread forest near the city lay ;
 To this with lengthen'd strides he took his way
 (For far he could not fly, and fear'd the day).
 Safe from pursuit, he meant to shun the light,
 Till the brown shadows of the friendly night
 To Thebes might favour his intended flight.
 When to his country come, his next design
 Was all the Theban race in arms to join,
 And war on Theseus, till he lost his life,
 Or won the beauteous Emily to wife.
 Thus while his thoughts the ling'ring day beguile,
 To gentle Arcite let us turn our stile ;
 Who little dreamt how nigh he was to care,
 Till treach'rous fortune caught him in the snare.
 The morning-lark, the messenger of day,
 Saluted in her song the morning gray ;
 And soon the sun arose with beams so bright,
 That all th' horizon laugh'd to see the joyous sight ;
 He with his tepid rays the rose renews,
 And licks the drooping leaves, and dries the dews ;
 When Arcite left his bed, resolv'd to pay
 Observance to the month of merry May :
 Forth on his fiery steed betimes he rode,
 That scarcely prints the turf on which he trod :

At

At ease he seem'd, and, prancing o'er the plains,
Turn'd only to the grove his horse's reins,
The grove I nam'd before; and, lighted there,
A woodbine garland sought to crown his hair;
Then turn'd his face against the rising day,
And rais'd his voice to welcome in the May.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green live-
If not the first, the fairest of the year: [ries wear:
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,
And Nature's ready pencil paints the flow'rs:
When thy short reign is past, the ferv'ish sun
The sultry tropic fears and moves more slowly on.
So may thy tender blossoms fear no blight,
Nor goats with venom'd teeth thy tendrils bite,
As thou shalt guide my wand'ring feet to find
The fragrant greens I seek, my brows to bind.

His vows address'd, within the grove he stray'd,
Till fate, or fortune, near the place convey'd
His steps where secret Palamon was laid.
Full little thought of him the gentle knight,
Who flying death had there conceal'd his flight,
In brakes and brambles hid, and shunning mortal
fight:

And less he knew him for his hated foe,
But fear'd him as a man he did not know.
But as it has been said of ancient years,
That fields are full of eyes, and woods have ears;
For this the wise are ever on their guard;
For, unforeseen, they say, is unprepar'd.
Uncautious Arcite thought himself alone,
And less than all suspected Palamon;
Who list'ning heard him, while he search'd the
And loudly sung his roundelay of love: [grove,
But on the sudden stopp'd, and silent stood,
As lovers often muse, and change their mood;
Now high as heav'n, and then as low as hell,
Now up, now down, as buckets in a well;
For Venus, like her day, will change her cheer,
And seldom shall we see a Friday clear.
Thus Arcite, having sung, with alter'd hue
Sunk on the ground, and from his bosom drew
A desprate sigh, accusing Heav'n and fate,
And angry Juno's unrelenting hate.

Curs'd be the day when first I did appear;
Let it be blotted from the calendar, [year.
Left it pollute the month, and poison all the
Still will the jealous Queen pursue our race?
Cadmus is dead, the Theban city was:
Yet ceases not her hate: for all who come
From Cadmus are involv'd in Cadmus' doom.
I suffer for my blood: unjust decree!
That punishes another's crime on me.
In mean estate I serve my mortal foe,
The man who caus'd my country's overthrow.
This is not all; for Juno, to my shame,
Has forc'd me to forsake my former name;
Arcite I was, Philostratus I am.
That side of heav'n is all my enemy:
Mars ruin'd Thebes: his mother ruin'd me.
Of all the royal race remains but one
Besides myself, th'unhappy Palamon,
Whom Theseus holds in bonds, and will not free;
Without a crime, except his kin to me.
Yet these, and all the rest, I could endure;
But Love's a malady without a cure;

Fierce Love has pierc'd me with his fiery dart;
He fires within, and hisses at my heart.
Your eyes, fair Emily, my fate pursue;
I suffer for the rest, I die for you.
Of such a Goddess no time leaves record,
Who burn'd the temple where she was ador'd:
And let it burn, I never will complain,
Pleas'd with my suff'rings, if you knew my pain.

At this a sickly qualm his heart assail'd,
His ears ring inward, and his senses fail'd.
No word miss'd Palamon of all he spoke,
But soon to deadly pale he chang'd his look:
He trembl'd ev'ry limb, and felt a smart,
As if cold steel had glided through his heart;
No longer staid, but, starting from his place,
Discover'd stood, and shew'd his hostile face.
False traitor Arcite, traitor to thy blood,
Bound by thy sacred oath to seek my good,
Now art thou found foresworn, for Emily;
And dar'st attempt her love, for whom I die.
So hast thou cheated Theseus with a wile,
Against thy vow, returning to beguile
Under a borrow'd name: as false to me,
So false thou art to him who set thee free:
But rest assur'd, that either thou shalt die,
Or else renounce thy claim in Emily:
Forthough unarm'd I am, and (free'd by chance)
Am here without my sword, or pointed lance,
Hope not, base man, unquestion'd hence to go;
For I am Palamon, thy mortal foe.

Arcite, who heard his tale, and knew the man,
His sword unsheath'd, and fiercely thus began:
Now, by the Gods who govern heav'n above,
Wert thou not weak with hunger, mad with love,
That word had been thy last, or in this grove
This hand should force thee to renounce thy love.
The surety which I gave thee, I defy:
Fool, not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.
Know, I will serve the fair in thy despight;
But since thou art my kinsman, and a knight,
Here, have my faith, to-morrow in this grove
Ours arms shall plead the titles of our love:
And Heav'n so help my right, as I alone
Will come, and keep the cause and quarrel both
unknown;

With arms of proof both for myself and thee;
Chuse thou the best, and leave the worst to me.
And, that a better ease thou may'st abide,
Bedding and clothes I will this night provide,
And needful sustenance, that thou may'st be
A conquest better won, and worthy me.
His promise Palamon accepts; but pray'd,
To keep it better than the first he made.
Thus fair they parted till the morrow's dawn;
For each had laid his plighted faith to pawn.
Oh Love! thou sternly dost thy pow'r maintain,
And wilt not bear a rival in thy reign,
Tyrants and thou all fellowship disdain.
This was in Arcite prov'd, and Palamon;
Both in despair, yet each would love alone.
Arcite return'd, and, as in honor ty'd,
His foe with bedding and with food supply'd;
Then, ere the day, two suits of armour sought,
Which borne before him on his steed he brought:

T

Both

Both were of shining steel, and wrought so pure,
 As might the strokes of two such arms endure.
 Now, at the time, and in th'appointed place,
 The challenger and challeng'd, face to face,
 Approach; each other from afar they knew,
 And from afar their hatred chang'd their hue.
 So stands the Thracian herdsman with his spear,
 Full in the gap, and hopes the hunted bear,
 And hears him rustling in the wood, and sees
 His course at distance, by the bending trees;
 And thinks, here comes my mortal enemy,
 And either he must fall in fight, or I:
 This while he thinks, he lifts aloft his dart;
 A gen'rous chivalry seizes ev'ry part: [heart.
 The veins pour back the blood, and fortify the
 Thus pale they meet; their eyes with fury burn;
 None greets; for none the greeting will return;
 But in dumb surliness, each arm'd with care
 His foe profess, as brother of the war:
 Then both, no moment lost, at once advance
 Against each other, arm'd with sword and lance:
 They lash, they foil, they pass, they strive to bore
 Their corselets, and the thinnest parts explore.
 Thus two long hours in equal arms they stood,
 And wounded, wound, till both were bath'd in
 And not a foot of ground had either got, [blood;
 As if the world depended on the spot.
 Fell Arcite like an angry tyger far'd;
 And like a lion Palamon appear'd:
 Or as two boars whom love to battle draws,
 With rising bristles, and with frothy jaws,
 Their adverse breasts with tusks oblique they
 wound;
 With grunts and groans the forest rings around.
 So fought the knights, and fighting must abide,
 Till fate an umpire sends their difference to decide.
 The pow'r that ministers to God's decrees,
 And executes on earth what Heav'n forces,
 Call'd providence, or chance, or fatal sway,
 Comes with resistless force, and finds or makes her
 Nor kings, nor nations, nor united pow'r, [way.
 One moment can retard th'appointed hour. [pears,
 And some one day, some wond'rous chance ap-
 Which happen'd not in centuries of years:
 For sure, whate'er we mortals hate, or love,
 Or hope, or fear, depends on pow'rs above:
 They move our appetites to good or ill,
 And by foresight necessitate the will.
 In Theseus this appears; whose youthful joy
 Was beasts of chase in forests to destroy;
 This gentle knight, inspir'd by jolly May,
 Forsook his easy couch at early day,
 And to the wood and wilds pursu'd his way. }
 Beside him rode Hippolita the queen,
 And Emily, attir'd in lively green;
 With horns, and hounds, and all the tuneful cry,
 To hunt a royal hart within the covert nigh:
 And as he follow'd Mars before, so now
 He serves the goddess of the silver bow.
 The way that Theseus took was to the wood
 Where the two knights in cruel battle stood;
 The lawn on which they fought, th'appointed place
 In which th'uncoupl'd hounds began the chase.
 Thither forth-right he rode to rouse the prey,
 That, shaded by the fern, in harbour lay;

And, thence dislodg'd, was wont to leave the wood
 For open fields, and cross the crystal flood,
 Approach'd, and looking underneath the sun,
 He saw proud Arcite and fierce Palamon
 In mortal battle doubling blow on blow;
 Like lightning flam'd their faulchions to and fro,
 And shot a dreadful gleam; so strong they strook,
 There seem'd less force requir'd to fell an oak.
 He gaz'd with wonder on their equal might,
 Look'd eager on, but knew not either knight:
 Resolv'd to learn, he spur'd his fiery steed
 With goring rowels to provoke his speed.
 The minute ended that began the race,
 So soon he was betwixt them on the place;
 And with his sword unsheath'd, on pain of life,
 Commands both combatants to cease their strife:
 Then with imperious tone pursues his threat;
 What are you? why in arms together met?
 How dares your pride presume against my laws,
 As in a list'd field to fight your cause?
 Unask'd the royal grant; no marshal by,
 As knightly rites require, nor judge to try?
 Then Palamon, with scarce recover'd breath,
 Thus hasty spoke: We both deserve the death,
 And both would die; for look the world around,
 A pair so wretched is not to be found:
 Our life's a load; encumber'd with the charge,
 We long to set th'imprison'd soul at large.
 Now as thou art a sov'reign judge, decree
 The rightful doom of death to him and me, }
 Let neither find thy grace; for grace is cruelty.
 Me first, O kill me first, and cure my woe;
 Then sheath the sword of justice on my foe:
 Or kill him first; for when his name is heard,
 He foremost will receive his due reward.
 Arcite of Thebes is he; thy mortal foe:
 On whom thy grace did liberty bestow;
 But first contracted, that if ever found
 By day or night upon th'Athenian ground,
 His head should pay the forfeit; see return'd
 The perjur'd knight, his oath and honor scorn'd.
 For this is he who, with a borrow'd name
 And proffer'd service, to thy palace came,
 Now call'd Philostrate: retain'd by thee, }
 A traitor trusted, and in high degree,
 Aspiring to the bed of beauteous Emily.
 My part remains; from Thebes my birth I own,
 And call myself th'unhappy Palamon.
 Think me not like that man; since no disgrace
 Can force me to renounce the honor of my race.
 Know me for what I am: I broke my chain,
 Nor promis'd I thy pris'ner to remain:
 The love of liberty with life is giv'n;
 And life itself th'inferior gift of Heav'n.
 Thus without crime I fled; but farther know,
 I with this Arcite am thy mortal foe:
 Then give me death, since I thy life pursue;
 For safeguard of thyself, death is my due.
 More wouldst thou know? I love bright Emily,
 And for her sake and in her sight will die:
 But kill my rival too; for he no less
 Deserves; and I thy righteous doom will bless, }
 Assur'd that what I lose he never shall possess.
 To this reply'd the stern Athenian prince,
 And sourly smil'd,—In owning your offence,
 You

You judge yourself; and I but keep record
In place of law, while you pronounce the word.
Take your desert, the death you have decreed;
I seal your doom, and ratify the deed:
By Mars, the patron of my arms, you die.
He said; dumb sorrow seiz'd the standers-by.
The queen, above the rest, by nature good
(The pattern form'd of perfect womanhood)
For tender pity wept: when she began,
Thro' the bright quire th'infectious virtue ran.
All dropt their tears, ev'n the contended maid:
And thus among themselves they softly said:
What eyes can suffer this unworthy fight!
Two youths of royal blood, renown'd in fight,
The mastership of Heav'n in face and mind,
And lovers, far beyond their faithless kind:
See their wide streaming wounds; they neither
came

For pride of empire, nor desire of fame:
Kings fight for kingdoms, madmen for applause:
But love for love alone; that crowns the lover's
cause. [kind,

This thought, which ever bribes the beauteous
Such pity wrought in ev'ry lady's mind,
They left their steeds, and prostrate on the place,
From the fierce king implor'd th'offenders grace.

He paus'd awhile, stood silent in his mood
(For yet his rage was boiling in his blood);
But soon his tender mind th'impression felt
(As softest metals are not slow to melt,
And pity soonest runs in softest minds);
Then reasons with himself; and first he finds
His passion cast a mist before his sense,
And either made or magnify'd th'offence.
Offence! of what? to whom? who judg'd the cause?
The pris'n'r freed himself by nature's laws:
Born free, he sought his right: the man he freed
Was perjur'd; but his love excus'd the deed:
Thus pond'ring, he look'd under with his eyes,
And saw the womens tears, and heard their cries;
Which mov'd compassion more, he shook his head,
And, softly sighing, to himself he said, [draw

Curse on th'unpardonning prince, whom tears can
To no remorse; who rules by lions law;
And deaf to prayers, by no submission bow'd,
Rends all alike, the penitent and proud.
At this, with look serene, he rais'd his head;
Reason resum'd her place, and passion fled:
Then thus aloud he spoke: The pow'r of love,
In earth, and seas, and air, and heav'n above,
Rules, unresisted, with an awful nod;
By daily miracles declar'd a God:
He blinds the wise, gives eye-fight to the blind;
And moulds and stamps anew the lover's mind.
Behold that Arcite, and this Palamon,
Freed from my fetters, and in safety gone,
What hinder'd either in their native soil
At ease to reap the harvest of their toil;
But Love, their lord, did otherwise ordain,
And brought them in their own despite again,
To suffer death deserv'd; for well they know
'Tis in my pow'r, and I their deadly foe;
The proverb holds, that to be wise and love,
Is hardly granted to the Gods above.

See how the madmen bleed! behold the gains
With which their master, Love, rewards their
For sev'n long years, on duty ev'ry day, [pains!
Lo their obedience, and their monarch's pay!
Yet, as in duty bound, they serve him on;
And, ask the fools, they think it wisely done;
Nor ease, nor wealth, nor life itself regard,
For 'tis their maxim, Love is love's reward.
This is not all; the fair for whom they strove
Nor knew before, nor could suspect their love,
Nor thought, when she beheld the fight from far,
Her beauty was th'occasion of the war.
But sure a gen'ral doom on man is past,
And all are fools and lovers, first or last:
This both by others and myself I know,
For I have serv'd their sov'reign long ago;
Oft have been caught within the winding train
Of female snares, and felt the lover's pain,
And learn'd how far the God can human
hearts constrain.

To this remembrance, and the pray'rs of those
Who for th'offending warriors interpose,
I give their forfeit lives on this accord,
To do me homage as their sov'reign lord;
And as my vassals, to their utmost might,
Assist my person, and assert my right. [tain'd.
This freely sworn, the knights their grace ob-
Then thus the king his secret thoughts explain'd;
If wealth, or honour, or a royal race,
Or each, or all, may win a lady's grace,
Then either of you knights may well deserve
A princess born; and such is she you serve:
For Emily is sister to the crown,
And but too well to both her beauty known:
But should you combat till ye both were dead,
Two lovers cannot share a single bed:
As therefore both are equal in degree,
The lot of both be left to destiny.
Now hear th'award, and happy may it prove
To her, and him who best deserves her love!
Depart from hence in peace, and free as air,
Search the wide world, and where you please re-
pair;

But on the day when this returning sun
To the same point thro' ev'ry sign has run,
Then each of you his hundred knights shall
In royal lists to fight before the king; [bring
And then the knight, whom fate or happy chance,
Shall with his friends to victory advance,
And grace his arms so far in equal fight,
From out the bars to force his opposite,
Or kill, or make him recreant on the plain,
The prize of valour and of love shall gain;
The vanquish'd party shall their claim release,
And the long jars conclude in lasting peace:
The charge be mine t'adorn the chosen ground,
The theatre of war, for champions so renown'd;
And take the patron's place of either knight,
With eyes impartial to behold the fight;
And heav'n of me so judge as I shall judge aright. }
If both are satisfy'd with this accord,
Swear by the laws of knighthood on my sword.
Who now but Palamon exults with joy?
And ravish'd Arcite seems to touch the sky:

The whole assembl'd troop was pleas'd as well;
Extol th'award, and on their knees they fell
To blest the gracious king. The knights with
leave

Departing from the place, his last commands re-
On Emily with equal ardour look,
And from her eyes their inspiration took. [way,
From thence to Thebes' old walls pursue their
Each to provide his champions for the day.

It might be deem'd, on our historian's part,
Or too much negligence or want of art,
If he forgot the vast magnificence
Of royal Theseus, and his large expence.
He first inclos'd for lists a level ground,
The whole circumference a mile around;
The form was circular; and all without
A trench was sunk, to moat the place about.
Within an amphitheatre appear'd,

Rais'd in degrees; to sixty paces rear'd:
That when a man was plac'd in one degree,
Height was allow'd for him above to see.

Eastward was built a gate of marble white;
The like adorn'd the western opposite.
A nobler object than this fabric was
Rome never saw; nor of so vast a space:
For, rich with spoils of many a conquer'd land,
All arts and artists Theseus could command;
Who sold for hire, or wrought for better fame;
The master-painters and the carvers came.
So rose within the compass of the year
An age's work, a glorious theatre.

Then o'er its eastern gate was rais'd above
A temple, sacred to the queen of love;
An altar stood below: on either hand [wand.
A priest with roses crown'd, who held a myrtle

The dome of Mars was on the gate oppos'd,
And on the north a turret was inclos'd,
Within the wall of alabaster white,
And crimson coral for the queen of night,
Who takes in sylvan sports her chaste delight. }

Within these oratories might you see
Rich carvings, pourtraitures, and imagery:
Where ev'ry figure to the life express'd
The godhead's pow'r to whom it was address'd.
In Venus' temple, on the sides were seen
The broken slumbers of enamour'd men,
Pray'rs that e'en spoke, and pity seem'd to call,
And issuing sighs that smok'd along the wall.
Complaints and hot desires, the lover's heil,
And scalding tears that wore a channel where
they fell:

And all around where nuptial bonds, the ties
Of love's assurance, and a train of lies,
That, made in lust, conclude in perjuries. }
Beauty, and youth, and wealth, and luxury,
And spritely hope, and short enduring joy;
And forceries to raise th'infernal powers;
And sigils fram'd in planetary hours:
Expence, and after-thought, and idle care,
And doubts of motley hue and dark despair;
Suspensions, and fantastical surmise,
And jealousy suffus'd, with jaundice in her eyes,
Discolouring all she view'd, in tawny dress:
Down-look'd, and with a cuckow on her fist.

Oppos'd to her, on t'other side advance
The costly feast, the carol, and the dance,
Minstrels, and music, poetry, and play,
And balls by night, and tournaments by day.
All these were painted on the wall, and more;
With acts and monuments of times before:

And others added by prophetic doom,
And lovers yet unborn, and loves to come:

For there th'Idalian mount and Citheron,

The court of Venus was in colours drawn:

Before the palace-gate, in careless dress,

And loose array, sat port'refs Idleness:

There, by the fount, Narcissus pin'd alone;

There Sampson was; with wiser Solomon;

And all the mighty names by love undone. }

Medea's charms were there, Circean feasts,
With bowls that turn'd enamour'd youths to
beasts.

Here might be seen, that beauty, wealth, and wit,

And prowess, to the pow'r of love submit:

The spreading snare for all mankind is laid;

And lovers all betray, and are betray'd.

The Goddess' self some noble hand had wrought;

Smiling she seem'd, and full of pleasing thought

From ocean as she first began to rise,

And smooth'd the ruffled seas and clear'd the skies;

She trod the brine all bare below the breast,

And the green waves but ill conceal'd the rest;

A lute she held; and on her head was seen

A wreath of roses red, and myrtles green;

Her turtles fann'd the buxom air above,

And, by his mother, stood an infant Love,

With wings unfledg'd: his eyes were banded

His hands a bow, his back a quiver bore, [o'er;

Supply'd with arrows bright and keen, a deadly
store.

But in the dome of mighty Mars, the red

With different figures all the sides were spread.

This temple, less in form with equal grace,

Was imitative of the first in Thrace:

For that cold region was the lov'd abode,

And sov'reign mansion of the warrior god.

The landscape was a forest wide and bare;

Where neither beast nor human kind repair;

The fowl that scent afar, the borders fly,

And shun the bitter blast, and wheel about the sky.

A cake of scurf lies baking on the ground,

And prickly stubs, instead of trees are found;

Or woods with knots and knares deform'd and
old;

Headless the most, and hideous to behold:

A rattling tempest through the branches went,

That strip'd them bare, and one sole way they bent.

Heav'n froze above, severe the clouds congeal,

And through the chrystal vault appear'd the
standing hail;

Such was the face without: a mountain stood

Threat'ning from high, and overlook'd the wood.

Beneath the lowring brow, and on a bent,

The temple stood of Mars armipotent:

The frame of burnish'd steel, that cast a glare

From far, and seem'd to thaw the freezing air.

A strait long entry to the temple led,

Blind with high walls; and horror over head:
Then

Thence issu'd such a blast and hollow roar,
As threaten'd from the hinge to heave the door;
In thro' that door a northern light there shone;
'Twas all it had; for windows there were none.
The gate was adamant; eternal frame!
Which, hew'd by Mars himself, from Indian
quarries came,

The labour of a God; and all along
Tough iron plates were clench'd to make it strong.
A tun about was ev'ry pillar there;
A polish'd mirror shone not half so clear.
There saw I how the secret felon wrought,
And treason lab'ring in the traitor's thought;
And midwife Time the ripen'd plot to murder
brought.

There the red anger dar'd the pallid fear;
Next stood Hypocrisy with holy leer;
Soft smiling, and demurely looking down;
But hid the dagger underneath the gown;
Th'assassinating wife, the household fiend;
And far the blackest there, the traitor-friend.
On t'other side there stood Destruction bare;
Unpunish'd Rapine, and a waste of war.
Contest, with sharpen'd knives, in cloisters drawn,
And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.
Loud menaces were heard, and foul disgrace,
And bawling infamy, in language base;
Till sense was lost in sound, and silence fled
the place.

The slayer of himself yet saw I there;
The gore congeal'd was clotted in his hair:
With eyes half clos'd, and gaping mouth he lay,
And grim, as when he breath'd his fullen soul
In midst of all the dome, Misfortune sat, [away.
And gloomy Discontent, and fell Debate,
And Madness, laughing in his ireful mood;
And arm'd Complaint on theft; and cries of blood.
There was the murder'd corpse, in covert laid,
And violent death in thousand shapes display'd;
The city to the soldier's rage resign'd:
Successless wars, and poverty behind:
Ships burnt in fight, or forc'd on rocky shores,
And the rash hunters strangled by the boars:
The new-born babe by nurses overlaid; [made.
And the cook caught within the raging fire he
All ills of Mars's nature, flame and steel;
The gasping charioteer, beneath the wheel
Of his own car; the ruin'd house that falls
And intercepts her lord betwixt the walls:
The whole divition that to Mars pertains;
All trades of death that deal in steel for gains
Were there: the butcher, armourer, and smith,
Who forges sharpen'd fauchions, or the scythe.
The scarlet conquest on a tow'r was plac'd,
With shouts and soldiers acclamations grac'd:
A pointed sword hung threat'ning o'er his head,
Sustain'd but by a slender twine of thread.
There saw I Mars's ides, the capitol,
The seer in vain foretelling Cæsar's fall;
The last triumphs, and the wars they move,
And Anthony, who lost the world for love.
These, and a thousand more, the fane adorn;
Their fates were painted ere the men were born;
All copied from the heav'ns, and ruling force
Of the red star, in his revolving course.

The form of Mars high on a chariot stood,
All sheath'd in arms, and gruffly look'd the God:
Two geomantic figures were display'd
Above his head, a warrior and a maid;
One when direct, and one when retrograde.

Tir'd with deformities of death, I haste
To the third temple of Diana chaste.
A sylvan scene with various greens was drawn,
Shades on the sides, and on the midst a lawn:
The silver Cynthia, with her nymphs a'round,
Pursu'd the flying deer, the woods with hoarse
resound:

Calista there stood manifest of shame,
And, turn'd a bear, the northern star became:
Her son was next, and by peculiar grac:
In the cold circle held the second place:
The stag Actæon in the stream had spy'd
The naked huntress, and, for seeing dy'd:
His hounds, unknowing of his change, pursue
The chace, and their mistaken master slew.
Peneian Daphne too was there, to see
Apollo's love before, and now his tree:
Th'adjoining fane th'assembled Greeks express,
And hunting of the Caledonian beast.
Oenides' valour, and his envy'd prize;
The fatal pow'r of Atalanta's eyes;
Diana's vengeance on the victor shown,
The murd'refs mother, and consuming son;
The Volscian queen extended on the plain;
The treason punish'd, and the traitor slain.
The rest were various huntings, well design'd,
And savage beasts destroy'd of ev'ry kind.
The graceful goddess was array'd in green;
About her feet were little beagles seen,
That watch'd with upward eyes the motions
of their queen.

Her legs were buskin'd, and the left before;
In act to shoot, a silver bow she bore,
And at her back a painted quiver wore.
She trod a waxing moon, that soon would wane,
And drinking borrow'd light, be fill'd again:
With downcast eyes, as seeming to survey
The dark dominions her alternate sway.
Before her stood a woman in her throes,
And call'd Lucina's aid, her burden to disclose.
All these the painter drew with such command,
That Nature snatch'd the pencil from his hand,
Asham'd and angry that his art could feign,
And mend the tortures of a mother's pain.
Theseus beheld the fanes of ev'ry God,
And thought his mighty cost was well bestow'd.
So princes now their poets should regard:
But few can write, and fewer can reward.

The theatre thus rais'd, the lists enclos'd,
And all with vast magnificence dispos'd,
We leave the monarch pleas'd, and haste to bring
The knights to combat, and their arms to sing.

Palamon and Arcite; or, the Knight's Tale.

BOOK III.

THE day approach'd when fortune should
decide
Th'important enterprize, and give the bride;
For now the rivals round the world had sought.
And each his rival, well appointed, brought.

The nations, far and near, contend in choice,
 And send the flow'r of war by public voice;
 That after, or before, were never known
 Such chiefs, as each an army seem'd alone:
 Besides the champions, all of high degree,
 Who knighthood lov'd, and deeds of chivalry,
 Throng'd to the lists, and envy'd to behold
 The names of others, not their own, enroll'd.
 Nor seems it strange; for ev'ry noble knight
 Who loves the fair, and is endu'd with might,
 In such a quarrel would be proud to fight.
 There breathes not scarce a man on British ground
 (An isle for love and arms of old renown'd)
 But would have sold his life to purchase fame,
 To Palamon or Arcite sent his name;
 And had the land selected of the best,
 Half had come hence, and let the world provide the rest.

A hundred knights with Palamon there came,
 Approv'd in fight, and men of mighty name;
 Their arms were sev'ral, as their nations were;
 But furnish'd all alike with sword and spear.
 Some wore coat armour, imitating scale;
 And next their skins were stubborn shirts of mail;
 Some wore a breastplate and a light jupon;
 Their horses cloath'd with rich caparison;
 Some for defence would leathern bucklers use
 Of folded hides; and others shields of pruce;
 One hung a pole-ax at his saddle-bow,
 And one a heavy mace to shun the foe;
 One for his legs and knees provided well,
 With jambeux arm'd, and double plates of steel:
 This on his helmet wore a lady's glove;
 And that a sleeve embroider'd by his love.
 With Palamon, above the rest in place,
 Lycurgus came, the surly king of Thrace:
 Black was his beard, and manly was his face;
 The balls of his broad eyes roll'd in his head,
 And glar'd betwixt a yellow and a red:
 He look'd a lion with a gloomy stare,
 And o'er his eye-brows hung his matted hair;
 Big-bon'd, and large of limbs, with sinews strong,
 Broad shoulder'd, and his arms were round and long.

Four milk-white bulls (the Thracian use of old)
 Were yok'd to draw his car of burnish'd gold.
 Upright he stood, and bore aloft his shield,
 Conspicuous from afar, and overlook'd the field.
 His surcoat was a bear-skin on his back;
 His hair hung long behind, and glossy raven black.
 His ample forehead bore a coronet
 With sparkling diamonds and with rubies set:
 Ten brace, and more, of greyhounds, snowy fair
 And tall as stags, ran loose and cours'd around
 his chair, [the bear:]

A match for pards in flight, in grappling for
 With golden muzzles all their mouths were bound,
 And collars of the same their necks surround.
 Thus thro' the fields Lycurgus took his way;
 His hundred knights attend in pomp and proud
 array.

To match this monarch, with strong Arcite came
 Emetrus, king of Inde, a mighty name,
 On a bay courser, goodly to behold [gold.
 The trappings of his horse adorn'd with barb'rous

Not Mars bestrode a steed with greater grace;
 His surcoat o'er his arms was cloth of Thrace,
 Adorn'd with pearls, all orient, round, and great;
 His saddle was of gold, with em'rals set.
 His shoulders large a mantle did attire,
 With rubies thick, and sparkling as the fire:
 His amber-colour'd locks in ringlets run, [sun.
 With graceful negligence, and shone against the
 His nose was aquiline, his eyes were blue,
 Ruddy his lips, and fresh and fair his hue:
 Some sprinkled freckles on his face were seen,
 Whose dusk set off the whiteness of the skin:
 His awful presence did the crowd surprize,
 Nor durst the rash spectator meet his eyes;
 Eyes that confess'd him born for kingly sway;
 So fierce, they flash'd intolerable day.
 His age in nature's youthful prime appear'd,
 And just began to bloom his yellow beard.
 Whene'er he spoke, his voice was heard around,
 Loud as a trumpet, with a silver sound.
 A laurel wreath'd his temples, fresh and green;
 And myrtle sprigs, the marks of love, were mix'd
 Upon his fist he bore, for his delight, [between.
 An eagle well reclaim'd, and lily white.

His hundred knights attend him to the war,
 All arm'd for battle; save their heads were bare,
 Words and devices blaz'd on ev'ry shield;
 And pleasing was the terror of the field.
 For kings, and dukes, and barons, you might see,
 Like sparkling stars, though diff'rent in degree,
 All for th'increase of arms, and love of chivalry.
 Before the king tame leopards led the way,
 And troops of lions innocently play.
 So Bacchus through the conquer'd Indies rode,
 And beasts in gambols frisk'd before the honest god.
 In this array the war of either side
 Through Athens pass'd with military pride.
 At prime they enter'd on the Sunday morn;
 Rich tapestry spread the streets, and flow'rs the
 posts adorn.

The town was all a jubilee of feasts;
 So Theseus will'd the honor of his guests;
 Himself with open arms the king embrac'd,
 Then all the rest in their degrees were grac'd.
 No harbinger was needful for a night;
 For ev'ry house was proud to lodge a knight.

I pass the royal treat, nor must relate
 The gifts bestow'd, nor how the champion sat:
 Who first, or last, or how the knights address'd
 Their vows, or who was fairest at the feast;
 Whose voice, whose graceful dance did most sur-
 Soft am'rous sighs, and silent love of eyes. [prize:
 The rivals call my Muse another way,
 To sing their vigils for th'ensuing day.
 'Twas ebbing darkness, past the noon of night;
 And Phosphor on the confines of the light,
 Promis'd the sun, ere day began to spring;
 The tuneful lark already stretch'd her wing,
 And, flick'ring on her nest, made short essays
 to sing.

When wakeful Palamon, preventing day,
 Took to the royal lists his early way,
 To Venus at her fane, in her own house to pray.
 There, falling on his knees before her shrine,
 He thus implor'd with pray'rs her pow'r divine:
 Creator

Creator Venus, genial pow'r of love,
The blifs of men below and gods above !
Beneath the fliding fun thou runn'ft thy race,
Dost faireft shine, and beft become thy place.
For thee the winds their eaftern blaft forbear,
Thy month reveals the fpring, and opens all the
year !

Thou, Goddess, thee the forms of winter fly,
Earth fmiles with flow'rs renewing, laughs the
fky, [apply.]

And birds to lays of love their tuneful notes
For thee the lion loathes the tafte of blood,
And roaring hunts his female thro' the wood :
For thee the bulls rebellow thro' the groves,
And tempt the fream, and snuff their abfent
loves.

'Tis thine whate'er is pleasant, good, or fair :
All nature is thy province, life thy care :
Thou mad'ft the world, and dost the world repair. }

Thou gladder of the mount of Cytheron,
Increase of Jove, companion of the fun ;
If e'er Adonis touch'd thy tender heart,
Have pity, Goddess, for thou know'ft the fmart.

Alas ! I have not words to tell my grief ;
To vent my sorrow would be fome relief ;
Light fuff'rings give us leifure to complain ;
We groan, but cannot fpeak in greater pain.

O Goddess, tell thyfelf what I would fay,
Thou know'ft it ; and I feel too much to pray.
So grant my fuit, as I enforce my might ;
In love to be thy champion, and thy knight ;

A fervant to thy fex, a flave to thee,
A foe profest to barren chafteity.
Nor ask I fame or honor of the field,
Nor choofe I more to vanquish than to yield :

In my divine Emilia make me blest ;
Let fate, or partial chance, difpofe the reft :
Find thou the manner, and the means prepare ;
Poffeffion, more than conquest, is my care.

Mars is the warrior's god ; in him it lies,
On whom he favours to confer the prize ;
With fmiling afpect you ferenely move
In your fifth orb, and rule the realm of love.

The fates but only fpin the coarfer clue,
The fineft of the wool is left for you.
Spare me but one fmall portion of the twine,
And let the fifters cut below your line :

The reft among the rubbish may they fweep,
Or add it to the yarn of fome old mifer's heap.
But, if you this ambitious pray'r deny
(A wifh, I grant, beyond mortality)

Then let me fink beneath proud Arcite's arms,
And, I once dead, let him poffefs her charms.
Thus ended he ; then with obfervance due,
The facred incense on her altar threw :

The curling fmoke mounts heavy from the fires ;
At length it catches flame, and in a blaze expires ;
At once the gracious Goddess gave the fign,
Her ftatue fhook, and trembl'd all the fhine :

Pleas'd Palamon the tardy omen took :
For, fince the flames purfu'd the trailing fmoke,
He knew his boon was granted ; but the day [lay.
To diftance driv'n, and joy adjourn'd with long de-

Now morn with rofy light had fireak'd the
Up rofe the fun, and up rofe Emily ; [fky,

Address'd her early fteps to Cynthia's fane,
In ftate attended by her maiden train,
Who bore the vefts that holy rites require,
Incense, and od'rous gums, and cover'd fire.
The plenteous horns with pleasant mead they
crown,

Nor wanted aught befides in honor of the moon.
Now while the temple fmok'd with hollow'd fteam
They wafh the virgin in a living fream ;
The fecret ceremonies I conceal,

Uncouth, perhaps unlawful, to reveal ;
But fuch they were as Pagan ufe requir'd,
Perform'd by women when the men retir'd ;
Whofe eyes profane their chafte myfterious rites

Might turn to fcandal, or obfcene delights.
Well-meaners think no harm ; but for the reft,
Things facred they pervert, and filence is the beft.
Her fhining hair, uncomb'd, was loofely fpread,

A crown of mafflefs oak adorn'd her head :
When to the fhrine approach'd, the fpotlefs maid
Had kindling fires on either altar laid
(The rites were fuch as were obferv'd of old

By Statius, in his Theban ftory told)
Then kneeling, with her hands acrofs her breaft,
Thus lowly the preferr'd her chafte request :

O Goddess, haunter of the woodland green,
To whom both heav'n and earth and feas are feen ;
Queen of the nether fkyes, where half the year
Thy filver beams defcend, and light the gloomy

fhpere ;
Goddess of maids, and confcious of our hearts,
So keep me from the vengeance of thy darts,
Which Niobe's devoted iffue felt, [were dealt ;

When hisfing thro' the fkyes the feather'd deaths
As I defire to live a virgin life,
Nor know the name of mother or of wife.
Thy votrefs from my tender years I am,

And love, like thee, the woods and fylvan game.
Like death, thou know'ft, I loath the nuptial
And man, the tyrant of our fex, I hate ; [ftate ; }

A lowly fervant, but a lofty mate ;
Where love is duty on the female fide ; [pride.
On theirs mere fenfual guft, a I fought with furlly
Now by thy triple fhape, as thou art feen

In heav'n, earth, hell, and ev'rywhere a queen,
Grant this my firft defire ; let difcord ceafe,
And make betwixt the rivals lafting peace :
Quench their hot fire, or far from me remove

The flame, and turn it on fome other love :
Or, if my frowning ftars have fo decreed ;
That one muft be rejected, one fucceed,
Make him my lord, within whofe faithful breaft

Is fix'd my image, and who loves me beft.
But, oh ! ev'n that avert ! I chufe it not,
But take it as the leaft unhappy lot.
A maid I am, and of thy virgin train ;

Oh, let me ftill that fpotlefs name retain !
Frequent the forefts, thy chafte will obey,
And only make the beafts of chace my prey !
The flames afcend on either altar clear,

While thus the blamelefs maid address'd her pray'r.
When lo ! the burning fire that fhone fo bright,
Flew off, all fudden, with extinguifh'd light,
And left one altar dark, a little fpace ;

Which turn'd felf-kindl'd, and renew'd the blaze ;
The

The other victor-flame a moment stood,
Then fell, and lifeless left th'extinguish'd wood;
For ever lost, th'irrevocable light
Forsook the black'ning coals, and sunk to night :
At either end it whistled as it flew, [dew ; }
And as the brands were green, so dropp'd the
Infected as it fell with sweat of sanguine hue. }

The maid from that ill omen turn'd her eyes,
And with loud shrieks and clamours rent the skies,
Nor knew what signify'd the boding sign,
But found the pow'r displeas'd, and fear'd the wrath
divine.

Then shook the sacred shrine, and sudden light
Sprung through the vaulted roof, and made the
temple bright.

The pow'r, behold ! the pow'r in glory shone,
By her bent bow and her keen arrows known ;
The rest, a huntress issuing from the wood,
Reclining on her cornel spear she stood.
Then gracious thus began : Dismiss thy fear,
And Heav'n's unchang'd decrees attentive hear :
More pow'rful Gods have torn thee from my side,
Unwilling to resign, and doom'd a bride :
The two contending knights are weigh'd above ;
One Mars protects, and one the Queen of Love :
But which the man, is in the Thund'rer's breast ;
This he pronounc'd, 'tis he who loves thee best.
The fire that once extinct reviv'd again,
Foretells the love allotted to remain :
Farewell ! the said, and vanish'd from the place ;
The sheaf of arrows shook, and rattl'd in the case.
Aghast at this, the royal virgin stood,
Disclaim'd, and now no more a sister of the wood ;
But to the parting Goddess thus she pray'd ;
Propitious still be present to my aid,
Nor quite abandon your once favour'd maid. }
Then sighing she return'd ; but smil'd betwixt,
With hopes and fears, and joys with sorrows mixt.

The next returning planetary hour
Of Mars, who shar'd the heptarchy of pow'r,
His steps bold Arcite to the temple bent,
T'adore with Pagan rites the pow'r armipotent :
Then prostrate, &c. before his altar lay,
And rais'd his manly voice, and thus began to pray :
Strong God of Arms, whose iron sceptre sways
The freezing North, and Hyperborean seas,
And Scythian colds, and Thracia's winter coast,
Where stand thy steeds, and thou art honour'd most :
There most ; but ev'rywhere thy pow'r is known,
The fortune of the fight is all thy own :
Terror is thine, and wild amazement, flung
From out thy chariot, withers ev'n the strong :
And disarray and shameful rout ensue,
And force is added to the fainting crew.
Acknowledg'd as thou art, accept my pray'r,
If aught I have achiev'd deserve thy care :
If to my utmost pow'r with sword and shield
I dar'd the death, unknowing how to yield, }
And, falling in my rank, still kept the field : }
Then let my arms prevail, by thee sustain'd,
That Emily by conquest may be gain'd.
Have pity on my pains ; nor those unknown
To Mars, which, when a lover, were his own.
Venus, the public care of all above,
Thy stubborn heart has soften'd into love :

Now by her blandishments and pow'rful charms,
When yielded she lay curling in thy arms,
E'en by thy shame, if shame it may be call'd,
When Vulcan had thee in his net enthrall'd ;
O envy'd ignominy, sweet disgrace,
When ev'ry God that saw thee wish'd thy place !
By those dear pleasures, aid my arms in fight,
And make me conquer in my patron's right :
For I am young, a novice in the trade,
The fool of love, unpractis'd to persuade :
And want the soothing arts that catch the fair,
But, caught myself, lie struggling in the snare :
And she I love, or laughs at all my pain,
Or knows her worth too well, and pays me with
For sure I am, unless I win in arms, [disdain.
To stand excluded from Emilia's charms :
Nor can my strength avail, unless by thee
Endu'd by force, I gain the victory ;
Then for the fire which warm'd thy gen'rous
Pity thy subject's pains and equal smart. [heart,
So be the morrow's sweat and labour mine ;
The palm and honor of the conquest thine :
Then shall the war, and stern debate, and strife
Immortal, be the bus'ness of my life ;
And in thy fane, the dusty spoils among, [hung :
High on the burnish'd roof, my banners shall be
Rank'd with my champion's bucklers, and below,
With arms revers'd, th'achievements of my foe :
And while these limbs the vital spirit feeds,
While day to night, and night to day succeeds,
Thy smoking altar shall be fat with food
Of incense, and the grateful steam of blood ;
Burnt-off'rings morn and ev'ning shall be thine ;
And fires eternal in thy temple shine.
The bush of yellow beard, this length of hair,
Which from my birth inviolate I bear,
Guileless of steel, and from the razor free,
Shall fall a plenteous crop, reserv'd for thee.
So may my arms with victory be blest,
I ask no more ; let fate dispose the rest.

The champion ceas'd ; there follow'd in the close
A hollow groan : a murmur'ing wind arose ;
The rings of iron, that on the doors were hung,
Sent out a jarring sound, and harshly rung :
The bolted gates flew open at the blast,
The storm rush'd in, and Arcite stood aghast :
The flames were blown aside, yet shone they
bright,

Fann'd by the wind, and gave a ruffled light.
Then from the ground a scent began to rise,
Sweet-smelling as accepted sacrifice :
This omen pleas'd, and as the flames aspire
With od'rous incense Arcite heaps the fire :
Nor wanted hymns to Mars, or heathen charms :
At length the nodding statue clash'd his arms,
And with a fullen sound and feeble cry, [tory.
Half sunk, and half pronounc'd, the word of Vic-
For this, with soul devout, he thank'd the God,
And, of success secure, return'd to his abode.

These vows thus granted, rais'd a strife above,
Betwixt the God of War and Queen of Love.
She granting first, had right of time to plead ;
But he had granted too, nor would recede.
Jove was for Venus ; but he fear'd his wife,
And seem'd unwilling to decide the strife ;

Till

Till Saturn from his leaden throne arose,
 And found a way the diff'rence to compose :
 Though sparing of his grace, to mischief bent,
 He seldom does a good with good intent.
 Wayward, but wise ; by long experience taught
 To please both parties, for ill ends, he sought :
 For this advantage age from youth has won,
 As not to be outridden, though outrun.
 By fortune he was now to Venus trin'd,
 And with stern Mars in Capricorn was join'd :
 Of him disposing in his own abode,
 He sooth'd the Goddess, while he gull'd the God :
 Cease, daughter, to complain, and stint the strife ;
 Thy Palamon shall have his promis'd wife :
 And Mars, the lord of conquest, in the fight
 With palm and laurel shall adorn his knight.
 Wide is my course, nor turn I to my place,
 Till length of time, and move with tardy pace.
 Man feels me when I press th'etherial plains ;
 My hand is heavy, and the wound remains.
 Mine is the shipwreck, in a wat'ry sign :
 And in an earthy, the dark dungeon mine.
 Cold shiv'ring agues, melancholy care,
 And bitter blasting winds, and poison'd air,
 Are mine, and wilful death, resulting from
 despair.

The throttling quinsy 'tis my star appoints,
 And rheumatisms ascend to rack the joints :
 When churls rebel against their native prince,
 I arm their hands and furnish the pretence ;
 And, housing in the lion's hateful sign,
 Bought senates and deserting troops are mine.
 Mine is the privy pois'ning ; I command
 Unkindly seasons, and ungrateful land.
 By me kings palaces are push'd to ground,
 And miners crush'd beneath their mines are found.
 'Twas I slew Samson, when the pillar'd hall
 Fell down, and crush'd the many with the fall.
 My looking is the fire of pestilence,
 That sweeps at once the people and the prince.
 Now weep no more, but trust thy grandfire's art,
 Mars shall be pleas'd, and thou perform thy part.
 'Tis ill, though diff'rent your complexions are,
 The family of Heav'n for men should war.
 Th'expedient pleas'd, where neither lost his right ;
 Mars had the day, and Venus had the night.
 The management they left to Chronos' care ;
 Now turn we to th'effect, and sing the war.

In Athens all was pleasure, mirth, and play,
 All proper to the spring, and sprightly May ;
 Which ev'ry soul inspir'd with such delight,
 'Twas jesting all the day, and love at night.
 Heav'n smil'd, and gladdened was the heart of man ;
 And Venus had the world as when it first began.
 At length in sleep their bodies they compose,
 And dreamt the future night, and early rose.

Now scarce the dawning day began to spring,
 As a signal giv'n, the streets with clamours ring :
 At once the crowd arose ; confus'd and high,
 Ev'n from the Heav'n was heard a shouting cry ;
 For Mars was early up, and rous'd the sky.
 The Gods came downward to behold the wars,
 Sharp'ning their sights, and leaning from their stars.
 The neighing of the gen'rous horse was heard,
 For battle by the busy groom prepar'd,

Rustling of harness, rattling of the shield,
 Clatt'ring of armour, furbith'd for the field.
 Crowds to the castle mounted up the street,
 Batt'ring the pavement with their courfers feet.
 The greedy fight might there devour the gold
 Of glitt'ring arms, too dazzling to behold ;
 And polish'd steel that cast the view aside,
 And crested morions, with their plummy pride.
 Knights, with a long retinue of their 'squires,
 In gaudy liv'ries march, and quaint attires.
 One lac'd the helm, another held the lance,
 A third the shining buckler did advance.
 The courser paw'd the ground with restless feet,
 And snorting foam'd, and champ'd the golden bit.
 The smiths and armourers on palfreys ride,
 Files in their hands, and hammers at their side,
 And nails for loosen'd spears, and thongs for
 shields provide.
 The yeomen guard the streets, in seemly bands ;
 And clowns come crowding on, with cudgels in
 their hands.

The trumpets, next the gate, in order plac'd,
 Attend the sign to sound the martial blast ;
 The palace-yard is fill'd with floating tides,
 And the last comers bear the former to the sides.
 The throng is in the midst ; the common crew
 Shut out, the hall admits the better few ;
 In knots they stand, or in a rank they walk,
 Serious in aspect, earnest in their talk ;
 Factious, and favouring this or t'other side,
 As their strong fancy or weak reason guide,
 Their wagers back their wishes ; numbers hold
 With the fair freckled king, and beard of gold ;
 So vig'rous are his eyes, such rays they cast,
 So prominent his eagle's beak is plac'd.
 But most their looks on the black monarch bend,
 His rising muscles and his brawn commend ;
 His double-biting axe and beamy spear,
 Each asking a gigantic force to rear.
 All spoke as partial favour mov'd the mind ;
 And, safe themselves, at others cost divin'd.

Wak'd by the cries, th'Athenian chief arose,
 The knightly forms of combat to dispose ;
 And, passing thro' th'obsequious guards, he sat
 Conspicuous on a throne, sublime in state ;
 There, for the two contending knights he sent
 Arm'd cap-a-pee, with rev'rence low they bent ;
 He smil'd on both, and with superior look,
 Alike their offer'd adoration took.

The people press on ev'ry side, to see
 Their awful prince, and hear his high decree.
 Then signing to their heralds with his hand,
 They gave his orders from their lofty stand.
 Silence is thrice enjoin'd ; then thus aloud [crowd:
 The king at arms bespeaks the knights and list'n'g

Our sov'reign lord has ponder'd in his mind
 The means to spare the blood of gentle kind ;
 And of his grace and inborn clemency,
 He modifies his first severe decree !
 The keener edge of battle to rebate,
 The troops for honor fighting, not for hate.
 He wills not death should terminate their strife ;
 And wounds, if wounds ensue, be short of life :
 But issues, ere the fight, his dread command,
 That flings afar, and poinards hand to hand,

Be banish'd from the field, that none shall dare
 With short'ned sword to stab in closer war;
 But in fair combat fight with manly strength,
 Nor push with biting point, but strike at length,
 The tourney is allow'd but one career
 Of the tough ash, with the sharp grinded spear;
 But knights unhors'd may rise from off the plain,
 And fight on foot their honor to regain;
 Nor, if at mischief taken, on the ground
 Be slain, but prisoners to the pillar bound,
 At either barrier plac'd; nor (captives made)
 Be freed, or arm'd anew the fight invade.
 The chief of either side, bereft of life,
 Or yielded to his foe, concludes the strife. [young
 Thus dooms the lord: now valiant knights and
 Fight each his fill with swords and maces long.

The herald ends: the vaulted firmament
 With loud acclaim and vast applause is rent,
 Heav'n guard a prince so gracious and so good,
 So just, and yet so provident of blood!
 This was the gen'ral cry. The trumpets found;
 And warlike symphony is heard around.
 The marching troops through Athens take their
 The great earl-marshal orders their array. [way,
 The fair from high the passing pomp behold;
 A rain of flow'rs is from the window roll'd;
 The casements are with golden tissue spread,
 And horses' hoofs, for earth, on silken tapestry
 The king goes midmost, and the rivals ride [tread:
 In equal rank, and close his either side.
 Next after these there rode the royal wife,
 With Emily, the cause and the reward of strife.
 The following cavalcade, by three and three,
 Proceed by titles marshal'd in degree.
 Thus through the southern gate they take their
 And at the list arriv'd ere prime of day. [way,
 There, parting from the king, the chiefs divide,
 And, wheeling east and west, before their many
 ride.

Th' Athenian monarch mounts his throne on high,
 And after him the queen and Emily:
 Next these the kindred of the crown are grac'd
 With nearer seats, and lords by ladies plac'd.
 Scarce were they seated, when with clamours loud
 In rush'd at once a rude promiscuous crowd:
 The guards and then each other overbear,
 And in a moment throng the spacious theatre.
 Now chang'd the jarring noise to whispers low,
 As winds forsaking seas more softly blow;
 When at the western gate, on which the car
 Is plac'd aloft, that bears the God of war,
 Proud Arcite ent'ring arm'd before his train,
 Stops at the barrier, and divides the plain.
 Red was his banner, and display'd abroad
 The bloody colours of his patron God.

At that self moment enters Palamon
 The gate of Venus, and the rising sun;
 Wav'd by the wanton winds, his banner flies,
 All maiden white, and shares the people's eyes.
 From east to west, look all the world around,
 Two troops so match'd were never to be found:
 Such bodies built for strength, of equal age,
 In stature siz'd; so proud an equipage:
 The nicest eye could no distinction make
 Where lay th' advantage, or what side to take.

Thus rang'd, the herald for the last proclaims
 A silence, while they answer'd to their names:
 For so the king decreed, to shun the care,
 The fraud of musters false, the common bane of
 war.

The tale was just, and then the gates were clos'd;
 And chief to chief, and troop to troop oppos'd.
 The heralds last retir'd, and loudly cry'd,
 The fortune of the field be fairly try'd.

At this, the challenger with fierce defy
 Histrumpetsounds; the challeng'd makes reply:
 With clangor rings the field, resounds the
 vaulted sky.

Their vizors clos'd, their lances in the rest,
 Or at the helmet pointed, or the crest;
 They vanish from the barrier, speed the race,
 And spurring see decrease the middle space.
 A cloud of smoke envelops either host,
 And all at once the combatants are lost:
 Darkling they join adverse, and shock unseen,
 Coursers with coursers jostling, men with men:
 As lab'ring in eclipse a while they stay,
 Till the next blast of wind restores the day.
 They look anew: the beauteous form of fight
 Is chang'd, and war appears a grisly sight.
 Two troops in fair array one moment shew'd;
 The next, a field with fallen bodies strow'd:
 Not half the number in their seats are found;
 But men and steeds lie grov'ling on the ground.
 The points of spears are stuck within the shield,
 The steeds without their riders scour the field;
 The knights unhors'd, on foot renew the fight;
 The glittering faulchions cast a gleaming light:
 Hauberks and helms are hew'd with many a
 wound: [ground.

Out spins the streaming blood, and dies the
 The mighty maces with such haste descent,
 They break the bones, and make the solid ar-
 mour bend.

This thrusts amidst the throng with furious force;
 Down goes, at once, the horseman and the horse:
 That courser stumbles on the falling steed,
 And sound'ring, throws the rider o'er his head.
 One rolls along, a foot-ball to his foes;
 One with a broken truncheon deals his blows.
 This halting, this disabled with his wound,
 In triumph led, is to the pillar bound,
 Where by the king's award he must abide:
 There goes a captive led on t'other side.

By fits they cease; and, leaning on the lance,
 Take breath a while, and to new fight advance.

Full oft the rivals met, and neither spar'd
 His utmost force, and each forgot to ward.
 The head of this was to the saddle bent;
 The other backward to the crupper sent:
 Both were by turns unhors'd; the jealous blows
 Fall thick and heavy, when on foot they close.
 So deep their faulchions bite, that ev'ry stroke
 Pierc'd to the quick; and equal wounds they
 gave and took.

Borne far asunder by the tides of men,
 Like adamant and steel they meet again.

So when a tiger sucks the bullock's blood,
 A famish'd lion issuing from the wood
 Roars lordly fierce, and challenges the food.

Each

Each claims possession, neither will obey,
But both their paws are fasten'd on the prey;
They bite, they tear; and while in vain they strive,
The swains come arm'd between, and both to
distance drive. [tend

At length, as fate foredoom'd, and all things
By course of time to their appointed end,
So when the sun to west was far declin'd,
And both afresh in mortal battle join'd,
The strong Emetrius came in Arcite's aid,
And Palamon with odds was overlaid:
For, turning short, he struck with all his might
Full on the helmet of th'unwary knight.
Deep was the wound; he stagger'd with the blow,
And turn'd him to his unexpected foe;
Whom with such force he struck, he fell'd him
down,

And cleft the circle of his golden crown.
But Arcite's men, who now prevail'd in fight,
Twice ten at once surround the single knight:
O'erpow'r'd at length, they force him to the ground
Unyielded as he was, and to the pillar bound;
And king Lycurgus, while he fought in vain
His friend to free, was tumbled on the plain.

Who now laments but Palamon, compell'd
No more to try the fortune of the field!
And, worse than death, to view with hateful eyes
His rival's conquest, and renounce the prize!

The royal judge on his tribunal plac'd,
Who had beheld the fight from first to last,
Bade cease the war, pronouncing from on high,
Arcite of Thebes had won the beauteous Emily.
The sound of trumpets to the voice reply'd,
And round the royal lists, the heralds cry'd,
Arcite of Thebes has won the beauteous bride.

The people rend the skies with vast applause;
All own the chief when fortune owns the cause.
Arcite is own'd ev'n by the gods above,
And conquer'g Mars insults the Queen of Love.
So laugh'd he, when the rightful Titan fail'd,
And Jove's usurping arms in heav'n prevail'd;
Laugh'd all the pow'rs who favour tyranny;
And all the standing army of the sky.
But Venus with dejected eyes appears,
And weeping on the lists, distill'd her tears;
Her will refus'd, which grieves a woman most,
And, in her champion foil'd, the cause of Love
is lost.

Till Saturn said, Fair daughter, now be still,
The blust'ring fool has satisfy'd his will;
His boon is giv'n; his knight has gain'd the day,
But lost the prize, th'arrears are yet to pay.
Thy hour is come, and mine the care shall be
To please thy knight, and set thy promise free.

Now, while the heralds run the lists around,
And Arcite, Arcite, heav'n and earth resound,
A miracle (nor less it could be call'd)
Their joy with unexpected sorrow pall'd.
The victor knight had laid his helm aside,
Part for his ease, the greater part for pride:
Bare-headed, popularly low he bow'd,
And paid the salutations of the crowd.

Then, spurring at full speed, ran headlong on
Where Theseus sat on his imperial throne;

Furious he drove, and upward cast his eye,
Where, next the queen, was plac'd his Emily;
Then passing to the saddle-bow he bent:
A sweet regard the gracious virgin lent
(For woman, to the brave an easy prey,
Still follow fortune where she leads the way);
Just then, from earth sprung out a flashing fire,
By Pluto sent, at Saturn's bad desire:-
The startling steed was seiz'd with sudden fright,
And, bounding, o'er the pommel cast the knight:
Forward he flew, and pitching on his head,
He quiver'd with his feet, and lay for dead.
Black was his count'nance in a little space;
For all the blood was gather'd in his face.
Help was at hand: they rear'd him from the
ground,

And from his cumbrous arms his limbs unbound;
Then lanc'd a vein, and watch'd returning breath;
It came, but clogg'd with symptoms of his death.
The saddle-bow the noblest parts had prest,
All bruise'd and mortify'd his manly breast.
Him still entranc'd, and in a litter laid,
They bore from field, and to his bed convey'd.
At length he wak'd, and, with a feeble cry,
The word he first pronounc'd was Emily.

Meantime the king, tho' inwardly he mourn'd,
In pomp triumphant to the town return'd,
Attended by the chiefs who fought the field
(Now friendly mix'd, and in one troop compell'd)
Compos'd his looks to counterfeited cheer,
And bade them not for Arcite's life to fear.
But that which gladdened all the warrior-train,
Tho' most were sorely wounded, none were slain.
The surgeons soon despoil'd them of their arms,
And some with salves they cure, and some with
charms;

Foment the bruises, and the pains assuage,
And heal their inward hurts with sov'reign
draughts of sage.

The king in person visits all around;
Comforts the sick, congratulates the sound;
Honours the princely chiefs, rewards the rest,
And holds for thrice three days a royal feast.
None was disgrac'd; for failing is no shame;
And cowardice alone is loss of fame.
The vent'rous knight is from the saddle thrown;
But 'tis the fault of fortune, not his own.
If crowds and palms the conquer'g side adorn,
The victor under better stars was born:
The brave man seeks not popular applause,
Nor overpow'r'd with arms deserts his cause;
Unsham'd, tho' foil'd, he does the best he can;
Force is of brutes, but honour is of man.

Thus Theseus smil'd on all with equal grace;
And each was set according to his place.
With ease were reconcil'd the differing parts;
For envy never dwells in noble hearts.

At length they took their leave, the time expir'd,
Well pleas'd, and to their sev'ral homes retir'd.

Meanwhile the health of Arcite still impairs;
From bad proceeds to worse, and mocks the
leeches cares;

Swoln is his breast; his inward pains increase;
All means are us'd, and all without success.

The

The clotted blood lies heavy on his heart,
 Corrupts, and there remains in spite of art:
 Nor breathing veins, nor cupping will prevail;
 All outward remedies and inward fail:
 The mold of nature's fabric is destroy'd;
 Her vessels discompos'd, her virtue void:
 The bellows of his lungs begin to swell;
 All out of frame is ev'ry secret cell,
 Nor can the good receive, nor bad expel.
 Those breathing organs, thus within oppress'd
 With venom, soon distend the sinews of his breast.
 Nought profits him to save abandon'd life,
 Nor vomits upward aid, nor downward laxative.
 The midmost region batter'd and destroy'd,
 When nature cannot work, th'effect of art is void.
 For physic can but mend our crazy state,
 Patch an old building, not a new create.
 Arcite is doom'd to die in all his pride,
 Must leave his youth, and yield his beauteous
 bride,
 Gain'd hardly, against right, and unenjoy'd.
 When 'twas declar'd all hope of life was past,
 Conscience (that of all physic works the last)
 Caus'd him to send for Emily in haste.
 With her, at his desire, came Palamon;
 Then on his pillow rais'd, he thus begun:
 No language can express the finallest part
 Of what I feel, and suffer in my heart,
 For you whom best I love and value most;
 But to your service I bequeath my ghost;
 Which from this mortal body, when untied,
 Unseen, unheard, shall hover at your side;
 Nor fright you waking, nor your sleep offend,
 But wait officious, and your steps attend.
 How I have lov'd—excuse my falt'ring tongue,
 My spirits feeble, and my pains are strong:
 This I may say, I only grieve to die,
 Because I lose my charming Emily.
 To die, when Heav'n had put you in my pow'r,
 Fate could not choose a more malicious hour!
 What greater curse could envious fortune give,
 Than just to die when I began to live!
 Vain men, how vanishing a bliss we crave,
 Nor warm in love, now with'ring in the grave!
 Never, O never more to see the sun!
 Still dark, in a damp vault, and still alone!
 This fate is common; but I lose my breath
 Near bliss, and yet not blest'd before my death.
 Farewell! but take me dying in your arms;
 'Tis all I can enjoy of all your charms:
 This hand I cannot but in death resign;
 Ah! could I live! but while I live 'tis mine.
 I feel my end approach, and, thus embrac'd,
 Am pleas'd to die; but hear me speak my last:
 Ah! my sweet foe, for you, and you alone,
 I broke my faith with injur'd Palamon.
 But love the sense of right and wrong confounds;
 Strong love and proud ambition have no bounds.
 And much I doubt, should Heav'n my life prolong,
 I should return to justify my wrong.
 For, while my former flames remain within,
 Repentance is but want of pow'r to sin.
 With mortal hatred I pursu'd his life,
 Nor he, nor you, were guilty of the strife;

Nor I, but as I lov'd; yet all combin'd;
 Your beauty, and my impotence of mind,
 And his concurrent flame, that blew my fire;
 For still our kindred souls had one desire.
 He had a moment's right, in point of time;
 Had I seen first, then his had been the crime.
 Fate made it mine, and justify'd his right;
 Nor holds this earth a more deserving knight
 For virtue, valour, and for noble blood,
 Truth, honour, all that is compriz'd in good;
 So help me Heav'n, in all the world is none
 So worthy to be lov'd as Palamon.
 He loves you too, with such an holy fire
 As will not, cannot, but with life expire:
 Our vow'd affections both have often try'd,
 Nor any love but yours could ours divide.
 Then, by my love's inviolable band,
 By my long suffer'ing, and my short command,
 If e'er you plight your vows when I am gone,
 Have pity on the faithful Palamon.

This was his last; for death came on amain,
 And exercis'd below his iron reign;
 Then upward to the seat of life he goes:
 Sense fled before him, what he touch'd he froze:
 Yet could he not his closing eyes withdraw,
 Tho' less and less of Emily he saw;
 So, speechless, for a little space he lay;
 Then grasp'd the hand he held, and sigh'd his
 soul away.

But whither went his soul, let such relate
 Who search the secrets of the future state.
 Divines can say but what themselves believe;
 Strong proofs they have, but not demonstrative:
 For, were all pain, then all sides must agree,
 And faith itself be lost in certainty.
 To live uprightly then is sure the best;
 To save ourselves, and not to damn the rest.
 The soul of Arcite went where heathens go,
 Who better live than we, tho' less they know.

In Palamon a manly grief appears;
 Silent, he wept, ashamed to shew his tears:
 Emilia shriek'd but once, and then, oppress'd
 With sorrow, sunk upon her lover's breast;
 Till Theseus in his arms convey'd with care,
 Far from so sad a sight the swooning fair.
 'Twere loss of time her sorrow to relate,
 Ill bears the sex a youthful lover's fate,
 When just approaching to the nuptial state;
 But, like a low-hung cloud, it rains so fast,
 That all at once it falls, and cannot last.
 The face of things is chang'd, and Athens now,
 That laugh'd so late, becomes the scene of woe:
 Matrons and maids, both sexes, ev'ry state,
 With tears lament the knight's untimely fate.
 Nor greater grief in falling Troy was seen
 For Hector's death; but Hector was not then.
 Old men with dust deform'd their hoary hair;
 The women beat their breasts, their cheeks they
 tare.

Why would'st thou go, with one consent they cry,
 When thou hadst gold enough, and Emily?

Theseus himself, who should have cheer'd the
 grief
 Of others, wanted now the same relief.

Old Ægeus only could revive his son,
 Who various changes of the world had known:
 And strange vicissitudes of human fate,
 Still alt'ring, never in a steady state;
 Good after ill, and after pain delight;
 Alternate, like the scenes of day and night:
 Since ev'ry man who lives is born to die,
 And none can boast sincere felicity,
 With equal mind what happens let us bear,
 Nor joy nor grieve too much for things beyond
 our care.

Like pilgrims to th'appointed place we tend;
 The world's an inn, and death the journey's end.
 Ev'n kings but play; and when their part is done,
 Some other, worse or better, mount the throne.
 With words like these the crowd was satisfy'd;
 And so they would have been had Theseus dy'd.
 But he, their king, was lab'ring in his mind,
 A sitting place for fun'ral pomps to find,
 Which were in honour of the dead design'd. }
 And, after long debate, at last he found
 (As love itself had mark'd the spot of ground)
 That grove for ever green, that conscious land,
 Where he with Palamon fought hand to hand:
 That where he fed his amorous desires
 With soft complaints, and felt his hottest fires,
 There other flames might waste his earthly part,
 And burn his limbs, where love had burn'd his
 heart.

This once resolv'd, the peasants were enjoin'd
 Sere-wood, and firs, and dodder'd oaks to find.
 With founding axes to the grove they go,
 Fell, split, and lay the fuel on a row,
 Vulcanian food: a bier is next prepar'd,
 On which the lifeless body should be rear'd,
 Cover'd with cloth of gold, on which was laid
 The corpse of Arcite, in like robes array'd.
 White gloves were on his hands, and on his head
 A wreath of laurel, mix'd with myrtle spread.
 A sword keen-edg'd within his right he held,
 The warlike emblem of the conquer'd field:
 Bare was his manly visage on the bier:
 Menac'd his count'nance; ev'n in death severe.
 Then to the palace-hall they bore the knight,
 To lie in solemn state, a public sight.
 Groans, cries, and howlings, fill the crowded place,
 And unaffected sorrow sat on ev'ry face.
 Sad Palamon above the rest appears,
 In sable garments, dew'd with gushing tears;
 His auburn locks on either shoulder flow'd,
 Which to the fun'ral of his friend he vow'd:
 But Emily, as chief, was next his side,
 A virgin widow, and a mourning bride.
 And, that the princely obsequies might be
 Perform'd according to his high degree,
 The steed that bore him living to the fight,
 Was trapp'd with polish'd steed, all shining }
 bright, [knight.
 And cover'd with th'achievements of the
 The riders rode abreast, and one his shield;
 His lance of cornel-wood another held;
 The third his bow, and, glorious to behold,
 The costly quiver, all of burnish'd gold.
 The noblest of the Grecians next appear,
 And, weeping, on their shoulders bore the bier;

With sober pace they march'd, and often staid,
 And through the master-street the corpse
 convey'd.

The houses to their tops with black were spread,
 And ev'n the pavements were with mourning hid.
 The right side of the pall old Ægeus kept;
 And on the left the royal Theseus wept;
 Each bore a golden bowl of work divine,
 With honey fill'd, and milk, and mix'd with
 ruddy wine.

Then Palamon, the kinsman of the slain,
 And after him appear'd th'illustrious train.
 To grace the pomp, came Emily the bright,
 With cover'd fire, the fun'ral pile to light.
 With high devotion was the service made,
 And all the rights of Pagan honour paid:
 So lofty was the pile, a Parthian bow,
 With vigour drawn, must send the shaft below.
 The bottom was full twenty fathom broad,
 With crackling straw beneath in due proportion
 strow'd.

The fabric seem'd a wood of rising green,
 With sulphur and bitumen cast between,
 To feed the flames: the trees were unctuous fir,
 And mountain ash, the mother of the spear;
 The mourner-yew, and builder oak were there:
 The beech, the swimming alder, and the plane,
 Hard box, and linden of a softer grain,
 And laurels, which the Gods for conqu'ring }
 chiefs ordain.

How they were rank'd shall rest untold by me,
 With nameless nymphs that liv'd in ev'ry tree;
 Nor how the dryads, or the woodland train,
 Disherited, ran howling o'er the plain:
 Nor how the birds to foreign seats repair'd,
 Or beasts, that bolted out, and saw the forest bar'd:
 Nor how the ground, now clear'd, with ghastly
 fright,

Beheld the sudden sun, a stranger to the light.

The straw, as first I said, was laid below:
 Of chips and sere-wood was the second row;
 The third of greens, and timber newly fell'd;
 The fourth high stage the fragrant odours held,
 And pearls, and precious stones, and rich array;
 In midst of which, embalm'd, the body lay.
 The service sung, the maid with mourning eyes
 The stubble fir'd; the smould'ring flames arise:
 This office done, she sunk upon the ground;
 But what she spoke, recover'd from her swoon,
 I want the wit in moving words to dress;
 But by themselves the tender sex may guess.
 While the devouring fire was burning fast,
 Rich jewels in the flame the wealthy cast;
 And some their shields, and some their lances
 threw,

And gave their warrior's ghost a warrior's due.
 Full bowls of wine, of honey, milk, and blood,
 Were pour'd upon the pile of burning wood,
 And hissing flames receive, and, hungry, lick }
 the food.

Then thrice the mounted squadrons ride around
 The fire, and Arcite's name they thrice resound;
 Hail! and Farewell! they shouted thrice again;
 Thrice facing to the left, and thrice they turn'd
 again.

Still

Still as they turn'd, they beat their clatt'ring
shields ; [the fields.

The women mix their cries ; and clamour fills
The warlike wakes continu'd all the night,
And fun'ral games were play'd at new return-
ing light.

Who naked wrestled best, besmear'd with oil,
Or who with gauntlets gave or took the foil,
I will not tell you, nor would you attend ;
But briefly haste to my long story's end.

I pass the rest ; the year was fully mourn'd,
And Palamon long since to Thebes return'd :
When, by the Grecians general consent,
At Athens Theseus held his parliament :
Among the laws that pass'd, it was decreed,
That conquer'd Thebes from bondage should
be freed,

Reserving homage to th'Athenian throne ;
To which the sov'reign summon'd Palamon.
Unknowing of the cause, he took his way,
Mournful in mind, and still in black array.

The monarch mounts the throne, and, plac'd
on high,

Commands into the court the beauteous Emily.
So call'd, she came ; the senate rose, and paid
Becoming rev'rence to the royal maid.

And first soft whispers thro' th'assembly went ;
With silent wonder then they watch'd th'event.
All hush'd, the king arose with awful grace ;
Deep thought was in his breast, and counsel in
his face.

At length he sigh'd ; and, having first prepar'd
Th'attentive audience, thus his will declar'd :

The cause and spring of motion, from above,
Hung down on earth the golden chain of love ;
Great was th'effect, and high was his intent,
When peace among the jarring seeds he sent.
Fire, flood, and earth, and air, by this were bound,
And love, the common link, the new creation
crown'd.

The chain still holds, for, tho' the forms decay,
Eternal matter never wears away :

The same first Mover certain bounds has plac'd,
How long those perishable forms shall last :

Nor can they last beyond the time assign'd

By that all-seeing and all-making Mind :

Shorten their hours they may ; for will is free ;

But never pass th'appointed destiny.

So men oppress'd, when weary of their breath,

Throw off the burden, and suborn their death.

Then, since those forms begin, and have their end,

On some unalter'd cause they sure depend :

Parts of the whole are we ; but God the whole,

Who gives us life and animating soul ;

For nature cannot from a part derive

That being which the whole can only give :

He perfect, stable ; but imperfect we,

Subject to change, and different in degree ;

Plants, beasts, and man ; and, as our organs are,

We more or less of his perfection share.

But by a long descent, th'etherial fire

Corrupts ; and forms, the mortal part, expire.

As he withdraws his virtue, so they pass ;

And the same matter makes another mass.

This lawth'Omniscient Pow'r was pleas'd to give,
That ev'ry kind should by succession live :

That individuals die his will ordains ;

The propagated species still remains.

The monarch oak, the patriarch of the trees,

Shoots rising up, and spreads by slow degrees ;

Three centuries he grows, and three he stays,

Supreme in state, and in three more decays ;

So wears the paving pebble in the street,

And towns and tow'rs their fatal periods meet.

So rivers, rapid once, now naked lie,

Forfaken of their springs, and leave their chan-
nels dry.

So man, at first a drop, dilates with heat,

Then, form'd, the little heart begins to beat ;

Secret he feeds, unknowing in the cell ;

At length, for hatching ripe, he breaks the shell,

And struggles into breath, and cries for aid ;

Then, helpless, in his mother's lap is laid.

He creeps, he walks, and, issuing into man,

Grudges their life from whence his own began ;

Reckless of laws, affects to rule alone,

Anxious to reign, and restless on the throne ;

First vegetive, then feels, and reasons last ;

Rich of three souls, and lives all three to waste.

Some thus ; but thousands more in flow'r of age ;

For few arrive to run the latter stage.

Sunk in the first, in battle some are slain,

And others whelm'd beneath the stormy main

What makes all this, but Jupiter the king,

At whose command we perish and we spring ?

Then 'tis our best, since thus ordain'd to die,

To make a virtue of necessity.

Take what he gives, since to rebel is vain ;

The bad grows better, which we well sustain ;

And could we chuse the time, and chuse aright,

'Tis best to die, our honour at the height.

When we have done our ancestors no shame,

But serv'd our friends, and well secur'd our fame,

Then should we wish our happy life to close,

And leave no more for fortune to dispose.

So should we make our death a glad relief

From future shame, from sickness, and from grief ;

Enjoying while we live the present hour,

And dying in our excellence and flow'r.

Then round our death-bed ev'ry friend should

And joyous of our conquest early won ; [run,

While the malicious world, with envious tears

Should grudge our happy end, and wish it theirs.

Since then our Arcite is with honour dead,

Why should we mourn, that he so soon is freed,

Or call untimely what the Gods decreed ?

With grief as just a friend may be deplor'd,

From a foul prison to free air restor'd.

Ought he to thank his kinsmen or his wife,

Could tears recal him into wretched life ?

Their sorrow hurts themselves ; on him 'tis lost ;

And, worse than both, offends his happy ghost.

What then remains, but, after past annoy,

To take the good vicissitude of joy ?

To thank the gracious Gods for what they give,

Possess our souls, and, while we live, to live ?

Ordain we then, two sorrows to combine,

And in one point th'extremes of grief to join ;

That

That thence resulting joy may be renew'd,
 As jarring notes in harmony conclude.
 Then I propose that Palamon shall be
 In marriage join'd with beauteous Emily;
 For which already I have gain'd th'assent
 Of my free people in full parliament.
 Long love to her has borne the faithful knight,
 And well deserv'd, had fortune done him right.
 'Tis time to mend her fault; since Emily
 By Arcite's death from former vows is free.
 If you, fair sister, ratify th'accord,
 And take him for your husband and your lord,
 'Tis no dishonour to confer your grace
 On one descended from a royal race;
 And were he less, yet years of service past
 From grateful souls exact reward at last.
 Pity is Heav'n's and yours; nor can she find
 A throne so soft as in a woman's mind.
 He said; she blush'd; and, as o'eraw'd by might,
 Seem'd to give Theseus what she gave the knight.
 Then turning to the Theban, thus he said;
 Small arguments are needful to persuade
 Your temper to comply with my command;
 And speaking thus, he gave Emilia's hand.
 Smil'd Venus, to behold her own true knight
 Obtain the conquest, tho' he lost the fight;
 And bless'd with nuptial bliss the sweet labo-
 rious night.

Eros and Anteros on either side, [bride;
 One fir'd the bridegroom, and one warm'd the
 And long attending Hymen, from above,
 Show'r'd on the bed the whole Idalian grove.
 All of a tenor was their after-life,
 No day discolour'd with domestic strife;
 No jealousy, but mutual truth believ'd,
 Secure repose, and kindness undeceiv'd.
 Thus Heav'n, beyond the compass of his thought,
 Sent him the blessing he so dearly bought.
 So may the Queen of Love long duty bless,
 And all true lovers find the same success.

§ 28. *Religio Laici.* DRYDEN.

AN EPISTLE.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wand'ring travellers,
 Is reason to the soul; and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here, so reason's glimm'ring ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 So pale grows reason at religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernat'ral light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have
 been led,
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head,
 And found that one first principle must be;
 But what, or who, that universal He;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd; yet making, moving all;

Or various atoms, interfering dance,
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance;
 Or this Great All was from eternity;
 Not ev'n the Stagirite himself could see;
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he;
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate.
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind;
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from them like enchanted ground.
 One thought content the good to be enjoy'd:
 This very little accident destroy'd:
 The wiser madmen did for virtue toil:
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil:
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep;
 But found their line too short, the well too deep;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul:
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.
 The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground;
 Cries *εὐγενεα*, the mighty secret's found:
 God is that spring of good; supreme, and best;
 We made to serve, and in that service blest.
 If so, some rules of worship must be giv'n,
 Distributed alike to all by Heav'n:
 Else God were partial, and to some deny'd
 The means his justice should for all provide.
 This gen'ral worship is to praise and pray.
 One part to borrow blessings, one to pay:
 And when frail nature slides into offence,
 The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
 Yet, since th'effects of providence, we find,
 Are var'ously dispens'd to human kind:
 That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,
 A brand that sov'reign justice cannot bear;
 Our reason prompts us to a future state:
 The last appeal from fortune and from fate;
 Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd;
 The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heav'n would
 And would not be oblig'd to God for more. [soar;
 Vain wretched creature, how art thou misled,
 To think thy wit these god-like notions bred!
 These truths are not the product of thy mind,
 But dropt from heav'n, and of a nobler kind.
 Reveal'd religion first inform'd thy sight,
 And reason saw not till faith sprung the light.
 Hence all thy nat'ral worship takes the source;
 'Tis revelation, what thou think'st discourse.
 Else how com'st thou to see these truths so clear,
 Which so obscure to heathens did appear?
 Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found;
 Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd.
 Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
 Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
 Canst thou by reason more of godhead know
 Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero?
 Those giant wits in happier ages born,
 When arms and arts did Greece and Rome adorn,
 Knew

Knew no such system; no such piles could raise
Of nat'ral worship built on prayer and praise
To one sole God;
Nor did remorse to exp'ate sin prescribe;
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe;
The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;
And cruelty and blood was penitence.
If sheep and oxen could atone for men,
Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin!
And great oppressors might Heav'n's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?
And must the terms of peace be giv'n by thee?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel;
And, like a king remote and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

But if there be a pow'r too just and strong,
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong,
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
The forfeit first, and then the fine impose;
A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
Had not eternal wisdom found the way,
And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store;
His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the score.

See God descending in thy human frame;
Th'offended suffering in th'offender's name;
All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee.

For, granting we have sinn'd, and that th'offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
See then the Deist lost; remorse for vice,
Not paid; or, paid, inadequate in price:
What farther means can reason now direct,
Or what relief from human wit expect?
That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
Still to be sick, till Heav'n reveal the cure:
If then Heav'n's will must needs be understood,
Which must, if we want cure, and Heav'n be good,
Let all records of will reveal'd be shown;
With scripture all in equal balance thrown,
And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here; for whether we compare
That impious, idle, superstitious ware
Of rites, lustrations, offerings, which before,
In various ages, various countries bore,
With christian faith and virtues we shall find
None answer'ing the great ends of human kind
But this one rule of life, that shews us best
How God may be pleas'd, and mortals blest.
Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
The word is scarce more ancient than the law;
Heav'n's early care prescrib'd for ev'ry age;
First in the soul, and after, in the page.
Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
Or on the writers, or the written book,
Whence, but from Heav'n, could men unskill'd
In sev'ral ages born, in sev'ral parts, [in arts,
Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye?
Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

If on the book itself we cast our view,
Concurrent heathens prove the story true;
The doctrine, miracles: which must convince,
For Heav'n in them appeals to human sense;
And tho' they prove not, they confirm the cause,
When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the style majestic and divine,
It speaks no less than God in ev'ry line;
Commanding words; whose force is still the same
As the first fiat that produc'd our frame.
All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend;
Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their friend;
This only doctrine does our busts oppose,
Unfed by nature's soil in which it grows;
Cross to our int'rests, curbing sense and sin;
Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
It thrives thro' pain; its own tormentors tires;
And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
To what can reason such effects assign
Transcending nature, but to laws divine;
Which in that sacred volume are contain'd;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd?

But stay; the Deist here will urge anew,
No supernat'ral worship can be true;
Because a gen'ral law is that alone
Which must to all, and ev'ry where, be known:
A style so large as not this book can claim,
Nor aught that bears reveal'd religion's name.
'Tis said, the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone thro' all the habitable earth;
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited and known:
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new?
In other parts it helps, that ages past,
The scriptures there were known, and were embrac'd,

Till sin spread once again the shades of night;
What's that to these, who never saw the light?
Of all objections this indeed is chief
To startle reason, stagger frail belief; [sense
We grant 'tis true, that Heav'n from human
Has hid the secret paths of providence;
But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
Find, ev'n for those bewilder'd souls, a way;
If from his nature foes may pity claim, [name.
Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his
And though no name be for salvation known,
But that of his eternal Son's alone,
Who knows how far transcending goodness can
Extend the merits of that Son to man?
Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
Or ignorance invincible may plead?
Not only charity bids hope the best,
But more the great apostle has express'd:
"That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd,
By nature did what was by law requir'd,
They, who the written rule had never known,
Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
To nature's plain indictment they shall plead;
And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed."
Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
Then those who follow'd reason's dictates right,
Liv'd up, and lifted high their nat'ral light;

With

With Socrates may see their Maker's face,
While thousand rubric martyrs want a place.

Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
Th'Egyptian bishop of another mind;
For though his creed eternal truth contains,
'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains
All who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd,
Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd!
Then let us either think he meant to say
This faith, where publish'd, was the only way;
Or else conclude that, Arius to confute,
The good old man, too eager in dispute,
Flew high; and as his christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has try'd;
A much unskillful, but well-meaning guide:
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts
were bred

By reading that which better thou hast read.
Thy matchless author's work; which thou, my
By well translating better dost commend; [friend,
Those youthful hours which of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost,
Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.
Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years,
Spent by thy author, in the sifting care
Of rabbins old sophisticated ware
From gold divine; which he who well can fort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.
A treasure, which, if county-curates buy,
They Junius and Tremilius may defy;
Save pains in various readings, and translations,
And, without Hebrew, make most learn'd quo-
tations.

A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought,
As nature's height and art's last hand requir'd;
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copyers and translators trade;
How Jewish, Popish, int'rests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd.

For some who have his secret meaning guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion's sake he seems to have recourse
To pope, and councils, and tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue,
Could not but find the weakness of the new:
If scripture, tho' deriv'd from heav'nly birth,
Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth;
If God's own people, who of God before
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
In fuller terms of Heav'n's assisting care, [more,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text,
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stop't the gaping fence,
Which ev'ry common hand pull'd up with ease,
What safety from such brushwood-helps as these?
If written words from time are not secur'd,
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd?

Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lyes on ages are intail'd:

And that some such have been, is prov'd too
plain,

If we consider int'rest, church, and gain.

O but, says one, tradition set aside,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide?
For since th'original scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, maim'd the most,
Or christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in church-tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient church we with indeed:
'Twere worth both Testaments; cast in the creed:
But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure,
Then her infallibility, as well

Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains:
Which yet no council dare pretend to do;
Unless, like Eldras, they could write it new: }
Strange confidence still to interpret true,
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd
Is in the blest original contain'd.

More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way,
And that the scriptures tho' not ev'rywhere
Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.
If others in the same glass better see,
'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:
For my salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what others, but what I believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside?
This to affirm were ignorance or pride.
Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that scripture leaves obscure?
Which ev'ry sect will wrest a sev'ral way;
For what one sect interprets, all sects may.
We hold, and say we prove from scripture plain, }
That Christ is God; the bold Socinian
From the same scripture urges he's but man.
Now what appeal can end th'important suit?
Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mute.

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?
I think, according to my little skill,
To my own mother church submitting still,
That many have been sav'd, and many may,
Who never heard this question brought in play.
Th'unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
Plods on to heav'n, and ne'er is at a loss:
For the straight gate would be made straight
yet,

Were none admitted there but men of wit.
The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
Must study well the sacred page, and see
Which doctrine, this or that, does best agree
With the whole tenor of the work divine,
And plainest points to Heav'n's reveal'd design;
Which exposition flows from genuine sense;
And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.

U

Not

Not that tradition's parts are useless here :
 When gen'ral, old, disinterested, clear :
 That ancient fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age :
 Confirms its force by 'biding ev'ry test ;
 For best authorities, next rules, are best.
 And still the nearer to the spring we go,
 More limpid, more unsoil'd, the waters flow.
 Thus first traditions were a proof alone ;
 Could we be certain, such they were, so known ;
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth, but probability.
 Ev'n Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke ;
 Such difference is there in an oft-told tale :
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
 Tradition written therefore more commends
 Authority, than what from voice descends.
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history :
 Which, from the universal church receiv'd,
 Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd.

The partial Papists would infer from hence,
 Their church, in last resort, should judge the sense.
 But first they would assume with wond'rous art,
 Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 Of that vast frame the church; yet grant they were
 The handers-down, can they from thence infer
 A right t'interpret? or would they alone,
 Who brought the present, claim it for their own?
 The book's a common largess to mankind;
 Not more for them than ev'ry man design'd:
 The welcome news is in the letter found ;
 The carrier's not commission'd to expound.
 It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
 In all things needful to be known is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
 A gainful trade their clergy did advance:
 When want of learning kept the laymen low,
 And none but priests were authoriz'd to know :
 When what small knowledge was, in them did
 dwell ;

And he a god who could but read and spell ;
 Then mother church did mightily prevail ;
 She parcel'd out the Bible by retail :
 But still expounded what she sold or gave ;
 To keep it in her power to damn and save.
 Scripture was scarce, and, as the market went,
 Poor laymen took salvation on content ;
 As needy men take money, good or bad :
 God's word they had not, but the priest's they had.
 Yet whate'er false conveyances they made,
 The lawyer still was certain to be paid.
 In those dark times they learn'd their knack so
 That by long use they grew infallible. [well,
 At last a knowing age began t'enquire
 If they the book, or that did them inspire :
 And making narrower search they found, tho' late,
 That what they thought the priest's, was their
 estate :

Taught by the will produc'd, the written word,
 How long they had been cheated on record.
 Then ev'ry man who saw the title fair,
 Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share ;

Consulted soberly his private good ;
 And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.
 'Tis true, my friend, and far be flatt'ry hence,
 This good had full as bad a consequence :
 The book thus put in ev'ry vulgar hand
 Which each presum'd he best could understand,
 The common rule was made the common prey ;
 And at the mercy of the rabble lay.
 The tender page with horny fists was gall'd ;
 And he was gifted most that loudest baul'd :
 The spirit gave the doctoral degree :
 And ev'ry member of a company
 Was of his trade, and of the Bible free.
 Plain truths enough for needful use they found ;
 But men would still be itching to expound :
 Each was ambitious of th'obscurest place,
 No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from
 grace.

Study and pains were now no more their care ;
 Texts were explained by fasting and by pray'r :
 This was the fruit the private spirit brought ;
 Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought.
 While crowds unlearn'd, with rude devotion
 About the sacred viands buz and swarm. [warm,
 The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood,
 And turns to maggots what was meant for food.
 A thousand daily sects rise up and die ;
 A thousand more the perish'd race supply :
 So all we make of Heav'n's discover'd will,
 Is not to have it, or to use it ill.
 The danger's much the same ; on sev'ral shelves
 If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves.

What then remains, but, waving each extreme,
 The tides of ignorance and pride to stem ?
 Neither so rich a treasure to forego ;
 Nor proudly seek beyond our pow'r to know :
 Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ;
 The things we must believe are few and plain ;
 But since men will believe more than they need,
 And ev'ry man will make himself a creed,
 In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way,
 To learn what unsuspected ancients say :
 For 'tis not likely we should higher soar
 In search of heav'n than all the church before ;
 Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see
 The scripture and the fathers disagree.
 If after all, they stand suspected still
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will)
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known
 Without much hazard, may be let alone :
 And, after hearing what our church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way,
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb ;
 For points obscure are of small use to learn ;
 But common quiet is mankind's concern.

Thus have I made my own opinions clear :
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear :
 And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve,
 Tom Sternhold's or Tom Shadwell's rhymes
 will serve.

Mac Flecknoe

§ 29. *Mac Flecknoe.* DRYDEN.

ALL human things are subject to decay; [obey.
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must
This Flecknoe found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Thro' all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And bless'd with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with bus'ness, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pond'ring which, of all his sons, was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cry'd, 'Tis resolv'd; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Sh——, alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Sh——, alone, of all my sons, was he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest, to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Sh—— never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike thro', and make a lucid interval;
But Sh——'s genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology.
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich druggert, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to king John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of an host,
The like was ne'er in Epfom blankets tost.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
The trebles squeak for fear, the bases roar:
Echoes from Piffing-Alley Sh—— call,
And Sh—— they resound from Aston-Hall.
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy threshing hand.
St. Andre's feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not e'en the feet of thine own Psyche's rhyme:
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here stopt the good old fire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.

Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, rais'd t'inform the fight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican its height:
A watch-tow'r once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains:
From its old ruins brothel-houses rise,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys,
Where their vast courts the mother-strumpets
keep,
And, undisturb'd by watch, in silence sleep.
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds:
Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton waging harmless war with words,
Here Flecknoe, as a place to fame well known,
Ambitiously design'd his Sh——'s throne:
For ancient Decker prophecy'd, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of Wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe;
But worlds of Misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and Hypocrites it should produce;
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Sh——'s coronation thro' the town.
Rouz'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun-hill, and distant Watling-street;
No Persian carpets spread th'imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay:
From dusty shops neglected authors come,
Martyrs of pyes, and reliques of the bum:
Much Heywood, Shirley, Ogleby, there lay;
But loads of Sh—— almost choak'd the way.
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And H——n was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent Dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his fire a mortal foe to Rome,
So Sh—— swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with wit, nor truce with sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He plac'd a mighty mug of potent ale;
Love's kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his sceptre, and his rule of sway; [young,
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung:
His temples i'ast, with poppies were o'erspread;
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.

Just at the point of time, if fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Prefage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th'admiring throug loud acclamations make,
And omeas of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honors of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness; long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood: }
'Heav'n's blest my son, from Ireland let him
To far Barbadoes on the western main; [reign
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's kingdom let him stretch his pen!
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd, Amen.
Then thus continu'd he: 'My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach, learn thou, from me,
Paags without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuofos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling, charm the pit,
And, in their folly, shew the writer's wit.
Yet still thy Fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit too be the same;
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien S—dl—y interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.
And when false flow'rs of Rhetoric thou would'st
Trust Nature, do not labour to be dull; [cull,
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy Northern Dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Flecknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on Learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
Where sold he bargains, whip-stitch, kiss my arse;
Promis'd a play, and dwindl'd to a farce?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Eth'ridge dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd, as oil and waters flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which, one way, to dulness 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.

Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feeblely creep;
Thy tragic muse gives similes, thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou set'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways.
Or if thou would'st thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.
He said; but his last words were scarcely
heard;

For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd;
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugged robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

§ 30. *An Essay upon Satire.*

DRYDEN and BUCKINGHAM.

HOW dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest!
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In ev'ry age the lumpish ma's to move:
But those were pedants, when compar'd with these,
Who know not only to instruct but please.
Poets alone found the delightful way,
Mysterious morals gently to convey
In charming numbers; so that as men grew
Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser too.
Satire has always shone among the rest,
And is the boldest way, if not the best,
To tell men freely of their foulest faults;
To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer thoughts.
In satire too, the wise took diff'rent ways;
To each deserving its peculiar praise.
Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,
Whilst others laugh'd, and scorn'd them into
But of these two, the last succeeded best, [shame.
As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest.
Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,
And censure those who censure all besides;
In other things they justly are preferr'd:
In this alone methinks the ancients err'd;
Against the grossest follies they declaim;
Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.
Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,
And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit:
Besides, 'tis labour lost; for who would preach
Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?
'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.
But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind;

That

That little speck which all the rest does spoil,
To wash off that would be a noble toil;
Beyond the loose-writ libels of this age,
Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage;
Above all censure too, each little wit
Will be so glad to see the greater hit;
Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
Of such correction will have cause to boast.
In such a satire all would seek a share,
And ev'ry fool will fancy he is there.
Old story-tellers too must pine and die,
To see their antiquated wit laid by;
Like her, who mis'd her name in a lampoon,
And griev'd to find herself decay'd so soon.
No common coxcomb must be mention'd here:
Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear;
Nor flut'ring officers who never fight;
Of such a wretched rabble who would write?
Much less half-wits: that's more against our
For they are fops; the other are but fools. [rules;
Who would not be as silly as Dunbar?
As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr?
The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
Who with dull knav'ry makes so much ado;
Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too, too fast,
Like Æsop's fox, becomes a prey at last.
Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd;
Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd; [pother,
With whom each rhyming fool keeps such a
They are as common that way as the other:
Yet saunt'ring Charles, between his beastly
brace,
Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humour, or a painted face.
In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other told him:
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep?
Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred?
Earnestly and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place;
At council set as foils on Dorset's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the more;
Who all that while was thought exceeding wise,
Only for taking pains and telling lies.
But there's no meddling with such nauseous men!
Their very names have tir'd my lazy pen:
'Tis time to quit their company, and choose
Some fitter subject for a sharper Muse.
First, let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive;
Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day:
Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.
But when he aims at reason, or at rule,
He turns himself the best to ridicule.
Let him at bus'ness ne'er so earnest sit,
Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with wit;
That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd.
So cat, transform'd, sat gravely and demure,
Till mouse appear'd, and thought himself secure;

But soon the lady had him in her eye,
And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
Reaching above our nature does no good;
We must fall back to our old flesh and blood;
As by our little Machiavel, we find
That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes;
Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
No pity of its poor companion takes. }
What gravity can hold from laughing out,
To see him drag his feeble legs about,
Like hounds ill-coupl'd? Jowler lugs him still
Thro' hedges, ditches, and thro' all that's ill.
'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
To use a body so, tho' 'tis one's own:
Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er, [soar:
That whilst he creeps his vig'rous thoughts can
Alas! that soaring, to those few that know,
Is but a busy grov'ling here below.
So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
Whilst on the ground th'intranced wretches lie: }
So modern fops have fancy'd they could fly.
As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
And wit enough to laugh at his own ways;
Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune slights;
Striving against his quiet all he can,
For the fine notion of a busy man.
And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
Is made to tire himself and all mankind?
For Ireland he would go; faith, let him reign;
For if some odd fantastic lord would fain
Carry in trunks, and all my drudg'ry do,
I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
But is there any other beast that lives,
Who his own harm so wittingly contrives?
Will any dog, that has his teeth and stones,
Refin'dly leave his bitches and his bones
To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.
Though satire nicely writ no humour itings
But those who merit praise in other things;
Yet we must needs this one exception make,
And break our rules for folly Tropos sake;
Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd;
Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
For railing smoothly, and for reas'ning wrong,
As boys on holydays, let loose to play,
Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress
Some silly cit in her flow'r'd foolish dress;
So have I mighty satisfaction found,
To see his tinsel reason on the ground;
To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it,
By some who scarce have words enough to show it:
For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
The sinner, nay, sometimes the wittiest speaker:
But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
Should be acquired by such little sense!
For words and wit did anciently agree;
And Tully was no fool, though this man be.

At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
Knave on the woolfack, fop at council-table.
These are the grievances of such fools as would
Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made known,
Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
Excess of luxury they think can please,
And laziness call loving of their ease;
To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign,
Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps, are seen,
We scarce perceive the little time between;
Well-meaning men who make this gross mistake,
And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake;
Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
Marry'd; but wiser puffs ne'er thought of that;
And first he worry'd her with railing rhyme,
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;
Then for one night fold all his slavish life,
A teeming widow, but a barren wife;
Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
He lugg'd about the matrimonial load;
Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
Has ill restor'd him to his liberty!
Which he would use in his old sucking way,
Drinking all night, and dozing all the day;
Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.

Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
Tho' learn'd in all those arts that cheat the fair;
For after all his vulgar marriage-mocks,
With beauty dazzl'd, Numps was in the stocks;
Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes,
To see him catch his tartar for his prize;
Th'impatient town waited the with'd-for change,
And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge;
Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see,
As his estate, his person too was free:
Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move;
To gold he fled from beauty and from love;
Yet failing there, he keeps his freedom still,
Forc'd to live happily against his will:
'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and pow'r
Break not his boasted quiet ev'ry hour.

And little Sid. for simile renown'd,
Pleasure has always sought, but never found:
Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all.
The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong;
His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
But sure we all mistake this pious man,
Who mortifies his person all he can:
What we uncharitably take for sin,
Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
For never hermit, under grave pretence,
Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
And 'tis a miracle we may suppose,
No rasciness offends his skilful nose;
Which from all stink can, with peculiar art,
Extract perfume and essence from a f—t:
Expecting supper is his great delight;
He toils all day but to be drunk at night;

Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits
Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven foot;
For while he mischief means to all mankind,
Himself alone the ill effects does find:
And so like witches justly suffers shame,
Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
False are his words, affected is his wit;
So often he does aim, so seldom hit;
To ev'ry face he cringes while he speaks,
But when the back is turn'd, the head he breaks;
Mean in each action, lewd in ev'ry limb,
Manners themselves are mischievous in him:
A proof that chance alone makes ev'ry creature
A very Killigrew, without good-nature.
For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
For, there's the folly that's still mixt with fear,
Cowards more blows than any hero bear;
Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say;
But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
The world may well forgive him all his ill,
For ev'ry fault does prove his penance still:
Falsely he falls into some dang'rous noose,
And then as meanly labours to get loose;
A life so infamous is better quitting,
Spent in base injury and low submitting.
I'd like to have left out his poetry;
Forgot by all almost as well as me.
Sometimes he has some humour, never wit;
And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade;
Who for the wretched remnants of a fire,
Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
So lewdly dull his idol works appear,
The wretched texts deserve no comments here;
Where one poor thought sometimes, left all alone,
For a whole page of dulness must atone.

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise;
Ev'n he, who would himself the most despise!
I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
Now my own vanity and pride can't see.
While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
We pull down others but to raise our own:
That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
And are but satires to set up ourselves.
I (who have all this while been finding fault,
Ev'n with my master, who first satire taught;
And did by that describe the task so hard,
It seems stupendous, and above reward)
Now labour with unequal force to climb
That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time;
'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall,
Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

§ 31. *Cymon and Iphigenia.* DRYDEN.
Poeta Loquitur.

OLD as I am, for ladies love unfit,
The pow'r of beauty I remember yet;
Which once inflam'd my soul, and still inspires
my wit.

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If love be folly, the severe divine
Has felt that folly, though he censures mine ;
Pollutes the pleasures of a chaste embrace,
Acts what I write, and propagates in grace,
With riotous excess, a priestly race. }
Suppose him free, and that I forge th' offence,
He shew'd the way, perverting first my sense ;
In malice witty, and with venom fraught,
He makes me speak the things I never thought.
Compute the gains of his ungovern'd zeal ;
Ill suits his cloth the praise of railing well.
The world will think that what we loosely write,
Though now arraign'd, he read with some delight ;
Because he seems to chew the cud again,
When his broad comment makes the text too plain ;
And teaches more in one explaining page
Than all the double-meanings of the stage.

What needs he paraphrase on what we mean ?
We were at worst but wanton ; he's obscene.
I not my fellows nor myself excuse ;
But love's the subject of the comic Muse ;
Nor can we write without it, nor would you
A tale of only dry instruction view ;
Nor love is always of a vicious kind,
But oft too virtuous acts inflames the mind,
Awakes the sleepy vigour of the soul,
And brushing o'er, adds motion to the pool.
Love, studious how to please, improves our parts
With polish'd manners, and adorns with arts.
Love first invented verse, and form'd the rhyme,
The motion measur'd, harmoniz'd the chime ;
To lib'ral acts enlarg'd the narrow-soul'd,
Soft'n'd the fierce, and made the coward bold ;
The world, when wasteful, he peopled with increase,
And warring nations reconcil'd in peace.
Ormond, the first, and all the fair may find
In this one legend, to their fame design'd,
When beauty fires the blood, how love exalts
the mind ! }

IN that sweet isle where Venus keeps her court,
And ev'ry grace, and all the loves, resort ;
Where either sex is form'd of softer earth,
And takes the bent of pleasure from their birth ;
There liv'd a Cyprian lord, above the rest
Wise, wealthy, with a numerous issue blest.

But as no gift of fortune is sincere,
Was only wanting in a worthy heir ;
His eldest born, a goodly youth to view,
Excell'd the rest in shape and outward shew :
Fair, tall, his limbs, with due proportion join'd,
But of a heavy, dull, degen'rate mind.
His soul bely'd the features of his face ;
Beauty was there, but beauty in disgrace.
A clownish mien, a voice with rustic sound,
And stupid eyes that ever lov'd the ground.
He look'd like nature's error ; as the mind
And body were not of a piece design'd, [join'd. }
But made for two, and by mistake in one were

The ruling rod, the father's forming care,
Were exercis'd in vain on wit's despair ;
The more inform'd, the less he understood ;
And deeper sunk by flound'ring in the mud.
Now scorn'd of all, and grown the public shame,
The people from Galeus chang'd his name,

And Cymon call'd, which signifies a brute ;
So well his name did with his nature suit.

His father, when he found his labour lost,
And care employ'd that answer'd not the cost,
Chose an ungrateful object to remove,
And loath'd to see what nature made him love ;
So to his country farm the fool confin'd ;
Rude work well suited with a rustic mind.
Thus to the wilds the sturdy Cymon went,
A 'squire among the swains, and pleas'd with ba-
His corn and cattle were his only care ; [nishment.
And his supreme delight a country fair.
It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the green-wood shade he took his way ;
For Cymon shunn'd the church, and us'd not
much to pray. }

His quarter-staff, which he could ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he fought,
And whistl'd as he went, for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd ;
Where, in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept through the matted grass a crystal flood, }
By which an alabaster fountain stood :
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid :
Like Dian and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort :
The dame herself the goddess well exprest,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And ev'n in slumber a superior grace :
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care, }
Her body shaded with a slight cymar ;
Her bosom to the view was only bare ;
Where two beginning paps were scarcely spy'd,
For yet their places were but signify'd. }
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose ;
The fanning wind, and purling streams, con- }
tinue her repose.

The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes
And gaping mouth, that testify'd surprize,
Fix'd on her face ; nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice to delight.
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an idiot laugh ;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring
sense,

First found his want of words, and fear'd offence ;
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country tone.
Through the rude chaos thus the running light
Shot the first ray that pierc'd the native night :
Then day and darkness in the mass were mix'd,
Till gather'd in a globe the beams were fix'd :
Last shone the sun, who, radiant in his sphere,
Illumin'd heav'n and earth, and roll'd around the
So reason in this brutal soul began, [year.
Love made him first suspect he was a man ;
Love made him doubt his broad barbarian sound ;
By love, his want of words and wit he found ;
That sense of want prepar'd the future way
To knowledge, and disclos'd the promise of a day.

What not his father's care, nor tutor's art,
 Could plant with pains in his unpolish'd heart,
 The best instructor, love, at once inspir'd,
 As barren grounds to fruitfulness are fir'd :
 Love taught him shame ; and shame, with love
 Soon taught the sweet civilities of life ; [at strife,
 His gross material soul at once could find
 Somewhat in her excelling all her kind :
 Exciting a desire till then unknown,
 Somewhat unfound, or found in her alone.

This made the first impression on his mind,
 Above, but just above, the brutal kind.
 For beasts can like, but not distinguish too,
 Nor their own liking by reflection know ;
 Nor why they like, or this or t'other face,
 Or judge of this or that peculiar grace ;
 But love in gross, and stupidly admire,
 As flies, allur'd by light, approach the fire.
 Thus our man-beast, advancing by degrees,
 First likes the whole, then sep'rates what he sees ;
 On sev'ral parts a sev'ral praise bestows,
 The ruby lips, the well-proportion'd nose,
 The snowy skin, and raven-glossy hair,
 The dimpled cheek, and forehead rising fair,
 And, ev'n in sleep itself, a smiling air, }
 From thence his eyes descending view'd the rest,
 Her plump round arms, white hands, and heav-
 ing breast.

Long on the last he dwelt, though ev'ry part
 A pointed arrow sped to pierce his heart.

Thus in a trice a judge of beauty grown
 (A judge erected from a country clown)
 He long'd to see her eyes, in slumber hid,
 And wish'd his own could pierce within the lid:
 He would have wak'd her, but restrain'd his
 thought,

And love new-born the first good manners taught:
 And awful fear his ardent wish withstood,
 Nor durst disturb the goddess of the wood.
 For such she seem'd by her celestial face,
 Excelling all the rest of human race.
 And things divine, by common sense he knew,
 Must be devoutly seen, at distant view :
 So checking his desire, with trembling heart,
 Gazing he stood, nor would nor could depart ;
 Fix'd as a pilgrim wilder'd in his way,
 Who dares not stir by night, for fear to stray, }
 But stands with awful eyes to watch the dawn
 of day.

At length awaking, Iphigene the fair
 (So was the beauty call'd who caus'd his care)
 Unclos'd her eyes, and double day reveal'd,
 While those of all her slaves in sleep were seal'd.

The slav'ring cudden, propp'd upon his staff,
 Stood ready gaping, with a grinning laugh,
 To welcome her awake ; nor durst begin
 To speak, but wisely kept the fool within.
 Then she ; What makes you, Cymon, here alone ?
 (For Cymon's name was round the country known,
 Because descended of a noble race,
 And for a soul ill sort'd with his face.)

But still the sot stood silent with surprize,
 With fix'd regard on her new-open'd eyes,
 And in his breast receiv'd th'invenom'd dart ;
 A tickling pain that pleas'd amid the smart.

But, conscious of her form, with quick distrust
 She saw his sparkling eyes, and fear'd his brutal
 lust :

This to prevent, she wak'd her sleepy crew,
 And, rising hasty, took a short adieu.

Then Cymon first his rustic voice essay'd,
 With proffer'd service to the parting maid,
 To see her safe. His hand she long deny'd ;
 But took at length, ashamed of such a guide.
 So Cymon led her home, and leaving there,
 No more would to his country clowns repair,
 But sought his father's house, with better mind,
 Refusing in the farm to be confin'd.

The father wonder'd at the son's return,
 And knew not whether to rejoice or mourn ;
 But doubtfully receiv'd, expecting still
 To learn the secret causes of his alter'd will.
 Nor was he long delay'd : the first request
 He made, was like his brothers to be dress'd,
 And, as his birth requir'd, above the rest. }

With ease his suit was granted by his fire,
 Distinguishing his heir by rich attire :
 His body thus adorn'd, he next design'd
 With lib'ral arts to cultivate his mind :
 He sought a tutor of his own accord,
 And study'd lessons he before abhorr'd.

Thus the man-child advanc'd, and learn'd
 so fast,

That in short time his equals he surpass'd ;
 His brutal manners from his breast exil'd,
 His mien he fashion'd, and his tongue he fil'd ;
 In ev'ry exercise of all admir'd,
 He seem'd, nor only seem'd, but was inspir'd :
 Inspir'd by love, whose bus'ness is to please ;
 He rode, he fenc'd, he mov'd with graceful ease ;
 More fam'd for sense, for courtly carriage more,
 Than for his brutal folly known before.

What then of alter'd Cymon shall we say,
 But that the fire which choak'd in ashes lay,
 A load too heavy for his soul to move, [love.
 Was upward blown below, and brush'd away by
 Love made an active progress thro' his mind,
 The dusky parts he clear'd, the gross refin'd,
 The drowsy wak'd ; and as he went impress'd
 The Maker's image on the human breast.

Thus was the man amended by desire,
 And, tho' he lov'd perhaps with too much fire,
 His father all his faults with reason scann'd,
 And lik'd an error of the better hand ;
 Excus'd th'excess of passion in his mind,
 By flames too fierce, perhaps too-much refin'd :
 So Cymon, since his fire indulg'd his will,
 Impetuons lov'd, and would be Cymon still ;
 Galefus he disown'd, and chose to bear [fair.
 The name of fool confirm'd, and bishop'd by the

To Cipseus by his friends his suit he mov'd ;
 Cipseus, the father of the fair he lov'd :
 But he was pre-engag'd by former ties,
 While Cymon was endeavoring to be wise ;
 And Iphigene, oblig'd by former vows,
 Had given her faith to wed a foreign spouse.
 Her fire and she to Rhodian Pasimond,
 Tho' both repenting, were by promise bound,
 Nor could retract ; and thus, as fate decreed,
 Tho' better lov'd, he spoke too late to speed.

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The doom was past, the ship, already sent,
Did all his tardy diligence prevent.
Sigh'd to herself the fair unhappy maid,
While stormy Cymon thus in secret said,
The time is come for Iphigene to find
The miracle she wrought upon my mind;
Her charms have made me man, her ravish'd love
In rank shall place me with the blest above.
For mine by love, by force she shall be mine;
Or death, if force should fail, shall finish my
design.

Resolv'd he said; and rigg'd with speedy care
A vessel strong, and well equip'd for war.
The secret ship with chosen friends he stor'd;
And, bent to die or conquer, went aboard.
Ambush'd he lay, behind the Cyprian shore,
Waiting the sail that all his wishes bore;
Nor long expected; for the following tide
Sent out the hostile ship and beauteous bride.

To Rhodes the rival bark directly steer'd,
When Cymon sudden at her back appear'd,
And stopp'd her flight; then, standing on the prow,
In haughty terms he thus defy'd the foe;
Or strike your sails at summons, or prepare
To prove the last extremities of war.

Thus warn'd, the Rhodians for the fight pro-
Already were the vessels side by side; [vide;
These obstinate to save, and those to seize the
bride.

But Cymon soon his crooked grapples cast,
Which with tenacious hold his foes embrac'd,
And, arm'd with sword and shield, amid the
press he pass'd.

Fierce was the fight, but, hast'ning to his prey,
By force the furious lover freed his way:
Himself alone dispers'd the Rhodian crew,
The weak disdain'd, the valiant overthrew;
Cheap conquest for his following friends remain'd,
He reap'd the field, and they but only glean'd.

His victory confess'd, the foes retreat,
And cast the weapons at the victor's feet.
Whom thus he cheer'd: O Rhodian youth, I
fought

For love alone, nor other booty fought:
Your lives are safe; your vessel I resign;
Yours be your own, restoring what is mine.
In Iphigene I claim my rightful due,
Robb'd by my rival, and detain'd by you.
Your Pasimond a lawless bargain drove;
The parent could not sell the daughter's love;
Or, if he could, my love disdains the laws,
And, like a king, by conquest gains his cause.
Where arms take place, all other pleas are vain,
Love taught me force, and force shall love maintain;
You, what by strength you could not keep, release,
And at an easy ransom buy your peace.

Fear on the conquer'd side soon sign'd th' accord,
And Iphigene to Cymon was restor'd:
While to his arms the blushing bride he took,
To seeming sadness she compos'd her look;
As if by force subjected to his will,
Tho' pleas'd, dissembling, and a woman still.
And (for she wept) he wip'd her falling tears,
And pray'd her to dismiss her empty fears;

For yours I am, he said, and have deserv'd
Your love much better, whom so long I serv'd,
Than he to whom your formal father ty'd
Your vows, and sold a slave, not sent a bride.
Thus while he spoke, he seiz'd the willing prey,
As Paris bore the Spartan spouse away.

Faintly she scream'd, and ev'n her eyes confess'd
She rather would be thought, than was distress'd.
Who now exults but Cymon in his mind?
Vain hopes and empty joys of human kind,
Proud of the present, to the future blind!

Secure of fate, while Cymon plows the sea,
And steers to Candy with his conquer'd prey,
Scarce the third glass of measur'd hours was run,
When, like a fiery meteor sunk the sun;
The promise of a storm; the shifting gales
Forsoke by fits, and fill the flagging sails;
Hoarse murmurs of the main from far were heard,
And night came on, not by degrees prepar'd,
But all at once; at once the winds arise,
The thunders roll, the fork lightning flies.

In vain the master issues out commands,
In vain the trembling sailors ply their hands;
The tempest unforeseen prevents their care,
And from the first they labour in despair.
The giddy ship, betwixt the winds and tides,
Forc'd back and forwards, in a circle rides,
Stunn'd with the different blows; then shoots
again,

Till, counterbuff'd, she stops, and sleeps again.
Not more aghast the proud archangel fell,
Plung'd from the height of heav'n to deepest hell,
Than stood the lover of his love possess'd,
Now curs'd the more, the more he had been blest;
More anxious for her danger than his own,
Death he defies; but would be lost alone.

Sad Iphigene to womanish complaints
Adds pious pray'rs, and wearies all the saints;
Ev'n if she could, her love she would repent;
But, since she cannot, dreads the punishment:
Her forfeit faith, and Pasimond betray'd,
Are ever present, and her crime upbraid.
She blames herself, nor blames her lover less,
Augments her anger as her fears increase:
From her own back the burthen would remove,
And lays the load on his ungovern'd love,
Which interposing durst, in Heav'n's despite,
Invade, and violate another's right.

The pow'rs incens'd, a while deferr'd his pain,
And made him master of his vows in vain;
But soon they punish'd his presumptuous pride,
That for his daring enterprise she dy'd,
Who rather not resisted than comply'd.

Then, impotent of mind, with alter'd sense,
She hugg'd th' offender, and forgave th' offence!
Sex to the last. Meantime, with sails declin'd,
The wand'ring vessel drove before the wind;
Toss'd and retoss'd, aloft, and then below,
Nor port they seek, nor certain course they
know,
But ev'ry moment wait the coming blow.
Thus blindly driv'n, by breaking day they
view'd

The land before them, and their fears renew'd;
The

The land was welcome, but the tempest bore
The threaten'd ship against a rocky shore.

A winding bay was near; to this they bent,
And just escap'd; their force already spent,
Secure from storms, and panting from the sea,
The land unknown at leisure they survey;
And saw (but soon their sickly sight withdrew)
The rising tow'rs of Rhodes at distant view;
And curs'd the hostile shore of Pasimond,
Sav'd from the seas, and shipwreck'd on the
ground.

The frighted sailors try'd their strength in vain
To turn the stern, and tempt the stormy main;
But the stiff wind withstood the lab'ring oar,
And forc'd them forward on the fatal shore!
The crooked keel now bites the Rhodian strand,
And the ship moor'd constrains the crew to land;
Yet still they might be safe, because unknown;
But, as ill fortune seldom comes alone,
The vessel they dismiss'd was driv'n before,
Already shelter'd on their native shore;
Known each, they know; but each with change
of cheer;

The vanquish'd side exults, the victors fear;
Not them but theirs; made pris'ners ere they fight,
Despairing conquest, and depriv'd of flight.

The country rings around with loud alarms,
And raw in fields the rude militia swarms;
Mouths without hands, maintain'd at vast ex-
In peace a charge, in war a weak defence: [pence,
Stout once a month they march, a blust'ring
And ever, but in times of need, at hand; [band;
This was the morn when, issuing on the guard,
Drawn up in rank and file, they stood prepar'd
Of seeming arms to make a short essay, [day.
Then hasten to be drunk, the bus'ness of the

The cowards would have fled, but that they
knew

Themselves so many, and their foes so few:
But, crowding on, the last the first impel,
Till overborne with weight the Cyprians fell.
Cymon enslav'd, who first the war begun,
And Iphigene once more is lost and won.

Deep in a dungeon was the captive cast,
Depriv'd of day, and held in fetters fast;
His life was only spar'd at their request,
Whom taken he so nobly had releas'd;
But Iphigenia was the ladies care;
Each in their turn address'd to treat the fair;
While Pasimond and his the nuptial feast prepare.

Her secret soul to Cymon was inclin'd,
But she must suffer what her fates assign'd;
So passive is the church of womankind.
What worse to Cymon could his fortune deal,
Roll'd to the lowest spoke of all her wheel?
It rested to dismiss the downward weight,
Or raise him upward to his former height;
The latter pleas'd; and love (concern'd the most)
Prepar'd th'amends for what by love he lost.

The sire of Pasimond had left a son,
Tho' younger, yet for courage early known,
Ormisda call'd; to whom, by promise ty'd,
A Rhodian beauty was the destin'd bride;

Cassandra was her name; above the rest
Renown'd for birth, with fortune amply blest.
Lyimachus, who rul'd the Rhodian state,
Was then by choice their annual magistrate;
He lov'd Cassandra too with equal fire,
But fortune had not favour'd his desire;
Cross'd by her friends, by her not disapprov'd,
Nor yet prefer'd, or like Ormisda lov'd.
So stood th'affair; some little hope remain'd,
That, should his rival chance to lose, he gain'd.
Mean time young Pasimond his marriage
press'd,

Ordain'd the nuptial day, prepar'd the feast;
And frugally resolv'd (the charge to shun,
Which would be double should he wed alone)
To join his brother's bridal with his own.

Lyimachus, oppress'd with mortal grief,
Receiv'd the news, and study'd quick relief;
The fatal day approach'd; if force were us'd,
The magistrate his public trust abus'd;
To justice liable, as law requir'd;
For, when his office ceas'd his pow'r expir'd.
While pow'r remain'd, the means were in his
hand,

By force to seize, and then forsake the land.
Betwixt extremes he knew not how to move;
A slave to fame, but more a slave to love:
Restraining others, yet himself not free,
Made impotent by pow'r, debas'd by dignity.
Both sides he weigh'd; but after much debate,
The man prevail'd above the magistrate.

Love never fails to master what he finds,
But works a diff'rent way in diff'rent minds,
The fool enlightens, and the wise he blinds.
This youth proposing to possess and 'scape,
Began in murder, to conclude in rape:
Unprais'd by me, tho' Heav'n sometimes may bless
An impious act with undeserv'd success;
The great, it seems, are privileg'd alone
To punish all injustice but their own.
But here I stop, not daring to proceed,
Yet blush to flatter an unrighteous deed;
For crimes are but permitted, not decreed.

Resolv'd on force, his wit the prætor bent,
To find the means that might secure th'event;
Nor long he labour'd; for his lucky thought
In captive Cymon found the friend he sought;
Th'example pleas'd: the cause and crime the
An injur'd lover and a ravish'd dame. [same;
How much he durst he knew by what he dar'd,
The less he had to lose, the less he car'd,
To manage loathsome life when love was the
reward.

This ponder'd well, and fix'd on his intent,
In depth of night he for the pris'ner sent;
In secret sent, the public view to shun,
Then, with a sober smile, he thus begun:
The pow'rs above, who bounteously bestow
Their gifts and graces on mankind below,
Yet prove our merit first, nor blindly give
To such as are not worthy to receive;
For valour and for virtue they provide
Their due reward, but first they must be try'd.

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These fruitful seeds within your mind they sow'd;
 'Twas yours t'improve the talent they bestow'd:
 They gave you to be born of noble kind,
 They gave you love to lighten up your mind,
 And purge the grosser parts; they gave you care
 To please, and courage to deserve the fair.

Thus far they try'd you, and by proof they found

The grain entrusted in a grateful ground;
 But still the great experiment remain'd;
 They suffer'd you to lose the prize you gain'd,
 That you might learn the gift was theirs alone;
 And, when restor'd, to them the blessing own.
 Restor'd it soon will be; the means prepar'd,
 The difficulty smooth'd, the danger shar'd;
 Be but yourself, the care to me resign,
 Then Iphigene is yours, Cassandra mine.
 Your rival Pasimond pursues your life,
 Impatient to revenge his ravish'd wife:
 But yet not his; to-morrow is behind,
 And love our fortunes in one band has join'd:
 Two brothers are our foes; Ormisda mine,
 As much declar'd as Pasimond is thine;
 To-morrow must their common vows be ty'd:
 With love to friend, and fortune for our guide,
 Let both resolve to die, or each redeem a bride.

Right I have none, nor hast thou much to plead;
 'Tis force, when done, must justify the deed;
 Our task perform'd, we next prepare for flight;
 And let the losers talk in vain of right:
 We with the fair will fail before the wind;
 If they are griev'd, I leave the laws behind.
 Speak thy resolves; if now thy courage droop,
 Despair in prison, and abandon hope:
 But if thou dar'st in arms thy love regain
 (For liberty without thy love were vain)
 Then second my design to seize the prey,
 Or lead to second rape, for well thou know'st
 the way.

Said Cymon, overjoy'd, do thou propose
 The means to fight, and only shew the foes:
 For from the first, when love had fir'd my mind,
 Resolv'd I left the care of life behind.

To this the bold Lyfimachus reply'd,
 Let Heav'n be neuter, and the sword decide;
 The 'spouls are prepar'd, already play
 The minstrels, and provoke the tardy day:
 By this the brides are wak'd, their grooms are
 dress'd;

All Rhodes is summon'd to the nuptial feast,
 All but myself, the sole unbidden guest.
 Unbidden tho' I am, I will be there,
 And, join'd by thee, intend to joy the fair.
 Now hear the rest; when day resigns the light,
 And cheerful torches gild the jolly night,
 Be ready at my call; my chosen few
 With arms administer'd shall aid thy crew;
 Then, ent'ring unexpected, will we seize
 Our destin'd prey from men dissolv'd in ease;
 By wine disabl'd, unprepar'd for fight;
 And hast'ning to the seas, suborn our flight:
 The seas are ours, for I command the fort;
 A ship well-mann'd expects us in the port.
 If they, or if their friends, the prize contest,
 Death shall attend the man who dares resist.

It pleas'd! the prisoner to his hold retir'd;
 His troop with equal emulation fir'd, [quir'd.
 All fix'd to fight, and all their wonted work re-
 The sun arose; the streets were throng'd around,
 The palace open'd, and the posts were crown'd.
 The double bridegroom at the door attends
 Th'expected spouse, and entertains the friends;
 They meet, they lead to church, the priests invoke
 The pow'rs, and feed the flames with fragrant
 smoke.

This done, they feast, and at the close of night,
 By kindled torches vary their delight;
 These lead the lively dance, and those the
 brimming bowls invite.

Now at th'appointed place and hour assign'd,
 With souls resolv'd, the ravishers were join'd;
 Three bands are form'd; the first is sent before
 To favour the retreat and guard the shore;
 The second at the palace-gate is plac'd;
 And up the lofty stairs ascend the last;
 A peaceful troop they seem with shining vests,
 But coats of mail beneath secure their breasts.

Dauntless they enter, Cymon at their head,
 And find the feast renew'd, the table spread;
 Sweet voices, mix'd with instrumental sounds,
 Ascend the vaulted roof, the vaulted roof rebounds.
 When, like the harpies rushing through the hall,
 The sudden troop appears, the tables fall,
 Their smoking load is on the pavement thrown;
 Each ravisher prepares to seize his own;
 The brides, invaded with a rude embrace,
 Shriek out for aid, confusion fills the place.
 Quick to redeem the prey their plighted lords
 Advance; the palace gleams with shining swords.

But late is all defence, and succour vain,
 The rape is made, the ravishers remain;
 Two sturdy slaves were only sent before
 To bear the purchas'd prize in safety to the shore,
 The troop retires, the lovers close the rear,
 With forward faces not confessing fear; [mend
 Backward they move, but scorn their pace to
 Then seek the stairs, and with slow haste descend.

Fierce Pasimond, their passage to prevent,
 Thrust full on Cymon's back in his descent,
 The blade return'd unbath'd, and to the han-
 dle bent.

Stout Cymon soon remounts, and cleft in two
 His rival's head with one descending blow;
 And as the next in rank Ormisda stood,
 He turn'd the point; the sword inur'd to blood,
 Bor'd his unguarded breast which pour'd a
 purple flood.

With vow'd revenge the gath'ring crowd pursues,
 The ravishers turn head, the fight renews;
 The hall is heap'd with corps; the sprinkled gore
 Besmears the walls, and floats the marble floor.
 Dispers'd at length the drunken squadron flies,
 The victors to their vessel bear the prize; [cries.
 And hear behind loud groans and lamentable
 The crew with merry shouts their anchor weigh,
 Then ply their oars, and brush the buxom sea,
 While troops of gather'd Rhodians crowd the
 quay.

What should the people do when left alone?
 The governor and government are gone.

The

The public wealth to foreign parts convey'd;
Some troops disbanded, and the rest unpaid.
Rhodes is the sov'reign of the sea no more;
Their ships unrigg'd, and spent their naval store;
They neither could defend, nor can pursue,
But grinn'd their teeth, and cast a helpless view:
In vain with darts a distant war they try,
Short and more short, the missile weapons fly.
Meanwhile the ravishers their crimes enjoy,
And flying sails and sweeping oars employ:
The cliffs of Rhodes in little space are lost;
Jove's isle they seek; nor Jove denies his coast.

In safety landed on the Candian shore,
With gen'rous wines their spirits they restore:
There Cymon with his Rhodian friend resides,
Both court and wed at once the willing brides.
A war ensues; the Cretans own their cause,
Stiff to defend their hospitable laws;
Both parties lose by turns; and neither wins,
Till peace propounded by a truce begins.
The kindred of the slain forgive the deed,
But a short exile must for show precede;
The term expir'd, from Candia they remove,
And happy each, at home, enjoys his love.

§ 32. *A Letter from Italy to the Right Honourable Charles Lord Halifax. In the Year 1701.*

ADDISON.

WHILE you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me into foreign realms my fate conveys,
Thro' nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise,
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And ev'ry stream in heav'nly numbers flows.
How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!
To see the Mincio draw his wat'ry store
Thro' the long windings of a fruitful shore,
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!

Fir'd with a thousand raptures I survey
Eridanus thro' flow'ry meadows stray,
The king of floods! that rolling o'er the plains,
The tow'ring Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.

Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie [dry]
(Dumb are their fountains, and their channels

Yet run for ever by the Muse's skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.

Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shore admire,
That, destitute of strength, derives its course
From thrifty urns and an unfruitful source;
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd;
Till, by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows thro' the world resound;
Where'er the Hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like yours, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse shall shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle,
Or, when transplanted and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air,
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice fer-
ments

To nobler tastes and more exalted scents;
E'en the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flow'rs together rise;
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.

Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry,
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shews unpeopled Rome,
And held uncrowded nations in its womb;
Here pillars rough with sculpture pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts display'd,
Their base degen'rate progeny upbraid;
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below,
And, wond'ring at their height, through airy
channels flow.

Still to new scenes my wand'ring Muse retires;
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires;
Where the smooth chisel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors, in Parian marble frown; [su'd,
While the bright dames to whom they humbly
Still shew the charms that their proud hearts
subdu'd.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show th'immortal labours in my verse, [light,
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A new creation rises to my sight,
Such heav'nly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost;
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that Heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and vines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;
Starves, in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of blifs, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the Sun, and pleasure to the Day.

Thee, goddess, thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft, in fields of death, thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our haven repine,
Tho' o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak
mountains smile. [sight,

Others with tow'ring piles may please the
And in their proud aspiring domes delight;
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbour's pray'r.
The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear, their terrors cease,
And all the northern world lies hush'd in peace.
Th'ambitious Gaul beholds, with secret dread,
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide,
Whom Nassau's arms defend, and counsels guide.

Fir'd with the name, which I so oft have found,
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling muse with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.

But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more advent'rous song.
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow, or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays, [praise.
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's should

§ 33. *The Campaign.* ADDISON.

To his Grace the Duke of Marlborough, 1705.

'.....Rheni pacatur et Istri
'Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
'Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plaudique senator,
'Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.'

CLAUD. de Laud. Silic.

'Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa,
'suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro liber-
'tate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propin-
'quæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti
'junctis præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod
'toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et
'ubique jus, fas, lex, potentissima sint.'

LIV. Hist. lib. 33.

WHILE crowds of princes your deserts
proclaim,

Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders op'ning to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th'important year;
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

The haughty Gaul beheld, with tow'ring pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on ev'ry side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdu'd,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Apennines in vain,
Nor found themselves, with strength of rocks im-
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd; [mur'd,
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course thro' the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd, and anxious for her sov'reign's fates,
Germania trembled thro' a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.

To Britain's queen the nations turn their eyes,
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils, and in Churchill's arms.

Thrice

Thrice happy Britain, from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye;
Thy fav'rites grow not up by fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-try'd faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sov'reign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share;

Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice;
By show'rs of blessings Heav'n approves their
Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost, [choice;
And factions strive who shall applaud them most.

Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly;
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Moselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war.
Delightful stream, had nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul;
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvests for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows.
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great death was near.

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast.
Forming the wond'rous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese;
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow,
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.

Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues!
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Maine he finds
Defensive shadows, and refreshing winds.
Our British youth, with in-born freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their Queen, and love their native soil.

Still to the rising sun they take their way
Thro' clouds of dust, and gain upon the day.
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host,
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches, and the noonday heats.

O'er prostrate towns and palaces they pass
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge; whilst anger and disdain
Fire ev'ry breast, and boil in ev'ry vein.
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,

Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruins climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.

At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview,
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretcht-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of melting spirits, and fermenting blood;
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd;
In hours of peace content to be unknown,
And only in the field of battle shewn:
To souls like these in mutual friendship join'd,
Heav'n dares intrust the cause of humankind.

Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thund'ring peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed, they march with fresh
delight,

Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dew,
The tedious track unrav'ling by degrees;
But when the scent comes warm in ev'ry breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.

The march concludes, the various realms are
past;

Th'immortal Schellenberg appears at last:
Like hills th'aspiring ramparts rise on high;
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;
Batt'ries on batt'ries guard each fatal pass,
Threat'ning destruction; rows of hollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep.
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious
fight,

His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.

The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Ev'ning approach'd; but oh! what host of foes
Were ever to behold that ev'ning close!
Thick'ning their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way;
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracks of death, and laid the battle waste;
Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Thro' flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle kindled into tenfold rage,
With show'rs of bullets, and with storms of fire
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire,
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And lost in one promise'ous carnage lie.

How many gen'rous Britons meet their doom,
New to the field, and heroes in their bloom!
Th'illustrious-youths, that left their native shores
To march where Britons never march'd before

(O fatal

(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse, may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear:
While Marlborough lives, Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging thro' seas of blood his fiery steed
Where'er his friends retire, or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great man, renown'd in arms, forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety, and the world's repose;
Let nations anxious for thy life abate
This scorn of danger, and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;
Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.

At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortify'd in vain;
The war breaks in, the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight, increas'd with swelling
But if the rushing wave a passage finds, [tides;
Enrag'd by wat'ry moons, and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.

The few surviving foes disperse in flight
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In ev'ry rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlborough's form in ev'ry shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night with kind embrace
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.

To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death, destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.

Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancy'd throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,
Nor find it there! surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st th'assistance of the Gallic arms;
The gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, th'aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction, and adorns thy fall.

Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Temp'ring each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the Hero and the Man complete.

Long did he strive th'obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain;
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mix'd with bellowing herds confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in ev'ry brake:
The list'ning soldier fixt in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by gen'rous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.

But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And, while the thick embattled host he views,
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And pray'rs in bitterness of soul preferr'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold in awful march and dread array
The long extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control:
Heat of revenge and noble pride of soul
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Tho' fens and floods possess the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders
stands. [and

But O, my Muse, what numbers wilt thou
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums tumultuous sound
The victors shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul
was prov'd,

That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war:
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,

Inspir'd

Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleas'd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

But see the haughty household-troops advance!
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France.
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a General's love of conquest glows;
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear:
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns;
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights, as in his arm th'important day
And all the fate of his great monarch lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer, how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate!
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death!

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds with wounds transfixt,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mixt,
'Midst heaps of spears and standards driven
around,

Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd.
Troops of bold youths, born on the distant Soane,
Or founding borders of the rapid Rhone,
Or where the Seine her flow'ry fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards
glides,

In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloated corps convey.
From Blenheim's tow'rs the Gaul, with wild af-
Beholds the various havock of the fight; [fright,
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.

Unfortunate Tallard! Oh, who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mixt tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd,
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Choak'd in his blood,—and gasping on the
ground,

Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive wept.
An English Muse is touch'd with gen'rous woe,
And in th'unhappy man forgets the foe!
Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of fate, and chance of war;

Give thy brave foes their due; nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won;
The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.

With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell
The marshes stagnate, and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or 'midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd;
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage, and inglorious chains;
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging King dishonours, to complete
Marlb'rough's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes, and Aug-
sburg's walls,

The distant battle drives th'insulting Gauls:
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescu'd States his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulme th'approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.

The hero's breast still swells with great designs,
In ev'ry thought the tow'ring genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the wide continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd,
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.

What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
And make the series of his toils complete?

Where the swollen Rhine rushing with all its force
Divides the hostile nations in its course,
While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulwark stands,
That all the wide-extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it try'd
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with the prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs;
Hence future triumphs from the war expects;
And, tho' the dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fixt on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats;
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.

The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to incamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream he flies:
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Marlborough's sword, and Hochster's fatal
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets [plain:
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
They fly the conqueror's approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.

Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey;
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the pagan gods his lineage ends,

Comes

Comes from afar, in gratitude, to own
The great supporter of his father's throne:
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in th'embraces of the godlike man!
How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fixt,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mixt,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!

Achilles thus was form'd with ev'ry grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of almighty Rome
(Divinely flusht with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.

The royal youth by Marlborough's presence
charm'd,

Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls;
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's fight.

The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquests crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And blest by rescu'd nations as he goes.

Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms;
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms:
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlborough presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shews how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years;
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey:
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
Th'ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,
The works of ages sunk in one campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.

Such are th'effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her, Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges thro' nations, wheresoe'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind.
By her th'unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye?
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall,
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress,
Make ev'ry subject glad, and a whole people
blest.

Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse
In the smooth records of a faithful verse;
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wond'rous tale,
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in fashions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze.

Marlb'rough's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they
boast,
And those who paint them truest praise them most.

§ 34. *An Allegory on Man.* PARNELL.

A THOUGHTFUL being, long and spare,
Our race of mortals call him Care
(Were Homer living, well he knew
What name the gods have call'd him too);
With fine mechanic genius wrought,
And lov'd to work, tho' no one bought.

This being, by a model bred
In Jove's eternal sable head,
Contriv'd a shape impower'd to breathe,
And be the worldling here beneath.

The man rose staring, like a stake,
Wond'ring to see himself awake!
Then look'd so wise, before he knew
The bus'ness he was made to do;
That, pleas'd to see with what a grace
He gravely shew'd his forward face,
Jove talk'd of breeding him on high,
An under-something of the sky.

But ere he gave the mighty nod,
Which ever binds a Poet's God
(For which his curls ambrosial shake,
And mother Earth's oblig'd to quake)
He saw old mother Earth arise;
She stood confess'd before his eyes;
But not with what we read she wore,
A castle for a crown before,
Nor with long streets and longer roads
Dangling behind her, like commodes:
As yet with wreaths alone she dress'd,
And trail'd a landskip-painted vest.
Then thrice she rais'd, as Ovid said,
And thrice she bow'd her weighty head.

Her honors made, Great Jove, she cry'd,
This thing was fashion'd from my side:
His hands, his heart, his head, are mine;
Then what hast thou to call him thine?

Nay, rather ask, the Monarch said,
What boots his hand, his heart, his head?
Were what I gave remov'd away,
Thy part's an idle shape of clay.

Halves, more than halves! cry'd honest Care
Your pleas would make your titles fair;
You claim the body, you the soul;
But I who join'd them, claim the whole.

Thus with the Gods debate began,
On such a trivial cause as Man.
And can celestial tempers rage?
Quoth Virgil, in a latter age.

As thus they wrangled, Time came by
(There's none that paint him such as I;
For what the fabling ancients sung
Makes Saturn old when Time was young);
As yet his winters had not shed
Their silver honors on his head;
He just had got his pinions free
From his old fire, Eternity.

A serpent girdled round he wore,
The tail within the mouth, before;
By which our almanacs are clear
That learned Egypt meant the year.
A staff he carry'd, where on high
A glass was fix'd to measure by,
As amber boxes made a show
For heads of canes an age ago.
His vest, for day and night, was py'd;
A bending sickle arm'd his side;
And spring's new months his train adorn!
The other Seasons were unborn.

Known by the gods, as near he draws,
They make him umpire of the cause.

O'er a low trunk his arm he laid,
Where since his hours a dial made;
Then, leaning, heard the nice debate,
And thus pronounc'd the words of Fate:

Since body from the parent Earth,
And soul from Jove receiv'd a birth,
Return they where they first began;
But since their union makes the man,
Till Jove and Earth shall part these two,
To Care who join'd them, man is due.

He said, and sprung with swift career
To trace a circle for the year;
Where ever since the Seasons wheel,
And tread on one another's heel.

'Tis well, said Jove; and for consent,
Thund'ring, he shook the firmament.
Our umpire Time shall have his way;
With Care I let the creature stay:
Let business vex him, av'rice blind,
Let doubt and knowledge rack his mind,
Let error act, opinion speak,
And want afflict, and sickness break,
And anger burn, dejection chill,
And joy distract, and sorrow kill;
Till, arm'd by Care, and taught to mow,
Time draws the long destructive blow;
And wasted man, whose quick decay
Comes hurrying on before his day,
Shall only find by this decree,
The soul flies sooner back to me.

§ 35. *The Book-Worm.* PARNEEL.

COME hither, boy, we'll hunt to-day;
The Book-worm, rav'ning beast of prey,
Produc'd by parent Earth, at odds,
As fame reports it with the Gods,
Him frantic hunger wildly drives
Against a thousand authors lives:
Thro' all the fields of wit he flies;
Dreadful his wit with clust'ring eyes,
With horns without, and tusks within,
And scales to serve him for a skin.
Observe him nearly, lest he climb
To wound the Bards of ancient-time,
Or down the vale of Fancy go,
To tear some modern wretch below,
On ev'ry corner fix thine eye,
Or ten to one he slips thee by.

See where his teeth a passage eat:
We'll route him from the deep retreat;
But who the shelter's forc'd to give?
'Tis sacred Virgil, as I live!

From leaf to leaf, from song to song,
He draws the tadpole form along;
He mounts the gilded edge before;
He's up, he scuds the cover o'er;
He turns, he doubles, there he past;
And here we have him, caught at last.

Insatiate brute! whose teeth abuse
The sweetest servants of the Muse.
(Nay, never offer to deny,
I took thee in the fact to fly.)

His roses nipt in ev'ry page,
My poor Anacreon mourns thy rage;
By thee my Ovid wounded lies;
By thee my Lesbia's sparrow dies;
Thy rabid teeth have half destroy'd
The work of love in Biddy Floyd;
They rend Belinda's locks away,
And spoil'd the Blouzelind of Gay.

For all, for ev'ry single deed,
Relentless Justice bids thee bleed.
Then fall a victim to the Nine,
Myself the priest, my desk the shrine.

Bring Homer, Virgil, Tasso near,
To pile a sacred altar here.
Hold, boy, thy hand out-runs thy wit,
You reach'd the plays that Dennis writ;
You reach'd me Philips' rustic strain;
Pray take your mortal bards again.

Come, bind the victim,—there he lies,
And here between his num'rous eyes
This venerable dust I lay,
From manuscripts just swept away.

The goblet in my hand I take
(For the libation's yet to make)
A health to poets! all their days
May they have bread, as well as praise;
Sense may they seek, and less engage
In papers fill'd with party-rage.
But if their riches spoil their vein,
Ye Muses, make them poor again!

Now bring the weapon, yonder blade,
With which my tuneful pens are made.
I strike the scales that arm thee round,
And twice and thrice I print the wound;
The sacred altar floats with red,
And now he dies, and now he's dead.

How like the son of Jove I stand,
This Hydra stretch'd beneath my hand!
Lay bare the monster's entrails here,
To see what dangers threat the year:
Ye Gods! what sonnets on a wench!
What lean translations out of French!

'Tis plain, this lobe is so unsound,
S— prints before the months go round,
But hold, before I close the scene,
The sacred altar should be clean.
Oh had I Shadwell's second bays,
Or, Tate, thy pert and humble lays!
(Ye pair, forgive me, when I vow
I never mis'd your works till now)

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§ 36.

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I'd tear the leaves to wipe the shrine
(That only way you please the Nine);
But since I chance to want these two,
I'll make the songs of Durfey do.

Rent from the corps, on yonder pin,
I hang the scales that brac'd it in;
I hang my studious morning gown,
And write my own inscription down.

' This trophy from the Python won,
' This robe in which the deed was done,
' These, Parnell, glorying in the feat,
' Hung on these shelves, the Muses' feat.
' Here ignorance and hunger found
' Large realms of wit to ravage round:
' Here ignorance and hunger fell:
' Two foes in one I sent to hell.
' Ye poets, who my labours see,
' Come share the triumph all with me!
' Ye Critics! born to vex the Muse,
' Go mourn the grand ally you lose.'

§ 36. *An Imitation of some French Verses.*

PARNELL.

RELENTLESS Time! destroying pow'r,
Whom stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
To work some new decay;
Unheard, unheeded, and unseen,
Thy secret saps prevail,
And ruin man, a nice machine,
By nature form'd to fail.
My change arrives; the change I meet,
Before I thought it nigh.
My spring, my years of pleasure fleet,
And all their beauties die.
In age I search, and only find
A poor unfruitful gain,
Grave Wisdom stalking slow behind,
Oppress'd with loads of pain.
My ignorance could once beguile,
And fancy'd joys inspire;
My errors cherish'd Hope to smile
On newly-born desire.
But now experience shews the bliss
For which I fondly sought,
Not worth the long impatient wish,
And ardour of the thought.
My youth met Fortune fair array'd,
In all her pomp she shone,
And might perhaps have well essay'd,
To make her gifts my own;
But when I saw the blessings show'r
On some unworthy mind,
I left the chace, and own'd the Pow'r
Was justly painted blind.
I pass'd the glories which adorn
The splendid courts of kings,
And while the persons mov'd my scorn,
I rose to scorn the things.

My manhood felt a vig'rous fire,
By love increas'd the more;
But years with coming years conspire
To break the chains I wore.

In weakness safe, the sex I see
With idle lustre shine;
For what are all their joys to me,
Which cannot now be mine?

But hold—I feel my gout decrease,
My troubles laid to rest,
And truths which would disturb my peace
Are painful truths at best.

Vainly the time I have to roll
In sad reflection flies;
Ye fondling passions of my soul!
Ye sweet deceits! arise.

I wisely change the scene within,
To things that us'd to please;
In pain, philosophy is spleen;
In health, 'tis only ease.

§ 37. *An Essay on Poetry.* * BUCKINGHAM.

OF all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high
As sacred and soul-moving Poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch;
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heav'n forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
Dazzling our minds, set off the slightest rhymes:
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too; for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amid conceptions fit:
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but described by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain!
When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence
mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou
return, [away
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me
From pleasures of the night and bus'ness of the
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain [day?
To check thy course and use the needful rein,

* The "Essay on Satire," which was written by this noble author and Mr. Dryden, is printed among the Poems of the latter.

As all is dulness when the fancy's bad,
 So, without judgment, fancy is but mad;
 And judgment has a boundless influence
 Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
 But on the world, on manners, and on men:
 Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
 Reason is that substantial useful part, [heart.
 Which gains the head, while t'other wins the
 Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
 And the whole art of poetry, rehearse;
 But who that task would after Horace do?
 The best of masters, and examples too!
 Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
 Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
 'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease!
 But who with that mean shift himself can please,
 Without an actor's pride? A player's art
 Is above his who writes a borrow'd part.
 Yet modern laws are made for latter faults,
 And new absurdities inspire new thoughts;
 What need has Satire then to live on theft,
 When so much fresh occasion still is left?
 Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
 And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
 But hold, the fool shall have no cause to fear;
 'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:
 Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
 And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
 First then, of songs, which now so much abound;
 Without his song no fop is to be found;
 A most offensive weapon, which he draws
 On all he meets against Apollo's laws.
 Tho' nothing seems more easy, yet no part
 Of poetry requires a nicer art;
 For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
 Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
 The least of which defects is plainly shown
 In one small ring, and brings the value down.
 So songs should beto just perfection wrought;
 Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
 Exact propriety of words and thought;
 Expression easy, and the fancy high;
 Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
 No words transpos'd; but in such order all,
 As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
 Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
 Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
 Such nauseous songs by a late author † made,
 Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
 Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
 Can shock the chafest, or the nicest cloy:
 But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
 Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
 On other themes he well deserves our praise;
 But palls that appetite he meant to raise.

Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
 And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
 The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
 And there too oft despairing love complains:
 In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
 That Phoenix-she deserves to be belov'd;

But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
 Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
 This to the praise of those who better knew;
 The many raise the value of the few.
 But here (as all our sex too oft have try'd)
 Women have drawn my wand'ring thoughts aside.
 Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
 Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
 But should this Muse harmonious numbers yield,
 And ev'ry couplet be with fancy fill'd;
 If yet a just coherence be not made
 Between each thought; and the whole model
 laid

So right, that every line might higher rise,
 Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies,
 Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
 And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
 'Tis epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
 But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
 No * Panegyric, nor a † Cooper's Hill.

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
 Are Odes: the Muses most unruly horse,
 That bounds so fierce, the rider has no rest,
 Here foams at mouth, and moves like one posses't.
 The poet here must be indeed inspir'd
 With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
 Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
 Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
 But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
 Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.
 Though all appear in heat and fury done,
 The language still must soft and easy run.
 These laws may sound a little too severe;
 But judgment yields, and fancy governs here;
 Which, though extravagant, this Muse allows,
 And makes the work much easier than it shows.

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
 To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
 Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
 And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
 'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
 Without repeating things said oft before:
 Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
 That stain a beauty which we so much love.
 Of chosen words some take not care enough,
 And think they should be as the subject, rough;
 This poem must be more exactly made,
 And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words con-
 vey'd.

Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
 As if their only bus'ness was to rail:
 But human frailty nicely to unfold,
 Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
 Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
 A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
 So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
 Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
 The Laureat ‡ here may justly claim our praise,
 Crown'd by Mac Flecknoe § with immortal bays;
 Yet once his Pegasus ¶ has borne dead weight,
 Rid by some lumpish minister of state.

† The Earl of Rochester. — It may be observed, however, that many of the worst songs ascribed to this nobleman were spurious. * Waller's. † Denham's. ‡ Mr. Dryden. § A famous satirical Poem of his. ¶ A poem call'd The Hind and Panther.

Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprize before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar;
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;
But yet, incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes ev'ry feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last;
So (tho' too weak for such a weighty thing)
The Muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warn the bold?
On then, my Muse, advent'rously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays to great a grace,
Are, tho' but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First then, Soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us;
Th'occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario† confesses all.

Figures of speech, that poets think so fine
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair fine things to force,
Must needs succeed; for who can chuse but pity
A dying hero miserably witty?
But oh! the Dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shuttle-cock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime;
They sigh in Simile, and dye in Rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets
thought,

By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay, more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.
All this united yet, but makes a part
Of Dialogue, that great and pow'rful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.

Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakespeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider then, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
For tho' in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand sev'ral ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.
Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster — which the world ne'er
saw.

Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew;
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design, compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mar ev'ry place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss. [place,

Think not so much where shining thoughts to
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice;
The player too must be before your eyes;
And tho' 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show
Expose no single sop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way,
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor sop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from ev'ry flow'r
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use;
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff* stands inimitable yet.

Another fault, which often may befall,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow; that is, be none at all —
That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if poss. st,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit, avoid,
With which our rage so nauseously is clov'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.

But since the poets we of late have known,
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of the f.

First a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where ev'ry reason is exactly weigh'd;

† In Philaster, a play, of Beaumont and Fletcher.

* The matchless character of Shakespeare.

Which once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums ;
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves :
But some sad accident, tho' yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone ;
He strait grows jealous, tho' we know not why ;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die :
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels ;
And yet bequeaths her, generously now,
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know !
Who strait appears ; but who can fate withstand ?
Too late, alas ! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke !
At which his very rival's heart is broke :
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind !
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.
What shameful and what monstrous things are
these !

And then they rail at those they cannot please ;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's Head ;
When the intrinsic value of the stage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age :
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time ;
But that must fail, which now so much o'er-rules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.

By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The Epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense ;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought
forth !

Homer and Virgil ! with what sacred awe
Do these mere founds the world's attention draw ?
Just as the changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather is a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd, we find
As much above the rest of human kind !
Nature's whole strength united ! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name !
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean so poor,
Verse will seem prose ; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of
skill ;

As something of divine the work admir'd ;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd :
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shewn where all the mighty magic lies ;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure, from some angel he the secret knew,
Who thought this labyrinth has lent the clue.

But what, alas ! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind ?

The way is shewn, but who has strength to go ?
Who can all sciences profoundly know ?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak Reason's fight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right ?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much ?
Let such a man begin without delay ;
But he must do beyond what I can say ;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

§. 38. *The Chace.* SOMERVILLE.

BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

The subject proposed. Address to his Royal Highness the Prince. The origin of hunting. The rude and unpolished manner of the first hunters. Beasts at first hunted for food and sacrifice. The grant made by God to man of the beasts, &c. The regular manner of hunting first brought into this island by the Normans. The best hounds and best horses bred here. The advantage of this exercise to us as islanders. Address to gentlemen of estates. Situation of the kennel, and its several courts. The diversion and employment of hounds in the kennel. The different sorts of hounds for each different chace. Description of a perfect hound. Of fixing and sorting of hounds ; the middle sized hound recommended. Of the large deep-mouthed hound for hunting the stag and otter. Of the lime-hound ; their use on the borders of England and Scotland. A physical account of scents. Of good and bad scenting days. A short admonition to my brethren of the couples.

THE Chace I sing, hounds and their various
breed,
And no less various use. O thou great Prince !
Whom Cambria's tow'ring hills proclaim their
lord,
Deign thou to hear my bold instructive song.
While grateful citizens with pompous shew,
Rear the triumphal arch, rich with th'exploits
Of thy illustrious house ; while virgins pave
Thy way with flow'rs, and as the Royal Youth
Passing they view, admire, and sigh in vain ;
While crowded theatres, too fondly proud
Of their exotic minstrels and shrill pipes,
The price of manhood, hail thee with a song,
And airs soft-warbling, my hoarse-sounding horn
Invites thee to the Chace, the sport of kings ;
Image of war without its guilt. The Muse
Aloft on wing shall soar, conduct with care
Thy foaming courser o'er the steepy rock,
Or on the river bank receive thee safe,
Light bounding o'er the wave from shore to shore.
Be thou our great protector, gracious Youth ;
And if, in future times, some envious prince,
Careless of right and guileful, should invade
Thy Britain's commerce, or should strive in vain
To wrest the balance from thy equal hand,
Thy hunter-train in cheerful green array'd

(A band

(A band undaunted and incur'd to toils)
 Shall compass thee around, die at thy feet,
 Or hew thy passage thro' th'embattled foe,
 And clear thy way to fame: inspir'd by thee,
 The nobler Chace of glory shall pursue [death.
 Thro' fire, and smoke, and blood, and fields of

Nature, in her productions flow, aspires
 By just degrees to reach perfection's height:
 So mimic Art works leisurely, till Time
 Improve the piece, or wise Experience give
 The proper finishing. When Nimrod bold,
 That mighty hunter! first made war on beasts,
 And stain'd the woodland green with purple dye,
 New and unpolish'd was the huntsman's art;
 No stated rule; his wanton will his guide.
 With clubs and stones, rude implements of war!
 He arm'd his savage bands, a multitude
 Untrain'd; of twining osiers form'd, they pitch
 Their artless toils, then range the desert hills,
 And scour the plains below: the trembling herd
 Start at th'unusual sound, and clam'rous shout
 Unheard before; surpriz'd, alas! to find
 Man now their foe, whom erst they deem'd their
 lord,

But mild and gentle, and by whom as yet
 Secure they graz'd. Death stretches o'er the plain
 Wide wafting, and grim Slaughter red with blood;
 Urg'd on by hunger keen, they wound, they kill;
 Their rage licentious knows no bound: at last,
 Incumber'd with their spoils, joyful they bear
 Upon their shoulders broad the bleeding prey.
 Part on their altars smokes, a sacrifice
 To that all-gracious Pow'r whose bounteous hand
 Supports his wide creation; what remains,
 On living coals they broil, inelegant
 Of taste, nor skill'd as yet in nicer arts
 Of pamper'd luxury. Devotion pure,
 And strong necessity, thus first began
 The Chace of beasts; tho' bloody was the deed,
 Yet without guilt; for the green herb alone
 Unequal to sustain man's lab'ring race,
 Now ev'ry moving thing that liv'd on earth
 Was granted him for food*. So just is Heav'n,
 To give us in proportion to our wants.

Or chance or industry in after-times
 Some few improvements made, but short as yet
 Of due perfection. In this isle remote
 Our painted ancestors were slow to learn;
 To arms devote, in the politer arts
 Nor skill'd nor studious; till from Neustria's coasts
 Victorious William to more decent rules
 Subdu'd our Saxon fathers; taught to speak
 The proper dialect, with horn and voice
 To cheer the busy hound, whose well-known cry
 His list'ning peers approve with joint acclaim.
 From him successive huntsmen learn'd to join
 In bloody social leagues the multitude
 Dispers'd, to fize, to fort their various tribes;
 To rear, feed, hunt, and discipline the pack.

Hail, happy Britain! highly favour'd Isle,
 And Heav'n's peculiar care! to thee 'tis giv'n
 To train the sprightly steed, more fleet than those
 Begot by winds, or the celestial breed

That bore the great Pelides thro' the press
 Of heroes arm'd, and broke their crouded ranks;
 Which proudly neighing, with the sun begins
 Cheerful his course, and ere his beams decline,
 Has measur'd half thy surface unfatigu'd.

In thee alone, fair land of Liberty!
 Is bred the perfect bound, in scent and speed
 As yet unrival'd, while in other climes
 Their virtue fails, a weak degenerate race.
 In vain malignant steams and winter fogs
 Load the dull air, and hover round our coasts;
 The huntsman, ever gay, robust, and bold,
 Defies the noxious vapour, and confides
 In this delightful exercise, to raise
 His drooping head, and cheer his heart with joy.

Ye vig'rous Youths! by smiling fortune blest
 With large demesnes, hereditary wealth,
 Heap'd copious by your wise forefathers care,
 Hear and attend! while I the means reveal
 To enjoy those pleasures, for the weak too strong,
 Too costly for the poor: to rein the steed
 Swift stretching o'er the plain, to cheer the pack
 Op'ning in concerts of harmonious joy,
 But breathing death. What tho' the gripe severe
 Of brazen-fitted time, and flow disease
 Creeping thro' ev'ry vein and nerve unstrung,
 Afflict my shatter'd frame, undaunted still,
 Fix'd as a mountain-ash, that braves the bolts
 Of angry Jove, tho' blasted yet unfall'n;
 Still can my soul in Fancy's mirror view
 Deeds glorious once, recal the joyous scene
 In all its splendors deck'd, o'er the full bowl
 Recount my triumphs past, urge others on
 With hand and voice, and point the winding way;
 Pleas'd with that social sweet garrulity,
 The poor disbanded ver'ran's sole delight.

First let the kennel be the huntsman's care,
 Upon some little eminence erect,
 And fronting to the ruddy dawn; its courts
 On either hand wide op'ning to receive
 The sun's all-cheering beams, when mild he shines,
 And gilds the mountain tops: for much the pack
 (Rous'd from their dark alcoves) delight to stretch,
 And bask in his invigorating ray.
 Wain'd by the streaming light and merry lark,
 Forth rush the jolly clan; with tuneful throats
 They carol loud, and in grand chorus join'd
 Salute the new-born day: for not alone
 The vegetable world, but men and brutes
 Own his reviving influence, and joy
 At his approach. Fountain of Light! if chance
 Some envious cloud veil thy refulgent brow,
 In vain the Muse's aid; untouch'd, unstrung,
 Lies my mute harp, and thy desponding bard
 Sits darkly musing o'er th'unfinish'd lay.

Let no Corinthian pillars prop the dome,
 A vain expence! on charitable deeds
 Better dispos'd, to clothe the tatter'd wretch
 Who shrinks beneath the blast; to feed the poor
 Pinch'd with afflictive want. For use, not state,
 Gracefully plain, let each apartment rise.
 O'er all let cleanliness preside, no scraps
 Bestrew the pavement, and no half-pick'd bones

* Gen. chap. ix. ver. 3.

To kindle fierce debate, or to disgust
That nicer sense on which the sportsman's hope
And all its future triumphs must depend.
Soon as the growling pack with eager joy
Have lapp'd their smoking viands, morn or eve,
From the full cistern lead the ductile streams,
To wash thy court well-pav'd, nor spare thy pains;
For much to health will cleanliness avail.
Seek 't thou for hounds to climb the rocky steep,
And brush th'entangled covert, whose nice scent
O'er greasy fallows and frequented roads
Can pick the dubious way? Banish far off
Each noisome stench, let no offensive smell
Invade thy wide inclosure, but admit
The nitrous air and purifying breeze.

Water and shade no less demand thy care.
In a large square th'adjacent field inclose;
There plant in equal ranks the spreading elm
Or fragrant lime; most happy thy design,
If at the bottom of thy spacious court
A large canal, fed by the chrysal brook,
From its transparent bosom shall reflect
Thy downward structure and inverted grove.
Here when the sun's too potent gleams annoy
The crowded kennel and the drooping pack,
Restless and faint, loll their unmoisten'd tongues,
And drop their feeble tails to cooler shades,
Lead forth the panting tribe; soon shalt thou find
The cordial breeze their fainting hearts revive:
Tumultuous soon they plunge into the stream,
There lave their reeking sides; with greedy joy
Gulp down the flying wave; this way and that
From shore to shore they swim, while clamour loud,
And wild uproar torments the troubled flood:
Then on the sunny bank they roll and stretch
Their dripping limbs, or else in wanton rings
Coursing around, pursuing and pursu'd,
The merry multitude disporting play.

But here with watchful and observant eye
Attend their frolics, which too often end
In bloody broils and death. High o'er thy head
Wave thy resounding whip, and with a voice
Fierce menacing, o'er-rule the stern debate,
And quench their kindling rage; for oft in sport
Begun combat ensues; growling they snarl,
Then on their haunches rear'd, rampant they seize
Each others throats; with teeth and claws in gore
Besiear'd, they wound, they tear, till on the
ground,

Panting, half dead the conquer'd champion lies:
Then sudden all the base ignoble crowd,
Loud-clam'ring, seize the helpless, worry'd wretch,
And, thirsting for his blood, drag different ways
His mangled carcase on th'ensanguin'd plain.
O breasts of pity void! oppress the weak,
To point your vengeance at the friendless head,
And with one mutual cry insult the fall'n!
Emblem too just of man's degen'rate race.
Others apart, by native instinct led,
Knowing instructor! 'mong the ranker grass
Cull each salubrious plant, with bitter juice
Concoctive stor'd, and potent to allay
Each vicious ferment. Thus the hand divine
Of Providence, beneficent and kind

To all his creatures, for the brutes prescribes
A ready remedy, and is himself
Their great Physician. Now grown stiff with age,
And many a painful chace, the wise old hound,
Regardless of the frolic pack, attends
His master's side, or slumbers at his ease
Beneath the bending shade; there many a ring
Runs o'er in dreams; now on the doubtful foil
Puzzles perplex'd, or doubles intricate,
Cautious unfolds, then, wing'd with all his speed,
Bounds o'er the lawn to seize his panting prey,
And in imperfect whimprings speaks his joy.

A different hound for ev'ry different Chace
Select with judgment; nor the tim'rous hare
O'ermatch'd destroy, but leave that vile offence
To the mean, murd'rous, coursing crew, intent
On blood and spoil. O blast their hopes, just
And all their painful drudgeries repay [Heav'n!
With disappointment and severe remorse;
But husband thou thy pleasures, and give scope
To all her subtle play. By Nature led,
A thousand shifts she tries: t'unravel these
Th'industrious beagle twists his waving tail,
Thro' all her labyrinths pursues, and rings
Her doleful knell. See there, with count'nance
blithe,

And with a courtly grin, the fawning hound
Salutes thee cowering; his wide op'ning nose
Upward he curls, and his large sloe-black eyes
Melt in soft blandishments and humble joy:
His glossy skin, or yellow, pied, or blue,
In lights or shades by Nature's pencil drawn,
Reflects the various tints; his ears and legs,
Fleck'd here and there, in gay enamell'd pride
Rival the speckled pard; his rush-grown tail
O'er his broad back bends in an ample arch:
On shoulders clean, upright and firm he stands:
His round cat-foot, straight hams, and wide-
spread thighs,

And his low-dropping chest, confess his speed,
His strength, his wind, or on the steepy hill
Or far-extended plain: in ev'ry part
So well-proportion'd, that the nicer skill
Of Phidias himself can't blame thy choice:
Of such compose thy pack. But here a mean
Observe, nor the large hound prefer, of size
Gigantic; he in the thick-woven covert
Painfully tugs, or in the thorny brake
Torn and embarrass'd, bleeds: but if too small,
The pigmy brood in ev'ry furrow swims;
Moil'd in the clogging clay, panting they lag
Behind inglorious; or else shiv'ring creep,
Benumb'd and faint, beneath the shelt'ring thorn:
For hounds of middle size, active and strong,
Will better answer all thy various ends,
And crown thy pleasing labours with success.

As some brave captain, curious and exact,
By his fix'd standard forms in equal ranks
His gay battalion, as one man they move,
Step after step, their size the same, their arms
Far-gleaming, dart the same united blaze;
Reviewing generals his merit own;
How regular! how just! and all his cares
Are well repaid if mighty George approve:

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So model thou thy pack, if honour touch
Thy gen'rous soul, and the world's just applause.
But above all take heed, nor mix thy hounds
Of diff'rent kinds; discordant sounds shall grate
Thy ears offended, and a lagging line
Of babbling curs disgrace thy broken pack.
But if th'amphibious otter be thy Chace,
Or stately stag, that o'er the woodland reigns;
Or if th'harmonious thunder of the field
Delight thy ravish'd ears; the deep-flew'd hound
Breed up with care, strong, heavy, slow, but sure;
Whose ears down-hanging from his thick round
head,

Shall sweep the morning dew, whose clanging voice
Awake the mountain Echo in her cell,
And shake the forests: the bold Talbot kind
Of these the prime, as white as Alpine snows,
And great their use of old. Upon the banks
Of Tweed, slow winding thro' the vale, the seat
Of war and rapine once, ere Britons knew
The sweets of peace, or Anna's dread commands
To lasting leagues the haughty rivals aw'd,
There dwelt a pilf'ring race, well train'd and skill'd
In all the mysteries of theft, the spoil
Their only substance, feuds and war their sport;
Not more expert in ev'ry fraudulent art
Th'arch felon* was of old, who by the tail
Drew back his lowing prize. In vain his wiles,
In vain the shelter of the cov'ring rock,
In vain the footy cloud and ruddy flames
That issu'd from his mouth; for soon he paid
His forfeit life; a debt how justly due
To wrong'd Alcides and avenging Heav'n!
Veil'd in the shades of night they ford the stream,
Then prowling far and near, whate'er they seize
Becomes their prey; nor flocks nor herds are safe,
Nor stalls protect the steer, nor strong-barr'd doors
Secure the fav'rite horse. Soon as the morn
Reveals his wrongs, with ghastly visage wan
The plunder'd owner stands, and from his lips
A thousand thronging curses burst their way:
He calls his stout allies, and in a line
His faithful hound he leads, then with a voice
That utters loud his rage, attentive cheers:
Soon the sagacious brute, his curling tail
Flourish'd in air, low bending plies around
His busy nose, the steaming vapour snuffs
Inquisitive, nor leaves one turf untry'd,
Till, conscious of the recent stains, his heart
Beats quick; his snuffing nose, his active tail,
Attest his joy; then with deep op'ning mouth,
That makes the welkin tremble, he proclaims
Th'audacious felon: foot by foot he marks
His winding way, while all the list'ning crowd
Applaud his reas'nings. O'er the wat'ry ford,
Dry sandy heaths, and stony barren hills,
O'er beaten paths, with men and beasts distain'd,
Unerring he pursues, till at the cot
Arriv'd, and seizing by his guilty throat
The caitiff vile, redeems the captive prey:
So exquisitely delicate his sense!—
Should some more curious sportsman here inquire
Whence this sagacity, this wondrous pow'r

Of tracing step by step or man or brute?
What guide invisible points out their way
O'er the dank marsh, bleak hill, and sandy plain?
The courteous Muse shall the dark cause reveal.
The blood that from the heart incessant rolls
In many a crimson tide, than here and there
In smaller rills disparted, as it flows
Propell'd, the serous particles evade
Thro' th'open pores, and with the ambient air
Entangling mix. As fuming vapours rise,
And hang upon the gently-purling brook,
There by th'incumbent atmosphere compress'd,
The panting Chace grows warmer as he flies,
And thro' the net-work of the skin perspires,
Leaves a long-streaming trail behind, which by
The cooler air condens'd, remains, unless
By some rude storm dispers'd, or rarify'd
By the meridian sun's intenser heat.
To ev'ry shrub the warm effluvia cling,
Hang on the grafs, impregnate earth and skies.
With nostrils op'ning wide, o'er hill, o'er dale,
The vig'rous hounds pursue, with ev'ry breath
Inhale the grateful steam, quick pleasures sting
Their tingling nerves, while they their thanks
And in triumphant melody confess [repay,
The titillating joy. Thus on the air
Depend the hunter's hopes. When ruddy streaks
At eve forebode a blust'ring stormy day,
Or lowring clouds blacken the mountain's brow,
When nipping frosts, and the keen-biting blasts
Of the dry-parching east, menace the trees,
With tender blossoms teeming, kindly spare
Thy sleeping pack, in their warm beds of straw
Low-sinking at their ease; listless, they shrink
Into some dark recess, nor hear thy voice,
Tho' oft invoc'd; or haply if thy call
Rouse up the slumb'ring tribe, with heavy eyes,
Glaz'd, lifeless, dull, downward they drop their
Inverted; high on their bent backs erect [tails
Their pointed bristles stare, or 'mong the tufts
Of ranker weeds each stomach-healing plant
Curious they crop, sick, spiritless, forlorn.
These inauspicious days on other cares
Employ thy precious hours; th'improving friend
With open arms embrace, and from his lips
Glean science, season'd with good-natur'd wit:
But if th'inclement skies and angry Jove
Forbid the pleasing intercourse, thy books
Invite thy ready hand; each sacred page
Rich with the wise remarks of heroes old.
Converse familiar with th'illustrious dead;
With great examples of old Greece or Rome
Enlarge thy free-born heart, and bless kind Heav'n
That Britain yet enjoys dear Liberty,
That balm of life, that sweetest blessing, cheap
Tho' purchas'd with our blood. Well-bred, polite,
Credit thy calling. See! how mean, how low,
The bookless saunt'ring youth, proud of the skut
That dignifies his cap, his flourish'd belt,
And rusty couples jingling by his side!
Be thou of other mould; and know that such
Transporting pleasures were by Heav'n ordain'd
Wisdom's relief, and Virtue's great reward.

* Cacus, Virg. *Æn.* lib. viii.

§ 39. *The Chase.* SOMERVILLE.

BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the power of instinct in brutes. Two remarkable instances in the hunting of the roebuck, and in the hare going to seat in the morning. Of the variety of seats or forms of the hare, according to the change of the season, weather, or wind. Description of the hare-hunting in all its parts, interspersed with rules to be observed by those who follow that chase. Transition to the Asiatic way of hunting, particularly the magnificent manner of the Great Mogul, and other Tartarian princes, taken from Monsieur Bernier, and the history of Gengiskan the Great. Concludes with a short reproof of tyrants and oppressors of mankind.

NOR will it less delight th'attentive sage
To observe that instinct, which unerring guides
The brutal race, which mimics Reason's lore,
And oft transcends. Heav'n-taught, the roe-
buck swift

Loiters at ease before the driving pack,
And mocks their vain pursuit, nor far he flies,
But checks his ardour, till the steaming scent
That freshens on the blade provokes their rage.
Urg'd to their speed, his weak deluded foes
Soon flag fatigu'd; strain'd to excess each nerve,
Each slacken'd sinew fails; they pant, they foam;
Then o'er the lawn he bounds, o'er the high hills
Stretches secure, and leaves the scatter'd crowd
To puzzle in the distant vale below.

'Tis instinct that directs the jealous hare
To chuse her soft abode. With step revers'd
She forms the doubling maze; then ere the morn
Peeps thro' the clouds, leaps to her close recess.

As wand'ring shepherds on th' Arabian plains
No settled residence observe, but shift
Their moving camp, now on some cooler hill,
With cedars crown'd, court the refreshing breeze,
And then below, where trickling streams distil
From some penurious source, their thirst allay,
And feed their fainting flocks; so the wise hares
Oft quit their seats, lest some more curious eye
Should mark their haunts, and, by dark treach-
'rous wiles,

Plot their destruction; or perchance, in hopes
Of plenteous forage, near the ranker mead
Or matted blade wary and close they sit.
When spring shines forth, season of love and joy,
In the moist marsh, 'mong beds of rushes hid,
They cool their boiling blood. When summer suns
Bake the cleft earth, to thick wide-waving fields
Of corn full grown they lead their helpless young;
But when autumnal torrents and fierce rains
Deluge the vale, in the dry crumbling bank
Their forms they delve, and cautiously avoid
The dripping covert; yet, when winter's cold
Their limbs benumbs, thither with speed return'd,
In the long grafs they sculk, or shrinking creep
Among the wither'd leaves: thus changing still
As fancy prompts them, or as food invites.
But ev'ry season carefully observ'd,

Th'inconstant winds, the fickle element,
The wise experienc'd huntsman soon may find
His subtle, various game, nor waste in vain
His tedious hours, till his impatient hounds,
With disappointment vex'd, each springing lark
Babbling pursue, far scatter'd o'er the fields.

Now golden Autumn, from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties show'rs; the fields are thorn,
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase: his barns are stor'd,
And groaning saddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblam'd.
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord aw'd;
But courteous now he levels ev'ry fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charm'd with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh! bear me, some kind Pow'r invisible!
To that extended lawn, where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal!
Games more renown'd, and a far nobler train
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right;
Or to those spacious plains, where the strain'd eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Saron's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces thro' the clouds; or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold! where the well-breath'd beagle
climbs,

With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.

Hail, gentle Dawn! mild blushing goddess,
Rejoic'd, I see thy purple mantle spread [hail!
O'er half the skies, gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from ev'ry shrub depend.
Farewell Cleora! here, deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amus'd,
Till grateful steams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids,
The toilette plac'd, shall urge thee to perform
Th'important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awak'd,
Their matins chaunt, nor brook my long delay;
My courser hears their voice: see there! with ears
And tail erect, neighing he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his redd'ning eyes,
And boils in ev'ry vein. As captive boys,
Cow'd by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks
If once dismiss'd, no limits can contain
The tumult rais'd within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play,
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstacy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulg'd, and liberty restor'd.
The rising sun, that o'er th'horizon peeps,
As many colours from their ghostly skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April show'rs descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay! men, horses, dogs,

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And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh-blooming health and universal joy.

Huntsman, lead on; behind the clust'ring pack
Submiss attend, hear with respect thy whip
Loud-clanging, and thy harsher voice obey.
Spare not the straggling cur that wildly roves,
But let thy brisk assistant on his back
Imprint thy just resentments; let each lash
Bite to the quick, till howling he returns,
And whining creep amid the trembling crowd.

Here on this verdant spot, where Nature kind
With double blessings crowns the farmer's hopes,
Where flow'rs autumnal spring, and the rank mead
Affords the wand'ring hares a rich repast,
Throw off thy ready pack. See where they spread,
And range around, and dash the glitt'ring dew!
If some staunch hound, with his authentic voice,
Avow the recent trail, the jostling tribe
Attend his call; then with one mutual cry
The welcome news confirm, and echoing hills
Repeat the pleasing tale. See how they thread
The brakes, and up yon furrow drive along!
But quick they back recoil, and wisely check
Their eager haste; then o'er the fallow'd ground
How leisurely they work, and many a pause
Th'harmonious concert breaks, till more assur'd,
With joy redoubled the low vallies ring.

What artful labyrinths perplex their way!
Ah, there she lies! how close!—she pants; she
If now she lives: she trembles as she sits, [doubts
With horror seiz'd. The wither'd grafs that
Around her head, of the same russet hue, [clings
Almost deceive my sight, had not her eyes
With life full beaming her vain wiles betray'd.
At distance draw thy pack; let all be hush'd;
No clamour loud, no frantic joy, be heard,
Lest the wild hound run gadding o'er the plain
Untractable, nor hear thy chiding voice.
Now gently put her off; see how direct [bring
To her known mew she flies! Here, huntsman,
(But without hurry) all thy jolly hounds,
And calmly lay them in. How low they stoop,
And seem to plough the ground! then all at once
With greedy nostrils snuff the fuming steam [loose
That glads their flutt'ring hearts. As winds let
From the dark caverns of the blust'ring god
They burst away, and sweep the dewy lawn.
Hope gives them wings while she's spur'd on by
fear. [woods,

The welkin rings; men, dogs, hills, rocks, and
In the full concert join. Now, my brave youths!
Stripp'd for the Chace, give all your souls to joy.
See how their courfers, than the mountain's roe
More fleet, the verdant carpet skim! thick clouds
Snorting they breathe, their shining hoofs scarce
The grafs unbruish'd; with emulation fir'd [print
They strain to lead the field, top the barr'd gate,
O'er the deep ditch exulting bound, and brush
The thorny-twining hedge; the riders bend
O'er their arch'd necks; with steady hands, by
Indulge their speed, or moderate their rage. [turns
Where are their sorrows, disappointments, wrongs,
Vexations, sickness, cares? All, all are gone!
And with the panting winds lag far behind.

Huntsman, her gait observe; if in wide rings

She wheel her mazy way, in the same round
Persisting still, she'll foil the beaten track;
But if she fly, and with the fav'ring wind
Urge her bold course, less intricate thy task;
Push on thy pack. Like some poor exil'd wretch
The frighted Chace leaves her late dear abodes,
O'er plains remote she stretches far away,
Ah! never to return! for greedy Death
Hov'ring exults, secure to seize his prey. [oak

Hark! from yon covert, where those tow'ring
Above the humble copse aspiring rise,
What glorious triumphs burst in ev'ry gale
Upon our ravish'd ears! The hunters shout,
The clanging horns swell their sweet winding
notes,

The pack wide op'ning, load the trembling air
With various melody; from tree to tree
The propagated cry redoubling bounds,
And winged zephyrs waft the floating joy
Thro' all the regions near. Afflictive birch
No more the school-boy dreads; his prison broke,
Scamp'ring he flies, nor heeds his master's call.
The weary traveller forgets his road, [leaves
And climbs th'adjacent hill. The ploughman
Th'unfinish'd furrow; nor his bleating flocks
Are now the shepherd's joy. Men, boys, and girls,
Desert th'unpeopled village, and wild crowds
Spread o'er the plain, by the sweet frenzy seiz'd.
Look how she pants! and o'er yon op'ning glade
Slips glancing by; while at the further end
The puzzling pack unravel wile by wile,
Maze within maze! The covert's utmost bound
Slily she skirts; behind them cautious creeps,
And in that very track so lately stain'd
By all the steaming crowd, seems to pursue
The foe she flies. Let cavillers deny
That brutes have reason; sure 'tis something more;
'Tis Heav'n directs, and stratagems inspires
Beyond the short extent of human thought.
But hold—I see her from the covert break;
Sad on yon little eminence she sits;
Intent she listens with one ear erect,
Pond'ring, and doubtful what new course to take,
And how to 'scape the fierce blood-thirsty crew
That still urge on, and still in volleys loud
Insult her woes, and mock her fore distress.
As now in louder peals the loaded winds
Bring on the gath'ring storm, her fears prevail,
And o'er the plain, and o'er the mountain's ridge,
Away she flies; nor ships with wind and tide,
And all their canvas wings, scud half so fast.
Once more, ye jovial train, your courage try,
And each clean courser's speed. We scour along
In pleasing hurry, and confusion tofs'd,
Oblivion to be wish'd. The patient pack
Hang on the scent unwearied; up they climb,
And ardent we pursue: our lab'ring steeds
We press, we gore, till once the summit gain'd,
Painfully panting: there we breathe a while;
Then, like a foaming torrent pouring down
Precipitant, we smoke along the vale.
Happy the man who with unrivall'd speed
Can pass his fellows, and with pleasure view
The struggling pack! how in the rapid course
Alternate they preside, and jostling push

To guide the dubious scent; how giddy youth
Oft blabb'ring errs, by wiser age reprov'd;
How, niggard of his strength, the wise old hound
Hangs in the rear, till some important point
Rouse all his diligence, or till the Chace
Sinking he finds; then to the head he springs,
With thirst of glory fir'd, and wins the prize.
Huntman, take heed! they stop in full career:
Yon crowding flocks, that at a distance gaze,
Have haply foil'd the turf. See that old hound,
How busily he works, but dares not trust
His doubtful sense! Draw yet a wider ring.
Hark! now again the chorus fills. As bells,
Sally'd a while, at once their peal renew,
And high in air the tuneful thunder rolls.
See how they toss, with animated rage
Recov'ring all they lost!—That eager haste
Some doubling wile foresees.—Ah! yet once
more

They're check'd—Hold back with speed—On
They flourish round--ev'n yet persist--'Tis right;
Away they spring; the rustling stubbles bend
Beneath the driving storm. Now the poor Chace
Begins to flag, to her last shifts reduc'd.
From brake to brake she flies, and visits all
Her well-known haunts, where once the rang'd
secure,

With love and plenty blest'd. See! there she goes;
She reels along, and by her gait betrays
Her inward weakness. See how black she looks!
The sweat that clogs th'obstructed pores scarce
A languid scent. And now in open view [leaves
See, see! she flies; each eager hound exerts
His utmost speed, and stretches ev'ry nerve.
How quick she turns, their gaping jaws eludes,
And yet a moment lives, till round enclos'd
By all the greedy pack, with infant screams
She yields her breath, and there reluctant dies!
So when the furious Bacchanals assail'd
Threïcian Orpheus, poor ill-fated Bard!
Loud was the cry; hills, woods, and Hebrus'
banks,

Return'd their clam'rous rage: distress'd he flies,
Shifting from place to place, but flies in vain;
For eager they pursue, till panting, faint,
By noisy multitudes o'erpower'd, he sinks
To the relentless crowd a bleeding prey!

The huntman now, a deep incision made,
Shakes out with hands impure, and dashes down
Her reeking entrails and yet quiv'ring heart.
These claim the pack, the bloody perquisite
For all their toils. Stretch'd on the ground she lies
A mangled corse; in her dim-glaring eyes
Cold Death exults, and stiffens ev'ry limb.
Aw'd by the threat'ning whip, the furious hounds
Around her bay, or at their master's foot
Each happy fav'rite courts his kind applause,
With humble adulation cowering low.
All now is joy. With cheeks full-blown they wind
Her solemn dirge, while the loud-op'ning pack
The concert swell, and hills and dales return
The sadly-pleasing sounds. Thus the poor hare,
A puny dastard animal! but vers'd

In subtle wiles, diverts the youthful train.
But if thy proud aspiring soul disdains
So mean a prey, delighted with the pomp,
Magnificence, and grandeur, of the Chace,
Hear what the Muse from faithful record sings.

Why on the banks of Gemna, Indian stream,
Line within line, rise the pavillions proud,
Their silken streamers waving in the wind?
Why neighs the warrior horse? From tent to tent
Why press in crowds the buzzing multitude?
Why shines the polish'd helm and pointed lance,
This way and that far beaming o'er the plain?
Nor Visapour nor Golconda rebel,
Nor the great Sophy, with his num'rous host,
Lays waste the provinces, nor glory fires
To rob and to destroy, beneath the name
And specious guise of war. A nobler cause
Calls Aurengzebe to arms. No cities sack'd,
No mother's tears, no helpless orphan's cries,
No violated leagues, with sharp remorse
Shall sting the conscious victor; but mankind
Shall hail him good and just; for 'tis on beasts
He draws his vengeful sword; on beasts of prey,
Full-fed with human gore. See, see, he comes!
Imperial Delhi, op'ning wide her gates,
Pours out her thronging legions, bright in arms,
And all the pomp of war. Before them sound
Clarions and trumpets, breathing martial airs
And bold defiance. High upon his throne,
Borne on the back of his proud elephant,
Sits the great chief of Tamur's glorious race;
Sublime he sits amid the radiant blaze
Of gems and gold. Omrahs about him crowd,
And rein th'Arabian steed, and watch his nod,
And potent rajahs, who themselves preside
O'er realms of wide extent; but here submit
Their homage pay, alternate kings and slaves!
Next these, with prying eunuchs girt around,
The fair sultanas of his court; a troop
Of chosen beauties; but with care conceal'd
From each intrusive eye: one look is death.
Ah! cruel eastern law! (had kings a pow'r
But equal to their wild tyrannic will)
To rob us of the sun's all-cheering ray
Were less severe. The vulgar close the march,
Slaves and artificers; and Delhi mourns
Her empty and depopulated streets.
Now at the camp arriv'd, with stern review
Thro' groves of spears, from file to file he darts
His sharp experienc'd eye, their order marks,
Each in his station rang'd, exact and firm,
Till in the boundless line his sight is lost.
Not greater multitudes in arms appear'd
On these extended plains, when Ammon's son
With mighty Porus in dread battle join'd,
The vassal world the prize: nor was that host
More numerous of old, which the great king
Pour'd out on Greece from all th'unpeopled east,
That bridg'd the Hellespont from shore to shore,
And drank the rivers dry. Meanwhile in troops
The busy hunter-train mark out the ground,
A wide circumference, full many a league
In compass round; woods, rivers, hills, and plains;

Large provinces; enough to gratify
Ambition's highest aim, could reason bound
Man's erring will. Now sit in close divan
The mighty chiefs of this prodigious host;
He from the throne high-eminent presides,
Gives out his mandates proud, laws of the Chace,
From ancient records drawn. With rev'rence low,
And prostrate at his feet, the chiefs receive
His irreversible decrees, from which
To vary is to die. Then his brave bands
Each to his station leads, encamping round
Till the wide circle is completely form'd.
Where decent order reigns, what these command
Those execute with speed and punctual care,
In all the strictest discipline of war,
As if some watchful foe, with bold insult
Hung lowring o'er their camp. The high resolve
That flies on wings thro' all th'encircling line
Each motion steers, and animates the whole.
So, by the sun's attractive pow'r controll'd,
The planets in their spheres roll round his orb;
On all he shines, and rules the great machine.

Ere yet the morn dispels the fleeting mists,
The signal giv'n by the loud trumpet's voice,
Now high in air th'imperial standard waves,
Emblazon'd rich with gold and glit'ring gems,
And like a sheet of fire, thro' the dun gloom
Streaming meteorous. The soldiers shout,
And all the brazen instruments of war,
With mutual clamour, and united din
Fill the large concave, while from camp to camp
They catch the varied sounds, floating in air.
Round all the wide circumference tigers fell
Shrink at the noise; deep in his gloomy den
The lion starts, and morsels yet unchew'd
Drop from his trembling jaws. Now all at once
Onward they march embattled, to the sound
Of martial harmony; fifes, cornets, drums,
That rouse the sleepy soul to arms, and bold
Heroic deeds. In parties here and there,
Detach'd o'er hill and dale, the hunters range
Inquisitive; strong dogs that match in fight
The boldest brute, around their masters wait,
A faithful guard. No haunt unsearch'd, they drive
From ev'ry covert, and from ev'ry den,
The lurking savages. Incessant shouts
Re-echo thro' the woods, and kindling fires
Gleam from the mountain tops: the forest seems
One mingling blaze: like flocks of sheep they fly
Before the flaming brand: fierce lions, pards,
Boars, tigers, bears, and wolves; a dreadful crew
Of grim blood-thirsty foes! Growling along
They stalk indignant, but fierce vengeance still
Hangs pealing in their rear, and pointed spears
Present immediate death. Soon as the Night,
Wrapp'd in her sable veil, forbids the Chace,
They pitch their tents in even ranks around
The circling camp. The guards are plac'd, and
At proper distances ascending rise, [fires
And paint th'horizon with their ruddy light.
So round some island's shore of large extent,
Amid the gloomy horrors of the night,
The billows breaking on the pointed rocks
Send all one flame, and the bright circuit wide
A palisade of surrounding fire.

What dreadful howlings and what hideous roar
Disturb those peaceful shades! where erst the bird
That glads the night had cheer'd the list'ning
groves

With sweet complainings. Thro' the silent gloom
Oft they the guards assail; as oft repell'd
They fly reluctant, with hot-boiling rage
Stung to the quick, and mad with wild despair.
Thus, day by day, they still the Chace renew,
At night encamp; till now in straiter bounds
The circle lessens, and the beasts perceive
The wall that hems them in on ev'ry side.
And now their fury bursts, and knows no mean;
From man they turn, and point their ill-judg'd rage
Against their fellow brutes. With teeth and claws
The civil war begins; grappling they tear,
Lions on tigers prey, and bears on wolves;
Horrible discord! till the crowd behind
Shouting pursue, and part the bloody fray.
At once their wrath subsides; tame as the lamb
The lion hangs his head, the furious pard,
Cow'd and subdu'd, flies from the face of man,
Nor bears one glance of his commanding eye.
So abject is a tyrant in distress!

At last, within the narrow plain confin'd,
A lifted field, mark'd out for bloody deeds,
An amphitheatre more glorious far [heaps,
Than ancient Rome could boast, they crowd in
Disinay'd, and quite appall'd. In meet array
Sheath'd in refulgent arms, a noble band
Advance; great lords of high imperial blood,
Early resolv'd to assert their royal race,
And prove by glorious deeds their valour's growth
Mature, ere yet the callow down has spread
Its curling shade. On bold Arabian steeds
With decent pride they sit, that fearless hear
The lion's dreadful roar; and down the rock
Swift shooting plunge, or o'er the mountain's ridge
Stretching along, the greedy tiger leave
Panting behind. On foot their faithful slaves
With jav'lines arm'd attend; each watchful eye
Fix'd on his youthful care, for him alone
He fears, and to redeem his life, unmov'd,
Would lose his own. The mighty Aurengzebe
From his high-elevated throne beholds
His blooming race, revolving in his mind
What once he was, in his gay spring of life,
When vigour strung his nerves. Parental joy
Melts in his eyes and flushes in his cheeks.
Now the loud trumpet sounds a charge. The shouts
Of eager hosts thro' all the circling line,
And the wild howlings of the beasts within,
Rend with the welkin; flights of arrows, wing'd
With death, and jav'lines launch'd from ev'ry arm,
Gall sore the brutal bands, with many a wound
Gor'd thro' and thro'. Despair at last prevails,
When fainting nature shrinks, and rouses all
Their drooping courage. Swell'd with furious
rage,

Their eyes dart fire, and on the youthful band
They rush implacable. They their broad shields
Quick interpose; on each devoted head
Their flaming falchions, as the bolts of Jove,
Descend unerring. Prostrate on the ground
The grinning monsters lie, and their foul gore
Deûles

Defiles the verdant plain. Nor idle stand
The trusty slaves; with pointed spears they pierce
Thro' their tough hides, or at their gaping mouths
An easier passage find. The king of brutes
In broken roarings breathes his last; the bear
Grumbles in death; nor can his spotted skin,
Tho' sleek it shine, with varied beauties gay,
Save the proud pard from unrelenting fate.
The battle bleeds, grim Slaughter strides along,
Glutting her greedy jaws, grins o'er her prey.
Men, horses, dogs, fierce beasts of ev'ry kind,
A strange promiscuous carnage, drench'd in blood,
And heaps on heaps amass'd. What yet remain
Alive, with vain assault contend to break
Th'impenetrable line. Others, whom fear
Inspires with self-preserving wiles, beneath
The bodies of the slain for shelter creep,
Aghast they fly, or hide their heads dispers'd.
And now perchance (had Heav'n but pleas'd)
the work

Of death had been complete, and Aurengzebe
By one dread frown extinguish'd half their race;
When, lo! the bright sultanas of his court
Appear, and to his ravish'd eyes display
Those charms but rarely to the day reveal'd.

Lowly they bend, and humbly sue to save
The vanquish'd host. What mortal can deny
When suppliant beauty begs! At his command,
Op'ning to right and left, the well-train'd troops
Leave a large void for their retreating foes:
Away they fly, on wings of fear upborne,
To seek on distant hills their late abodes.

Ye proud Oppressors! whose vain hearts exult
In wantonness of pow'r 'gainst the brute race,
Hence robbers like yourselves, a guiltless war
Wage uncontroll'd; here quench your thirst of
blood;

But learn from Aurengzebe to spare mankind.

§ 40. *The Chase.* SOMERVILLE.

BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Of king Edgar, and his imposing a tribute of
wolves' heads upon the kings of Wales: from
hence a transition to fox-hunting, which is de-
scribed in all its parts. Censure of an over-
numerous pack. Of the several engines to de-
stroy foxes, and other wild-beasts. The steel-
trap described; and the manner of using it.
Description of the pitfall for the lion, and ano-
ther for the elephant. The ancient way of hunt-
ing the tiger with a mirror. The Arabian man-
ner of hunting the wild boar. Description of the
royal stag Chase at Windsor Forest. Concludes
With an address to his Majesty, and an eulogy
upon mercy.*

IN Albion's isle when glorious Edgar reign'd,
He, wisely provident, from her white cliffs
Launch'd half her forests, and with num'rous fleets
Cover'd his wide domain; there proudly rode
Lord of the deep, the great prerogative

Of British monarchs: each invader bold,
Dane and Norwegian, at a distance gaz'd,
And, disappointed, gnash'd his teeth in vain.
He scour'd the seas, and to remotest shores
With swelling sails the trembling corfair fled.
Rich commerce flourish'd, and with busy oars
Dash'd the resounding surge. Nor less at land
His royal cares; wise, potent, gracious prince!
His subjects from their cruel foes he sav'd,
And from rapacious savages their flocks.
Cambria's proud kings (tho' with reluctance) paid
Their tributary wolves, head after head,
In full account, till the woods yield no more,
And all the rav'nous race extinct is lost.
In fertile pastures more securely graz'd
The social troops, and soon their large increase
With curling fleeces whiten'd all the plains.
But yet alas! the wily fox remain'd,
A subtle, pilf'ring foe, prowling around
In midnight shades, and wakeful to destroy.
In the full fold the poor defenceless lamb,
Seiz'd by his guileful arts, with sweet warm blood
Supplies a rich repast. The mournful ewe,
Her dearest treasure lost, thro' the dun night
Wanders perplex'd, and darkling bleats in vain;
While in th'adjacent bush poor Philomel
(Herself a parent once, till wanton churls
Despoil'd her nest) joins in her loud laments
With sweeter notes, and more melodious woe.

For these nocturnal thieves, huntsmen! prepare
Thy sharpest vengeance. Oh! how glorious 'tis
To right th'oppress'd, and bring the felon vile
To just disgrace! Ere yet the morning peep,
Or stars retire from the first blush of day,
With thy far-echoing voice alarm thy pack,
And rouse thy bold compeers; then to the copse
Thick with entangling grass or prickly furze,
With silence lead thy many-colour'd hounds,
In all their beauty's pride. See! how they range
Dispers'd, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt. Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swell'd with ev'ry mouth.
As straggling armies at the trumpets voice
Press to their standard, hither all repair,
And hurry thro' the woods with hasty step,
Rustling, and full of hope; now driv'n on heaps
They push, they strive, while from his kennel
sneaks

The conscious villain. See! he sculks along
Sleek at the shepherd's cost, and plump with meal
Purloin'd: so thrive the wicked here below.
Tho' high his brush he bears, tho' tipt with white
It gaily shine, yet ere the sun declin'd
Recal the shades of night, the pamper'd rogue
Shall rue his fate revers'd, and at his heels
Behold the just avenger, swift to seize
His forfeit head, and thirsting for his blood.

Heav'ns! what melodious strains! how beat
our hearts,
Big with tumultuous joy! the loaded gales
Breathe harmony; and as the tempest drives
From wood to wood, thro' ev'ry dark recess
The forest thunders, and the mountains shake.

The

The chorus swells; less various and less sweet
The trilling notes when in those very groves
The feather'd choristers salute the spring,
And ev'ry bush in concert joins: or when
The master's hand, in modulated air,
Bids the loud organ breathe, and all the pow'rs
Of music in one instrument combine
An universal minstrelsy. And now
In vain each earth he tries; the doors are barr'd
Impregnable; nor is the covert safe:
He pants for purer air. Hark! what loud shouts
Re-echo thro' the groves! he breaks away:
Shrill horns proclaim his flight. Each struggling
hound

Strains o'er the lawn to reach the distant pack;
'Tis triumph all and joy. Now, my brave youths!
Now give a loose to the clean gen'rous steed;
Flourish the whip, nor spare the galling spur;
But in the madness of delight forget
Your fears. Far o'er the rocky hills we range,
And dangerous our course; but in the brave
True courage never fails. In vain the stream
In foaming eddies whirls; in vain the ditch,
Wide-gaping, threatens death. The craggy steep,
Where the poor dizzy shepherd crawls with care,
And clings to ev'ry twig, gives us no pain,
But down we sweep, as stoops the falcon bold
To pounce his prey. Then up th'opponent hill,
By the swift motion slung, we mount aloft:
So ships in winter-seas now sliding sink
Adown the steepy wave, then, toils'd on high,
Ride on the billows, and defy the storm. [Chace
What lengths we pass! where will the wand'ring
Lead us bewilder'd! smooth as swallows skim
The new-shorn mead, and far more swift we fly.
See my brave pack! how to the head they press,
Jostling in close array, then more diffuse
Obliquely wheel, while from their op'ning mouths
The vollied thunder breaks. So when the cranes
Their annual voyage steer, with wanton wing
Their figure oft they change, and their loud clang
From cloud to cloud rebounds. How far behind
The hunter crew, wide straggling o'er the plain!
The panting courser now with trembling nerves
Begins to reel; urg'd by the goring spur,
Makes many a faint effort: he snorts, he foams;
The big rounddrops run trickling down his sides,
With sweat and blood distain'd. Look back and
The strange confusion of the vale below, [view
Where fore vexation reigns: see yon poor jade;
In vain th'impatient rider frets and swears,
With galling spurs harrow his mangled sides;
He can no more: his stiff unpliant limbs
Rooted in earth, unmov'd and fix'd he stands,
For ev'ry cruel curse returns a groan, [grief
And fobs, and faints, and dies! Who without
Can view that pamper'd steed, his master's joy,
His minion and his daily care, well cloth'd,
Well fed with ev'ry nicer cate; no cost,
No labour spar'd; who, when the flying Chace
Broke from the copse, without a rival led
The num'rous train; now a sad spectacle
Of pride brought low, and humbled insolence,
Drove like a pannier'd ass, and scourg'd along!
While these, with loosen'd reins and dangling heels

Hang on their reeling palfreys, that scarce bear
Their weights; another in their treach'rous bog
Lies flound'ring, half ingulph'd. — What biting
thoughts

Torment th'abandon'd crew! Old Age laments
His vigour spent; the tall, plump, brawny youth
Curses his cumbrous bulk, and envies now
The short pygmean race he whilom keen'd
With proud insulting leer. A chosen few
Alone the sport enjoy, nor droop beneath [height
Their pleasing toils. Here, huntsman, from this
Observe yon birds of prey; if I can judge;
'Tis there the villain lurks: they hover round,
And claim him as their own. Was I not right?
See! there he creeps along; his brush he drags,
And sweeps the mire impure: from his wide jaws
His tongue unmoisten'd hangs, symptoms too sure
Of sudden death. Ha! yet he flies, nor yields
To black despair. But one loose more, and all
His wiles are vain. Hark! thro' yon village now
The rattling clamour rings. The barns, the cots,
And leafless elms, return the joyous sounds.
Thro' ev'ry homestead, and thro' ev'ry yard,
His midnight walks, panting, forlorn, he flies;
Thro' ev'ry hole he sneaks, thro' ev'ry jakes
Plunging, he wades betimear'd, and fondly hopes
In a superior stench to lose his own:
But, faithful to the track, th'unerring hounds
With peals of echoing vengeance close pursue;
And now distress, no sheltering covert near,
Into the hen-roost creeps, whose walls with gore
Distain'd attest his guilt. There, villain! there
Expect thy fate deserv'd. And soon from thence
The pack inquisitive, with clamour loud,
Drag out their trembling prize, and on his blood
With greedy transport feast. In bolder notes
Each founding horn proclaims the felon dead,
And all th'assembled village shouts for joy.
The farmer, who beholds his mortal foe
Stretch'd at his feet, applauds the glorious deed,
And, grateful, calls us to a short repast:
In the full glass the liquid amber smiles,
Our native product; and his good old mate
With choicest viands heaps the lib'ral board,
To crown our triumphs and reward our toils.
Here must th'instructive Muse (but with respect)
Censure that num'rous pack, that crowd of state,
With which the vain profusion of the great
Covers the lawn, and shakes the trembling copse.
Pompous incumbrance! a magnificence
Useless, vexatious! for the wily fox,
Safe in th'increasing number of his foes,
Kens well the great advantage; flinks behind,
And slyly creeps thro' the same beaten track,
And hunts them, step by step; then views, escap'd,
With inward ecstacy, the panting throng
In their own footsteps puzzled, foil'd, and lost.
So when proud eastern kings summon to arms
Their gaudy legions, from far distant climes
They flock in crowds, unpeopling half a world;
But when the day of battle calls them forth
To charge the well-train'd foe, a band compact,
Of chosen veterans, they press blindly on,
In heaps confus'd, by their own weapons fall,
A smoking carnage scatter'd o'er the plain.

Nor

Nor hounds alone this noxious brood destroy;
The plunder'd warrener full many a while
Devises to entrap his greedy foe,
Fat with nocturnal spoils. At close of day
With silence drags his trail; then, from the ground
Pares thin the close-graz'd turf; there with nice
hand

Covers the latent death, with curious springs
Prepar'd to fly at once, whenever the tread
Of man or beast unwarily shall press
The yielding surface. By the indented steel,
With gripe tenacious held, the felon grins,
And struggles, but in vain: yet oft 'tis known,
When ev'ry art has fail'd, the captive fox
Has shar'd the wounded joint, and with a limb
Compounded for his life. But if perchance
In the deep pit-fall plung'd, there's no escape:
But unrepriev'd he dies, and bleach'd in air,
The jest of clowns, his reeking carcase hangs.

Of these are various kinds: not ev'n the king
Of brutes evades this deep-devouring grave;
But by the wily African betray'd,
Heedless of fate, within its gaping jaws
Expires indignant. When the orient beam
With blushes paints the dawn, and all the race
Carnivorous, with blood full gorg'd, retire
Into their darksome cells, there satiate snore
O'er dripping offals, and the mangled limbs
Of men and beasts, the painful forester
Climbs the high hills, whose proud aspiring tops,
With the tall cedar crown'd and taper fir,
Affail the clouds; there, 'mong the craggy rocks
And thickets intricate, trembling he views
His footsteps in the sand, the dismal road
And avenue to death. Hither he calls
His watchful bands, and low into the ground
A pit they sink, full many a fathom deep;
Then in the midst a column high is rear'd,
The butt of some fair tree, upon whose top
A lamb is plac'd, just ravish'd from his dam;
And next a wall they build, with stones and earth
Encircling round, and hiding from all view
The dreadful precipice. Now when the shades
Of night hang lowring o'er the mountain's brow,
And hunger keen, and pungent thirst of blood,
Rouse up the slothful beast, he shakes his sides,
Slow-rising from his lair, and stretches wide
His rav'nous paws, with recent gore distain'd.
The forest trembles as he roars aloud,
Impatient to destroy. O'erjoy'd he hears
The bleating innocent, that claims in vain
The shepherd's care, and seeks with piteous moan
The foodful tear, himself, alas! design'd
Another's meal. For now the greedy brute
Winds him from far, and leaping o'er the mound
To seize his trembling prey, headlong is plung'd
Into the deep abyss. Prostrate he lies,
Astonn'd and impotent. Ah! what avail
Thine eyeballs flashing fire, thy length of tail
That lashes thy broad sides, thy jaws besmear'd
With blood and offals crude, thy shaggy mane,
The terror of the woods, thy stately port,
And bulk enormous, since by stratagem
Thy strength is foil'd? Unequal is the strife
When sov'reign reason combats brutal rage.

On distant Ethiopia's sun-burnt coasts
The black inhabitants a pitfall frame,
But of a diff'rent kind, and diff'rent use.
With slender poles the wide capacious mouth,
And hurdles slight, they close; o'er these is spread
A floor of verdant turf, with all its flow'rs
Smiling delusive, and from strictest search
Concealing the deep grave that yawns below.
Then boughs of trees they cut, with tempting fruit
Of various kinds surcharg'd! the downy peach,
The clust'ring vine, and of bright golden rind
The fragrant orange. Soon as ev'ning grey
Advances slow, besprinkling all around
With kind refreshing dews the thirsty glebe,
The stately elephant from the close shade
With step majestic strides, eager to taste
The cooler breeze, that from the sea-beat shore
Delightful breathes, or in the limpid stream
To lave his panting sides, joyous he scents
The rich repast, unweeting of the death
That lurks within. And soon he sporting breaks
The brittle boughs, and greedily devours
The fruit delicious. Ah! too dearly bought;
The price is life. For now the treach'rous turf,
Trembling, gives way, and the unwieldy beast,
Self-sinking, drops into the dark profound.
So when dilated vapours, struggling, heave
Th'incumbent earth, if chance the cavern'd ground
Shrinking subside, and the thin surface yield,
Down sinks at once the pond'rous dome in-
gulf'd

With all its tow'rs. Subtle, delusive Man!
How various are thy wiles! artful to kill
Thy savage foes, a dull unthinking race!
Fierce from his lair springs forth the speckled pard,
Thirsting for blood, and eager to destroy;
The huntsman flies, but to his flight alone
Confides not; at convenient distance fix'd,
A polish'd mirror stops in full career
The furious brute: he there his image views;
Spots against spots with rage improving glow!
Another pard his bristly whiskers curls,
Grins as he grins, fierce-menacing and wide
Disdains his op'ning paws; himself against
Himself oppos'd, and with dread vengeance arm'd,
The huntsman, now secure, with fatal aim
Directs the pointed spear, by which transfix'd
He dies, and with him dies the rival shade.
Thus man innum'rous engines form'd r'assail
The savage kind; but most the docile horse,
Swift, and confederate with man, annoys
His brethren of the plains; without whose aid
The hunter's arts were vain, unskill'd to wage
With the more active brutes an equal war;
But borne by him, without the well-train'd pack
Man dares his foe, on wings of wind secure.

Him the fierce Arab mounts, and with his troop
Of bold compeers ranges the desarts wild,
Where, by the magnet's aid, the traveller
Steers his untrodden course, yet oft on land
Is wreck'd, in the high-rolling waves of sand
Immers'd and lost; while these intrepid bands
Safe in their horses speed, outfly the storm,
And scouring round, makes men and beasts their
The grisly bear is singled from his herd, [prey.
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As large as that in Erimanthean woods,
A match for Hercules. Round him they fly
In circles wide, and each, in passing, sends
His feather'd death into his brawny sides;
But perilous th'attempt; for if the steed
Haply too near approach, or the loose earth
His footing fail, the watchful angry beast
Th'advantage spies, and at one sidelong glance
Rips up his groin. Wounded he rears aloft,
And plunging, from his back the rider hurls
Precipitant; then, bleeding, spurns the ground,
And drags his reeking entrails o'er the plain.
Meanwhile the furly monster trots along,
But with unequal speed; for still they wound,
Swift-wheeling in the spacious ring. A wood
Of darts upon his back he bears; adown
His tortur'd sides the crimson torrents roll
From many a gaping font; and now at last
Staggering he falls, in blood and foam expires.

But whither rolls my devious Muse, intent
On antique tales, while yet the royal stag
Unfung remains? Tread with respectful awe,
Windsor's green glades, where Denham, tuneful
bard!

Charm'd once the list'ning Dryads with his song,
Sublimely sweet. O! grant me, sacred shade,
To glean submits what thy full sickle leaves.

The morning sun that gilds with trembling
rays

Windsor's high tow'rs, behold the courtly train,
Mount for the Chace, nor views in all his course
A scene so gay: heroic noble youths,
In arts and arms renown'd, and lovely nymphs,
The fairest of this isle where beauty dwells
Delighted, and deserts her Paphian grove
For our more favour'd shades; in proud parade
These shine magnificent, and press around
The royal happy pair. Great in themselves,
They smile superior, of external show
Regardless, while their inbred virtues give
A lustre to their pow'r, and grace their court
With real splendors, far above the pomp
Of Eastern kings in all their tinsel pride.
Like troops of Amazons, the female band
Prance round their cars, not in refulgent arms
As those of old; unskill'd to wield the sword
Or bend the bow, these kill with surer aim.
The royal offspring, fairest of the fair,
Lead on the splendid train. Anna, more bright
Than summer suns, or as the lightning keen,
With irresistible effulgence arm'd,
Fires ev'ry heart: he must be more than man
Who unconcern'd can bear the piercing ray.
Amelia, milder than the blushing dawn,
With sweet engaging air, but equal pow'r,
Intensibly subdues, and in soft chains
Her willing captives leads. Illustrious maids!
Ever triumphant! whose victorious charms,
Without the needless aid of high descent, [lords
Had aw'd mankind, and taught the world's great
To bow and sue for grace. But who is he,
Fresh as a rosebud newly blown, and fair
As op'ning lilies, on whom ev'ry eye
With joy and admiration dwells? See, see!

He reins his docile barb with manly grace.
Is it Adonis for the chace array'd?
Or Britain's second hope? Hail, blooming youth!
May all your virtues with your years improve,
Till in consummate worth you shine the pride
Of these our days, and to succeeding times
A bright example. As his guard of mutes
On the great Sultan wait with eyes deject
And fix'd on earth, no voice no sound is heard
Within the wide serail, but all is hush'd,
And awful silence reigns; thus stand the pack
Mute and unmov'd, and cowering low to earth,
While pass the glitt'ring court and royal pair:
So disciplin'd those hounds, and so reserv'd,
Whose honor 'tis to glad the hearts of kings:
But soon the winding horn and huntman's voice
Let loose the gen'ral chorus; far around
Joy spreads its wings, and the gay morning smiles.

Unharbour'd now, the royal stag forsakes
His wonted lair; he shakes his dappled sides,
And tosses high his beamy head; the copse
Beneath his antlers bends. What doubling shifts
He tries! not more the wily hare; in these
Would still persist, did not the full-mouth'd pack
With dreadful concert thunder in his rear.
The woods reply, the hunter's cheering shouts
Float through the glades, and the wide forest rings.
How merrily they chant! their nostrils deep
Inhale the grateful steam. Such is the cry,
And such th'harmonious din, the soldier deems
The battle kindling, and the statesman grave
Forgets his weighty cares: each age, each sex,
In the wild transport joins: luxuriant joy,
And pleasure in excess, sparkling exult
On ev'ry brow, and revel unrestrain'd.
How happy art thou, Man! when thou'rt no more
Thyself! when all the pangs that grind thy soul,
In rapture and in sweet oblivion lost,
Yield a short interval and ease from pain!

See the swift courser strains; his shining hoofs
Securely beat the solid ground. Who now
The dang'rous pitfall fears, with tangling heath
High-overgrown? or who the quiv'ring bog,
Soft-yielding to the step? All now is plain,
Plain as the strand sea-lav'd, that stretches far
Beneath the rocky shore. Glades crossing glades,
The forest opens to our wond'ring view:
Such was the king's command. Let tyrants fierce
Lay waste the world; his the more glorious part
To check their pride; and when the brazen voice
Of war is hush'd (as erst victorious Rome)
T'employ his station'd legions in the works
Of peace, to smooth the rugged wilderness,
To drain the stagnate fen, to raise the slope
Depending road, and to make gay the face
Of nature with th'embellishments of art.

How melts my beating arts! as I behold
Each lovely nymph, our island's boast and pride,
Push on the gen'rous steed, that strokes along
O'er rough, o'er smooth, nor heeds the steepy hill,
Nor falters in th'extended vale below;
Their garments loosely waving in the wind,
And all the flush of beauty in their cheeks!
While at their sides their pensive lovers wait,

Y

Direct

Direct their dubious course, now chill'd with fear
Solicitous, and now with love inflam'd.
O grant, indulgent Heav'n, no rising storm
May darken with black wings this glorious scene!
Should some malignant pow'r thus damp our joys,
Vain w're the gloomy cave, such as of old
Betray'd to lawless love the Tyrian queen:
For Britain's virtuous nymphs are chaste as fair;
Spotless, unblam'd, with equal triumph reign
In the dun gloom as in the blaze of day.
Now the blown stag thro' woods, bogs, roads,
and streams,

Has measur'd half the forest: but, alas!
He flies in vain; he flies not from his fears.
Tho' far he cast the ling'ring pack behind,
His haggard fancy still with horror views
The fell destroyer: still the fatal cry
Insults his ears, and wounds his trembling heart.
So the poor fury-haunted wretch (his hands
In guiltless blood distain'd) still seems to hear
The dying shrieks, and the pale threat'ning ghost
Moves as he moves, and as he flies pursues.
See here his lot; up yon green hill he climbs,
Pants on his brow a while, sadly looks back
On his pursuers, cov'ring all the plain;
But wrung with anguish, bears not long the fight,
Shoots down the steep, and sweats along the vale;
There mingles with the herd, where once he
reign'd

Proud monarch of the groves, whose clashing beam
His rivals aw'd, and whose exalted pow'r
Was still rewarded with successful love.
But the base herd have learn'd the ways of men:
Averse they fly, or with rebellious aim [deed,
Chace him from thence: needless their impious
The huntsman knows him by a thousand marks,
Black and inboast; nor are his hounds deceiv'd;
Too well distinguish'd these, and never leave
Their once devoted foe: familiar grows
His scent, and strong their appetite to kill.
Again he flies, and with redoubled speed
Skins o'er the lawn; still the tenacious crew
Hang on the track, aloud demand their prey,
And push him many a league. If haply then
Too far escap'd, and the gay courtly train
Behind are cast, the huntsman's clanging whip
Stops full their bold career: passive they stand,
Unmov'd, an humble and obsequious crowd,
As if by stern Medusa gaz'd to stones.
So at their gen'ral's voice whole armies halt
In full pursuit, and check their thirst of blood.
Soon at the king's command, like hasty streams
Damm'd up a while, they foam, and pour along
With fresh recruiting might. The stag, who
hop'd

His foes were lost, now once more hearts astunn'd
The dreadful din: he shivers ev'ry limb;
He starts, he bounds; each bush presents a foe.
Press'd by the fresh relay, no pause allow'd,
Breathless and faint he falters in his pace,
And lifts his weary limbs with pain, that scarce
Sustain their load: he pants, he sobs appall'd;
Drops down his heavy head to earth, beneath
His cumbrous beams oppress'd. But if perchance

Some prying eye surprise him, soon he rears
Erect his tow'ring front, bounds o'er the lawn
With ill-dissembled vigour, to amuse
The knowing forester, who inly smiles
At his weak shifts and unavailing frauds.
So midnight tapers waste their last remains,
Shine forth a while, and as they blaze expire.
From wood to wood redoubling thunders roll,
And bellow thro' the vales; the moving storm
Thickens amain, and loud triumphant shouts,
And horns shrill warbling in each glade, prelude
To his approaching fate. And now in view,
With hobbling gait and high, exerts amaz'd
What strength is left: to the last dregs of life
Reduc'd, his spirits fail, on ev'ry side
Hemm'd in, besieg'd; not the least op'ning left
To gleaming hope, th'unhappy's last reserve.
Where shall he turn? or whither fly! Despair
Gives courage to the weak. Resolv'd to die,
He fears no more, but rushes on his foes,
And deals his deaths around; beneath his feet
These grov'ling lie, those by his antlers gor'd
Defile th'ensanguin'd plain. Ah! see distress'd
He stands at bay against yon knotty trunk,
That covers well his rear; his front presents
An host of foes. O shun, ye noble train!
The rude encounter, and believe your lives
Your country's due alone. As now aloof
They wing around, he finds his soul uprais'd
To dare some great exploit; he charges home
Upon the broken pack, that on each side
Fly divers; then as o'er the turf he strains,
He vents the cooling stream, and up the breeze
Urges his course with eager violence,
Then takes the foil, and plunges in the flood
Precipitant: down the mid stream he wafts
Along, till (like a ship distress'd, that runs
Into some winding creek) close to the verge
Of a small island, for his weary feet
Sure anchorage he finds, there sculks immers'd;
His nose alone above the wave, draws in
The vital air; all else beneath the flood
Conceal'd and lost, deceives each prying eye
Of man or brute. In vain the crowding pack
Draw on the margin of the stream, or cut
The liquid wave with oary feet that move
In equal time. The gliding waters leave
No trace behind, and his contracted pores
But sparingly perspire: the huntsman strains
His lab'ring lungs, and puffs his cheeks in vain;
At length a blood-hound bold, studious to kill,
And exquisite of sense, winds him from far;
Headlong he leaps into the flood, his mouth
Loud op'ning spends amain, and his wide throat
Swells ev'ry note with joy; then fearless dives
Beneath the wave, hangs on his haunch, and
wounds

Th'unhappy brute, that flounders in the stream
Sorely distress'd, and struggling, strives to mount
The steepy shore. Haply once more escap'd,
Again he stands at bay amid the groves
Of willows, bending low their downy heads.
Outrageous transport fires the greedy pack; [pains
These swim the deep, and those crawl up with
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The slipp'ry bank, while others on firm land
Engage: the stag repels each bold assault, [turns.
Maintains his post, and wounds for wounds re-
As when some wily Corsairs boards a ship
Full-freighted, or from Afric's golden coasts
Or India's wealthy strand, his bloody crew
Upon her deck he flings; these in the deep
Drop short, and swim to reach her steepy sides,
And clinging, climb aloft, while those on board
Urge on the work of fate; the master bold,
Press'd to his last retreat, bravely resolves
To sink his wealth beneath the whelming wave,
His wealth, his foes, nor unreveng'd to die.
So fares it with the stag; so he resolves
To plunge at once into the flood below,
Himself, his foes, in one deep gulph immers'd.
Ere yet he executes this dire intent,
In wild disorder once more views the light;
Beneath a weight of woe he groans distress'd,
The tears run trickling down his airy cheeks:
He weeps, nor weeps in vain. The king beholds
His wretched plight, and tenderness innate
Moves his great soul. Soon at his high command
Rebuk'd, the disappointed hungry pack
Retire submiss, and, grumbling, quit their prey.

Great Prince, from thee what may thy subjects
So kind and so beneficent to brutes! [hope,
O Mercy, heav'nly born! sweet attribute!
Thou great, thou best, prerogative of pow'r!
Justice may guard the throne, but join'd with thee,
On rocks of adamant it stands secure,
And braves the storm beneath; soon as thy smiles
Gild the rough deep, the foaming waves subside,
And all the noisy tumult sinks in peace.

§ 41. The Chace. SOMERVILLE.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

Of the necessity of destroying some beasts, and preserving others for the use of man. Of breeding of hounds; the season for this business. The choice of the dog of great moment. Of the litter of whelps. Of the number to be reared. Of setting them out to their several walks. Care to be taken to prevent their hunting too soon. Of entering the whelps. Of breaking them from running at sheep. Of the diseases of hounds. Of their age. Of madness; two sorts of it described, the dumb and outrageous madness: its dreadful effects. Burning of the wound recommended as preventing all ill consequences. The infectious hounds to be separated, and fed apart. The vanity of trusting to the many infallible cures for this malady. The dismal effects of the biting of a mad dog upon man describ'd. Description of the method of otter hunting. The conclusion.

WHATEVER of earth is form'd — to earth
returns

Dissolv'd: the various objects we behold,
Plants, animals, this whole material mass,

Are ever changing, ever new. The soul
Of man alone, that particle divine,
Escapes the wreck of worlds, when all things fail:
Hence great the distance 'twixt the beasts that perish
And God's bright image, man's immortal race.
The brute creation are his property,
Subservient to his will, and for him made:
As hurtful these he kills, as useful those
Preserves; their sole and arbitrary king.
Should he not kill as erst the Samian sage
Taught unadvis'd, and Indian Brachmans now
As vainly preach, the teeming rav'nous brutes
Might fill the scanty space of this terrene,
Incumb'ring all the globe: should not his care
Improve his growing stock, their kinds might fail,
Man might once more on roots and acorns feed,
And thro' the deserts range, shiv'ring, forlorn,
Quite destitute of ev'ry solace dear,
And ev'ry smiling gaiety of life.

The prudent huntsman therefore will supply
With annual large recruits his broken pack,
And propagate their kind. As from the root
Fresh scions still spring forth, and daily yield
New blooming honors to the parent tree;
Far shall his pack be fam'd, far fought his breed,
And princes at their tables feast those hounds
His hand presents, an acceptable boon.

Ere yet the sun thro' the bright Ram has urg'd
His steepy course, or mother Earth unbound
Her frozen bosom to the western gale;
When feather'd troops, their social leagues dis-
solv'd,

Select their mates, and on the leafless elm
The noisy rook builds high her wicker nest,
Mark well the wanton females of thy pack
That curl their taper tails, and frisking court
Their pie-bald mates enamour'd; their red eyes
Flash fire impure; nor rest nor food they take,
Goaded by a furious love. In separate cells
Confine them now, lest bloody civil wars
Annoy thy peaceful state. If left at large,
The growling rivals in dread battle join,
And rude encounter: on Scamander's streams
Heroes of old with far less fury fought
For the bright Spartan dame, their valour's prize.
Mangled and torn thy fav'rite hounds shall lie
Stretch'd on the ground; thy kennel shall appear
A field of blood: like some unhappy town
In civil broils confus'd, while Discord shakes
Her bloody scourge aloft, fierce parties rage,
Staining their impious hands in mutual death;
And still the best lov'd and bravest fall:
Such are the dire effects of lawless love.

Huntsman! these ills, by timely prudent care,
Prevent: for ev'ry longing dame select
Some happy paramour; to him alone
In leagues connubial join. Consider well
His lineage; what his fathers did of old,
Chiefs of the pack, and first to climb the rock,
Or plunge into the deep, or thread the brake
With thorns sharp-pointed, plash'd, and briars
inwoven.

Observe with care his shape, sort, colour, size:
Nor will sagacious huntmen less regard

His inward habits. The vain babbler shun,
Ever loquacious, ever in the wrong :
His foolish offspring shall offend thy ears
With false alarms and loud impertinence.
Nor less the shifting cur avoid, that breaks
Illusive from the pack ; to the next hedge
Devious he strays, there ev'ry muse he tries ;
If haply then he cross the steaming scent,
Away he flies vainglorious, and exults
As of the pack supreme, and in his speed
And strength unrivall'd. Lo ! cast far behind,
His vex'd associates pant, and lab'ring strain
To climb the steep ascent. Soon as they reach
Th'insulting boaster, his false courage fails,
Behind he lags, doom'd to the fatal noose,
His master's hate, and scorn of all the field.
What can from such be hop'd but a base brood
Of coward curs, a frantic, vagrant, race !

When now the third revolving moon appears,
With sharpen'd horns, above the Horizon's brink,
Without Lucina's aid, expect thy hopes
Are amply crown'd : short pangs produce to
light

The smoking litter, crawling, helpless, blind ;
Nature their guide, they seek the pouting teat
That plenteous streams. Soon as the tender dam
Has form'd them with her tongue, with pleasure
The marks of their rentown'd progenitors, [view
Sure pledge of triumphs yet to come. All these
Select with joy ; but to the merciless flood
Expose the dwindling refuse, nor o'erload
Th'indulgent mother. If thy heart relent,
Unwilling to destroy, a nurse provide ;
And to the foster-parent give the care
Of thy superfluous brood ; she'll cherish kind
The alien offspring ; pleas'd, thou shalt behold
Her tenderness and hospitable love.

If frolic now and playful they desert
Their gloomy cell, and on the verdant turf,
With nerves improv'd, pursue the mimic Chace ;
Coursing around, unto thy choicest friends
Commit thy valu'd prize : the rustic dames
Shall at thy kennel wait, and in their laps
Receive thy growing hopes, with many a kiss
Careless, and dignify their little charge
With some great title, and resounding name
Of high import. But cautious here observe
To check their youthful ardour, nor permit
Th'unexperienc'd youngster, immature,
Alone to range the woods, or haunt the brakes
Where dodging conies sport : his nerves unstrung,
And strength unequal, the laborious Chace
Shall stint his growth, and his rash forward youth
Contract such vicious habits as thy care
And late correction never shall reclaim.

When to full strength arriv'd, mature and bold,
Conduct them to the field ; not all at once,
But as thy cooler prudence shall direct,
Select a few, and form them by degrees
To stricter discipline. With these consort
The stanch and steady fages of thy pack,
By long experience vers'd in all the wiles
And subtle doublings of the various Chace.
Easy the lesson of the youthful train

When instinct prompts, and when example guides,
If the too forward youngster at the head
Purs boldy on in wanton sportive mood,
Correct his haste, and let him feel abash'd
The ruling whip ; but if he stop behind,
In wary modest guise, to his own nose
Confiding sure, give him full scope to work
His winding way, and with thy voice applaud
His patience and his care ; soon shalt thou view
The hopeful pupil leader of his tribe,
And all the list'ning pack attend his call. [play,

Oft lead them forth where wanton lambkins
And bleating dams with jealous eyes observe
Their tender care. If at the crowding flock
He bay presumptuous, or with eager haste
Pursue them scatter'd o'er the verdant plain,
In the foul fact attach'd, to the strong ram
Tie fast the rash offender. See ! at first
His horrid companion, fearful and amaz'd,
Shall drag him trembling o'er the rugged ground ;
Then with his load fatigu'd, shall turn a-head,
And with his curl'd hard front incessant peal
The panting wretch, till breathless and astunn'd,
Stretch'd on the turf he lie. Then spare not thou
The twining whip, but ply his bleeding sides,
Lash after lash ; and with thy threat'ning voice,
Harsh-echoing from the hills, inculcate loud
His vile offence. Sooner shall trembling doves,
Escap'd the hawk's sharp talons, in mid air
Assail their dang'rous foe than he once more
Disturb the peaceful flocks. In tender age
Thus youth is train'd, as curious artists bend
The taper pliant twig, or potters form
Their soft and ductile clay to various shapes.

Nor is't enough to breed, but to preserve
Must be the huntsman's care. The stanch old
hounds ;

Guides of thy pack, tho' but in number few,
Are yet of great account ; shall oft untie
The Gordian knot when reason at a stand,
Puzzling, is lost, and all thy art is vain.
O'er clogging fallows, o'er dry plaster'd roads,
O'er floated meads, o'er plains with flocks dis-

tain'd,
Rank-scenting, these must lead the dubious way,
As party chiefs in senates who preside
With pleaded reason and with well-turn'd speech
Conduct the staring multitude, so these
Direct the pack, who with joint cry approve,
And loudly boast discoveries not their own.

Unnumber'd accidents and various ills
Attend thy pack, hang hov'ring o'er their heads,
And point the way that leads to Death's dark cave,
Short is their span ; few at the date arrive
Of ancient Argus, in old Homer's song
So highly honor'd : kind, sagacious, brute !
Not ev'n Minerva's wisdom could conceal
Thy much-lov'd master from thy nicest sense :
Dying, his lord he own'd, view'd him all o'er
With eager eyes, then clos'd those eyes, well
pleas'd.

Of lesser ills the muse declines to sing,
Nor stoops so low ; of these each groom can tell
The proper remedy. But, O ! what care,

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What prudence can prevent madness, the worst
Of maladies? Terrific pest! that blasts
The huntsman's hopes, and desolation spreads
Thro' all th'unpeopled kennel unrestrain'd,
More fatal than th'evenom'd vipers bite,
Or that Apulian spider's pois'nous sting,
Heal'd by the pleasing antidote of sounds.

When Sirius reigns, and the sun's parching beams
Bake the dry-gaping surface, visit thou,
Each ev'n and morn, with quick observant eye,
Thy panting pack. If, in dark sullen mood,
The glouting hound refuse his wonted meal,
Retiring close to some obscure retreat,
Gloomy, disconsolate, with speed remove
The poor infectious wretch, and in strong chains
Bind him suspected. Thus that dire disease
Which art can't cure, wise caution may prevent.

But this neglected, soon expect a change,
A dismal change, confusion, frenzy, death;
Or in some dark recess the senseless brute
Sits sadly pining; deep melancholy
And black despair upon his clouded brow
Hang lowring; from his half-op'ning jaws
The clammy venom and infectious froth
Distilling fall; and from his lungs, inflam'd,
Malignant vapours taint the ambient air,
Breathing perdition; his dim eyes are glaz'd,
He droops his pensive head; his trembling limbs
No more support his weight; abject he lies,
Dumb, spiritless, benumb'd; till Death at last,
Gracious, attends, and kindly brings relief.

Or if outrageous grown, behold, alas!
A yet more dreadful scene; his glaring eyes
Redden with fury; like some angry boar
Churning he foams, and on his back erect
His pointed bristles rise; his tail incurv'd
He drops, and with harsh broken howlings rends
The poison-tainted air; with rough hoarse voice
Incessant bays, and snuffs th'infectious breeze;
This way and that he stares aghast, and starts
At his own shade, jealous, as if he deem'd
The world his foes. If haply t'ward the stream
He cast his roving eye, cold horror chills
His soul; averse he flies, trembling appall'd;
Now frantic to the kennel's utmost verge
Raving he runs, and deals destruction round:
The pack fly diverse; for whate'er he meets,
Vengeful he bites, and ev'ry bite is death.

If now perchance thro' the weak fence escap'd,
Far up the wind he roves, with open mouth
Inhales the cooling breeze, nor man nor beast
He spares, implacable. The hunter-horse,
Once kind associate of his sylvan toils
(Who haply now without the kennel's mound
Crops the rank mead, and, list'ning, hears with joy
The cheering cry that morn and eve salutes
His raptur'd sense) a wretched victim falls.
Unhappy quadruped! no more, alas!
Shall thy fond master with his voice applaud
Thy gentleness, thy speed; or with his hand
Stroke thy soft dappled sides, as he each day
Visits thy stall, well pleas'd: no more shalt thou
With sprightly neighings, to the winding horn
And the loud op'ning pack in concert join'd,

Glad his proud heart; for, oh! the secret wound
Rankling inflames! he bites the ground, and dies!
Hence to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies,
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are
barr'd,

And flying curs, by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane: the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns,
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder and uncouth array; [gor'd,
Till now, with wounds on wounds oppress'd and
At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.

Hence to the kennel, Muse! return and view,
With heavy heart, that hospital of woe,
Where Horror stalks at large! insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey; each hour presents
A different scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil, not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards, in their cups,
Spare not their friends while senseless squabble
reigns.

Huntsman, it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate. Ah, rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flame; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpris'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound: spare not thy flesh, nor dread th'
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails. [event:
Here should the knowing Muse recount the
means

To stop this growing plague: and here, alas!
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts,
Infallibility; but boasts in vain.
On this depend, each to his sep'rate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.

Sing, philosophic Muse! the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leaches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th'unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure, but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills,
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon,
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night, or when full orb'd she shines
High in the vault of Heav'n, the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam,
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And

And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th'arterial fluid, whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and, their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,
Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most: convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent
pains

Pinch sore the sleepless wretch: his flutt'ring pulse
Oft intermits: pensive and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain: to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares: at last, with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns: for as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th'infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls, and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind,
His nature and his actions all canine.
So (as old Homer sung) the associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran grunting thro' the
Dreadful example to a wicked world! [groves.
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink; till now at last his soul,
Trembling, escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steep, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack,
But skim with wanton wing th'irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along, and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd, gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind, where they at will
On the green wat'ry reed, there pasture, graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? where, alas!
Is innocence secure? Rapine and Spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds enclose the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th'amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd: but tyrants know no bounds; nor
spears,

That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th'insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse
This midnight pillager, ranging around,
Insatiate, swallows all. The owner mourns
Th'unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears,
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy

The jovial crew, that march'd upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler, of the beaver kind,
Far off perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool, within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch, whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths!
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank: encourage all
The busy spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each retounding shore
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The fly goose-footed prowler bends his court,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman! bring
Thy eager pack, and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding, loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair! who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th'harmonious notes
Float with the stream, and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood
Nods pendant, still improve from shore to shore
Our sweet reiterated joys. What shouts!
What clamour loud! what gay heart-cheering
sounds

Urge thro' the breathing brass their mazy way!
Not quires of Tritons glad with sprightlier strains
The dancing billows, when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They snuff the fishy steam that to each blade
Rank-scenting clings! See! how the morning
dews [drop

They sweep, that from their feet besprinkling
Dispers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous, or thro' reedy pools,
Rustling, they work their way: no holt escapes
Their curious search. With quick sensations now
The fuming vapour stings; flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled bursts from ev'ry mouth
In louder symphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd salutes
The passing wave, must be the tyrant's fort,
And dread abode. How these impatient climb,
While others at the root incessant bay!
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th'ascending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the shelt'ring deeps. Ah! there he vents!
The pack plunge headlong, and pretended spears
Menace destruction, while the troubled surge
Indignant foams, and all the scaly kind,
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah! there once more he
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See! that bold hound has seiz'd him! down they
Together lost; but soon shall he repent [sink,
His rash assault. See! there escap'd, he flies,
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the slipp'ry bank,
With ouze and blood distain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by nature form'd, or by long use,
This artful diver best can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight
Beneath the whelming element; yet there
He lives not long, but respiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That spear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimson waves confess the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome guest,
Where'er he flies; with him it sinks beneath,
With him it mounts, sure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold stream. Lo! to yon sedy bank
He creeps disconsolate: his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro'
and thro',

On pointed spears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain.
Bid the loud horns, in gaily-warbling strains,
Proclaim the felon's fate. He dies, he dies!

Rejoice, ye scaly tribes! and leaping dance
Above the wave, in sign of liberty
Restor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice, secure and blest'd, did not as yet
Remain some of your own rapacious kind,
And man, fierce man! with all his various wiles.

O happy, if ye knew your happy state,
Ye rangers of the fields! whom Nature's boon
Cheers with her smiles, and ev'ry element
Conspires to bless: What if no heroes frown
From marble pedestals, nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints adorn our walls;
Yet these the meanest of us may behold,
And at another's cost may feast at will
Our wond'ring eyes: what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth not grac'd with pow'r.
The flow'ry landscape and the gilded dome,
And vistas op'ning to the weary'd eye,
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The shrubby wilderness, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to soft repose
Th'ambitious wretch, whose discontented soul
Is harrow'd day and night: he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See, there he comes, th'exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning slaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauseous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promises that die as soon as born.
Vile intercourse! where Virtue has no place.
Frown but the monarch, and his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To sooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled;
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish as his beams decline.

Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked int'rest, bribes the venal heart;

But inclination to our bosoms leads,
And weds them there for life; our social cups
Smile as we smile; open and unreserv'd,
We speak our inmost souls; good-humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.

O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk
Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure?

Ye guardian Pow'rs! who make mankind
your care,

Give me to know wise nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th'expanded volume, and submit adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul,
To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing, unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way,
And view with piercing eyes the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice
Who, veil'd in clouded majesty, alone
Gives light to all, bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself; yet this at least
Grant me, propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want,
That dares not ask; and if, to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that, ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline, fields, woods, and
streams,

Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice; my hounds shall
wake

The lazy morn, and glad th'horizon round.

§ 42. *Rural Sports; a Georgic.* GAY.

Inscribed to Mr. POPE, 1713.*

“ — *Securi prælia ruris*

“ Pandimus.” NEMESIAN.

C A N T O I.

YOU who the sweets of rural life have known,
Despise th'ungrateful hurry of the town;
In Windsor groves your easy hours employ,
And, undisturb'd, yourself and Muse enjoy.
Thames listens to thy strains, and silent flows,
And no rude wind thro' rustling olers blows;
While all his wond'ring nymphs around thee
throng,

To hear the Syrens warble in thy song.

But I, whone'er was blest'd by Fortune's hand,
Nor brighten'd ploughshares in paternal land,
Long in the noisy town have been immur'd,
Respir'd its smoke, and all its cares endur'd;
Where news and politics divide mankind,
And schemes of state involve th'uneasy mind;

* This Poem received many material corrections from the Author after it was first published.

Faction embroils the world; and ev'ry tongue
Is mov'd by flatt'ry, or with scandal hung:
Friendship, for sylvan shades, the palace flies,
Where all must yield to Int'rest's dearer ties;
Each rival Machiavel with envy burns,
And Honesty forsakes them all by turns;
While calumny upon each party's thrown;
Which both promote, and both alike disown.
Fatigu'd at last, a calm retreat I chose, [pose,
And sooth'd my harass'd mind with sweet re-
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing
clime,

Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.
My Muse shall rove through flow'ry meads and
plains,

And deck with Rural Sports her native strains,
And the same road ambitiously pursue,
Frequented by the Mantuan Swain and You.

'Tis not that rural sports alone invite,
But all the grateful country breathes delight;
Here blooming Health exerts her gentle reign,
And strings the sinews of th'industrious swain.
Soon as the morning lark salutes the day,
Through dewy fields I take my frequent way,
Where I behold the farmer's early care
In the revolving labours of the year.

When the fresh Spring in all her state is crown'd,
And high luxuriant grass o'erspreads the ground,
The labour'r with a bending scythe is seen,
Shaving the surface of the waving green;
Of all her native pride disrobes the land,
And meads lays waste before his sweeping hand;
While with the mounting sun the meadow glows,
The fading herbage round he loosely throws:
But, if some sign portend a lasting show'r,
Th'experienc'd swain foresees the coming hour;
His sun-burnt hands the scatt'ring fork forsake,
And ruddy damsels ply the saving rake;
In rising hills the fragrant harvest grows,
And spreads along the field in equal rows.

Now when the height of heav'n bright Phœ-
bus gains,

And level rays cleave wide the thirsty plains,
When heifers seek the shade and cooling lake,
And in the middle pathway basks the snake,
O lead me, guard me from the sultry hours;
Hide me, ye forests, in your closest bow'rs,
Where the tall oak his spreading arms entwines,
And with the beech a mutual shade combines;
Where flows the murmur'ing brook, inviting
dreams;

Where bord'ring hazel overhangs the streams,
Whose rolling current, winding round and round,
With frequent falls makes all the wood resound;
Upon the mossy couch my limbs I cast,
And e'en at noon the sweets of ev'ning taste.

Here I peruse the Mantuan's Georgic strains,
And learn the labours of Italian swains;
In ev'ry page I see new landscapes rise,
And all Hesperia opens to my eyes;
I wander o'er the various rural toil,
And know the nature of each different soil:
This waving field is gilded o'er with corn;
That, spreading trees with blushing fruit adorn:

Here I survey the purple vintage grow,
Climb round the poles, and rise in graceful row;
Now I behold the steed curvet and bound,
And paw with restless hoof the smoking ground;
The dew-lap'd bull now chafes along the plain,
While burning love ferments in ev'ry vein;
His well-arm'd front against his rival aims,
And by the dint of war his mistress claims:
The careful insect 'midst his works I view,
Now from the flow'rs exhaust the fragrant dew;
With golden treasures load his little thighs,
And steer his distant journey thro' the skies;
Some against hostile drones the hive defend;
Others with sweets the waxen cells distend:
Each in the toil his destin'd office bears,
And in the little bulk a mighty soul appears.
Or when the ploughman leaves the task of day,
And trudging homeward whistles on the way;
When the big-udder'd cows with patience stand,
Waiting the strokings of the damsel's hand;
No warbling cheers the woods; the feather'd choir,
To court kind slumbers, to the sprays retire;
When no rude gale disturbs the sleeping trees,
Nor aspen-leaves confess the gentlest breeze;
Engag'd in thought, to Neptune's bounds I stray,
To take my farewell of the parting day;
Far in the deep the sun his glory hides,
A streak of gold the sea and sky divides:
The purple clouds their amber linings show,
And, edg'd with flame, rolls ev'ry wave below;
Here pensive I behold the fading light,
And o'er the distant billow lose my sight.

Now Night in silent state begins to rise,
And twinkling orbs bestow th'uncloudy skies;
Her borrow'd lustre growing Cynthia lends,
And on the main a glitt'ring path extends;
Millions of worlds hang in the spacious air,
Which round their suns their annual circles steer;
Sweet contemplation elevates my sense,
While I survey the works of Providence.
O could the Muse in loftier strains rehearse
The glorious Author of the universe,
Who reins the winds, gives the vast ocean bounds,
And circumscribes the floating worlds their
rounds,

My soul should overflow in songs of praise,
And my Creator's name inspire my lays!

As in successive course the seasons roll,
So circling pleasures recreate the soul.
When genial spring a living warmth bestows,
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,
But chrystal currents glide within their bounds;
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake:
With frequent leap they range the shallow
streams;

Their silver coats reflect their dazzling beams.
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,
And arm himself with ev'ry wat'ry snare;
His hooks, his lines, peruse with careful eye,
Increase his tackle, and his rod re-trye.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
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And waters, tumbling down the mountain's side,
 Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;
 Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,
 And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,
 The fisher to the neighb'ring current speeds,
 Whose rapid surface purls unknown to weeds:
 Upon a rising border of the brook
 He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;
 Now expectation cheers his eager thought,
 His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;
 Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,
 Where ev'ry guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far from the stream the twisted hair he throws,
 Which down the murm'ring current gently flows;
 When, if or chance or hunger's pow'rful sway
 Directs the roving trout this fatal way,
 He greedily sucks in the twining bait,
 And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:
 Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!
 How thy rod bends! behold the prize is thine!
 Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,
 And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use;
 Judgment will tell the proper bait to chuse:
 The worm that draws a long immoderate size
 The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;
 And, if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,
 And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.
 Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,
 Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:
 Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,
 Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;
 Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,
 And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But, when the sun displays his glorious beams,
 And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,
 Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,
 Bask in the sun, and look into the day:
 You now a more delusive art must try,
 And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide
 All the gay hues that wait on female pride:
 Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire
 The shining bellies of the fly require;
 The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,
 Nor the dear purchase of the fable's tail.
 Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,
 And lends the growing insect proper wings:
 Silks of all colours must their aid impart,
 And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.
 So the gay lady, with expensive care,
 Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;
 Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glitt'ring thing
 displays,

Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.
 Mark well the various seasons of the year,
 How the succeeding insect race appear;
 In this revolving moon one colour reigns,
 Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.
 Oft have I seen a skilful angler try
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly;
 When he with fruitless pain had skim'd the
 brook,
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,

He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;
 When if an insect fall (his certain guide)
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size;
 Then round his hook the chosen fur he winds,
 And on the back a speckled feather binds;
 So just the colours shine thro' ev'ry part,
 That Nature seems again to live in Art.
 Let not thy wary step advance too near,
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair;
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd;
 Against the stream now gently let it play,
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.
 The scaly shoals float by, and, seiz'd with fear,
 Behold their fellows tost in thinner air;
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,
 And greedily sucks in th'unfaithful food;
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,
 And bears with joy the little spoil away:
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake;
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
 And now again, impatient of the wound,
 He rolls and wreathes his shining body round;
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide;
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide.
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart;
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art;
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes,
 While the line stretches with th'unwieldy prize;
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:
 Till, tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize
 Gnash his sharpteeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;
 Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,
 And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,
 Stretches his quiv'ring fins, and, gasping, dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?
 Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chace
 (Th'amphibious monster ranges all the shores,
 Darts thro' the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores);
 Or let the gin his roving steps betray,
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bord'ring reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the fisher; I nor chuse to bear
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;

Nor

Nor drain I ponds, the golden carp to take,
Nor trowle for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake;
Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,
No blood of living insect stain my line.
Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,
With pliant rod, athwart the pebbled brook;
Silent along the mazy margin stray,
And, with the fur-wrought fly, delude the prey.

§ 43. *Rural Sports; a Georgic.* GAY.

CANTO II.

NOW, sporting muse, draw in the flowing reins,
Leave the clear streams a while for sunny plains.

Should you the various arms and toils rehearse,
And all the fisherman adorn thy verse;
Should you the wide encircling net display,
And in its spacious arch inclose the sea;
Then haul the plunging load upon the land,
And with the foal and turbot hide the sand;
It would extend the growing theme too long,
And tire the reader with the wat'ry song.

Let the keen hunter from the chace refrain,
Nor render all the plowman's labour vain
When Ceres pours out plenty from her horn,
And clothes the fields with golden ears of corn.
Now, now, ye reapers, to your task repair;
Haste! save the product of the bounteous year:
To the wide-gathering hook long furrows yield,
And rising sheaves extend thro' all the field.

Yet, if for sylvan sports thy bosom glow,
Let thy fleet greyhound urge his flying foe.
With what delight the rapid course I view!
How does my eye the circling race pursue!
He snaps deceitful air with empty jaws;
The subtle hare darts swift beneath his paws;
She flies, he stretches, now with nimble bound
Eager he presses on, but overshoots his ground;
She turns; he winds, and soon regains the way,
Then tears with goary mouth the screaming prey.
What various sport does rural life afford!

What unbought dainties heap the wholesome
Nor less the spaniel, skilful to betray, [board!
Rewards the fowler with the feather'd prey.
Soon as the lab'ring horse, with swelling veins,
Hath safely hous'd the farmer's doubtful gains,
To sweet repast th'unwary partridge flies,
With joy amid the scatter'd harvest lies;
Wand'ring in plenty, danger he forgets,
Nor dreads the slav'ry of entangling nets.
The subtle dog scours with sagacious nose
Along the field, and snuffs each breeze that blows;
Against the wind he takes his prudent way,
While the strong gale directs him to the prey;
Now the warm scent assures the covey near;
He treads with caution, and he points with fear;
Then (lest some sentry-fowl the fraud descry,
And bid his fellows from the danger fly)
Close to the ground in expectation lies,
Till in the snare the flutt'ring covey rise.
Soon as the blushing light begins to spread,
And glancing Phœbus gilds the mountain's head,

His early flight th'ill-fated partridge takes,
And quits the friendly shelter of the brakes.
Or, when the sun casts a declining ray,
And drives his chariot down the western way,
Let your obsequious ranger search around,
Where yellow stubble withers on the ground:
Nor will the roving spy direct in vain,
But num'rous coveys gratify thy pain.
When the meridian sun contracts the shade,
And frisking heifers seek the cooling glade;
Or when the country floats with sudden rains,
Or driving mists deface the moisten'd plains;
In vain his toils th'unskilful fowler tries,
While in thick woods the feeding partridge lies.
Nor must the sporting verse the gun forbear;
But what's the Fowler's be the Muse's care.
See how the well-taught pointer leads the way:
The scent grows warm; he stops; he springs
the prey;

The flutt'ring coveys from the stubble rise,
And on swift wing divide the sounding skies;
The scatt'ring lead pursues the certain flight,
And death in thunder overtakes their flight.
Cool breathes the morning air, and Winter's hand
Spreads wide her hoary mantle o'er the land;
Now to the copse thy lesser spaniel take,
Teach him to range the ditch and force the brake;
Not closest coverts can protect the game:
Hark! the dog opens; take thy certain aim.
The woodcock flutters; how he wav'ring flies!
The wood resounds: he wheels, he drops, he dies.

The tow'ring hawk let future poets sing,
Who terror bears upon his soaring wing:
Let them on high the frighted hern survey,
And lofty numbers paint their airy fray.
Nor shall the mountain lark the Muse detain,
That greets the morning with his early strain;
When, 'midst his song, the twinkling glass
betrays,
While from each angle flash the glancing rays,
And in the sun the transient colours blaze,
Pride lures the little warbler from the skies:
The light-enamour'd bird, deluded, dies.

But still the chace, a pleasing task, remains;
The hound must open in these rural strains.
Soon as Aurora drives away the night,
And edges eastern clouds with rosy light,
The healthy huntsman, with the cheerful horn,
Summons the dogs, and greets the dappled
morn;

The jocund thunder wakes th'enliven'd hounds,
They rouse from sleep, and answer sounds for
sounds;
Wide thro' the furzy field their rout they take;
Their bleeding bosoms force the thorny brake:
The flying game their smoking nostrils trace;
No bounding hedge obstructs their eager pace;
The distant mountains echo from afar,
And hanging woods resound the flying war:
The tuneful noise the sprightly courser hears,
Paws the green turf, and pricks his trembling
ears;

The slacken'd rein now gives him all his speed,
Back flies the rapid ground beneath the steed;
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Hills, dales, and forests, far behind remain,
While the warm scent draws on the deep-mouth'd
train.

Where shall the trembling hare a shelter find?
Hark! death advances in each gust of wind!
New stratagems and doubling wiles she tries,
Now circling turns; and now at large she flies;
Till, spent at last, she pants and heaves for breath,
Then lays her down, and waits devouring death.

But stay, advent'rous Muse! hast thou the force
To wind the twisted horn, to guide the horse?
To keep thy feat unmov'd, hast thou the skill,
O'er the high gate, and down the headlong hill?
Can'st thou the stag's laborious chace direct,
Or the strong fox thro' all his arts detect?
The theme demands a more experienc'd lay:
Ye mighty hunters! spare this weak essay.

O happy plains, remote from war's alarms,
And all the ravages of hostile arms!
And happy shepherds, who, secure from fear,
On open downs preserve your fleecy care!
Whose spacious barns groan with increasing store,
And whirling flails disjoint the cracking floor!
No barbarous soldier, bent on cruel spoil,
Spreads desolation o'er your fertile soil;
No trampling steed lays waste the ripen'd grain,
Nor crackling fires devour the promis'd gain:
No flaming beacons cast their blaze afar,
The dreadful signal of invasive war:
No trumpet's clangor wounds the mother's ear,
And calls the lover from his swooning fair.

What happiness the rural maid attends
In cheerful labour, while each day she spends!
She gratefully receives what Heav'n has sent,
And, rich in poverty, enjoys content
(Such happiness, and such unblemish'd fame,
Ne'er glad the bosom of the courtly dame):
She never feels the spleen's imagin'd pains,
Nor melancholy stagnates in her veins;
She never loses life in thoughtless ease,
Nor on the velvet couch invites disease;
Her home-spun dress in simple neatness lies,
And for no glaring equipage she sighs:
Her reputation, which is all her boast,
In a malicious visit ne'er was lost;
No midnight masquerade her beauty wears;
And health, not paint, the fading bloom repairs.
If love's soft passion in her bosom reign,
An equal passion warms her happy swain;
No homebred jars her quiet state control,
Nor watchful jealousy torments her soul;
With secret joy she sees her little race
Hang on her breast, and her small cottage grace;
The fleecy ball their busy fingers cull,
Or from the spindle draw the length'ning wool:
Thus flow her hours with constant peace of mind,
Till age the latest thread of life unwind.

Ye happy fields, unknown to noise and strife,
The kind rewarders of industrious life;
Ye shady woods, where once I us'd to rove,
Alike indulgent to the Muse and Love;
Ye murmur'ring streams that in meanders roll,
The sweet composers of the pensive soul,

Farewell!—The city calls me from your bow'rs.
Farewell, amusing thoughts and peaceful hours!

§ 44. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE I.

To his Grace the Duke of Dorset.

—*Tanto major Famæ sitis est quam
Virtutis.* JUV. Sat. 10.

MY verse is Satire; Dorset, lend your ear,
And patronize a Muse you cannot fear;
To Poets sacred is a Dorset's name;
Their wonted passport thro' the gates of fame;
It bribes the partial reader into praise,
And throws a glory round the shelter'd lays;
The dazzled judgment fewer faults can see,
And gives applause to B—e, or to me.
But you decline the mistress we pursue;
Others are fond of Fame, but Fame of you.
Instructive Satire, true to virtue's cause!
Thou shining supplement of public laws!
When flatter'd crimes of a licentious age
Reproach our silence, and demand our rage;
When purchas'd follies from each distant land,
Like arts, improve in Britain's skilful hand;
When the law shews her teeth, but dares not bite,
And South-Sea treasures are not brought to light;
When churchmen scripture for the classics quit,
Polite apostates from God's grace to wit;
When men grow great from their revenue spent,
And fly from bailiffs into parliament;
When dying sinners, to blot out their score,
Bequeath the church the leavings of a whore;
To chafe our spleen when themes like these in-
Shall panegyric reign, and censure cease! [crease,
Shall poetry, like law, turn wrong to right,
And dedications wash an Æthiop white,
Set up each senseless wretch for nature's boast,
On whom praise shines, as trophies on a post?
Shall fun'ral eloquence her colours spread,
And scatter roses on the wealthy dead?
Shall authors smile on such illustrious days,
And satirize with nothing—but their praise?

Why slumbers Pope, who leads the tuneful train,
Nor hears that virtue, which he loves, complain?
Donne, Dorset, Dryden, Rochester are dead,
And guilt's chief foe in Addison is fled;
Congreve, who, crown'd with laurels fairly won,
Sits smiling at the goal while others run,
He will not write; and (more provoking still)
Ye gods! he will not write, and Mævius will.

Doubly distressed, what author shall we find
(Discreetly daring and severely kind)
The courtly* Roman's shining path to tread,
And sharply smile prevailing folly dead?
Will no superior genius snatch the quill,
And save me, on the brink, from writing ill?
Tho' vain the strife, I'll strive my voice to raise.
What will not men attempt for sacred praise!

The love of praise, howe'er conceal'd by art,
Reigns, more or less, and glows in ev'ry heart.

* Horace.

The proud, to gain it, toils on toils endure;
The modest shun it, but to make it sure.
O'er globes and scepters, now on thrones it swells,
Now trims the midnight lamp in college-cells.
'Tis Tory, Whig; it plots, prays, preaches,
pleads,

Harangues in senates, squeaks in masquerades:
Here, to S—e's humour makes a bold pretence;
There, bolder aims at Pultney's eloquence.
It aids the dancer's heel, the writer's head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with life; but nods in fable plumes,
Adorns our hearse, and flatters on our tombs.

What is not proud! The pimp is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:

The whore is proud; her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd cuckold, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn.

Some go to church, proud humbly to repent,
And come back much more guilty than they went:
One way they look, another way they steer,
Pray to the gods; but would have mortals hear;
And when their sins they set sincerely down,
They'll find that their religion has been one.

Others, with wishful eyes on glory look,
When they have got their picture tow'rd's a book.
Or pompous title, like a gaudy sign,
Meant to betray dull fots to wretched wine.
If at his title T—— had dropt his quill,
T—— might have pass'd for a great genius still;
But T—— alas! (excuse him, if you can)
Is now a scribbler, who was once a man.

Imperious, some a classic fame demand,
For heaping up, with a laborious hand,
A waggon-load of meanings for one word,
While A's depos'd, and B with pomp restor'd.

Some, for renown, on scraps of learning doat,
And think they grow immortal as they quote.
To patchwork learn'd quotations are ally'd;
Both strive to make our poverty our pride.

On glass how witty is a noble Peer!
Did ever diamond cost a man so dear?

Polite diseases make some idiots vain,
Which, if unfortunately well, they feign.
On death-beds some in conscious glory lie,
Since of the doctor in the mode they die;
Whose wond'rous skill is, headman-like, to know
For better pay to give a surer blow.

Of folly, vice, disease, men proud we see;
And (stranger still) of blockheads flattery,
Whose praise defames; as if a fool should mean,
By spitting on your face, to make it clean!

Nor is't enough all hearts are swoln with pride,
Her pow'r is mighty, as her realm is wide.
What can she not perform? The love of Fame
Made bold Alphonfus his Creator blame;
Empedocles hurl'd down the burning steep;
And, stranger still, made Alexander weep.
Nay, it holds Delia from a second bed, [dead!
Tho' her lov'd lord has four half months been

This passion with a pimple have I seen
Retard a cause, and give a judge the spleen.
By this inspir'd (O! ne'er to be forgot)
Some lords have learnt to spell, and some to knot.

It makes Globose a speaker in the house;
He hems, and is deliver'd of his mouse.
It makes dear self on well-bred tongues prevail,
And I the little hero of each tale.

Sick with the love of fame what throngs pour
Unpeople court, and leave the senate thin! [in,
My growing subject seems but just begun,
And, chariot-like, I kindle as I run.
Aid me, great Homer! with thy epic rules,
To take a catalogue of British fools.

Satire! had I thy Dorset's force divine,
A knave or fool should perish in each line;
Tho' for the first all Westminster should plead,
And for the last all Gresham intercede.

Begin. Who first the catalogue shall grace?
To quality belongs the highest place.

My lord comes forward; forward let him come!
Ye vulgar! at your peril give him room;
He stands for fame on his forefathers feet,
By heraldry prov'd valiant, or discreet.

With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
Above the man by three descents less wise!
If virtues at his noble hand you crave,
You bid him raise his fathers from the grave,
Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace;
Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.

Let high birth triumph! What can be more
great?

Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
To Virtue's humblest son let none prefer
Vice, tho' descended from the conqueror.
Shall men, like figures, pass for high or base,
Slight or important, only by their place?
Titles are marks of honest men, and wise;
The fool or knave that wears a title lies.

They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.
Dorset, let those who proudly boast their line,
Like thee, in worth hereditary, shine.

Vain as false greatness is, the Muse must own
We want not fools to buy that Bristol stone.
Mean sons of Earth, who on a South-Sea tide
Of full success swam into wealth and pride,
Knock with a purse of gold at Anstis' gate,
And beg to be descended from the great.

When men of infamy to grandeur soar,
They light a torch to shew their shame the more.
Those governments which curb not evils, cause;
And a rich knave's a libel on our laws.

Belus with solid glory will be crown'd;
He buys no phantom, no vain empty sound,
But builds himself a name; and to be great,
Sinks in a quarry an immense estate;
In cost and grandeur Chandos he'll out-do;
And Burlington, thy taste is not so true;
The pile is finish'd, ev'ry toil is past,
And full perfection is arriv'd at last;
When lo! my lord to some small corner runs,
And leaves state-rooms to strangers and to duns.

The man who builds, and wants wherewith to
Provides a home, from which to run away. [pay,
In Britain what is many a lordly feat,
But a discharge in full for an estate?

In smaller compass lies Pygmalion's fame;
Not domes, but antic statues are his flame.

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Not F—t—n's self more Parian charms has known;
Nor is good Pembroke more in love with stone.
The bailiffs come (rude men, profanely bold!)
And bid him turn his Venus into gold.
"No, sirs," he cries, "I'll sooner rot in jail!
"Shall Grecian arts be truck'd for English bail?"
Such heads might make their very Buttos laugh.
His daughter starves, but * Cleopatra's safe.

Men overloaded with a large estate
May spill their treasure in a nice conceit;
The rich may be polite, but oh! 'tis sad
To say you're curious, when we swear you're mad.
By your revenue measure your expence,
And to your funds and acres join your sense:
No man is blest by accident, or guess;
True wisdom is the price of happiness;
Yet few without long discipline are sage;
And our youth only lays up sighs for age.

But how, my Muse, canst thou refuse so long
The bright temptation of the courtly throng,
Thy most inviting theme? the court affords
Much food for Satire, it abounds in lords.
"What lords are those saluting with a grin?"
One is just out, and one is lately in.

"How comes it then to pass we see preside
"On both their brows an equal share of pride?"
Pride, that impartial passion, reigns thro' all,
Attends our glory, nor deserts our fall:
As in its home, it triumphs in high place,
And frowns a haughty exile in disgrace.
Some lords it bids admire their wands so white,
Which bloom, like Aaron's, to their ravish'd

fight;
Some lords it bids resign, and turns their wands,
Like Moses', into serpents in their hands.
These sink, as divers, for renown! and boast
With pride inverted of their honors lost.
But against reason sure 'tis equal sin
To boast of merely being out or in.

What numbers here, thro' odd ambition, strive
To seem the most transported things alive!
As if by joy desert was understood,
And all the fortunate were wise or good.
Hence aching bosoms wear a visage gay,
And stifled groans frequent the ball and play.
Completely dress'd by † Monteucl, and grimace,
They take their birth-day suit, and public face;
Their smiles are only part of what they wear,
Put off at night with lady B——'s hair.
What bodily fatigue is half so bad?

With anxious care they labour to be glad.
What numbers here would into Fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb's dance!
The tavern! park! assembly! mask! and play!
Those dear destroyers of the tedious day!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town;
Call it diversion, and the pill goes down;
Fools grin on fools, and, Stoic-like, support,
Without one sigh, the pleasures of a court.
Courts can give nothing to the wise and good,
But scorn of pomp and love of solitude.
High stations tumults, but not bliss create;
None think the great unhappy, but the great;

* A famous statue

Fools gaze and envy; envy darts a sting,
Which makes a swain as wretched as a king.

I envy none their pageantry and show;
I envy none the gilding of their woe.
Give me, indulgent gods! with mind serene
And guiltless heart, to range the sylvan scene.
No splendid poverty, no smiling care,
No well-bred hate, or servile grandeur there;
There pleasing objects useful thoughts suggest,
The scene is ravish'd, and the soul is blest;
On ev'ry thorn delightful wisdom grows,
In ev'ry rill a sweet instruction flows:
But some, untaught, o'erhear the whisp'ring rill,
In spite of sacred leisure, blockheads still;
Nor shoots up folly to a nobler bloom
In her own native soil, the drawing room.

The 'squire is proud to see his courser strain,
Or well-breath'd beagles sweep along the plain.
Say, dear Hippolitus (whose drink is ale,
Whose erudition is a Christmas-tale,
Whose mistress is saluted with a snack,
And friend receiv'd with thumps upon the back)
When thy sleek gelding nimbly leaps the mound,
And Ringwood opens on the tainted ground,
Is that thy praise? let Ringwood's fame alone,
Just Ringwood leaves each animal his own,
Nor envies when a gipsy you commit,
And shake the clumsy bench with country wit;
When you the dullest of dull things have said,
And then ask pardon for the jest you made.

Here breathe, my Muse! and then thy task renew.
Ten thousand fools unsung are still in view.
Fewer lay-atheists made by church-debates;
Fewer great beggars fam'd for large estates;
Ladies, whose love is constant as the wind;
Cits, who prefer a guinea to mankind!
Fewer grave lords to Scroope discreetly bend:
And fewer shocks a statesman gives his friend.

Is there a man of an eternal vein,
Who hurls the town in winter with his strain,
At Bath in summer chants the reigning lads,
And sweetly whistles as the waters pass?
Is there a tongue, like Delia's o'er her cup,
That runs for ages without winding up?
Is there whom his tenth Epic mounts to Fame?
Such, and such only, might exhaust my theme;
Nor would these heroes of the task be glad;
For who can write so fast as men run mad?

§ 45. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE II.

To the Right Honourable the Earl of Scarborough.

MY Muse, proceed, and reach thy destin'd end,
Tho' toil and danger the bold task attend.
Heroes and gods make other poems fine,
Plain Satire calls for sense in ev'ry line;
Then, to what swarms thy faults dare I expose?
All friends to vice and folly are thy foes;
When such the foe, a war eternal wage,
'Tis most ill-nature to repress thy rage;

And

† A famous Tailor.

And if these strains some nobler Muse excite,
I'll glory in the verse I did not write.

So weak are human kind by nature made,
Or to such weakness by their vice betray'd,
Almighty Vanity! to thee they owe
Their zest of pleasure, and their balm of woe.
Thou, like the sun, all colours dost contain,
Varying, like rays of light on drops of rain;
For ev'ry soul finds reasons to be proud,
Tho' hiss'd and hooted by the pointing crowd.

Warm in pursuit of foxes and renown,
Hippolitus* demands the Sylvan crown;
But Florio's fame, the product of a show'r,
Grows in his garden, an illustrious flow'r!
Why teems the earth? why melt the vernal skies?
Why shines the sun? To make † Paul Diack rise.
From morn to night has Florio gazing stood,
And wonder'd how the gods could be so good.
What shape? what hue? was ever nymph so fair?
He doats! he dies! he too is rooted there.
O solid bliss! which nothing can destroy
Except a cat, bird, snail, or idle boy.

In Fame's full bloom lies Florio down at night,
And wakes next day a most inglorious wight;
The tulip's dead! see thy fair sister's fate,
O C——! and be kind ere 'tis too late.

Nor are those enemies I mention'd all;
Beware, O Florists, thy ambition's fall.
A friend of mine indulg'd this noble flame;
A Quaker serv'd him, Adam was his name.
To one lov'd tulip oft the master went,
Hung o'er it, and whole days in rapture spent;
But came, and mist it one ill-fated hour:
He rag'd, he roar'd; "what Dæmon cropt my
flow'r?"

Serene, quoth Adam, 'Lo! 'twas crush'd by me;
'Fall'n is the Baal to which thou bow'dst thy
'knee.'

"But all men want amusement, and what crime
"In such a Paradise to fool their time?"
None; but why proud of this? to Fame they soar?
We grant they're idle, if they'll ask no more.

We smile at Florists, we despise their joy,
And think their hearts enamour'd of a toy;
But are those wiser whom we most admire,
Survey with envy, and pursue with fire?
What's he who sighs for wealth, or fame, or
Another Florio doating on a flow'r, [pow'r?
A short-liv'd flow'r, and which has often sprung
From sordid arts, as Florio's out of dung.

With what, O Codrus! is thy fancy smit?
The flow'r of learning, and the bloom of wit.
Thy gawdy shelves with crimson bindings glow,
And Epictetus is a perfect beau.
How fit for thee bound up in crimson too,
Gilt, and, like them, devoted to the view!
Thy books are furniture. Methinks 'tis hard
That science should be purchas'd by the yard,
And Tonson, turn'd upholsterer, send home
The gilded leather to fit up thy room!

If not to some peculiar end assign'd,
Study's the specious trifling of the mind;

Or is at best a secondary aim,

A chace for sport alone, and not for game;
If so, sure they who the mere volume prize,
But love the thicket where the quarry lies.

On buying books Lorenzo long was bent,
But found at length that it reduc'd his rent;
His farms were flown; when lo! a sale comes on,
A choice collection! what is to be done?
He sells his last, for he the whole will buy;
Sells e'en his house, nay wants whereon to lye;
So high the gen'rous ardor of the man
For Romans, Greeks, and Orientals ran.
To make the purchase he gives all his store,
Except one darling diamond that he wore.
For what a mistress gave, 'tis death to pawn;
Yet when the terms were fix'd, and writings drawn,
The sight so ravish'd him, he gave the clerk
Love's sacred pledge, and sign'd them with his
Unlearned men of books assume the care, [mark;
As eunuchs are the guardians of the fair.

Not in his author's liveries alone
Is Codrus' Erudite ambition shown?
Editions various, at high prices bought,
Inform the world what Codrus would be thought;
And, to this cost, another must succeed,
To pay a sage, who says that he can read,
Who titles knows, and indexes have seen;
But leaves to —— what lies between:
Of pompous books who shuns the proud expence,
And humbly is contented with their sense.

O Lumley, whose accomplishments make good
The promise of a long-illustrious blood;
In arts and manners eminently grac'd,
The strictest honor, and the finest taste!
Accept this verse; if Satire can agree
With so consummate an humanity.
But know, my lord, if you relent the wrong,
That on candour I obtrude my song;
'Tis Satire's just revenge on that fair name,
Which all their malice cannot make her theme.

By your example would Hilario mend,
How would it grace the talents of my friend,
Who with the charms of his own genius smit,
Conceives all virtues are compriz'd in wit!
But time his fervent petulance may cool;
For though he is a wit, he is no fool.
In time he'll learn to use, not waste his sense,
Nor make a frailty of an excellence.
His brisk attack on blockheads we should prize,
Were not his jest as flippant with the wise.
He spares nor friend nor foe; but calls to mind,
Like dooms-day, all the faults of all mankind.

What tho' wit tickles? tickling is unsafe,
If still 'tis painful while it makes us laugh.
Who, for the poor renown of being smart,
Would leave a sting within a brother's heart?

Parts may be prais'd, good-nature is ador'd;
Then draw your wit as seldom as your sword,
And never on the weak; or you'll appear
As there no hero, no great genius here.
As in smooth oil the razor best is whet,
So wit is by politeness sharpest set;

* This refers to the first Satire.

† The name of a Tulip.

Their want of edge from their offence is seen ;
Both pain us least when exquisitely keen.
The same men give is for the joy they find ;
Dull is the jester, when the joke's unkind.

Since Marcus, doubtless, thinks himself a wit,
To pay my compliment what place so fit ?
His most facetious * Letters came to hand,
Which my first Satire sweetly reprimand.
If that a just offence to Marcus gave,
Say, Marcus, which art thou, a fool or knave ?
For all but such with caution I forbore ;
That thou wast either, I ne'er knew before.
I know thee now, both what thou art, and who ?
No mask so good but Marcus must shine through ;
False names are vain, thy lines their author tell ;
Thy best concealment had been writing well ;
But thou a brave neglect of Fame hast shown,
Of others fame, great genius ! and thy own.
Write on unheeded, and this maxim know ;
The man who pardons, disappoints his foe.

In malice to proud wits, some proudly lull
Their peevish reason, vain of being dull ; [fools,
When some home-joke has stung their solemn
In vengeance they determine—to be fools ;
Thro' spleen, that little nature gave, make less,
Quite zealous in the ways of heaviness ;
To lumps inanimate a fondness take,
And disinherit sons that are awake. [spit,
These, when their utmost venom they would
Most barbarously tell you—"he's a wit."
Poor Negroes, thus, to shew their burning spite,
To Cacodæmons say, they're devilish white.

Lampridius, from the bottom of his breast,
Sighs o'er one child, but triumphs in the rest.
How just his grief ? one carries in his head
A less proportion of the father's lead ;
And is in danger, without special grace,
To rise above a Justice of the Peace.
The dunghill-breed of men a diamond scorn,
And feel a passion for a grain of corn ;
Some stupid, plodding, money-loving wight,
Who wins their hearts by knowing black from
white ;

Who with much pains, exerting all his sense,
Can range aright his shillings, pounds, and pence.
The booby-father craves a booby-son,
And by Heav'n's blessing thinks himself undone.
Wants of all kinds are made to Fame a plea ;
One learns to lisp, another not to see ;
Miss D——, tottering, catches at your hand.
Was ever thing so pretty born to stand ?
Whilst these what nature gave disown, through
Others affect what nature has deny'd ; [pride,
What nature has deny'd fools will pursue,
As apes are ever walking upon two.

Crassus, a grateful sage, our awe, and sport !
Supports grave forms, for forms the sage support ;
He hems, and cries with an important air,
"If yonder clouds withdraw, it will be fair !"
Then quotes the Stagyrite to prove it true,
And adds, "The learn'd delight in something
"new."

Is't not enough the blockhead scarce can read,
But must he wisely look, and gravely plead ?
As far a formalist from wisdom sits
In judging eyes, as libertines from wits.
Nay, of true wisdom there too much may be ;
The gen'rous mind delights in being free ;
Your men of parts an over-care despise ;
Dull rogues have nought to do but to be wise.
Horace has said, and that decides the case,
'Tis sweet to trifle in a proper place.
Yet subtle wights (so blind are mortal men,
Tho' Satire couch them with her keenest pen)
For ever will hang out a solemn face,
To put off nonsense with a better grace ;
As pedlars with some hero's head make bold,
Illustrious mark ! where pins are to be sold.
What's the bent brow, or neck in thought reclin'd ?
The body's wisdom to conceal the mind.
A man of sense can artifice disdain,
As men of wealth may venture to go plain ;
And be this truth eternal ne'er forgot,
Solemnity's a cover for a sot.
I find the fool, when I behold the screen ;
For 'tis the wise man's int'rest to be seen.
Hence Scarborough, that openness of heart,
And just disdain for that poor mimic art ;
Hence (manly praise !) that manner nobly free,
Which all admire, and I commend in thee.

With gen'rous scorn how oft hast thou survey'd
Of court and town the noon-tide masquerade,
Where swarms of knaves the vizor quite disgrace,
And hide secure behind a naked face ?
Where nature's end of language is declin'd,
And men talk only to conceal the mind ;
Where gen'rous hearts the greatest hazard run ;
And he who trusts a brother is undone !
My brother swore it, therefore it is true ;
O strange induction ! and at court quite new.
As well thou might'st aver, thou simple swain,
" 'Tis just, and therefore I my cause shall gain."
With such odd maxims to thy flocks retreat,
Nor furnish mirth for ministers of state.

Some master-spirits far beyond the throng
Refin'd in ill, more rightly bent on wrong,
With exquisite discernment play their game,
More nice of conduct, and more fair of fame.
The neatly injur'd thinks his thanks are due,
Robb'd of his right, and good opinion too :
False honor, pride's first-born, this clap controls,
Who wisely part with nothing but their souls.
Albertus hugs himself in ravish'd thought,
To find a peerage is so cheaply bought.

These all their care expend on outward show
For wealth and fame ; for fame alone the beau.
Of late, at White's was young Florello seen,
How blank his look ? how compos'd his mien ?
So hard it proves in grief sincere to feign !
Sunk were his spirits ; for his coat was plain.

Next day his breast regain'd its wonted peace ;
His health was mended with a silver lace.
A curious artist, long injur'd to toils
Of gentler sort, with combs, and fragrant oils,

* Letters sent to the author, signed Marcus.

Whether by chance, or by some god inspir'd,
So touch'd his curls, his mighty soul was fir'd.
The well-swoln ties an equal homage claim,
And either shoulder has its share of fame;
His sumptuous watch-case, tho' conceal'd it lies,
Like a good conscience, solid joy supplies.
He only thinks himself (so far from vain!)
Stanhope in wit; in breeding, Deloraine.
Whene'er by seeming chance he throws his eye
On mirrors flushing with his Tyrian dye,
With how sublime a transport leaps his heart!
But fate ordains that dearest friends must part.
In active measures brought from France, he
wheels

And triumphs, conscious of his learned heels.

So have I seen on some bright summer's day
A calf of genius, debonnair and gay,
Dance on the bank, as if inspir'd by fame,
Fond of the pretty fellow in the stream.

Morose is sunk with shame, whene'er surpriz'd
In linen clean, or peruke undisguis'd.
No sublunary chance his vestments fear,
Valu'd like leopards, as their spots appear.
A fam'd furtout he wears, which once was blue,
And his foot swims in a capacious shoe.
One day his wife (for who can wives reclaim?)
Levell'd her barb'rous needle at his fame;
But open force was vain; by night she went,
And, while he slept, surpriz'd the darling rent;
Where yawn'd the frize is now become a doubt,
And glory at one entrance quite shut out*.

He scorns Florello, and Florello him:
This hates the filthy creature, that the prim;
Thus in each other both these fools despise
Their own dear selves, with undiscerning eyes;
Their methods various, but alike their aim:
The sloven and the fopling are the same.

Ye Whigs and Tories! thus it fares with you,
When party-rage too warmly you pursue;
Then both club nonsense and impetuous pride,
And folly joins whom sentiments divide.
You vent your spleen as monkeys when they pass,
Scratch at the mimic-monkey in the glass,
While both are one; and henceforth be it known,
Fools of both sides shall stand for fools alone.

"But who art thou?" methinks Florello cries:
"Of all thy species art thou only wife?"
Since smallest things can give our sins a twitch,
As crossing straws retard a passing witch,
Florello, thou my monitor shall be;
I'll conjure thus some profit out of thee.

O thou myself! abroad our counsels roam,
And, like ill husbands, take no care at home.
Come from thyself, and a by-stander be;
With others eyes thy own deportment see;
And while their ails thou dost with pity view,
Conceive, hard task, that thou art mortal too.
Thou too art wounded with the common dart,
And love of Fame lies throbbing at thy heart;
And what wise means to gain it hast thou chose?
Know, Fame and Fortune both are made of prose.
Is thy ambition sweating for a rhyme,
Thou unambitious fool, at this late time?

This noon of life! the seasons mend their pace,
And with a nimbler step the seasons chace;
While I a moment name, a moment's past;
I'm nearer death in this verse than the last;
What then is to be done? Be wise with speed;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed!

And what so foolish as the chace of Fame?
How vain the prize! how impotent our aim!
For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
That rise and fall, that swell, and are no more,
Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour!
Should this verse live, O Lumley! may it be
A monument of gratitude to thee!
Whose early favour I must own with shame,
So long my patron, and so late my theme.

§ 46. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE III.

To the Right Honourable Mr. Dodington.

LONG, Dodington, in debt, I long have sought
To ease the burden of my grateful thought;
And now a poet's gratitude you see,
Grant him two favours, and he'll ask for three;
For whose the present glory or the gain?
You give protection, I a worthless strain.
You love, and feel the poet's sacred flame,
And know the basis of a solid fame;
Tho' prone to like, yet cautious to commend,
You read with all the malice of a friend;
Nor favour my attempts that way alone,
But more to raise my verse, conceal your own.

An ill-tim'd modesty! turn ages o'er,
When wanted Britain bright examples more?
Her learning and her genius too decays,
And dark and cold are her declining days;
As if men now were of another cast,
They meanly live on alms of ages past.
Men still are men, and they who boldly dare,
Shall triumph o'er the sons of cold Despair;
Or, if they fail, they justly still take place
Of such who run in debt for their disgrace:
Who borrow much, then fairly make it known,
And damn it with improvements of their own.
We bring some new materials, and what's old
New-cast with care, and in no borrow'd mold;
Late times the verse may read, if these refuse,
And from four critics vindicate the muse.

"Your work is long," the critics cry: 'tis true,
And lengthens still, to take in fools like you;
Shorten my labour, if its length you blame,
For, grow but wise, you rob me of my game;
As hunted hags, who, while the dogs pursue,
Renounce their four legs, and start up on two.

Like the bold bird upon the banks of Nile
That picks the teeth of the dire crocodile,
Will I enjoy (dread feast!) the critic's rage,
And with the fell destroyer feed my page.
For what ambitious fools are more to blame
Than those who thunder in the critic's name?

Good authors damn'd, have their revenge in this,
To see what wretches gain the praise they miss.

Balbutius, muffled in his fable cloke,
Like an old Druid from his hollow oak,
As ravens solemn, and as boding, cries,
Ten thousand worlds for the three unities !
Ye doctors sage, who thro' Parnassus teach,
Or quit the tub, or practise what you preach.

One judges, as the weather dictates, right
The poem is at noon, and wrong at night ;
Another judges by a surer gauge,
An author's principles or parentage ;
Since his great ancestors in Flanders fell,
The poem, doubtless, must be written well ;
Another judges by the writer's look ;
Another judges, for he bought the book ;
Some judge, their knack of judging wrong to keep ;
Some judge, because it is too soon to sleep.
Thus all will judge, and with one single aim,
To gain themselves, not give the writer fame.
The very best ambitiously advise,
Half to serve you, and half to pass for wise ;
None are at leisure others to reward ;
They scarce will damn, but out of self-regard.

Critics on verse, as squibs on triumphs wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the state ;
Hot, envious, noisy, proud, the scribbling fry
Burn, hiss, and bounce, waste paper, stink and die.
Rail on, my friends ! what more my verse can crown
Than Compton's smile, and your obliging frown ?

Not all on books their criticism waste ;
The genius of a dish some justly taste,
And eat their way to fame ! with anxious thought
The salmon is refus'd, the turbot bought.
Impatient Art rebukes the sun's delay,
And bids December yield the fruits of May.
Their various cares in one great point combine
The bus'ness of their lives, that is—to dine ;
Half of their precious day they give the feast,
And, to a kind digestion, spare the rest.
Apicius, here, the taster of the town,
Feeds twice a-week, to settle their renown.

These worthies of the palate guard with care
The sacred annals of their bills of fare ;
In those choice books their panegyrics read,
And scorn the creatures that for hunger feed ;
If man, by feeding well, commences great,
Much more the worm, to whom that man is meat.
To glory some advance a lying claim,
Thieves of renown, and pilferers of fame !
Their front supplies what their ambition lacks ;
They know a thousand lords behind their backs.
Cottis is apt to wink upon a peer,
When turn'd away, with a familiar leer ;
And Hervey's eyes, unmercifully keen,
Have murder'd fops, by whom she ne'er was seen ;
Niger adopts stray libels, wisely prone
To covet shame still greater than his own ;
Bathyllus, in the winter of threescore,
Belies his innocence, and keeps a whore !
Absence of mind Brabantio turns to fame,
Learns to mistake, nor knows his brother's name ;
Has words and thoughts in nice disorder set,
And takes a memorandum to forget.

Thus vain, nor knowing what adorns or blots,
Men forge the patents that create them fots.

As love of pleasure into pain betrays,
So most grow infamous thro' love of praise.
But whence for praise can such an ardor rise,
When those, who bring that incense, we despise ?
For such the vanity of great and small,
Contempt goes round, all men laugh at all.

Nor can ev'n Satire blame them, for 'tis true,
They most have ample cause for what they do.
O ! fruitful Britain ! doubtless thou wast meant
A nurse of fools to stock the Continent.
Tho' Phœbus and the Nine for ever mow,
Rank folly underneath the scythe will grow,
The plenteous harvest calls me forward still,
Till I surpass in length my lawyer's bill,
A Welch descent, which well-paid heralds damn,
Or, longer still, a Dutchman's epigram.

When cloy'd, in fury I throw down my pen,
In comes a coxcomb, and I write agen.
See ! Tityrus with merriment posselt,
Is burst with laughter ere he hears the jest ;
What need he stay ? for when the joke is o'er,
His teeth will be no whiter than before.

Is there of these, ye fair ! so great a dearth,
That you need purchase monkeys for your mirth ?

Some, vain of paintings, bid the world admire ;
Of houses some, nay, houses that they hire ;
Some (perfect wisdom !) of a beauteous wife,
And boast, like Cordeliers, a scourge for life.

Sometimes, thro' pride, the sexes change their
airs ;

My lord has vapours, and my lady swears !
Then, stranger still, on turning of the wind,
My lord wears breeches, and my lady's kind !

To shew the strength and infamy of pride,
By all 'tis follow'd, and by all deny'd.

What numbers are there, who at once pursue
Praise, and the glory to condemn it, too !

Vincenna knows self-praise betrays to shame,
And therefore lays a stratagem for fame ;
Makes his approach in modesty's disguise
To win applause, and takes it by surprise.

"To err", says he, "in small things is my fate."

You know your answer, He's exact in great.

"My stile," says she, "is rude, and full of faults."

But O ! what sense ! what energy of thoughts !

That he wants algebra he must confess ;

But not a soul to give our arms success.

"Ah ! that's a hit indeed," Vincenna cries ;

"But who, in heat of blood, was ever wise ?

"I own 'twas wrong, when thousands call'd me
back,

"To make that hopeless, ill-advis'd attack ;

"All say 'twas madness, nor dare I deny ;

"Sure never fool so well deserv'd to die."

Could this deceive in others, to be free,

It ne'er, Vincenna, could deceive in thee,

Whose conduct is a comment to thy tongue

So clear, the dullest cannot take thee wrong.

Thou in one suit wilt thy revenue wear,

And haunt the Court, without a prospect there

Are these expedients for renown ? Confess

Thy little self, that I may scorn thee less.

Be wife, Vincenna, and the court forsake ;
 Our fortunes there, nor thou nor I shall make.
 Ev'n men of merit, ere their point they gain,
 In hardy service make a long campaign,
 Most manfully besiege the patron's gate,
 And oft repuls'd, as oft attack the great
 With painful art, and application warm,
 And take at last some little place by storm ;
 Enough to keep two shoes on Sunday clean,
 And starve upon discreetly in Shire-lane.
 Already this thy fortune can afford,
 Then starve without the favour of my lord.
 'Tis true, great fortunes some great men confer ;
 But often, ev'n in doing right, they err :
 From caprice, not from choice, their favours come ;
 They give, but think it toil to know to whom :
 The man that's nearest, yawning they advance :
 'Tis inhumanity to bless by chance.
 If merit sues, and greatness is so loth
 To break its downy trance, I pity both.

I grant at court, Philander, at his need
 (Thanks to his lovely wife) finds friends indeed.
 Of ev'ry charm and virtue she's possess.
 Philander ! thou art exquisitely blest ;
 The public envy ! now then, 'tis allow'd,
 The man it found who may be justly proud ;
 But, see ! how sickly is ambition's taste ?
 Ambition feeds on trash, and loaths a feast ?
 For lo ! Philander, of reproach afraid,
 In secret loves his wife, but keeps her maid.
 Some nymphs sell reputation, others buy,
 And love a market where the rates run high.
 Italian music's sweet, because 'tis dear ;
 Their vanity is tickled, not their ear ;
 Their tastes would lessen if the prices fell,
 And Shakespear's wretched stuff do quite as well ;
 Away the disenchant'd fair would throng,
 And own, that English is their mother-tongue.

To shew how much our northern tastes refine,
 Imported nymphs our peeresses outshine ;
 While tradesmen starve these Philomels are gay ;
 For gen'rous lords had rather give than pay.
 O lavish land, for sound at such expence !
 But then she saves it in her bills for sense.

Music I passionately love, 'tis plain,
 Since for its sake such dramas I sustain.
 An opera, like a pillory, may be said
 To nail our ears down, but expose our head.

Behold the masquerade's fantastic scene !
 The legislature join'd with Drury-lane !
 When Britain calls, th'embroider'd patriots run,
 And serve their country—if the dance is done.
 "Are we not then allow'd to be polite ?"
 Yes, doubtless ; but first set your notions right.
 Worth of politeness is the needful ground ;
 Where that is wanting, this can ne'er be found.
 Triflers not ev'n in trifles can excel ;
 'Tis solid bodies only polish well.

Great, chosen prophet ! for these latter days,
 To turn a willing world from righteous ways,
 Well, Heideger, dost thou my master serve ;
 Well has he seen his servant should not starve ;
 Thou to his name hast splendid temples rais'd,
 In various forms of worship seen him prais'd ;

Gaudy devotion, like a Roman, shown,
 And sung sweet anthems in a tongue unknown,
 Inferior off'rings to thy god of vice
 Are duly paid in fiddles, cards, and dice ;
 Thy sacrifice supreme an hundred maids !
 That solemn rite of midnight masquerades !
 If maids the quite exhausted town denies,
 An hundred head of cuckolds must suffice.
 Thou smil'st, well-pleas'd with the converted land,
 To see the fifty churches at a stand.

And, that thy minister may never fail,
 But what thy hand has planted still prevail,
 Of minor prophets a succession sure
 The propagation of thy zeal secure.

See commons, peers, and ministers of state,
 In solemn council met, and deep debate !
 What godlike enterprize is taking birth ?
 What wonder opens on th'expecting earth ?
 'Tis done ! with loud applause the council rings !
 Fixt is the fate of whores and fiddlestrings !

Tho' bold these truths, thou Muse, with
 truths like these,
 Wilt none offend, whom 'tis a praise to please ;
 Let others flatter to be flatter'd, thou,
 Like just tribunals, bend an awful brow.
 How terrible it were to common-sense,
 To write a Satire which gave none offence !
 And, since from life I take the draughts you see,
 If men dislike them, do they censure me ?
 On then, my muse ! and fools and knaves expose,
 And, since thou canst not make a friend, make foes.
 The fool and knave 'tis glorious to offend,
 And godlike an attempt the world to mend ;
 The world, where lucky throws to blockheads fall,
 Knives know the game, and honest men pay all.

How hard for real worth to gain its price !
 A man shall make his fortune in a trice,
 If blest with pliant, tho' but slender sense,
 Feign'd modesty, and real impudence.
 A supple knee, smooth tongue, an easy grace,
 A curse within, a smile upon his face,
 A beauteous sister, or convenient wife,
 Are prizes in the lottery of life ;
 Genius and virtue they will soon defeat,
 And lodge you in the bosom of the great.
 To merit, is but to provide a pain
 From mens refusing what you ought to gain.

May, Dodington, this maxim fail in you,
 Whom my presaging thoughts already view
 By Walpole's conduct fir'd, and friendship grac'd,
 Still higher in your prince's favour plac'd ;
 And lending, here, those awful councils aid,
 Which you, abroad, with such success obey'd ;
 Bear this from one who holds your friendship dear,
 What most we wish, with ease we fancy near.

§ 47. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE IV.

To the Right Honourable Sir Spencer Compton.

ROUND some fair tree th'ambitious woodbine
 grows,
 And breathes her sweetson the supporting boughs :
 So

So sweet the verse, th'ambitious verse, should be
(O! pardon mine) that hopes support from thee;
Thee, Compton, born o'er senates to preside,
Their dignity to raise, their councils guide,
Deep to discern, and widely to survey,
And kingdoms fates, without ambition, weigh;
Of distant virtues nice extremes to blend,
The crown's affeerer, and the peoples friend:
Nor dost thou scorn, amid sublimer views,
To listen to the labours of the Muse;
Thy smiles protect her, while thy talents fire;
And 'tis but half thy glory to inspire.

Vext at a public fame so justly won,
The jealous Chremes is with spleen undone.
Chremes, for airy pensions of renown,
Devotes his service to the state and crown;
All schemes he knows, and knowing, all improves,
Tho' Britain's thankless, still this patriot loves;
But patriots differ, some may shed their blood;
He drinks his coffee for the public good;
Consults the sacred steam, and there foresees
What storms or sunshine Providence decrees;
Knows for each day the weather of our fate:
A *quidnunc* is an almanac of state.

You smile, and think this statesman void of use.
Why may not time his secret worth produce?
Since apes can roast the choice Castanian nut,
Since steeds of genius are expert at put,
Since half the senate not content can say,
Geese nations save, and puppies plots betray.

What makes him model realms and counsel
An incapacity for smaller things. [kings?

Poor Chremes can't conduct his own estate,
And thence has undertaken Europe's fate.

Gehenna leaves the realm to Chremes' skill,
And boldly claims a province higher still.
To raise a name, th'ambitious boy has got
At once a bible and a shoulder-knot;
Deep in the secret he looks thro' the whole,
And pities the dull rogue that saves his soul;
To talk with reverence you must take good heed,
Nor shock his tender reason with the Creed.
Howe'er, well-bred, in public he complies,
Obliging friends alone with blasphemies.

Peerege is poison, good estates are bad
For this disease; poor rogues run seldom mad.
Have not attainders brought unhop'd relief,
And falling stocks quite cur'd an unbelief?
While the sun shines, Blunt talks with wond'rous
force;

But thunder mars small beer and weak discourse.
Such useful instruments the weather show,
Just as their Mercury is high or low.

Health chiefly keeps an atheist in the dark;
A fever argues better than a Clarke;
Let but the logic in his pulse decay,
The Grecian he'll renounce, and learn to pray;
While C—— mourns with an unfeign'd zeal
Th'apostate youth, who reason'd once so well.

C—— who makes so merry with the creed,
He almost thinks he disbelieves indeed;
But only thinks so; to give both their due,
Satan and he believe, and tremble too.

Of some for glory, such the boundless rage,
That they're the blackest scandal of their age.

Narcissus the Tartarian club disclaims;
Nay, a free-mason with some terror names;
Omits no duty, nor can envy say
He miss'd these many years the church or play;
He makes no noise in parliament, 'tis true,
But pays his debts and visit when 'tis due;
His character and gloves are ever clean;
And then he can outbow the bowing dean!
A smile eternal on his lip he wears,
Which equally the wife and worthless shares.
In gay fatigues this most undaunted chief
Patient of idleness beyond belief,
Most charitably lends the town his face
For ornament, in ev'ry public place;
As sure, as cards, he to th'assembly comes,
And is the furniture of drawing-rooms.
When Ombre calls, his hand and heart are free,
And, join'd to two, he fails not—to make three.
Narcissus is the glory of his race;
For who does nothing with a better grace?

To deck my list, by nature were design'd
Such shining expletives of human kind,
Who want, while thro' blank life they dream
along,

Sense to be right, and passion to be wrong.

To counterpoise this hero of the mode,
Some for renown are singular and odd;
What other men dislike is sure to please,
Of all mankind, these dear antipodes;
Thro' pride, not malice, they run counter still,
And birth-days are their days of dressing ill.
Arbuthnot is a fool, and F—— a sage,
S——ly will fright you, E—— engage;
By nature streams run backward, flame descends,
Stones mount, and S——x is the worst of friends.

They take their rest by day, and wake by night,
And blush, if you surprise them in the right,
If they by chance blurt out, ere well aware,
A swan is white, or Queensberry is fair.

Nothing exceeds in ridicule, no doubt,
A fool in fashion, but a fool that's out;
His passion for absurdity's so strong,
He cannot bear a rival in the wrong. [shewn
Tho' wrong the mode, comply; more sense is
In wearing others follies than your own.
If what is out of fashion most you prize,
Methinks you should endeavour to be wise.

But what in oddness can be more sublime
Than S——, the foremost toymen of his time?
His nice ambition lies in curious fancies,
His daughter's portion a rich shell inhances,
And Astmole's baby-house is, in his view,
Britannia's golden mine, a rich Peru!
How his eyes languish! how his thoughts adore
That painted coat which Joseph never wore!
He shews on holidays a sacred pin
That toucht the ruff that toucht queen Bess's chin.

"Since that great dearth our chronicles deplore,
"Since the great plague that swept as many more,
"Was ever year unblest as this?" he'll cry,
"It has not brought us one new butterfly!"
In times that suffer such learn'd men as these,
Unhappy I——y! how came you to please?

Not gaudy butterflies are Lico's game;
But, in effect, his chace is much the same.

Warm in pursuit, he levees all the great,
 Stanch to the foot of title and estate.
 Where'er their lordships go, they never find,
 Or Lico or their shadows lag behind :
 He sets them sure, where'er their lordships run,
 Close at their elbows, as a morning-dun ;
 As if their grandeur, by contagion wrought,
 And fame was, like a fever, to be caught :
 But after seven years dance from place to place,
 The Dane* is more familiar with his grace.

Who'd be a crutch to prop a rotten peer ;
 Or living pendant, dangling at his ear,
 For ever whisp'ring secrets, which were blown
 For months before, by trumpets, thro' the town ?
 Who'd be a glass, with flattering grimace,
 Still to reflect the temper of his face ?
 Or happy pin to stick upon his sleeve,
 When my lord's gracious, and vouchsafes its leave ?
 Or cushion, when his heaviness shall please
 To loll, or thump it for his better ease ?
 Or a vile butt, for noon or night bespoke,
 When the peer rashly swears he'll club his joke ?
 Who shake with laughter, tho' he could not find
 His lordship's jest ? or, if his nose broke wind,
 For blessings to the gods profoundly bow,
 That can cry chimney-sweep, or drive a plough ?
 With terms like these how mean the tribe that close !
 Scarce meaner they, who terms like these impose.

But what's the tribe most likely to comply ?
 The men of ink, or ancient authors lye ;
 The writing tribe, who shameless auctions hold
 Of praise, by inch of candle to be sold :
 All men they flatter, but themselves the most
 With deathless fame, their everlasting boast :
 For fame no cully makes so much her jest,
 As her old constant spark, the bard profess.
 " Boyle shines in council, Mordaunt in the fight,
 " Pelham's magnificent ; but I can write,
 " And what to my great soul like glory dear ?"
 Till some god whispers in his tingling ear,
 That fame's unwholesome, taken without meat ;
 And life is best sustain'd by what is eat.
 Grown lean and wise, he curses what he writ,
 And wishes all his wants were in his wit.

Ah ! what avails it, when his dinner's lost,
 That his triumphant name adorns a post ?
 Or that his shining page (provoking fate !)
 Defends sirloins, which sons of dulness eat ?

What foe to verse without compassion hears ?
 What cruel prose-man can refrain from tears
 When the poor muse, for less than half-a-crown,
 A prostitute on ev'ry bulk in town,
 With other whores undone, tho' not in print,
 Clubs credit for Geneva in the Mint ?

Ye bards ! why will you sing, tho' uninspir'd ?
 Ye bards ! why will you starve, to be admir'd ?
 Defunct by Phœbus' laws, beyond redress,
 Why will your spectres haunt the frightened press ?
 Bad metre, that excrescence of the head,
 Like hair, will sprout, altho' the poet's dead.

All other trades demand, verse-makers beg ;
 A dedication is a wooden leg ;

And barren Labeo, the true mumper's fashion,
 Exposés borrow'd brats to move compassion.
 Tho' such myself, vile bards I discommend ;
 Nay more, tho' gentle Damon is my friend.
 " Is't then a crime to write ?"—if talents rare
 Proclaim the god, the crime is to forbear ;
 For some, tho' few, there are, large-minded men,
 Who watch, unseen, the labours of the pen ;
 Who know the muse's worth, and therefore court
 Their deeds her theme, their bounty her support,
 Who serve, unask'd, the least pretence to wit ;
 My sole excuse, alas ! for having writ.

Will Harcourt pardon, if I dare commend
 Harcourt, with zeal a patron, and a friend ?
 Argyle true wit is studious to restore ;
 And Dorset smiles, if Phœbus smil'd before.
 Pembroke in years the long-lov'd arts admires,
 And Henrietta, like a muse, inspires.

But ah ! not inspiration can obtain
 That Fame which poets languish for in vain.
 How mad their aim who thirst for glory, strive
 To grasp what no man can possess alive !
 Fame's a reversion, in which men take place
 (O late reversion !) at their own decease.
 This truth sagacious Lintot knows so well,
 He starves his authors, that their works may sell !

That fame is wealth, fantastic poets cry ;
 That wealth is fame, another can reply,
 Who know no guilt, no scandal but in rags ;
 And swell in just proportion to their bags.
 Nor only the low-born, deform'd, and old,
 Think glory nothing but the beams of gold ;
 The first young lord, which in the Mall you meet,
 Shall match the veriest hunks in Lombard-street,
 From rescu'd candles ends who rais'd a sum,
 And starves to join a penny to a plumb.
 A beardless miser ! 'tis a guilt unknown
 To former times ; a scandal all our own.

Of ardent lovers, the true modern band
 Will mortgage Celia to redeem their land.
 For love, young, noble, rich Castalio dies ;
 Name but the fair, love swells into his eyes.
 Divine Monimia, thy fond fears lay down ;
 No rival can prevail, but—half-a-crown.

He glories to late times to be convey'd,
 Not for the poor he has reliev'd, but made.
 Not such ambition his great fathers fir'd,
 When Harry conquer'd, and half France expir'd.

He'd be a slave, a pimp, a dog for gain ;
 Nay, a dull sheriff for his golden chain.

" Who'd be a slave ?" the gallant colonel cries,
 While love of glory sparkles from his eyes.
 To deathless fame he loudly pleads his right,—
 Just is his title, for I will not fight :

All soldiers valour, all divines have grace,
 As maids of honour beauty—by their place.
 But when indulging on the last campaign,
 His lofty terms climb o'er the hills of slain,
 He gives the foes he slew, at each vain word :
 A sweet revenge, and half absolves his sword.

Of boasting more than of a bomb afraid,
 A soldier should be modest as a maid :

* A Danish Dog.

Fame is a bubble the reserv'd enjoy,
Who strive to grasp it, as they touch, destroy :
'Tis the world's debt to deeds of high degree ;
But if you pay yourself, the world is free.

Were there no tongue to speak them but his own,
Augustus' deeds in arms had ne'er been known !
Augustus' deeds ! if that ambiguous name
Confounds my reader, and misguides his aim,
Such is the prince's worth of whom I speak,
The Roman would not blush at the mistake.

§ 48. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*
YOUNG.

S A T I R E V.

On Women.

*O fairest of creation ! last and best
Of all God's works ! Creature, in whom excell'd
Whatever can to sight or thought be form'd
Holy, divine, good, amiable, or sweet !
How art thou lost !* MILTON.

NOR reigns ambition in bold man alone ;
Soft female hearts the rude invader own.
But, there indeed, it deals in nicer things
Than routing armies and dethroning kings.
Attend, and you discern it in the fair,
Conduct a finger, or reclaim a hair ;
Or roll the lucid orbit of an eye ;
Or in full joy elaborate a sigh.

The sex we honor, tho' their faults we blame ;
Nay, thank their faults for such a fruitful theme.
A theme, fair—— ! doubly kind to me,
Since satirizing those is praising thee ;
Who would'st not bear, too modestly refin'd,
A panegyric of a grosser kind.

Britannia's daughters, much more fair than nice,
Too fond of admiration, lose their price ;
Worn in the public eye, give cheap delight
To throngs, and tarnish to the fated sight.
As unreserv'd and beauteous as the sun,
Thro' ev'ry sign of vanity they run ;
Assemblies, parks, coarse feasts in city-halls,
Lectures and trials, plays, committees, balls,
Wells, Bedlams, executions, Smithfield-scenes,
And fortune-tellers caves, and lions dens,
Taverns, exchanges, Bridewells, drawing-rooms,
Instalments, pillories, coronations, tombs,
Tumblers, and funerals, puppet-shews, reviews,
Sales, races, rabbits (and still stranger !) pews.

Clarinda's bosom burns, but burns for Fame ;
And love lies vanquish'd in a nobler flame ;
Warm gleams of hope she now dispenses ; then,
Like April suns, dives into clouds agen.
With all her lustre, now, her lover warms ;
Then, out of ostentation, hides her charms.
'Tis next her pleasure sweetly to complain,
And to be taken with a sudden pain ;
Then she starts up, all ecstacy and bliss,
And is, sweet soul ! just as sincere in this.
O how she rolls her charming eyes in spite !
And looks delightfully with all her might !
But, like our heroes, much more brave than wife,
She conquers for the triumph, not the prize.

Zara resembles *Ætna* crown'd with snows ;
Without she freezes, and within she glows ;
Twice ere the sun descends, with zeal inspir'd,
From the vain converse of the world retir'd,
She reads the psalms and chapters for the day
In —— *Cleopatra*, or the last new play.

Thus gloomy Zara, with a solemn grace,
Deceives mankind, and hides behind her face.

Nor far beneath her in renown is she
Who, thro' good-breeding, is ill company ;
Whose manners will not let her larum cease ;
Who thinks you are unhappy when at peace ;
To find you news who racks her subtle head,
And vows—that her great grandfather is dead.

A dearth of words a woman need not fear ;
But 'tis a task indeed to learn—to hear.

In that the skill of conversation lies :
That shows, or makes you both polite and wise.

Zantippe cries “ let nymphs who nought can
“ Be lost in silence, and resign the day ; [say,
“ And let the guilty wife her guilt confess
“ By tame behaviour, and a soft address.”

Thro' virtue, she refuses to comply
With all the dictates of humanity ;
Thro' wisdom, she refuses to submit
To wisdom's rules, and raves to prove her wit
Then, her unblemish'd honor to maintain,
Rejects her husband's kindness with disdain.
But if by chance an ill-adapted word
Drops from the lip of her unwary Lord,
Her darling china in a whirlwind sent,
Just intimates the lady's discontent.

Wine may, indeed, excite the meekest dame,
But keen Zantippè, scorning borrow'd flame,
Can vent her thunders, and her lightnings play
O'er cooling gruel and composing tea.
Nor rests by night, but more sincere than nice,
She shakes the curtains with her kind advice.
Doubly, like echo, sound is her delight ;
And the last word is her eternal right.

Is't not enough plagues, wars, and famines rise
To lash our crimes, but must our wives be wise ?
Famine, plague, war, and an unnumber'd throng
Of guilt-avenging ills, to man belong ;
What black, what ceaseless cares besiege our state ?
What strokes we feel from fancy and from fate !
If fate forbears us, fancy strikes the blow ;
We make misfortune suicides in woe.

Superfluous aid ! unnecessary skill !
Is nature backward to torment or kill ?
How oft the noon, how oft the midnight bell
(That iron tongue of death !) with solemn knell,
On folly's errands, as we vainly roam, [home ?
Knocks at our hearts, and finds our thoughts from
Men drop so fast, ere life's mid stage we tread,
Few know so many friends alive as dead.
Yet, as immortal, in our uphill chace
We press coy fortune with unslacken'd pace ;
Our ardent labours for the toys we seek,
Join night to day, and Sunday to the week.
Our very joys are anxious, and expire
Between satiety and fierce desire !
Now what reward for all this grief and toil ?
But one—a female friend's endearing smile ;

A tender smile, our sorrow's only balm,
And, in life's tempest, the sad sailor's calm.

How have I seen a gentle nymph draw nigh,
Peace in her air, persuasion in her eye;
Victorious tenderness! it all o'ercame;
Husbands look'd mild, and savages grew tame!

The Sylvan race our active nymphs pursue;
Man is not all the game they have in view:
In woods and fields their glory they complete;
There Master Betty leaps a five-barr'd gate;
While fair Miss Charles to toilets is confin'd,
Nor rashly tempts the barb'rous sun and wind.
Some nymphs affect a more heroic breed,
And vault from hunters to the manag'd steed;
Command his prancings with a martial air;
And Fobert has the forming of the fair.

More than one steed must Delia's empire feel,
Who sits triumphant o'er the flying wheel;
And as she guides it thro' th'admiring throng,
With what an air she smacks the silken thong!
Graceful, as John, she moderates the reins,
And whistles sweet her diuretic strains.
Sesostris-like, such Charioteers as these
May drive six harness'd monarchs, if they please.
They drive, row, run, with love of glory smit,
Leap, swim, shoot-flying, and pronounce on wit.

O'er the belle lettre lovely Daphne reigns,
Again the god Apollo wears her chains.
With legs tost high, on her sophee she sits,
Vouchsafing audience to contending wits;
Of each performance she's the final test;
One act read o'er, she prophecies the rest;
And then pronouncing with decisive air,
Fully convinces all the town—she's fair.
Had lovely Daphne Hecatesia's face,
How would her elegance of taste decrease!
Some ladies judgment in their features lies,
And all their genius sparkles from their eyes.

But hold, she cries, lampooner! have a care:
Must I want common sense because I'm fair?
O no: see Stella, her eyes shine as bright
As if her tongue was never in the right;
And yet what real learning, judgment, fire!
She seems inspir'd, and can herself inspire;
How then (if malice rul'd not all the fair)
Could Daphne publish, and could she forbear?
We grant that beauty is no bar to sense,
Nor is't a sanction for impertinence.

Sempronia lik'd her man, and well she might,
The youth, in person and in parts, was bright;
Possess'd of ev'ry virtue, grace, and art,
That claims just empire o'er the female heart.
He met her passion, all her sighs return'd,
And in full rage of youthful ardour burn'd,
Large his possessions, and beyond her own:
Their bliss the theme and envy of the town.
The day was fix'd; when, with one acre more,
In steep deform'd, debauch'd, diseas'd threescore,
The fatal sequel I thro' shame forbear.

Of pride and av'rice who can cure the fair?
Man's rich with little, were his judgment true;
Nature is frugal, and her wants are few;
Those few wants answer'd bring sincere delights;
But fools create themselves new appetites.

Fancy and pride seek things at vast expence,
Which relish nor to reason, nor to sense.
When surfeit or unthankfulness destroys,
In nature's narrow sphere, our solid joys,
In fancy's airy land of noise and show,
Wherewithal but dreams, no real pleasures grow,
Like cats in air pumps, to subsist we strive
On joys too thin to keep the soul alive.

Lemira's sick, make haste, the doctor call:
He comes: but where's his patient? At the ball.
The doctor stares! her woman court'ries low,
And cries, "my lady, Sir, is always so.
"Diversions put her maladies to flight!
"True, she can't stand, but she can dance all night.
"I've known my lady (for she love's a tune)
"For fevers take an opera in June,
"And tho' perhaps you'll think the practice bold,
"A midnight park is sov'reign for a cold.
"With colics, breakfasts of green fruit agree;
"With indigestions, supper just at three."

A strange alternative! replies Sir Hans,
Must women have a doctor, or a dance?
Tho' sick to death, abroad they safely roam;
But droop and die, in perfect health at home!
For want—but not of health, are ladies ill;
And tickets cure beyond the doctor's bill.

Alas! my heart, how languishingly fair
Yon lady lolls! with what a tender air!
Pale as a young dramatic author, when
O'er darling lines fell Cibber waves his pen.
Is her Lord angry, or has Viny* chid?
Dead is her father, or the mask forbid?
"Late sitting-up has turn'd her roses white."
Why went she not to bed? "Because 'twas night."
Did she then dance or play? "Nor this, nor that."
Well, night soon steals away in pleasing chat.
"No, all alone, her pray'rs she rather chose,
"Than be that wretch to sleep till morning rose."
Then Lady Cynthia, mistress of the shade,
Goes, with the fashionable owls, to bed.
This her pride covets, this her health denies;
Her soul is filthy, but her body's wise.

Others with curious arts dim charms revive,
And triumph in the bloom of fifty-five.
You, in the morning, a fair nymph invite,
To keep her word a brown one comes at night;
Next day she shines in glossy black, and then
Resolves into her native red agen.

Like a dove's neck she shifts her transient charms,
And is her own dear rival in your arms.

But one admirer has the painted lass;
Nor finds that one but in her looking-glass.
Yet Laura's beautiful to such excess,
That all her art scarce makes her please the less:
To deck the female cheek, He only knows,
Who paints less fair the lily and the rose. [pours

How gay they smile! such blessings nature
O'erstock'd mankind enjoy but half her stores;
In distant wilds, by human eyes unseen,
She rears her flow'rs, and spreads her velvet green,
Pure gurgling rills the lonely desert trace,
And waste their music on the savage race.
Is Nature then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we guiltless in a world like this?

But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted Art's deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such Fluvia's passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and crystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales, are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds delight;
And to be prest to death transports her quite!
Where silver riv'lets play thro' flow'ry meads,
And woodbines give their sweets, and limes their
shades,

Black kennels absent odours she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets!
Is stormy life prefer'd to the serene?
Or is the public to the private scene?
Retir'd, we tread a smooth and open way;
Thro' briars and brambles, in the world we stray,
Stiff opposition, and perplex'd debate,
And thorny care, and rank and stinging hate,
Which choke our passage, our career control,
And wound the firmest temper of the soul.
O sacred solitude! divine retreat!
Choice of the prudent, envy of the great!
By thy pure stream, or in thy waving shade,
We court fair Wisdom, that celestial maid:
The genuine offspring of her lov'd embrace
(Strangers on earth!) are innocence and peace.
There, from the ways of men laid safe ashore,
We smile to hear the distant tempest roar;
There, blest with health, with bus'ness unper-
plex'd,

This life we relish, and ensure the next:
There too the Muses sport; these numbers free,
Pierian Eastbury! I owe to thee.

There sport the Muses; but not there alone:
Their sacred force Amelia feels in town.
Nought but a genius can a genius fit;
A wit herself, Amelia weds a wit.
Both wits! tho' miracles are said to cease,
Three days, three wond'rous days, they liv'd in
peace!

With the fourth sun a warm dispute arose,
On Dursley's poesy and Bunyan's prose.
The learned war both wage with equal force,
And the fifth morn concluded the divorce!

Phœbe, tho' she possesses nothing less,
Is proud of being rich in happiness.
Laboriously pursues delusive toys,
Content with pains, since they're reputed joys;
With what well-acted transport will she say,
"Well, sure, we were so happy yesterday!"
"And then that charming party for to-morrow!"
Tho' well she knows 'twill languish into sorrow.
But she dares never boast the present hour,
So gross that cheat, it is beyond her pow'r.
For such is our weakness, or our curse,
Or rather such our crime, which still is worse,
The present moment, like a wife we shun,
And ne'er enjoy, because it is our own.

Pleasures are few, and fewer we enjoy;
Pleasure, like quicksilver, is bright and coy;
We strive to grasp it with our utmost skill;
Still it eludes us, and it glitters still:
If seiz'd at last, compute your mighty gains,
What is it but rank poison in your veins?

As Flavia in her glass an angel spies,
Pride whispers in her ear pernicious lies;
Tells her, while she surveys a face so fine,
There's no satiety of charms divine:
Hence, if her lover yawns, all chang'd appears
Her temper, and she melts (sweet soul) in tears.
She, fond and young, last week, her wish enjoy'd,
In soft amusement all the night employ'd,
The morning came, when Strephon waking found
(Surprising sight!) his bride in sorrow drown'd.
'What miracle,' says Strephon, 'makes thee
'weep?' [you—sleep?"]

"Ah, barbarous man," she cries, "how could
Men love a mistress as they love a feast;
How grateful one to touch, and one to taste?
Yet sure, there is a certain time of day
We with our mistress and our meat away;
But soon the sated appetites return;
Again our stomachs crave, our bosoms burn.
Eternal love let man, then, never swear;
Let women never triumph, nor despair; [chill;
Nor praise nor blame too much the warm or
Hunger and love are foreign to the will.

There is indeed a passion more refin'd
For those few nymphs, whose charms are of the
But not of that unfashionable set [mind:
Is Phillis: Phillis and her Damon met.
Eternal love exactly hits her taste;
Phillis demands eternal love at least.
Embracing Phillis with soft smiling eyes,
Eternal love I vow, the swain replies:
But say, my all! my mistress! and my friend!
What day next week th'eternity shall end?

Some nymphs prefer astronomy to love;
Elope from mortal men, and range above.
The fair philosopher to Rowley flies,
Where in a box the whole creation lies.
She sees the planets in their turns advance,
And scorns, Poitier, thy sublunary dance.
Of Desaguillier she bespeaks fresh air,
And Whiston has engagements with the fair.

What vain experiments Sophronia tries!
'Tis not in air-pumps the gay colonel dies.
But tho' to-day this rage of science reigns
(O fickle sex!) soon end her learned pains.
Lo! Pug from Jupiter her heart has got,
Turns out the stars, and Newton is a lot.

To—turn, she never took the height
Of Saturn, yet is ever in the right;
She strikes each point with native force of mind,
While puzzl'd learning blunders far behind.
Graceful to fight, and elegant to thought,
The great are vanquish'd, and the wise are taught.
Her breeding finish'd, and her temper sweet,
When serious, easy; and when gay, discreet;
In glittering scenes, o'er her own heart, severe;
In crowds, collected; and in courts, sincere;
Sincere and warm with zeal well understood,
She takes a noble pride in doing good.
Yet not superior to her sex's cares,
The mode she fixes by the gown she wears;
Of silks and china she's the last appeal;
In these great points she leads the common-weal;
And if disputes of empire rise between
Mechlin (the queen of lace) and Colberteen.

'Tis doubt! 'tis darkness! till suspended fate
Assumes her nod to close the grand debate.
When such her mind, why will the fair express
Their emulation only in their dress?

But O! the Nymph that mounts above the
skies,

And, gratis, clears religious mysteries!
Resolv'd the church's welfare to ensure,
And make her family a sinecure.
The theme divine at cards she'll not forget,
But takes in texts of scripture at piquet!
In those licentious meetings acts the prude,
And thanks her Maker that her cards are good.
What angels would these be, who thus excel
In theologies, could they sew as well!
Yet why should not the fair her text pursue?
Can she more decently the doctor woo?
'Tis hard too, she who makes no use but chat
Of her religion, should be barr'd in that!

Isaac, a brother of the canting strain,
When he has knock'd at his own skull in vain,
To beauteous Marcia often will repair
With a dark text, to light it at the fair.
O how his pious soul exults, to find
Such love for holy men in womankind!
Charm'd with her learning, with what rapture he
Hangs on her bloom, like an industrious bee;
Hums round about her, and with all his pow'r
Extracts sweet wisdom from so fair a flow'r!

The young and gay declining, Abra flies.

At nobler game, the mighty and the wise:
By nature, more an eagle than a dove,
She impiously prefers the world to love.

Can wealth give happiness? look round, and see
What gay distress! what splendid misery!
Whatever fortune lavishly can pour
The mind annihilates, and calls for more.
Wealth is a cheat, believe not what it says;
Like any Lord it promises—and pays.
How will the miser startle, to be told
Of such a wonder as insolvent gold!
What nature wants has an intrinsic weight:
All more is but the fashion of the plate,
Which, for one moment, charms the fickle view;
It charms us now, anon we cast anew,
To some fresh birth of fancy more inclin'd:
Then wed not acres, but a noble mind.

Mistaken lovers, who make worth their care,
And think accomplishments will win the fair,
The fair, 'tis true, by genius should be won,
As flow'rs unfold their beauties to the sun;
And yet in female scales a fop outweighs,
And wit must wear the willow with the bays.
Nought shines so bright in vain Liberia's eye
As riot, impudence, and perfidy;
The youth of fire, that has drunk deep, and play'd,
And kill'd his man, and triumph'd o'er his
maid;

For him, as yet unhang'd, she spreads her charms,
Snatches the dear destroyer to her arms,
And amply gives (tho' treated long amiss)
The man of merit his revenge in this.

If you resent, and wish a woman ill,
But turn her o'er one moment to her will.

The languid lady next appears in state,
Who was not born to carry her own weight;
She lolls, reels, staggers, till some foreign aid
To her own stature lifts the feeble maid.
Then, if ordain'd to so severe a doom,
She by just stages journeys round the room:
But, knowing her own weakness, she despairs
To scale the Alps—that is, ascend the stairs.
My fan! let others say, who laugh at toil;
Fan! hood! gloves! scarf! is her laconic style,
And that is spoke with such a dying fall,
That Betty rather sees than hears the call:
The motion of her lips and meaning eye
Pierce out the idea her faint words deny.
O listen with attention most profound!
Her voice is but the shadow of a sound.
And help! O help! her spirits are so dead,
One hand scarce lifts the other to her head.
If there a stubborn pin it triumphs o'er,
She pants! she sinks away! and is no more.
Let the robust and the gigantic carve,
Life is not worth so much, she'd rather starve;
But chew she must herself, ah cruel fate!
That Rosalinda can't by proxy eat.

An antidote in female caprice lies
(Kind Heav'n!) against the poison of their eyes.

Thalestris triumphs in a manly mien,
Loud is her accent, and her phrase obscene.
In fair and open dealing where's the shame?
What nature dares to give, she dares to name.
This honest fellow is sincere and plain,
And justly gives the jealous husband pain;
(Vain is the task to petticoats assign'd,
If wanton language shews a naked mind)
And now and then to grace her eloquence,
An oath supplies the vacancies of sense.
Hark! the shrill notes transpierce the yielding air,
And teach the neighb'ring echoes how to swear.
By Jove, is faint, and for the simple swain;
She on the Christian system is profane.
But tho' the volley rattles in your ear,
Believe her dress, she's not a grenadier.
If thunder's awful, how much more our dread,
When Jove deposes a lady in his stead!
A lady! pardon my mistaken pen;
A shameless woman is the worst of men.

Few to good-breeding make a just pretence,
Good-breeding is the blossom of good sense;
The last result of an accomplish'd mind,
With outward grace, the body's virtue, join'd,
A violated decency now reigns,
And nymphs for failings take peculiar pains.
With Indian painters modern toasts agree;
The point they aim at is deformity:
They throw their persons with a hoyden air
Across the room, and toss into the chair.
So far their commerce with mankind is gone,
They, for our manners have exchange'd their own.
The modest look, the castigated grace,
The gentle movement, and slow measur'd pace,
For which her lovers dy'd, her parents paid,
Are indecuments with the modern maid.
Stiff forms are bad, but let not worse intrude,
Nor conquer art and nature to be rude.

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Modern good-breeding carry to its height,
And Lady D——'s self will be polite.

Ye rising fair! ye bloom of Britain's isle!
When high-born Anna, with a soften'd smile,
Leads on your train, and sparkles at your head,
What seems most hard is not to be well-bred.
Her bright example with success pursue,
And all, but adoration, is your due.

But adoration! give me something more,
Cries Lyce, on the borders of threescore;
Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time:
Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime;
'Tis greatly wise to know, before we're told,
The melancholy news that we grow old.
Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
O how your beating breast a mistress warms,
Who looks thro' spectacles to see your charms!
While rival undertakers hover round,
And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
Intent, not on her own, but others doom,
She plans new conquests, and defrauds the tomb.
In vain the cock has summon'd sprights away,
She walks at noon, and blasts the bloom of day.
Gay rainbow filks her mellow charms infold,
And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
And art has levell'd her deep-furrow'd face.
Her strange demand no mortal can approve;
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
She grants indeed a lady may decline
(All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.

O how unlike her was the sacred age
Of prudent Portia! her grey hairs engage,
Whose thoughts are suited to her life's decline;
Virtue's the paint that can make wrinkles shine.
That, and that only, can old age sustain;
Which yet all wish, nor know they wish for pain.
Not numerous are our joys when life is new,
And yearly some are falling of the few;
But when we conquer life's meridian stage,
And downward tend into the vale of age,
They drop apace; by nature some decay,
And some the blasts of fortune sweep away;
Till naked quite of happiness, aloud
We call for Death, and shelter in a shroud.

Where's Portia now?—but Portia left behind
Two lovely copies of her form and mind.
What heart untouch'd their early grief can view,
Like blushing rose-buds dipt in morning dew?
Who into shelter takes their tender bloom,
And forms their minds to fly from ills to come?
The mind, when turn'd adrift, no rules to guide,
Drives at the mercy of the wind and tide;
Fancy and passion toss it to and fro,
A while torment, and then quite sink in woe.
Ye beauteous orphans! since in silent dust
Your best example lies, my precepts trust.
Life swarms with ills, the boldest are afraid:
Where then is safety for a tender maid?
Unfit for conflict, round beset with woes;
And man, whom least she fears, her worst of foes!
When kind, most cruel; when oblig'd the most,
The least obliging; and by favours, lost!

Cruel by nature, they for kindness hate,
And scorn you for those ills themselves create.
If on your fame our sex a blot has thrown,
'Twill ever stick, thro' malice of your own.
Most hard! in pleasing your chief glory lies;
And yet from pleasing your chief dangers rise:
Then please the best: and know, for men of sense
Your strongest charms are native innocence.
Arts on the mind, like paint upon the face,
Fright him that's worth your love, from your
embrace.

In simple manners all the secret lies;
Be kind and virtuous, you'll be blest and wise.
Vain shew and noise intoxicate the brain,
Begin with giddiness, and end in pain.
Affect not empty fame and idle praise,
Which all those wretches I describe betrays:
Your sex's glory 'tis to shine unknown;
Of all applause be fondest of your own.
Beware the fever of the mind! that thirst
With which this age is eminently curst.
To drink of pleasure but inflames desire,
And abstinence alone can quench the fire.
Take pain from life, and terror from the tomb,
Give peace in hand, and promise bliss to come.

§ 49. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

S A T I R E VI.

On Women.

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable Lady Elizabeth
Germain.*

Interdum tamen & tollit Comœdia vocem.

HOR.

I SOUGHT a patroness, but sought in vain.
Apollo whisper'd in my ear—'Germain.'
I know her not—'Your reason's somewhat odd;
'Who knows his patron now?' reply'd the
God.

'Men write, to me and to the world unknown;
'Then steal great names to shield them from
'the town.

'Detected worth, like beauty disarray'd,
'To covert flies, of praise itself afraid;
'Should she refuse to patronize your lays,
'In vengeance write a volume in her praise:
'Nor think it hard so great a length to run;
'When such the theme, 'twill easily be done.'

Ye fair! to draw your excellence ar length,
Exceeds the narrow bounds of human strength;
You here in miniature your pictures see;
Nor hope from Zinks more justice than from me.
My portraits grace your mind, as his your side;
His portraits will inflame, mine quench your
pride;

He's dear, you frugal; chuse my cheaper lay,
And be your reformation all my pay.

Lavinia is polite, but not profane;
To church as constant as to Drury-lane.

She

She decently in form pays Heav'n its due;
And makes a civil visit to her pew.
Her lifted fan, to give a solemn air,
Conceals her face, which passes for a pray'r:
Court'sies to court'sies, then, with grace succeed;
Not one the fair omits, but at the creed.
Or if she joins the service, 'tis to speak;
Thro' dreadful silence the pent heart might break;
Untaught to bear it, women talk away
To God himself, and fondly think they pray.
But sweet the accent, and their air refin'd;
For they're before their Maker—and mankind:
When ladies once are proud of praying well,
Satan himself will toll the parish-bell.

Acquainted with the world, and quite well-bred,
Drusa receives her visitants in bed;
But chaste as ice, this Vesta to defy
The very blackest tongue of calumny,
When from her sheets her lovely form she lifts,
She begs you just would turn you while she shifts.

Those charms are greatest which decline the
fight,

That makes the banquet poignant and polite.
There is no woman where there's no reserve;
And 'tis on plenty your poor lovers starve.

But with the modern fair, meridian merit
Is a fierce thing, they call a nymph of spirit.
Mark well the rollings of her flaming eye,
And tread on tiptoe, if you dare draw nigh.
'Or if you take a lion by the beard',
'Or dare defy the fell Hyrcanian pard,
'Or arm'd rhinoceros, or rough Russian bear,'
First make your will, and then converse with her.
This lady glories in profuse expence,
And thinks distraction is magnificence.
To beggar her gallant is some delight;
To be more fatal still is exquisite.
Had ever nymph such reason to be glad?
In duel fell two lovers; one run mad.
Her foes their honest execrations pour;
Her lovers only should detest her more.
Thrice happy they! who think I boldly feign,
And startle at a mistress of my brain.

Flavia's constant to her old gallant,
And gen'rously supports him in his want.
But marriage is a fetter, is a snare,
A hell no lady so polite can bear.
She's faithful, she's observant, and with pains
Her angel brood of bastards she maintains.
Nor least advantage has the fair to plead,
But that of guilt above the marriage-bed.

Amasia hates a prude, and scorns restraint;
Whate'er she is, she'll not appear a saint:
Her soul superior, flies formality;
So gay her air, her conduct is so free,
Some might suspect the nymph not over good—
Nor would they be mistaken if they shou'd.

Unmarry'd Abra puts on formal airs;
Her cushion's thread-bare with her constant
pray'rs.

Her only grief is, that she cannot be
At once engag'd in pray'r and charity!

And this, to do her justice, must be said,
'Who would not think that Abra was a maid?'
Some ladies are too beauteous to be wed;
For where's the man that's worthy of their bed?
If no disease reduce her pride before,
Lavinia will be ravish'd at threescore.

Then she submits to venture in the dark;
And nothing now is wanting—but her spark.

Lucia thinks happiness consists in state;
She weds an idiot, but she eats in plate.

The goods of fortune, which her soul possess,
Are but the ground of unmade happiness;
The rude material; wisdom add to this,
Wisdom, the sole artificer of bliss.

She from herself, if so compell'd by need,
Of thin content can draw the subtle thread;
But (no detraction to her sacred skill)
If she can work in gold, 'tis better still.

If Tullia had been blest with half her sense,
None could too much admire her excellence.
But since she can make error shine so bright,
She thinks it vulgar to defend the right.
With understanding she is quite o'er-run;
And by too great accomplishments undone.
With skill she vibrates her eternal tongue,
For ever most divinely in the wrong.

Naked in nothing should a woman be,
But veil her very wit with modesty;
Let man discover, let not her display,
But yield her charms of mind with sweet delay.

For pleasure form'd, perversely some believe,
To make themselves important, men must grieve.
Lestia the fair, to fire her jealous lord,
Pretends the sop she laughs at is ador'd.
In vain she's proud of secret innocence;
The fact she feigns were scarce a worse offence.

Mira, endow'd with ev'ry charm to bless,
Has no design but on her husband's peace;
He lov'd her much, and greatly was he mov'd
At small inquietudes in her he lov'd. [long;
'How charming this?'—The pleasure lasted
Now ev'ry day the fit comes thick and strong;
At last he found the charmer only feign'd,
And was diverted when he should be pain'd.
What greater vengeance have the Gods in store?
How tedious life, now she can plague no more?
She tries her thousand arts, but none succeed:
She's forc'd a fever to procure indeed:
Thus strictly prov'd this virtuous loving wife,
Her husband's pain was dearer than her life.

Anxious Melania rises to my view,
Who never thinks her lover pays his due;
Visit, present, treat, flatter, and adore;
Her majesty to-morrow calls for more.
His wounded ears complaints eternal fill,
As unoil'd hinges querulously shrill.
"You went last night with Celia to the ball."
You prove it false. "Not go! that's worst of all."
Nothing can please her, nothing not inflame;
And arrant contradictions are the same.
Her lover must be sad to please her spleen;
His mirth is an inexpiable sin.

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For of all rivals that can pain her breast,
There's one that wounds far deeper than the rest;
To wreck her quiet, the most dreadful shelf
Is, if her lover dares enjoy himself.

And this, because she's exquisitely fair,
Should I dispute her beauty, how she'd stare!
How would Melania be surpris'd to hear
She's quite deform'd! and yet the case is clear.

What's female beauty but an air divine,
Thro' which the mind's all-gentle graces shine?
They, like the sun, irradiate all between;
The body charms because the soul is seen.
Hence men are often captives of a face,
They know not why, of no peculiar grace;
Some forms, though bright, no mortal man
can bear;

Some none resist, tho' not exceeding fair.

Aspasia's highly born and nicely bred,
Of taste refin'd, in life and manners read,
Yet reaps no fruit from her superior sense,
But to be teaz'd by her own excellence.
"Folks are so awkward! things so unpolite!"
She's elegantly pain'd from morn to night.
Her delicacy's shock'd where'er she goes;
Each creature's imperfections are her woes.
Heav'n by its favours has the fair distressed,
And pour'd such blessings—that she can't be blest.

Ah! why so vain, though blooming in thy
spring,

Thou shining, frail, ador'd, and wretched thing!
Old age will come, disease may come before;
Fifteen is full as mortal as threescore.
Thy fortune and thy charms may soon decay;
But grant these fugitives prolong their stay,
Their basis totters, their foundation shakes,
Life that supports them, in a moment breaks;
Then wrought into the soul let virtues shine;
The ground eternal as the work divine.

Julia's a manager, she's born for rule,
And knows her wiser husband is a fool;
Assemblies holds and spins the subtle thread
That guides the lover to his fair one's bed;
For difficult amours can smooth the way,
And tender letters dictate or convey.
But if depriv'd of such important cares,
Her wisdom condescends to less affairs.
For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem;
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face,
Important by the virtue of grimace.

Ladies supreme among amusements reign,
By nature born to sooth and entertain;
Their prudence in a share of folly lies,
Why will they be so weak as to be wise.

Syrena is for ever in extremes,
And with a vengeance she commends, or blames.
Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
She strains too much to make it understood.
Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.

Brunetta's wife in actions great and rare;
But scorns on trifles to bestow her care.
Thus ev'ry hour Brunetta is to blame,
Because th'occasion is beneath her aim.

Think nought a trifle, tho' it small appear;
Small sands the mountain, moments make the
year,

And trifles life. Your care to trifles give,
Or you may die before you truly live.

Go breakfast with Alicia, there you'll see
Simplex munditiis, to the last degree.
Unlac'd her stays, her night-gown is unty'd,
And what she has of head-dress is aside.
She drawls her words, and waddles in her pace;
Unwash'd her hands, and much besnuff'd her face.
A nail uncut, and head uncomb'd she loves;
And would draw on jack-boots as soon as gloves.
Gloves by queen Bess's maidens might be mist,
Her blessed eyes ne'er saw a female fist.
Lovers, beware! to wound how can she fail,
With scarlet finger and long jetty nail?
For Hervey the first wit she cannot be;
Nor, cruel Richard, the first toast for thee.
Since full each other station of renown,
Who would not be the greatest Trapes in town?
Women were made to give our eyes delight;
A female sloven is an odious sight.

Fair Isabella is so fond of fame,
That her dear self is her eternal theme;
Thro' hopes of contradiction, oft she'll say,
"Methinks I look so wretchedly to-day!"
When most the world applauds you, most beware;
'Tis often less a blessing than a snare.
Distrust mankind; with your own heart confer;
And dread ev'n there to find a flatterer.
The breath of others raises our renown;
Our own as surely blows the pageant down;
Take up no more than you by worth can claim,
Lest soon you prove a bankrupt in your fame.

But own I must, in this perverted age,
Who most deserve, can't always most engage.
So far is worth from making glory sure,
It often hinders what it should procure. [wise?
Whom praise we most? the virtuous, brave, and
No; wretches whom in secret we despise.
And who so blind as not to see the cause?
No rival's rais'd by such discreet applause;
And yet of credit it lays in a store, [more.
By which our spleen may wound true worth the
Ladies there are who think one crime is all;
Can women then no way but backward fall?
So sweet is that one crime they don't pursue,
To pay its loss, they think all others few.
Who hold that crime so dear, must never claim
Of injur'd modesty the sacred name.

But Clio thus: "What railing without end?
'Mean task! how much more gen'rous to com-
'mend?"

Yes, to commend, as you are wont to do,
My kind instructor and example too.

"Daphnis," says Clio, "has a charming eye:
'What pity 'tis her shoulder is awry?
'Aspasia's shape indeed—but then her air—
'The man has parts who finds destruction there.
'Almeria's wit has something that's divine;
'And wit's enough—how few in all things shine!
'Selina serves her friends, relieves the poor—
'Who was it said Selina's near threescore?"

'At

' At Lucia's match I from my soul rejoice,
' The world congratulates so wise a choice ;
' His Lordship's rent-roll is exceeding great—
' But mortgages will sap the best estate.
' In Shirley's form might cherubims appear ;
' But then—she has a freckle on her ear.'
Without a but, Hortensia she commends,
The first of women, and the best of friends ;
Owns her in person, wit, fame, virtue bright ;
But how comes this to pass?—the dy'd last night.
Thus nymphs commend, who yet at Satire
rail :—

Indeed that's needless, if such praise prevail ;
And whence such praise? our virulence is thrown
On others fame, thro' fondness for our own.

Of rank and riches proud, Cleora frowns ;
For are not coronets akin to crowns?
Her greedy eye and her sublime address
The height of avarice and pride confess.
You seek perfections worthy of her rank ;
Go, seek for her perfections at the bank.
By wealth unquench'd, by reason uncontroll'd,
For ever burns her sacred thirst of gold.
As fond of five-pence as the veriest cit,
And quite as much detested as a wit.

Can gold calm passion, or make reason shine?
Can we dig peace or wisdom from the mine?
Wisdom to gold prefer, for 'tis much less
To make our fortune than our happiness.
That happiness which great ones often see,
With rage and wonder, in a low degree,
Themselves unblest: the poor are only poor ;
But what are they who droop amid their store?
Nothing is meaner than a wretch of state ;
The happy only are the truly great.
Peasants enjoy like appetites with kings,
And those best satisfy'd with cheapest things.
Could both our Indies buy but one new sense,
Our envy would be due to large expence.
Since not, those pomps which to the great belong
Are but poor arts to mark them from the throng.
See, how they beg an alms of Flattery!
They languish! oh support them with a lie!
A decent competence we fully taste ;
It strikes our sense, and gives a constant feast:
More, we perceive by dint of thought alone ;
The rich must labour to possess their own,
To feel their great abundance; and request
Their humble friends to help them to be blest ;
To see their treasures, hear their glory told,
And aid the wretched impotence of gold.

But some, great souls! and touch'd with
warmth divine,
Give gold a price, and teach its beams to shine.
All hoarded treasures they repute a load,
Nor think their wealth their own, till well be-
stow'd.
Grand reservoirs of public happiness,
Through secret streams diffusively they blest ;
And while their bounties glide conceal'd from
view,
Relieve our wants, and spare our blushes too.

But satire is my task, and these destroy
Her gloomy province and malignant joy.
Help me, ye misers! help me to complain,
And blast our common enemy, Germain:
But our invectives must despair success,
For next to praise, she values nothing less.

What picture's yonder loosen'd from its frame?
Or is't Austuria? that affected dame.
The brightest forms, thro' affectation, fade
To strange new things, which nature never made;
Frown not, ye fair! so much your sex we prize,
We hate those arts that take you from our eyes.

In Albucinda's native grace is seen
What you, who labour at perfection, mean.
Short is the rule, and to be learnt with ease,—
Retain your gentle selves, and you must please.
Here might I sing of Memmia's mincing mien,
And all the movements of the soft machine:
How two red lips affected zephyrs blow,
To cool the bohea, and inflame the beau ;
While one white finger and a thumb conspire
To lift the cup, and make the world admire.

Tea! how I tremble at thy fatal stream!
As Lethe, dreadful to the love of fame.
What devastations on thy banks are seen!
What shades of mighty names which once have
been!

A hecatomb of characters supplies
Thy painted altar's daily sacrifice.
H—, P—, B—, aspers'd by thee, decay
As grains of finest sugars melt away,
And recommend thee more to mortal taste:
Scandal's the sweet'ner of a female feast.

But this inhuman triumph shall decline,
And thy revolving Naiads call for wine;
Spirits no longer shall serve under thee,
But reign in thy own cup, exploded tea!
Citronia's nose declares thy ruin nigh;
And who dares give Citronia's nose the lie?*

The ladies long at men of drink exclaim'd,
And what impair'd both health and virtue blam'd.
At length, to rescue man, the gen'rous lass
Stole from her consort the pernicious glass:
As glorious as the British queen renown'd,
Who suck'd the poison from her husband's
wound.

Nor to the glass alone are nymphs inclin'd,
But ev'ry bolder vice of bold mankind.

O Juvenal! for thy severer rage!
To lash the ranker follies of our age.
Are there among the females of our isle
Such faults, at which it is a fault to smile?
There are. Vice, once by modest nature chain'd,
And legal ties, expatiates unrestrain'd,
Without thin decency held up to view,
Naked she stalks o'er law and gospel too.
Our Matrons lead such exemplary lives,
Men sigh in vain for none but for their wives;
Who marry to be free, to range the more,
And wed one man to wanton with a score.
Abroad too kind, at home 'tis stedfast hate,
And one eternal tempest of debate.

What foul eruptions from a look most meek !
What thunders bursting from a dimpled cheek !
Their passions bear it with a lofty hand ;
But then, their reason is at due command.
Is there whom you detest, and seek his life ?
Trust no soul with the secret—but his wife !
Wives wonder that their conduct I condemn,
And ask what kindred is a spouse to them ?

What swarms of am'rous grandmothers I see,
And misses, ancient in iniquity ! [ing !
What blasting whispers, and what loud declaim-
What lying, drinking, bawding, swearing,
gaming !

Friendship so cold, such warm incontinence,
Such griping avarice, such profuse expence ;
Such dead devotion, such a zeal for crimes,
Such licens'd ill, such masquerading times,
Such venal faith, such misapply'd applause,
Such flatter'd guilt, and such inverted laws,
Such dissolution thro' the whole I find,
'Tis not a world, but chaos of mankind.

Since Sundays have no balls, the well-drest belle
Shines in the pew, but smiles to hear of hell ;
And casts an eye of sweet disdain on all
Who listens less to C——ns than St. Paul.
Atheists have been but rare since nature's birth ;
Till now, she-atheists ne'er appear'd on earth ;
Ye men of deep researches, say, whence springs
This daring character, in tim'rous things,
Who start at feathers, from an insect fly ?
A match for nothing — but the Deity !

But not to wrong the fair, the Muse must own
In this pursuit they court not fame alone ;
But join to that a more substantial view,
" From thinking free, to be free agents too."

They strive with their own hearts, and keep
them down,

In complaisance to all the fools in town.
O how they tremble at the name of prude !
And die with shame at thought of being good !
For what will Artimis, the rich and gay,
What will the wits (that is, the coxcombs) say ?
They Heav'n defy, to earth's vile dregs a slave ;
Thro' cowardice most execrably brave.
With our own judgments durst we to comply,
In virtue should we live, in glory die.
Rise then, my Muse, in honest fury rise ;
They dread a Satire who defy the Skies.

Atheists are few ; most nymphs a godhead own,
And nothing but his attributes dethrone.
From atheists far, they steadfastly believe
God is, and is almighty — to forgive.
His other excellence they'll not dispute ;
But mercy, sure, is his chief attribute.
Shall pleasures of a short duration chain
A lady's soul in everlasting pain ?
Will the great Author us poor worms destroy,
For now and then a sip of transient joy ?
No, he's for ever in a smiling mood ;
He's like themselves ; or how cou'd he be good ?
And they blaspheme who blacker schemes suppose
Devoutly, thus, Jehovah they depose !

The pure ! the just ! and set up in his stead
A Deity that's perfectly well-bred.

" Dear Tillotson ! before the best of men ;
" Nor thought he more than thought great Origen,
" Tho' once upon a time he misbehav'd :
" Poor Satan ! doubtless he'll at length be sav'd.
" Let priests do something for their one in ten ;
" It is their trade ; so far they're honest men.
" Let them cant on, since they have got the knack,
" And dress their notions, like themselves, in
" black ;

" Fright us with terrors of a world unknown,
" From joys of this, to keep them all their own.
" Of earth's fair fruits, indeed, they claim a fee ;
" But then they leave our untith'd virtue free.
" Virtue's a pretty thing to make a show :
" Did ever mortal write like Rochefaucault ?"
Thus pleads the devil's fair apologist,
And pleading, safely enters on his list.

Let angel-forms angelic truths maintain ;
Nature disjoins the beauteous and prophane.
For what's true beauty but fair virtue's face ?
Virtue made visible in outward grace ?
She, then, that's haunted with an impious mind,
The more she charms the more she shocks mankind.
But charms decline ; the fair long vigils keep ;
They sleep no more ! * Quadrille has murder'd
sleep.

" Poor K—p ! cries Livia ; I have not been there
" These two nights ; the poor creature will despair.
" I hate a crowd—but to do good, you know—
" And people of condition shou'd bestow."
Convinc'd, o'ercome, to K—p's grave matrons
Now set a daughter, and now stake a son ; [run,
Let health, fame, temper, beauty, fortune fly ;
And beggar half their race — thro' charity.

Immortal were we, or else mortal quite,
I less should blame this criminal delight ;
But since the gay assembly's gayest room
Is but an upper story to some tomb,
Methinks we need not our short beings shun,
And, thought to fly, contend to be undone.
We need not buy our ruin with our crime,
And give eternity to murder time.

The love of gaming is the worst of ills ;
With ceaseless storms the blacken'd soul it fills ;
Inveighs at Heav'n, neglects the ties of blood,
Destroys the pow'r and will of doing good ;
Kills health, pawns honor, plunges in disgrace,
And, what is still more dreadful, spoils your face !

See yonder set of thieves that live on spoil,
The scandal and the ruin of our isle !
And, see (strange sight) amid that ruffian band,
A form divine high wave her snowy hand ;
That rattles loud a small enchanted box,
Which loud as thunder on the board she knocks.
And as fierce storms, which earth's foundation
From Æolus's cave impetuous broke, [hook,
From this small cavern a mix'd tempest flies ;
Fear, rage, convulsion, tears, oaths, blasphemies !
For men, I mean, the fair discharges none :
She (guiltless creature !) swears to Heav'n alone.

* Shakespeare.

See her eyes start! cheeks glow! and muscles
Like the mad maid in the Cumean cell. [swell!
Thus that divine one her soft nights employs!
Thus tunes her soul to tender nuptial joys!
And when the cruel morning calls to bed,
And on her pillow lays her aking head,
With the dire images her dreams are crown'd,
The die spins lovely, or the cards go round;
Imaginary ruin charms her still;
Her happy lord is cuckold by Spadille;
And if she's brought to bed, 'tis ten to one,
He marks the forehead of her darling son.

O scene of horror, and of wild despair!
Why is the rich Arrides' splendid heir
Constrain'd to quit his ancient lordly seat,
And hide his glories in a mean retreat!
Why that drawn sword? and whence that dismal
Why pale distraction thro' the family? [cry?
See, my lord threatens, and my lady weep,
And trembling servants from the tempest creep.
Why that gay son to distant regions sent?
What fiends that daughter's destin'd match pre-
Why the whole house in sudden ruin laid? [vent!
O nothing, but last night — my lady play'd.

But wanders not my Satire from her theme?
Is this too owing to the Love of Fame?
Though now your hearts on lucre are bestow'd;
'Twas first a vain devotion to the mode.
Nor cease we here, since 'tis a voice so strong;
The torrent sweeps all womankind along.
This may be said in honor of our times, [crimes.
That none now stands distinguish'd by their

If sin you must, take Nature for your guide,
Love has some soft excuse to sooth your pride,
Ye fair apostates from love's ancient pow'r!
Can nothing ravish but a golden show'r?
Can cards alone your glowing fancy seize?
Must Cupid learn to punt ere he can please?
When you're enamour'd of a list or cast,
What can the preacher more to make us chaste?
Can fame, like a repique, the soul entrance?
And what is virtue to the lucky chance?
Why must strong youths unmarried pine away?
They find no woman disengag'd — from play.
Why pine the marry'd? O feverer fate!
They find from play no disengag'd — estate.
Flavia, at lovers false untouch'd, and hard,
Turns pale, and trembles at a cruel card.
Nor Arria's Bible can secure her age;
Her threescore years are shuffling with her page,
While Death stands by but till the game is done,
To sweep that stake in justice long his own;
Like old cards ting'd with sulphur she takes fire;
Or, like snuffs sunk in sockets, blazes higher.
Ye gods! with new delights inspire the fair;
Or give us sons, and save us from despair?

Sons, brothers, fathers, husbands, tradesmen
close

In my complaint, and brand your sins in prose:
Yet I believe, as firmly as my creed,
In spite of all our wisdom, you proceed.
Our pride so great, our passion is so strong,
Advice to right confirms us in the wrong.

* Milton.

† Lucan.

‡ Shakspeare.

Nor

I hear you cry, "this fellow's very odd."
When you chastise, who would not kiss the rod?
But I've a charm your anger shall controul,
And turn your eyes with coldness on the vole.

The charms begin! To yonder flood of light
That bursts o'er gloomy Britain, turn your sight.
What guardian pow'r o'erwhelms your souls with
Her deeds are precepts, her example law. [awe?
'Midst empire's charms, how Carolina's heart
Glow with the love of virtue and of art!
Her favour is diffus'd to that degree,
Excess of goodness it has dawn'd on me:
When in my page, to balance num'rous faults,
Or godlike deeds were shown, or gen'rous
thoughts,

She smil'd, industrious to be pleas'd, nor knew
From whom my pen the borrow'd lustre drew.

* Thus the majestic mother of mankind,
To her own charms most amiably blind,
On the green margin innocently stood,
And gaz'd indulgent on the crystal flood;
Survey'd the stranger in the painted wave,
And, smiling, prais'd the beauties which she gave.

† In more than civil war, while patriots storm;
While genius is but cold, their passion warm;
While public good aloft, in pomp they wield,
And private int'rest sculks behind the shield;
While Mist and Wilkins rise in weekly might,
Make presses groan, lead senators to fight;
Exalt our coffee with lampoons, and treat
The pamper'd mob with ministers of state;
"‡ While Atë hot from hell makes heroes shrink,
"Cries havock, and lets loose the dogs of ink;"
Nor rank nor sex escapes the gen'ral frown,
But ladies are ripp'd up, and cits knock'd down;
Tremendous force! where ev'n the victor bleeds;
And he deserves our pity that succeeds;
Immortal Juvenal! and thou of France!
In your fam'd field my Satire dares advance;
But cuts herself a track, to you unknown,
Nor crops your laurel, but would raise her own;
A bold adventure! but a safe one too!
For, though surpass'd, I am surpass'd by you.

§ 50. *Love of Fame the Universal Passion.*

YOUNG.

SATIRE VII.

To the Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse, canemus.

VIRG.

ON this last labour, this my closing strain,
Smile Walpole, or the Nine inspire in vain.
To thee 'tis due: that verse how justly thine,
Where Brunswick's glory crowns the whole de-
sign!
That glory which thy counsels make so bright!
That glory, which on thee reflects a light!
Illustrious commerce, and but rarely known!
To give and take a lustre from the throne.

Nor think
The fountain
How all man
This flood of
Yet, Britain,
Which thro'
The cause is
For Caprice
(A bad effect
And gives ou
Tells how th
And lulls us
While I fu
Her arts triu
Her public w
Her commerc
The pleasing
And shows th
Who, fond
And burn to g
The follies
Their sphere
But daring m
And raise th
Who, stung
The world th
The Greci
With Rage a
Raves round
Stand fast, O
The best div
And thrives
What slaugh
What wast
With orphan
And cries of
And canno
The boist'ro
Why want v
Or famine, o
Their might
And spread
O great allia
With dearth
When men
Earth's Buil
One to de
And gibbets
To murder
War's glori
When aft
Spread o'er
A nation cru
A realm of
Are there, f
This human
How did my
How honest
How was I
Of such mat
How guil
Who reach
Who wrap
And bows,
twor

Nor think that thou art foreign to my theme;
The fountain is not foreign to the stream.
How all mankind will be surpriz'd to see
This flood of British folly charg'd on thee!
Yet, Britain, whence this caprice of thy Sons,
Which thro' their various ranks with fury runs?
The cause is plain, a cause which we must bless;
For Caprice is the daughter of Success
(A bad effect, but from a pleasing cause)
And gives our rulers undesign'd applause;
Tells how their conduct bids our wealth increase,
And lulls us in the downy lap of peace.

While I survey the blessings of our Isle,
Her arts triumphant in the Royal smile,
Her public wounds bound up, her credit high,
Her commerce spreading sails in ev'ry sky,
The pleasing scene recalls my theme agen,
And shows the madness of ambitious men,
Who, fond of bloodshed, draw the murd'ring
And burn to give mankind a single lord. [sword,

The follies past are of a private kind,
Their sphere is small, their mischief is confin'd;
But daring men there are (awake, my Muse,
And raise thy verse) who bolder frenzy chuse;
Who, stung by glory, rave, and bound away;
The world their field, and humankind their prey.

The Grecian chief, th'enthusiast of his pride,
With Rage and Terror stalking by his side,
Raves round the globe; he soars into a god!
Stand fast, Olympus! and sustain his nod.
The best divine in horrid grandeur reigns,
And thrives on mankind's miseries and pains.
What slaughter'd hosts! what cities in a blaze!
What wasted countries! and what crimson seas!
With orphans tears his impious bowl o'erflows,
And cries of kingdoms lull him to repose.

And cannot thrice ten hundred years unpraise
The boist'rous boy, and blast his guilty bays?
Why want we then encomiums on the storm,
Or famine, or volcano? They perform
Their mighty deeds; they, hero-like, can slay,
And spread their ample desarts in a day.
O great alliance! O divine renown!
With dearth and pestilence to share the crown.
When men extol a wild destroyer's name,
Earth's Builder and Preserver they blaspheme.

One to destroy is murder by the law;
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;
To murder thousands takes a specious name,
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.
When after battle I the field have seen [men;
Spread o'er with ghastly shapes, which once were
A nation crush'd! a nation of the brave!
A realm of death! and on this side the grave!
Are there, said I, who from this sad survey,
This human chaos, carry smiles away!
How did my heart with indignation rise!
How honest nature swell'd into my eyes!
How was I shockt to think the heroes trade
Of such materials, fame and triumph, made!
How guilty these! yet not less guilty they
Who reach false glory by a smoother way;
Who wrap destruction up in gentle words,
And bows, and smiles, more fatal than their
swords;

Who stifle nature and subside on art,
Who coin the face, and petrify the heart;
All real kindness for the shew discard,
As marble polish'd, and as marble hard:
Who do for gold what Christians do thro' grace,
"With open arms their enemies embrace!"
Who give a nod when broken hearts repine;
'The thinnest food on which a wretch can dine.'
Or, if they serve you, serve you disinclin'd,
And, in their height of kindness, are unkind!
Such courtiers were, and such again may be,
Walpole, when men forget to copy thee.

Here cease, my muse! the catalogue is writ,
Nor one more candidate for fame admit,
Tho' disappointed thousands justly blame
Thy partial pen, and boast an equal claim.
Be this their comfort, fools omitted here
May furnish laughter for another year;
Then let Crispino, who was ne'er refus'd
The justice yet of being well abus'd,
With patience wait! and be content to reign
The pink of puppies in some future strain.

Some future strain, in which the Muse shall tell
How science dwindles, and how volumes swell;

How commentators each dark passage shun,
And hold their farthing-candle to the sun;

How tortur'd texts to speak our sense are
And ev'ry vice is to the scripture laid; [made,

How misers squeeze a young voluptuous peer,
His sins to Lucifer not half so dear;

How Versus is less qualify'd to steal

With sword and pistol, than with wax and seal;

How lawyers fees to such excess are run,
That clients are redrest — till they're undone;

How one man's anguish is another's sport,
And ev'n denials cost us dear at court;

How man eternally false judgment makes,
And all his joys and sorrows are mistakes!

This swarm of themes that settles on my pen,
Which I, like summer-flies, shake off again,
Let others sing; to whom my weak essay
But sounds a prelude, and points out their prey.
That duty done, I hasten to complete
My own design; for Tonson's at the gate.

The Love of Fame, in its effects survey'd,
The Muse has sung; be now the cause display'd:
Since so diffusive, and so wide its sway,
What is this Pow'r, whom all mankind obey?

Shot from above, by Heav'n's indulgence came
This gen'rous ardor, this unconquer'd flame,
To warm, to raise, to deify mankind,
Still burning brightest in the noblest mind.
By large-soul'd men, for thirst of fame renown'd,
Wise laws were fram'd, and secret arts were
found;

Desire of praise first broke the patriot's rest,
And made a bulwark of the warrior's breast;
It bids Argyle in fields and senates shine.
What more can prove its origin divine?

But oh! this passion, planted in the soul,
On eagle's wings to mount her to the pole,
The flaming minister of virtue meant,
Set up false gods, and wrong'd her high descent.

Ambition, hence, exerts a doubtful force,
Of blots and beauties an alternate source;

Hence

Hence Gildon rails, the raven of the pit,
Who thrives upon the carcases of wit;
And in art-loving Scarborough is seen
How kind a patron Polio might have been.
Pursuit of fame with pedants fills our schools,
And into coxcombs burnishes our fools;
Pursuit of fame makes solid learning bright,
And Newton lifts above a mortal height;
That key of nature, by whose wit she clears
Her long, long secrets of five thousand years.

Would you then fully comprehend the whole,
Why, and in what degrees, Pride sways the soul?
(For tho' in all not equally she reigns)

Awake to knowledge, and attend my strains.

Ye Doctors! hear the doctrine I disclose,
As true as if 'twere writ in dullest prose;
As if a letter'd dunce had said "'tis right,"
And *imprimatur* usher'd it to light.

To glorious deeds this passion fires the mind;
And closer draws the ties of humankind,
Confirms society; since what we prize
As our chief blessing must from others rise.

Ambition in the truly noble mind
With sister-virtue is for ever join'd;
As in fam'd Lucrece, who, with equal dread,
From guilt and shame, by her last conduct fled;
Her virtue long rebell'd with firm disdain,
And the sword pointed at her heart in vain;
But, when the slave was threaten'd to be laid
Dead by her side, her love of fame obey'd.

In meaner minds Ambition works alone,
But with such art puts Virtue's aspect on,
That not more like in feature, and in mien,
* The God and mortal in the comic scene.
False Julius, ambusht in this fair disguise,
Soon made the Roman liberties his prize.

No mask in basest minds ambition wears,
But in full light pricks up her ass's ears;
All I have sung are instances of this,
And prove my theme unfolded not amiss.

Ye vain! desist from your erroneous strife;
Be wise, and quit the false sublime of life.
The true ambition there alone resides
Where justice vindicates, and wisdom guides;
Where inward dignity joins outward state,
Our purpose good, as our atchievement great;
Where public blessings public praise attend,
Where glory is our motive, not our end. [view
Would'st thou be fam'd! have those high deeds in
Brave men would act, tho' scandal should ensue.

Beheld a prince! whom no swollen thoughts in-
No pride of thrones, no fever after fame; [flame;
But when the welfare of mankind inspires,
And death in view to dear-bought glory fires,
Proud conquest then, then regal pomps delight;
Then crowns, then triumphs, sparkle in his sight;
Tumult and noise are dear, which with them
His people's blessings to their ardent king: [bring
But, when those great heroic motives cease,
His swelling soul subsides to native peace;
From tedious grandeur's faded charms withdraws,
A sudden foe to splendor and applause;

Greatly deferring his arrears of fame,
Till men and angels jointly shout his name.
O pride celestial! which can pride disdain;
O blest ambition! which can ne'er be vain.

From one fam'd Alpine hill, — which props
the sky,

In whose deep womb unfathom'd waters lie,
Here burst the Rhone and sounding Po; there
In infant rills the Danube and the Rhine; [shine
From the rich store one fruitful urn supplies,
Whole kingdoms smile, a thousand harvests rise.

In Brunswick such a source the Muse adores,
Which public blessings thro' half Europe pours,
When his heart burns with such a godlike aim,
Angels and George are rivals for the Fame;
George, who in foes can soft affections raise,
And charm envenom'd Satire into praise.

Nor human rage alone † his pow'r perceives,
But the mad winds and the tumultuous waves.
Even storms (Death's fiercest ministers!) forbear,
And, in their own wild empire learn to spare.
Thus nature's self, supporting man's decree,
Stiles Britain's sov'reign, Sov'reign of the Sea.

While sea and air great Brunswick! shook our
state,

And sported with a king's and kingdom's fate,
Depriv'd of what she lov'd, and prest with fear
Of ever losing what she held most dear,
How did Britannia, like ‡ Achilles, weep,
And tell her sorrows to the kindred deep!
Hang o'er the floods, and in devotion warm,
Strive for thee with the surge, and fight the
storm!

What felt thy Walpole, pilot of the realm?
Our Palinurus § slept not at the helm,
His eye ne'er clos'd; long since inur'd to wake,
And outwatch ev'ry star, for Brunswick's sake:
By thwarting passions tost, by cares oppress'd,
He found thy tempest pictur'd in his breast.
But now what joys that gloom of heat dispel,
No pow'rs of language—but his own can tell;
His own, which Nature and the Graces form
At will, to raise or hush the civil storm.

§ 51. *The Castle of Indolence. An Allegorical Poem.* THOMPSON.

*The Castle-hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.*

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate;
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date;
And certes, there is for it reason great;
For tho' sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late;
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

* Amphitryon.

† The king in danger by sea.

‡ Hom. II lib. 1.

§ Ecce Deus ramum Lethæo rore madentem, &c. VIRG. l. 5.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half
 imbrown'd,
 A lifeless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared e'en for play.

Was nought around but images of rest:
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
 And flowery beds that slumberous influence
 kept,
 From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant
 green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
 Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets
 play'd,
 And hurled ev'rywhere there waters sheen;
 That as they bicker'd thro' the sunny glade,
 Tho' restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
 made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
 Where heard the lowing herds along the vale,
 And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
 And vacant shepherds piping in the dale:
 And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
 Or stock-doves 'plain amid the forest deep,
 That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale:
 And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
 Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
 A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
 Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to
 move,
 As Idle's fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
 And up the hills on either side a wood,
 Of black'ning pines ay waving to and fro,
 Sent forth a sleepy horror thro' the blood;
 And where this valley winded out below,
 The murm'ring main was heard, and scarcely
 heard to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy head it was:
 Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
 And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
 For ever flushing round a summer sky:
 There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
 Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
 And calm the pleasures always hover'd nigh;
 But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.
 The landscape such, inspiring perfect ease,
 Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
 Close hid his castle mid embow'ring trees,
 That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
 And made a kind of chequer'd day and night:
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
 Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate
 And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's
 estate.

Thither continual pilgrims crouded still,
 From all the roads of earth that pass thereby;
 For, as they chanc'd to breathe on neighb'ring
 hill,

The freshness of this valley smote their eye,
 And drew them ever and anon more nigh,
 Till clustering round the enchanter false they
 Ymolten with his syren melody; [hung,
 While o'er the enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
 And to the trembling chords those tempting ver-
 ses sung:

"Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
 "See all but man with unearn'd pleasure gay:
 "See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
 "Broke from her wintry tomb in prime of May
 "What youthful bride can equal her array?
 "Who can with her for easy pleasure vie!
 "From mead to mead with gentle wing to stray,
 "From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
 "Is all she hath to do beneath the radiant sky.

"Behold the merry minstrels of the morn,
 "The swarming songsters of the careless grove,
 "Ten thousand throats! that from the flower-
 ing thorn [love,
 "Hymn their good God, and carol sweet of
 "Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
 "They neither plow nor sow; ne, fit for flail
 "E'er to the barn the nodding sheaves they
 "drove;
 "Yet theirs each harvest dancing in the gale,
 "Whatever crowns the hill, or smiles along the
 "vale.

"Outcast of nature, man! the wretched thrall
 "Of bitter-dropping sweat, of sweltry pain,
 "Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
 "And of the vices, an inhuman train,
 "That all proceed from savage thirst of gain:
 "For when hard-hearted int'rest first began
 "To poison earth, Astræa left the plain;
 "Guile, violence, and murder seiz'd on man,
 "And, for soft milky streams, with blood the
 rivers ran.

"Come, ye who still the cumbrous load of life
 "Push hard up hill; but as the farthest steep
 "You trust to gain, and put an end to strife,
 "Down thunders back the stone with mighty
 "sweep,
 "And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
 "For ever vain; come, and withouten fee,
 "I in oblivion will your sorrows steep, [f-a
 "Your cares, your toils; will steep you in a

"Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!
 "With me you need not rise at early dawn,
 "To pass the joyless day in various sounds;
 "Or, louting low, on upstart fortune fawn,
 "And sell fair honor for some paltry pounds;
 "Or thro' the city take your dirty rounds,
 "To cheat, and dun, and lie, and visit pay,
 "Now flattering base, now giving secret
 "wounds;

"Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
 "In venal senate thief, or rob on broad highway.

A 2

No

" No cocks with me to rustic labour call,
 " From village on to village sounding clear ;
 " To tardy swains no shrill-voic'd matron's
 " squall ; [ear ;
 " No dogs, no babes, no wives, to stun your
 " No hammers thump ; no horrid blacksmith
 " fear,
 " No noisy tradesmen your sweet slumbers start
 " With sounds that are a misery to hear ;
 " But all is calm, as would delight the heart
 " Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.
 " Here nought but candor reigns, indulgent
 " ease, [down.
 " Good natur'd lounging, saunt'ring up and
 " They who are pleas'd themselves, must al-
 " ways please ;
 " On others ways they never squint a frown,
 " Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town.
 " Thus, from the source of tender indolence,
 " With milky blood the heart is overflown,
 " Is sooth'd and sweeten'd by the social senses;
 " For int'rest, envy, pride, and strife are banish'd
 " hence.
 " What, what is virtue, but repose of mind,
 " A pure ethereal calm, that knows no storm;
 " Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
 " Above those passions that this world deform
 " And torture man, a proud malignant worm!
 " But here, instead, soft gales of passion play,
 " And gently stir the heart thereby to form
 " A quicker sense of joy ; as breezes stray
 " Across the enliven'd skies, and make them still
 " more gay.
 " The best of men have ever lov'd repose ;
 " They hate to mingle in the filthy fray ;
 " Where the soul sours, and gradual rancour
 grows,
 " Imbitter'd more from peevish day to day.
 " Ev'n those whom fame has lent her fairest ray,
 " Themost renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
 " From a base world at last have stol'n away:
 " So Scipio, to the soft Cumæan shore
 " Retiring, tasted joy he never knew before.
 " But if a little exercise you chuse,
 " Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
 " Amid the groves you may indulge the muse,
 " Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal
 " year ;
 " Or softly stealing, with your wat'ry gear,
 " Along the brooks, the crimson-spotted fry
 " You may delude : the whilst, amus'd you
 " hear [sigh,
 " Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's
 " Attuned to the birds and woodland melody.
 " O grievous folly ! to heap up estate,
 " Losing the days you see beneath the sun ;
 " When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
 " And gives the untasted portion you have won.
 " With ruthless toil, and many a wretch un-
 " done, [reign,
 " To those who mock you gone to Pluto's
 " There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows
 " dun ;

" But sure it is of vanities most vain, [tain."
 " To toil for what you here untoiling may ob-

Heceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
 The deep vibrations of his witching song ;
 That, by a kind of magic pow'r constrain'd
 To enter in, pell-mell, the list'ning throng.
 Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipp'd along
 In silent ease ; as when beneath the beam
 Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
 Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
 The soft-embodied fays through airy postal
 stream :

By the smooth demon so it order'd was,
 And here his baneful bounty first began :
 Tho' some there were who would not further
 And his alluring baits suspected han. [pass,
 The wise distrust the too fair spoken man.
 Yet thro' the gate they cast a wishful eye :
 Not to move on, forsooth, is all they can ;
 For, do their very best, they cannot fly,
 But often each way look, and often sorely sigh.

When this the watchful wicked wizard saw,
 With sudden spring he leap'd upon them strait,
 And soon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
 They found themselves within the curf'd gate,
 Full hard to be repais'd like that of fate.
 Not stronger were of old the giant-crew,
 Who fought to pull high Jove from regal state;
 Tho' feeble wretch he seem'd, of fallow hue,
 Certes, who bides his grasp, will that encounter
 rue :

For whomsoever the villain takes in hand,
 Their joints unknit, their sinews melt asunder ;
 As lithe they grow as any willow wand ;
 And of their vanish'd force remains no trace :
 So when a maiden fair, of modest grace,
 In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
 Is seized in some losel's hot embrace,
 She waxeth very weakly as she warms,
 Then, sighing, yields her up to love's delicious
 charms.

Wak'd by the croud, slow from his bench arose
 A comely full-spread porter, swoln with sleep ;
 His calm, broad, thoughtless aspect, breath'd
 repose,
 And in sweet torpor he was plunged deep ;
 Ne could himself from ceaseless yawning keep ;
 While o'er his eyes the drowsy liquor ran,
 Through which his half-wak'd soul would
 faintly peep ;
 Then taking his black staff, he call'd his man,
 And rous'd himself as much as rouse himself he can.

The lad leap'd lightly at his master's call.
 He was, to weat, a little roguish page,
 Save sleep and play who minded nought at all,
 Like most the untaught striplings of his age.
 This boy he kept each band to disengage,
 Garters and buckles, task for him unfit,
 But ill becoming his grave personage,
 And which his portly paunch would not per-
 mit ;

So this same limber page to all performed it.
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Meantime the master porter wide display'd
Great store of caps, of slippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he those who enter'd in array'd,
Loose as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the summer-woods when evening
frowns.

O fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,
And heightens ease with grace. This done,
right fain,

Sir porter sat him down, and turn'd to sleep again.

Thus easy rob'd, they to the fountain sped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A stream, high spouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirsted,
drew.

It was a fountain of Nephtene rare: [grew,
Whence, as Dan Homer sings, huge pleasure
And sweet oblivion of vile earthly care;
Fair gladsome waking thoughts, and joyous
dreams more fair.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and still,
Withouten tromp was proclamation made:

'Ye sons of Indolence, do what you will;
'And wander where you list, thro' hall or glade!
'Be no man's pleasure for another's staid;
'Let each as likes him best his hours employ;
'And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's
'trade!

'Here dwells kind ease and unrepining joy:
'He little merits bliss who others can annoy.'

Strait of these endless numbers, swarming
As thick as idle motes in sunny ray, [round,
Not one effluon in view was to be found,
But ev'ry man stroll'd off his own glad way.
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be seen to stray;
While solitude and perfect silence reign'd:
So that to think you dream'd you almost was
constrain'd.

As when a shepherd of the * Hebride Isles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aerial beings sometimes deign
To stand, embodied, to our senses plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilst in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vast assembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air dissolves the wondrous
show.

Ye gods of quiet and of sleep profound!
Whose soft dominion o'er this castle sways,
And all the wildly silent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen displays
What never yet was sung in mortal lays,
But how shall I attempt such arduous string,
I who have spent my nights and nightly days
In this soul dead'ning place, loose-loitering?
Ah! how shall I forthuprear my moulted wing?

Come on, my muse, nor stoop to low despair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celestial fire!
Thou yet shalt sing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold sons of Britain will inspire;
Of ancient bards thou yet shalt sweep the lyre;
Thou yet shalt tread in tragic pall the stage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The sage's calm, the patriot's noble rage, [age.
Dashing corruption down thro' ev'ry worthless

The doors that knew no shrill alarming bell,
Ne cursed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Persia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets spread,
And couches stretch around in seemly band,
And endless pillows rise to prop the head;
So that each spacious room was one full-swellling
bed.

And ev'rywhere huge cover'd tables stood,
With wines high flavour'd and rich viands
crown'd;

Whatever sprightly juice or tasteful food
On the green bosom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unseen these silently display'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a sign or sound;
You need but wish, and, instantly obey'd,
Fair rang'd the dishes rose, and thick the glasses
play'd.

Her freedom reign'd without the least allow;
Nor gossip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor faintly spleen durst murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleasures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each should work his own desire,
And eat, drink, study, sleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the muses might inspire.

The rooms with costly tapestry were hung,
Where was enwoven many a gentle tale!
Such as of old the rural poets sung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lovely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the sweetly tortur'd heart;
Or, sighing tender passion, swell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to resound their smart;
While flocks, woods, streams around, repose
and peace impart.

Those pleas'd the most, where, by a cunning
hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age; [land,
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee
And pastur'd on from verdant stage to stage,
Where fields and fountains fresh could best
engage.

Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beasts the sylvan war to wage,
And o'er vast plains their herds and flocks to
feed: [indeed!

Bless'd sons of Nature they! — true golden age

* Those Islands on the western coast of Scotland, called the Hebrides.

Sometimes the pencil in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landscapes rise,
Or autumn's vary'd shades imbrown the walls;
Now the black tempest strikes the astonish'd
eyes;

Now down the steep the flashing torrent flies;
The trembling sun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the skies;
Whate'er Lorrain light touch'd with soft n-
ing hue,

Or savage Rosà dash'd, or learn'd Pouffin drew.

Each found too here to languishment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak bosom, and induced ease.
Aërial music in the warbling wind,
At distance rising oft, by small degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd such soul-dissolving airs,
As did, alas! with soft perdition please:
Entangl'd deep in its enchanting snares,
The list'ning heart forgot all duties and all cares.

A certain music, never known before,
Here lull'd the pensive melancholy mind;
Full easily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But fide long, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well tun'd instrument reclin'd;
From which with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the most refin'd,
The god of winds drew sounds of deep delight:
Whence with just cause, * the Harp of Æolus
it hight.

Ah me! what hand can touch the string so fine,
Who up the lofty diapason roll
Such sweet, such sad, such solemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the soul?
Now rising love they fann'd; now pleasing dote
They breath'd in tender musings, thro' the
heart;

And now a graver sacred strain they stole,
As when seraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

Such the gay splendor, the luxurious state,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' shore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies store;
And verse, love, music, still the garland wore:
When sleep was coy, † the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the Muse's lore;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air.

Near the pavilions where we slept, still ran
Soft-tinkling streams, and dashing waters fell,
And sobbing breezes sigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wint'ry storms to swell,
As heav'n and earth they would together melt.
At doors and windows, threat'ning, seem'd to
The demons of the tempest growling fell, [call
Yet the least entrance found they none at all;
Whence sweetergrew our sleep, secure in massy hall.

* This is not an imagination of the author; there being in fact such an instrument, called Æolus's Harp; which, when placed against a little rushing or current of air, produces the effect here described.

† The Arabian Caliphs had poets among the officers of their court, whose office it was to do what is here mentioned.

And hither Morpheus sent his kindest dreams,
Raising a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were shadowy cast Elysian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to
place,

And shed a roseat smile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could so array,
So fleece with clouds the pure ethereal space;
Ne could it e'er such melting forms display,
As lodge on flow'ry beds all languishingly lay.

No, fair illusions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muse will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow;
To catch your vivid scenes too gross her hand.
But sure it is, was ne'er a subtler band
Than these false-guileful angel-seeming sprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, soft and
bland,

Pour'd all th' Arabian heav'n upon our nights,
And blest'd them oft besides with more refin'd
delights.

They were in sooth, a most enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; skilful to unite
With evil good, and strew with pleasure pain.
But for those fiends, whom blood and broils
delight;

Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulphs, where fullen wa-
ters sleep,
Or hold him clamb'ring all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time should serve, were bid far
hence to keep.

Ye guardian spirits, to whom man is dear,
From these foul demons shield the midnight
gloom:

Angels of fancy and of love be near,
And o'er the blank of sleep diffuse a bloom:
Evoke the sacred shades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while O! lend us from the tomb
Those long-lost friends for whom in love we
smart, [heart!

And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the

Or are you sportive?—Bid the morn of youth
Rise to new light, and beam afresh the days
Of innocence, simplicity, and truth,
To cares estrang'd; and manhood's thorny ways.
What transport to retrace our boyish plays,
Our easy bliss, when each thing joy supply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling
maze [wide,

Of the wild brooks!—But fondly wand'ring
My Muse, resume the task that yet doth thee abide,

One great amusement of our household was,
In a huge crystal magic globe to spy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do pass
Upon this ant-hill earth; where constantly

Of idly-busy men the restless fry
Run bustling to and fro with foolish haste,
In search of pleasures vain that from them fly;
Or which obtain'd, the caitiff's dare not taste :
When nothing is enjoy'd can there be greater
waste ?

Of Vanity the mirror this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might see
At his dull desk, amid his ledgers stall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie ;
Most like to carcase pitch'd on gallow-tree.
" A penny saved is a penny got : "
Firm to this scoundrel-maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigor will he bate a jot, (pot.
Till it has quench'd his fire, and banished his

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold !
Comes flutt'ring forth a gaudy spendthrift heir,
All glossy gay, enamell'd all with gold,
The silly tenant of the summer air,
In folly lost of nothing takes he care ;
Pimps, lawyers, stewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradesmen him among them
share :

His father's ghost from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation does upon him
pile.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page
Backwards and forwards : oft they snatch the
As if inspir'd, and in a Thespian rage ; [pen
Then write and blot as would your ruth engage.
Why, Authors, all this scrawl and scribbling
fore ?

To lose the present, gain the future age,
Praised to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame when useless
worldly store !

Then would a splendid city rise to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches roaring all ;
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew :
See how they dash along from wall to wall !
At ev'ry door, hark, how they thund'ring call !
Good lord ! what can this giddy rout excite ?
Why on each other with fell tooth to fall ;
Neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace to blight,
And make new tiresome parties for the coming
night ?

The puzzling sons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met ; [rear'd
And now they whisper'd close, now shrugging
The important shoulder ; then, as if to get
New light, their twin kling eyes were inward
No sooner Lucifer || recalls affairs, [set.
Than forth they various rush in mighty fret !
When lo ! push'd up to pow'r, and crown'd
their cares, [stairs.
In comes another set, and kicketh them down

But what most shew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire ;
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly strife :
Most christian kings, enslav'd by black desire,

With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cause war to rage, and blood around to pour :
Of this sad work when each begins to tire,
They sit them down just where they were before,
Till for new scenes of woe peace shall their force
restore.

To number up the thousands dwelling here,
An useless were, and eke an endless task ;
From kings, and those who at the helm appear,
To gypsies brown in summer-glades who bask
Yea many a man, perdie, I could unmask,
Whose desk and table make a solemn show,
With tape-ty'd trash, and suits of fools that ask
For place or pension, laid in decent row ;
But these I passed by, with nameless numbers more.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of special grave remark :
A certain tender gloom o'erspread his face,
Pensive not sad, in thought involv'd not dark.
As sooth this man could sing as morning lark,
And teach the noblest morals of the heart ;
But these his talents were ybury'd stark ;
Of the fine stores he nothing would impart,
Which or boon nature gave, or nature-painting art.

To noon-tide shades incontinent he ran,
Where purl'd the brook with sleep-inviting sound.
Or when Dan Sol to slope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he bask'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomil are found :
There would he linger, till the latest ray
Of light far trembling on the welkin's bound ;
Then homeward thro' the twilight shadows stray,
Saunt'ring and slow. So had he pass'd many a day.

Yet not in thoughtless slumber were they past :
For oft the heav'nly fire that lay conceal'd
Beneath the sleeping embers, mounted fast,
And all its native light anew reveal'd :
Oft as he travers'd the coerulean field, [wind,
And mark'd the clouds that drove before the
Ten thousand glorious systems would he build,
Ten thousand great ideas fill'd his mind ;
But with the clouds they fled, and left not a trace behind.

With him was sometimes join'd, in silent walk
(Profoundly silent, for they never spoke)
One shy'er still, who quite detested talk :
Oft, stung by spleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'ershadowing oak ;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himself his pensive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, save when first shone
The glittering star of eve — " Thank Heav'n !
" the day is done."

Here lurk'd a wretch who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal seen ;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad :
And sure his linen was not very clean.
Thro' secret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner while he took ;
Unkempt, and rough, of squalid face and mien,
Our castle's shame ! whence, from his filthy
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look. [nook

One day there chanc'd into these halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at first sight ;
Him the wild wave of pleasure hither drove
Before the sprightly tempest tossing light :
Certes, he was a most engaging wight,
Of social glee, and wit humane tho' keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night :
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet, bells had ever been.

But not ev'n pleasure, to excess, is good :
What most elates then sinks the soul as low :
Whenspring-tide joypours in with copious flood,
The higher still th'exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us grov'ling on the dreary shore :
Taught by this son of joy, we found it so ;
Who, whilst he staid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd castle all, th'abode of sleep no
more.

As when in prime of June a burnish'd fly
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he sweeps
along,

Cheer'd by the breathing bloom and vital sky,
Tunes up, amid these airy halls, his song,
Soothing at first the gay reposing throng :
And oft he sips their bowl ; or nearly drown'd,
He, thence recov'ring, drives their beds among,
And scares their tender sleep, with tromp pro-
found ;

Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

Another guest there was, of sense refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for ev'ry worth he had ;
Serene yet warm, humane yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd, as any man's, with bad :
Him thro' their inmost walks the Muses led,
To him the sacred love of nature lent,
And sometimes would he make our valley glad ;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better sort this friendly message sent :

"Come, dwell with us ! true son of virtue,
" come !

"But if, alas ! we cannot thee persuade

"To ly content beneath our peaceful dome,

"Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade ;

"Yet when at last thy toils but ill are paid

"Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly
"spark,

"Thou wilt be glad to seek the rural shade,

"There to indulge the muse, and nature mark :

"We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley
"Park."

Here whilom ligg'd th'Esopus* of the age ;
But call'd by fame, in soul ypricked deep,
A noble pride restor'd him to the stage,
And rous'd him, like a giant, from his sleep.
Ev'n from his slumbers we advantage reap :
With double force the enliven'd scene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to
keep

Each due decorum : now the heart he shakes,
And now with well-urg'd sense the enlighten'd
judgment takes.

* Mr. Quin.

† The following lines of this stanza were writ by a friend of the author.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard befits ;
Who†, void of envy, guile, and lust of gain,
On virtue still, and nature's pleasing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated strain :
The world forsaking with a calm disdain,
Here laugh'd he careless in his easy seat :
Here quaff'd, encircled with the joyous train
Of moralizing sage : his ditty sweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote espy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry ;
He had a roguish twinkle in his eye,
And shone all glitt'ring with ungodly dew,
If a tight damsel chanc'd to trippen by ;
Which, when observ'd, he shrunk into his mew,
And strait would recollect his piety anew.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but state affairs :
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought ;
And on their brow sat ev'ry nation's cares :
The world by them is parcell'd out in shares,
When in the Hall of Smoke they congress hold,
And the sage berry fun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye : then smoke-en-
roll'd,

Their oracles break forth mysterious, as of old.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court,
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From ev'ry quarter hither made resort ;
Where, from gross mortal care and bus'ness free,
They lay, pour'd out in ease and luxury.
Or should they a vain shew of work assume,
Alas ! and well-a-day ! what can it be ?
To knot, to twist, to range the vernal bloom :
But far is cast the distaff, spinning-wheel, and loom.

Their only labour was to kill the time :
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They sit, they loll, turn o'er some idle rhyme :
Then rising sudden, to the glass they go,
Or saunter forth, with tott'ring step and slow :
This soon too rude an exercise they find ;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they sighingly reclin'd,
And court the vap'ry god soft-breathing in the
wind.

Now must I mark the villany we found ;
But ah ! too late, as shall cstsoons be shewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, underground,
Where still our inmates, when unpleasing
grown,
Diseas'd and loathsome, privily were thrown :
Far from the light of heav'n, they languish'd
Unpity'd, utt'ring many a bitter groan ; [there
For of those wretches taken was no care : [were
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurses

Alas ! the change ! from scenes of joy and rest,
To this dark den, where sickness toils'd alway-
Here Lethargy, with deadly sleep oppress'd,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving

Heaving his sides, and snored night and day.
To stir him from his trance it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he shut straitway :
He led, I wot, the softest way to death,
And taught withouten pain and strife to yield the
breath.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unsound,
Soft-swoln and pale, here lay the Hydropsy :
Unwieldy man; with belly monstrous round,
For ever fed with watery supply ;
For still he drank, and yet he still was dry.
And moping here did Hypochondria sit,
Mother of spleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit ; [a wit.
And some her frantic deem'd, and some her deem'd

A lady proud she was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low :
She felt, or fancy'd in her flutt'ring mood,
All the diseases which the spittles know,
And sought all physick which the shops bestow;
And still new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wav'ring to and fro : [cry,
For sometimes she would laugh, and sometimes
Then sudden waxed wroth; and all she knew not
why.

Fast by her side a listless maiden pin'd, [ings ;
With aching head, and squeamish heart brown-
Pale, bloated, cold, she seem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in secret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian shakes his chilling wings;
The sleepless gout here counts the crowing
cocks ;

A wolf now gnaws him, now a serpent stings;
While apoplexy cram'd intemp'rance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

§ 52. *The Castle of Indolence. An Allegorical
Poem.* THOMSON.

C A N T O II.

*The knight of arts and industry,
And his achievements fair ;
That, by this castle's overthrow,
Secur'd and crowned were.*

ESCAP'D the castle of the fire of sin,
Ah ! where shall I so sweet a dwelling find ?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing save what delightful was and kind,
Of goodness sav'ring and a tender mind,
E'er rose to view. But now another strain,
Of doleful note, alas ! remains behind :
I now must sing of pleasure turn'd to pain ;
And of the false inchanter Indolence complain.

Is there no patron to protect the muse,
And fence for her Parnassus' barren soil ?
To ev'ry labour its reward accrues,
And they are sure of bread who sink and moil ;
But a fell tribe the Aonian hive depoil,
As ruthless wasps oft rob the painful bee :
Thus while the laws not guard that noblest toil,
Ne for the Muses other meed decree,
They praised are alone, and starve right merrily.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny :
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace ;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Thro' which Aurora shews her bright'ning face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living stream, at eve :
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave :
Of Fancy, Reason, Virtue — nought can me
bereave.

Come then, my muse, and raise a bolder song;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of sloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but still to finish loth ;
Thy half-writ scrolls all eaten by the moth :
Arise, and sing that gen'rous imp of fame,
Who with the sons of softness nobly wroth,
To sweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a chosen few to rouse the slumb'ring flame.

In Fairy-land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature stern, Selvagio yclep'd ;
A rough unpolish'd man, robust and bold,
But wond'rous poor : he neither sow'd nor
reap'd.

Ne flores in summer for cold winter heap'd ;
In hunting all his days away he were ;
Now scorch'd by June, now in November steep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January fore,
He still in woods pursu'd the libbard and the boar.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd thro' the forest to dislodge his prey,
Deep in the winding bosom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's
ray,

That from the beating rain and wint'ry fray
Did to a lonely cot his steps decoy ;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy :
Her he compress'd, and fill'd her with a lusty boy.

Amid the green-wood shade this boy was bred,
And grew at last a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous lustyhed ;
The Knight of Arts and Industry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame ;
He knew no bev'rage but the flowing stream ;
His tasteful well-earn'd food the sylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands
teem :

The same to him glad summer, or the winter breme.

So pass'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that thro' the commons run :
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the forest seem'd to be the son ;
And certes had been utterly undone,
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the soil and rule the crook ;
Ne did the sacred Nine disdain a gentle look.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In ev'ry science and in ev'ry art,
By which mankind the thoughtless brutes excel,
That can or use, or joy, or grace impart,

Disclosing all the pow'rs of head and heart :
 Ne were the goodly exercises spard,
 That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
 And mix elastic force with firmness hard :
 Was never knight on ground mote be with him
 compar'd.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
 The hunter-steed, exulting o'er the dale,
 And drew the roscate breath of orient day ;
 Sometimes, retiring to the secret vale,
 Yclad in steel, and bright with burnish'd mail,
 He strain'd the bow, or tofs'd the sounding spear;
 Or darting on the goal outstripp'd the gale,
 Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career ;
 Or, strenuous, wrestled hard with many a tough
 compeer.

At other times he pry'd thro' nature's store,
 Whate'er she in th'ethereal round contains,
 Whate'er she hides beneath her verdant floor,
 The vegetable and the min'ral reigns ;
 Or else he scann'd the globe, those small do-
 mains,

Where restless mortals such a turmoil keep,
 Its seas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains ;
 But more he search'd the mind, and rous'd
 from sleep

Those moral seeds whence we heroic actions reap.

Nor would he scorn to stoop from high pursuits
 Of heav'nly truth, and practise what she taught.
 Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
 Sometimes in hand the spade or plough he
 caught,

[fraught ;
 Forth-calling all with which boon earth is
 Sometimes he ply'd the strong mechanic tool,
 Or rear'd the fabric from the finest draught ;
 And oft he put himself to Neptune's school,
 Fighting with winds and waves on the vex'd
 ocean pool,

To solace then these rougher toils, he try'd
 To touch the kindling canvas into life ;
 With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
 With nature joyous at the mimic strife ;
 Or to such shapes as grae'd Pygmalion's wife,
 He hew'd the marble ; or with vary'd fire,
 He rous'd the trumpet and the martial life,
 Or bade the lute sweet tenderness inspire,
 Or verses fram'd that well might wake Apollo's
 lyre.

Accomplish'd thus he from the woods issu'd,
 Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprise ;
 The work, which long he in his breast had
 brew'd,

Now to perform he ardent did devise ;
 To wit, a barb'rous world to civilize.
 Earth was till then a boundless forest wild ;
 Nought to be seen but savage wood and skies ;
 No cities nourish'd arts, no culture smil'd,
 No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

A rugged wight, the worst of brutes, was man :
 On his own wretched kind he ruthless prey'd :
 The strongest still the weakest over-ran ;
 In ev'ry country mighty robbers sway'd,

And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
 Life was a scene of rapine, want, and woe ;
 Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
 To swear, he would the rascal rout o'erthrow ;
 For, by the pow'rs divine, it should no more be so !

It would exceed the purport of my song,
 To say how this *best sun*, from orient climes
 Came beaming life and beauty all along,
 Before him chasing indolence and crimes.
 Still as he pass'd, the nations he sublimed,
 And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray :
 Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden
 Successive, had ; but now in ruins gray [times,
 They ly, to lavish sloth and tyranny a prey.

To crown his toils, Sir Industry then spread
 The swelling sail, and made for Britain's coast.
 A sylvan life till then the natives led,
 In the brown shades and greenwood forest lost,
 All careles rambling where it lik'd them most :
 Their wealth the wild deer bouncing thro' the
 glade :

They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's cost ;
 Save spear and bow, withouten other aid ;
 Yet not the Roman steel their naked breast dismay'd.

He lik'd the soil, he lik'd the clement skies,
 He lik'd the verdant hills and flow'ry plains.
 Be this my great, my chosen isle (he cries) ;
 'This, whilst my labours Liberty sustains,
 This queen of ocean all assault disdains.
 Nor lik'd he less the genius of the land,
 To freedom apt and persevering pains :
 Mild to obey, and gen'rous to command, [hand.
 Temper'd by forming Heav'n with kindest firmest

Here, by degrees, his master-work arose,
 Whatever arts and industry can frame :
 Whatever finish'd agriculture knows,
 Fair queen of arts ! from heav'n itself who came,
 When Eden flourish'd in unspotted fame :
 And still with her sweet innocence we find,
 And tender peace, and joys without a name,
 That, while they ravish, tranquilize the mind,
 Nature and Art, at once delight and use combin'd.

Then towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
 And bade the fervent city glow with toil ;
 Bade social commerce raise renowned marts,
 Join land to land, and marry soil to soil,
 Unite the poles, and without bloody spoil
 Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous stores ;
 Or, should despotic rage the world embroil,
 Bade tyrants tremble on remotest shores, [roars,
 While o'er th'encircling deep Britannia's thunder

The drooping muses then he westward call'd,
 From the fam'd city * by Prepontic sea,
 What time the Turk the enfeebled Grecian
 thrail'd ; [free,

Thence from their cloister'd walks he set them
 And brought them to another Castalie,
 Where Isis many a famous nourishing breeds ;
 Or where old Cam soft paces o'er the lee
 In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
 The whilst his flocks at large the lonely shepherd
 feeds,

Yet the fine arts were what he finish'd least.
For why? They are the quintessence of all.
The growth of lab'ring time, and flow encreast;
Unless, as seldom chances, it should fall
That mighty patrons the coy sisters call
Up to the sunshine of uncumber'd ease, [thrall,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may
And where they nothing have to do but please:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'st they ask no
other fees.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to such as seek the soothing rhyme;
And yet, forsooth, they wear Mæcenas' name:
Poor sons of puffed-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken spirits cheer; still, still remains
The eternal patron, Liberty: whose flame,
While she protects, inspires the noblest strains.
The best and sweetest far, are toil-created gains.

When as the knight had fram'd in Britain-land
A matchless form of glorious government,
In which the sov'reign laws alone command,
Laws 'stablish'd by the public free consent,
Whose majesty is to the sceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was settled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then sought he from the toilsome scene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet thro' the
heart.

For this he chose a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long alleys peep'd upon the main.
In this calm seat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the swain.
The happy monarch of his sylvan train,
Here, sided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and cheer'd his blest
domain:

His days, the days of unstain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriots of old.

Witness, yellowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witness, ve flocks, whose woolly vestments far
Exceed soft India's cotton, or her silk;
Witness, with autumn charg'd, the nodding
car,

That homeward came beneath sweet ev'ning's
star,

Or of September moons the radiance mild.

O hide thy head, abominable war!

Of crimes and ruffian idleness the child!

From heav'n this life y'prung, from hell thy glo-
ries vild!

Nor from his deep retirement banish'd was
Th'amusing care of rural induttry.

Still, as with grateful change the seasons pass,
New scenes arise, new landscapes strike the eye,

And all the enliven'd country beautify:

Gay plains extend where marshes slept before;

O'er recent meads th'exulting streamlets fly;

Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres'
store, [shore.

And woods imbrown the steep, or wave along the

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He polish'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durst not art encroach;
'Tis art's alone these beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Pales, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too brisk gales the rude wild common
fann'd,

An happy place: where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flow'ring brakes each coyer creature
stray'd.

But in prime vigor what can last for ay?
That soul-enfeebling wizzard Indolence,
I whilom sung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide for his curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much he dull'd the sense,
Ev'n much of private; eat our spirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices; whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout;
Not, as old fame reports, wise, gen'rous, bold,
and stout.

A rage of pleasure madden'd ev'ry breast,
Down to the lowest lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wish each must be blest'd,
With joy be sever'd; snatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the standard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud she gave the word,
'Mind, mind yourselves; why should the vul-
'gar man,

'The lackey be more virtuous than his lord?
'Enjoy this span of life! 'tis all the gods afford.'

The tidings reach'd to where, in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repose.
'Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on
'thee call:

'Come, save us yet, ere ruin round us close;
'The demon Indolence thy toil o'erthrows.'
On this the noble colour stain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing thro' the whit'ning snows
Of venerable eld; his eye full speaks
His ardent soul, and from his couch at once he
breaks,

I will (he cry'd) so help me, God! destroy
That villain Archimage.—His page then strait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Dispatch. "My steed be at the gate;
"My bard attend; quick, bring the net of Fate."
This net was twisted by the sisters three;
Which when once cast o'er harden'd wretch,
too late

Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the strong iron grasp of vengeful Destiny.

He came, the bard, a little druid wight,
Of wither'd aspect; but his eye was keen,
With sweetness mix'd. In russet brown bedight,
As is his sister in the copses green*,
He crept along, unpromising of mien.
Gross he who judges so. His soul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure sheen.
True comeliness, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all else is vanity and glare.

Come (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd
mine ear:
The demon Indolence threatens overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us instant go,
O'erturn his bow'rs, and lay his castle low.
Those men, those wretched men, who will be
slaves,
Must drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But some there be, thy song, as from their graves,
Shall raise. Thrice happy he! who without ri-
gor faves.

Issuing forth, the knight bestrode his steed,
Of ardent bay, and on whose front a star
Shone blazing bright: sprung from the gene-
rous breed

That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, disdain'g gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honest sober beast, that did not mar
His meditations, but full softly trode!

And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

They talk'd of virtue and of human bliss;
What else so fit for man to settle well?
And still their long researches met in this,
This truth of truths, which nothing can refel:
* From virtue's fount the purest joys out-well,
* Sweet rills of thought that cheer the con-
scious soul;
* While vice pours forth the troubled streams
of hell,
* The which, howe'er disguis'd, at last with dole
* Will through the torrard breast their fiery tor-
rent roll.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their sum-
mits rear.
On the cool height a while our palmers stay,
And spite ev'n of themselves their senses cheer;
Then to the vizard'swonne their steps they steer.
Like a green isle, it broad beneath them spread.
With gardens round, and wand'ring currents
clear,

And tufted groves to shed the meadow-bed,
Sweet airs and song: and without hurry all seem'd
glad.

* As God shall judge me, knight, we must for-
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd) give,
* The frail good man deluded here to live,
* And in these groves his musing fancy hide.
* Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
* That virtue still some tincture has of vice,
* And vice of virtue. What should then betide,
* But that our charity be not too nice?

* Come, let us those we can to real bliss entice.

* Ay, sicker (quoth the knight) all flesh is frail,
* To pleasant sin and joyous dalliance bent;
* But let not brutish vice of this avail,
* And think to 'scape deserved punishment.

* Justice were cruel weakly to relent;
* From mercy's self she got her sacred glaive;
* Grace be to those who can, and will repent;
* But penance long, and dreary, to the slave,
* Who must in floods of fire his gross foul spirit
'lave.'

Thus, holding high discourse, they came to where
The cursed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedless men into his snare,
In witching wise, as I before have said.
But when he saw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majestic knight approaching nigh,
And by his side the bard so sage and staid,
His count'nance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who roosted cock
doth spy.

Nathless, with feign'd respect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not slack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he resum'd his song; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his music, ran thro' all his strings:
With magic dust their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er nature flings.
What pity bese his song who so divinely sings!

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They listen'd so intent with fix'd delight:
But they instead, as if transfinew'd to stone,
Marvel'd he could with such sweet art unite
The lights and shades of manners, wrong and
right.

Meantime the silly crowd the charm devour,
Wide pressing to the gate. Swift on the knight
Here darted fierce, to drag him to his bow'r,
Who, back'ning, shun'd his touch; for well he
knew its pow'r.

As in throng amphitheatre of old,
The wary Retarius* trapp'd his foe;
Ev'n so the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the net of woe,
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Enrag'd at first, he scorn'd so weak a jail,
And leap'd, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He sat him felly down, and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

Alarm'd, the inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful shrieks and hideous yells around:
Black stormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing sound,
As of infernal sprights in cavern bound;
A solemn sadness ev'ry creature strook,
And lightnings flash'd, and horror rock'd the
ground; [mish'd look,

Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd with ble-
As if on Time's last verge this fame of things had
shook.

Soon as the short-liv'd tempest was yspent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And hush'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Industry the first calm moment stole.

* A Gladiator, who made use of a net, which he threw over his adversary.

' There must (he cry'd) amid so vast a shoal,
' Be some who are not tainted at the heart,
' Not poison'd quite by this same villain's
 ' bowl: [part:
' Come then, my bard, thy heav'nly fire im-
' Touch soul with soul, till forth the latent spirit
 ' start.'

The bard obey'd; and taking from his side,
Where it in seemly sort depending hung,
His British harp, its speaking strings he try'd,
The which with skilful touch he deftly strung,
Till tinkling in clear symphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muses come along,
Light o'er the cords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his rising song:
The whilst, like midnight mute, ten thousands
 round him throng.

Thus ardent burst his strain—

 ' Ye hapless race,
' Dirc-labouring here to smother reason's ray,
' That lights our Maker's image in our face,
' And gives us wide o'er earth unquestion'd
 ' sway,
' What is the ador'd Supreme Perfection, say?
' What, but eternal never-resting soul,
' Almighty power, and all-directing day;
' By whom each atom stirs, the planets roll;
' Who fills, furrounds, informs, and agitates
 the whole.

' Come, to the beaming God your hearts un-
 ' fold! [alone
' Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence
' We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
' To seraphs burning round the Almighty's
 ' throne,
' Life rising still on life, in higher tone,
' Perfection forms, and with perfection blifs.
' In universal nature this clear shewn,
' Not needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
' To prove the beauteous world excels the brute
 ' abyfs.

' Is not the field, with lively culture green,
' A jovous fight more than the green morafs?
' Do not the skies, with active ether clean,
' And fann'd by sprightly zephyrs, far surpass
' The foul November-fogs, and slumb'rous
 ' mafs,
' With which sad Nature veils her drooping
 ' face? [glafs,
' Does not the mountain-stream, as clear as
' Gay dancing on, the putrid pool disgrace?
' The same in all holds true, but chief in human
 ' race.

' It was not by vile loitering in ease [art,
' That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of
' That soft yet ardent Athens learn'd to please,
' To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart,
' In all supreme! complete in every part!
' It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
' And o'er the nations shook her conquering
 ' dart:

' For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
' Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

' Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
' But in loose joy their time to wear away;
' Had they alone the lap of dalliance sought,
' Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
' Rude Nature's state had been our state to-
 ' day;
' No cities e'er their tow'ry fronts had rais'd,
' No arts had made us opulent and gay;
' With brother-brutes the human race had
 ' graz'd;
' None e'er had soar'd to fame, none honour'd
 ' been, none prais'd.

' Great Homer's song had never fir'd the breast
' To thirst of glory, and heroic deeds;
' Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
' Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds:
' The wits of modern times had told their
 ' beads,
' And monkish legends been their only strains:
' Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
' Our Shakespear stroll'd and laugh'd with
 ' Warwick swains;
' Ne had my master, Spenser, charm'd his Mulla's
 plains.

' Dumb too had been the sage historic muse,
' And perish'd all the sons of ancient fame;
' Those starry lights of virtue, that diffuse
' Through the dark depth of time their vivid
 ' flame,
' Had all been lost with such as have no name.
' Who then had scorn'd his ease for others
 ' good?
' Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
' Who in the public breach devoted stood,
' And for his country's cause been prodigal of
 ' blood?

' But should to fame your hearts unfeeling be,
' If right I read, you pleasure all require
' Then hear how best may be obtain'd this
 ' fee,
' How best enjoy'd this nature's wide desire.
' Toil, and be glad! let industry inspire
' Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant
 ' breath!
' Who does not act is dead: absorpt entire
' In mazy sloth, no pride, no joy he hath;
' O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with
 ' death!

' Ah! what avail the largest gifts of Heaven
' When drooping health and spirits go amiss?
' How tasteless then whatever can be given?
' Health is the vital principle of blifs,
' And exercise of health. In proof of this,
' Behold the wretch, who flugs his life away,
' Soon swallow'd in disease's sad abyfs;
' While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly
 ' play
' Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear
 as day.

' O who can speak the vigorous joys of health?
' Unclogg'd the body, unobscur'd the mind;
' The morning rises gay; with pleasing stealth,
' The temperate evening falls serene and kind.

' In

' In health the wiser brutes true gladness find.
 ' See! how the younglings frisk along the
 ' meads, [wind;
 ' As May comes on, and wakes the balmy
 ' Rampant with life, their joy all joys exceeds:
 ' Yet what but high-strung health this dancing
 ' pleasure breeds?

' But here, instead, is foster'd every ill
 ' Which or disemper'd minds or bodies
 ' know.
 ' Come then, my kindred spirits! do not spill
 ' Your talents here. This place is but a shew,
 ' Whose charms delude you to the den of woe:
 ' Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
 ' Where pleasure's roses, void of serpents,
 ' grow, [knight,
 ' Sincere as sweet; come, follow this good
 ' And you will bless the day that brought him
 to your sight.

' Some he will lead to courts, and some to
 ' camps;
 ' To senates some, and public sage debates,
 ' Where, by the solemn gleam of midnight
 ' lamps, [states;
 ' The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty
 ' To high discovery some, that new-creates
 ' The face of earth; some to the thriving
 ' mart;
 ' Some to the rural reign, and softer fates;
 ' To the sweet muses some, who raise the
 ' heart:

' All glory shall be yours, all nature, and all art.
 ' There are, I see, who listen to my lay,
 ' Who wretched sigh for virtue, but despair.
 ' All may be done, (methinks I hear them
 ' say) [fair;
 ' Even death despis'd by generous actions
 ' All, but for those who to these bowers re-
 ' pair,
 ' Their very pow'r dissolv'd in luxury,
 ' To quit of torpid sluggishness the lair,
 ' And from the powerful arms of sloth get
 ' free, [be!

' 'Tis rising from the dead—Alas!—It cannot
 ' Would you then learn to dissipate the band
 ' Of these huge threatening difficulties dire,
 ' That in the weak man's way, like lions,
 ' stand,
 ' His soul appal, and damp his rising fire?
 ' Resolve, resolve, and to be men aspire.
 ' Exert that noblest privilege, alone
 ' Here to mankind indulg'd: controul desire:
 ' Let godlike Reason, from her sovereign
 ' throne,

' Speak the commanding word, "I will!"—and
 it is done.

' Heavens! can you then thus waste, in shame-
 ' ful wife,
 ' Your few important days of trial here?
 ' Heirs of eternity! vborn to rise
 ' Through endless states of being still more
 ' near

' To bliss approaching, and perfection clear;
 ' Can you renounce a fortune so sublime,
 ' Such glorious hopes, your backward steps
 ' to steer, [and flime?
 ' And roll, with vilest brutes, through mud
 ' No! no!—Your heav'n-touch'd hearts disdain
 ' the fordid crime!

' Enough! enough! they cry'd—strait, from
 the crowd
 The better sort on wings of transport fly.
 As when amid the lifeless summits proud
 Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid sky
 Snows pil'd on snows in wint'ry torpor ly,
 The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
 Th'awaken'd heaps, in streamlets from on
 Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [high,
 Glad warbling through the vales, in their new
 being gay.

Not less the life, the vivid joy serene,
 That lighted up these new created men,
 Than that which wings th'exulting spirit clean,
 When, just deliver'd from his fleshy den,
 It soaring seeks its native skies agen. [pow'rs,
 How light its essence! how unclogg'd its
 Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
 Even so we glad forsook these sinful bowers,
 Even such enraptur'd life, such energy was ours!

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
 Dire-mutter'd curses and blasphem'd high Joye.
 ' Ye sons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
 ' What brought you to this seat of peace and
 ' love? [grove,
 ' While, with kind Nature, here amid the
 ' We pass'd the harmless Sabbath of our time,
 ' What to disturb it could, fell man, emove
 ' Your barb'rous hearts? Is happiness a
 ' crime? [sublime.

' Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven
 "Ye impious wretches," quoth the knight in
 wrath, [wand
 "Your happiness behold!"—Then strait a
 He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
 Truth from illusive falsehood to command.
 Sudden, the landscape sinks on ev'ry hand;
 The pure quick streams are marshy puddles
 found; [stand;
 On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd
 And o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
 Snakes, adders, toads, each loathsome creature
 crawls around.

And here and there, on trees by lightning
 scath'd,
 Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung:
 Or, in fresh gore and recent murder bath'd,
 They weltring lay; or else infuriate flung
 Into the gloomy flood, while ravens sung
 The fun'ral dirge, they down the torrent
 rowl'd:
 These, by disemper'd blood to madness stung,
 Had doom'd themselves; whence oft, when
 night controul'd [howl'd.
 The world, returning hither their sad spirits
 Meantime

Meantime
 That lazarus
 Depainted
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 This said,
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 The Char
 Sweet love

Meantime a moving scene was open laid;
 That lazar house, I whilom in my lay
 Depainted have, its horrors deep display'd,
 And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
 Who totting there in squalid misery lay.
 Soon as of sacred light the unwonted smile
 Pour'd on these living catacombs its ray,
 Through the drear caverns stretching many a
 mile, [woes a while.
 The sick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their
 'O heav'ns! (they cry'd) and do we once
 'more see [fair!
 'You blessed sun, and this green earth so
 'Are we from noisome damps of pest-house
 'free?
 'And drink our souls the sweet ethereal air?
 'O thou! or knight, or god! who holdest
 'there
 'That fiend, oh keep him in eternal chains;
 'But what for us, the children of despair,
 'Brought to the brink of hell, what hope
 'remains?
 'Repentance does itself but aggravate our pains!
 The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
 Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
 'Certes (quoth he) it is not even in grace
 'T'undo the past, and eke your broken years:
 'Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
 'With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
 'A power the truly contrite heart that cheers;
 'She quells the brand by which the rocks are
 riven; [Heaven.
 'She more than merely softens, she rejoices
 'Then patient bear the sufferings you have
 'earn'd,
 'And by these sufferings purify the mind;
 'Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd;
 'Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
 'And to a life more happy and refin'd,
 'Doubt not, you shall new creatures yet arise.
 'Till then, you may expect in me to find
 'One who will wipe your sorrow from your
 'eyes;
 'One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you
 'to the skies.'
 They silent heard, and pour'd their thanks in
 tears; [tone)
 'For you (resum'd the Knight, with sterner
 'Whose hard dry hearts the obdurate demon
 'fears, [groan;
 'That villains gifts will cost you many a
 'In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
 'His fatal charms, and weep your stains
 'away:
 'Till soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
 'You feel a perfect change: then, who can
 'say, [eternal day!
 'What grace may yet shine forth in Heaven's
 This said, his powerful wand he wav'd anew;
 Instant a glorious angel-train descends,
 The Charities, to wit, of rosy hue;
 Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,

And with seraphic flame compassion blends.
 At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
 When, lo! a goodly hospital ascends;
 In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
 That could the sick-bed smoothe of that sad
 company.

It was a worthy edifying sight,
 And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
 To see kind hands attending day and night,
 With tender ministry, from place to place.
 Some prop the head; some from the pallid face
 Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature sheds;
 Some reach the healing draught: the whilst,
 to chace
 The fear supreme around their soften'd beds,
 Some holy man by prayer all-op'ning Heaven
 dispreads.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
 Of those he rescu'd had from gaping hell,
 Then turn'd the Knight, and, to his hall again
 Soft-pacing, sought of Peace the mossy cell:
 Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell;
 To see the helpless wretches that remain'd,
 There left through delves and desarts dire to
 yell; [stain'd,
 Amaz'd, their looks with pale dismay were
 And spreading wide their hands, they meek re-
 pentance feign'd.

But, ah! their scorn'd day of grace was past:
 For (horrible to tell!) a desert wild [vast;
 Before them stretch'd, bare, comfortless, and
 With gibbets, bones, and carcases defil'd!
 There nor trim field nor lively culture smil'd;
 Nor waving shade was seen, nor fountain fair;
 But sands abrupt on sands lay loosely pil'd,
 Through which they flound'ring toil'd with
 painful care,
 Whilst Phœbus smote them fore, and fir'd the
 cloudless air.

Then, varying to a joyless land of bogs,
 The sadden'd country a grey waste appear'd;
 Where nought but putrid streams and noisome
 fogs
 For ever hung on drizzly Auster's beard;
 Or else the ground by piercing Caurus fear'd,
 Was jagg'd with frost, or heap'd with glazed
 snow: [steer'd,
 Thro' these extremes a ceaseless round they
 By cruel fiends still hurry'd to and fro,
 Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-
 hounds moe.

The first was with base dunghill rags yclad,
 Tainting the gale in which they flutter'd light;
 Of morbid hue his features, sunk and sad;
 His hollow eyne shook forth a sickly light;
 And o'er his lank-jaw bone, in piteous plight,
 His black rough beard was matted, rank, and
 vile;
 Direful to see! an heart-appalling sight!
 Meantime foul scurf and blotches him defile;
 And dogs, where'er he went, still barked all the
 while.

The

The other was a fell despightful fiend :
 Hell holds none worse in baleful bow'r below :
 By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancor keen'd ;
 Of Man alike, if good or bad the foe :
 With nose up-turn'd, he always made a shew
 As if he smelt some nauseous scent ; his eye
 Was cold and keen, like blast from Boreal
 snow ;

And taunts he casten forth most bitterly.
 Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly
 fry.

Even so through Brentford town, a town of
 An herd of bristly swine is prick'd along ; [mud,
 The filthy beasts, that never chew the cud,
 Still grunt and squeak, and sing their troublous
 song, [among :
 And oft they plunge themselves the mire
 But aye the ruthless driver goads them on,
 And aye of barking dogs the bitter throng
 Makes them renew their unmelodious moan ;
 Ne ever find they rest from their unresting fone.

§ 53. *To the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton.*
 THOMSON.

*Inscribed to the Right Honourable Sir Robert
 Walpole.*

SHALL the great soul of Newton quit this
 earth,
 To mingle with the stars ; and ev'ry Muse,
 Astonish'd into silence, shun the weight
 Of honours due to his illustrious name ?
 But what can man ?—Ev'n now the sons of light,
 In strains high-warbled to seraphic lyre,
 Hail his arrival on the coast of bliss.
 Yet am I not deterr'd, though high the theme,
 And sung to harps of angels ; for with you,
 Ethereal flames ! ambitious I aspire
 In Nature's general symphony to join.

And what new wonders can you shew your
 guest !

Who, while on this dim spot, where mortals toil
 Clouded in dust, from motion's simple laws,
 Could trace the secret hand of Providence,
 Wide-working thro' this universal frame !

Have ye not listen'd, while he bound the suns
 And planets to their spheres ! th' unequal task
 Of human-kind till then. Oft had they roll'd
 O'er erring man the year, and oft disgrac'd
 The pride of schools, before their course was
 Full in its causes and effects, to him, [known
 All-piercing sage ! who sat not down and dream'd
 Romantic schemes, defended by the din
 Of specious words and tyranny of names ;
 But, bidding his amazing mind attend,
 And with heroic patience, years on years
 Deep-searching, saw at last the system dawn,
 And shine, of all his race, on him alone !
 What were his raptures then ! how pure ! how
 strong !

And what the triumphs of old Greece and Rome,
 By his diminish'd, but the pride of boys

In some small fray victorious ! when (instead
 Of shatter'd parcels of this earth usurp'd
 By violence unmanly, and fore deeds
 Of cruelty and blood) Nature herself
 Stood all subdu'd by him, and open laid
 Her ev'ry latent glory to his view !
 All intellectual eye, our solar round
 First gazing thro', he by the blended pow'r
 Of Gravitation and Projection, saw
 The whole in silent harmony revolve.
 From unassisted vision hid, the moons
 To cheer remoter planets numerous form'd,
 By him in all their mingled tracts were seen.
 He also fix'd our wand'ring queen of night :
 Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
 Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
 In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
 Her ev'ry motion, clear discerning, He
 Adjusted to the mutual Main, and taught
 Why now the mighty mass of water swells
 Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
 And the full river turning ; till again
 The tide reverte, unattracted, leaves
 A yellow waste of idle sands behind.

Then breaking hence, he took his ardent flight
 Thro' the blue infinite ; and ev'ry star
 Which the clear concave of a winter's night
 Pours on the eye, or astronomic tube,
 Far-stretching, snatches from the dark abyfs,
 Or such as farther in successive skies
 To fancy shine alone, at his approach
 Blaz'd into suns, the living centre each
 Of an harmonious system : all combin'd,
 And rul'd unerring by that single pow'r
 Which draws the stone projected to the ground.

O unprofuse magnificence divine !
 O wisdom truly perfect ! thus to call
 From a few causes such a scheme of things,
 Effects so various, beautiful, and great,
 An universe complete ! and, O belov'd
 Of Heav'n, whose well-purg'd penetrative eye,
 The mystic veil transpiercing, inly scann'd
 The rising, moving, wide-establish'd frame !

He, first of men, with awful wing pursu'd
 The Comet thro' the long elliptic curve,
 As round innum'rous worlds he wound his way ;
 Till to the forehead of our ev'ning sky
 Return'd, the blazing wonder glares anew,
 And o'er the trembling nations shakes dismay.

The heav'ns are all his own ; from the wild
 Of whirling vortices, and circling spheres, [rule
 To their first great simplicity restor'd.
 The schools astonish'd stood ; but found it vain
 To combat still with demonstration strong,
 And, unawaken'd, dream beneath the blaze
 Of truth. At once their pleasing visions fled,
 With the gay shadows of the morning mix'd,
 When Newton rose, our philosophic sun.

The aerial flow of sound was known to him,
 From whence it first in wavy circles breaks,
 Till the touch'd organ takes the message in.
 Nor could the darting beam, of speed immense,
 Escape his swift pursuit, and measuring eye !
 Even Light itself, which ev'ry thing displays,
 Shone

Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And from the whit'ning undistinguish'd blaze,
Collecting ev'ry ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of parent-colours. First, the flaming red
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny orange next;
And next delicious yellow, by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing green;
Then the pure blue, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd indico, as when
The heavy-skirted ev'ning droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting violet away,
These, when the clouds distil the rosy show'r,
Shine out distinct adown the wat'ry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dyes from these result,
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of beauty ever flushing! ever new!

Did ever poet image aught so fair, [brook!
Dreaming in whisp'ring groves by the hoarse
Or prophet, to whose rapture heav'n descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, Greenwich, from thy lovely heights, de-
clare

How just, how beauteous, the refractive law!

The noiseless tide of time, all bearing down
To vast eternity's unbounded sea,
Where the green islands of the happy shine,
He stemm'd alone: and to the source (involv'd
Deep in primæval gloom) ascending, rais'd
His lights at equal distances, to guide
Historian, wilder'd on his darksome way.

But who can number up his labours? who
His high discoveries sing! when but a few,
Of the deep-studying race can stretch their minds
To what he knew: in fancy's lighter thought
How shall the Muse then grasp the mighty theme?

What wonder thence that his devotion swell'd
Responsive to his knowledge! for could he,
Whose piercing mental eye diffusive saw
The finish'd university of things,
In all its order, magnitude, and parts,
Forbear incessant to adore that Pow'r
Who fills, sustains, and actuates the whole?

Say, ye who best can tell, ye happy few
Who saw him in the softest lights of life,
All unwithheld, indulging to his friends
The vast unborrow'd treasures of his mind,
Oh speak the wond'rous man! how mild, how
calm!

How greatly humble, how divinely good!
How firm establish'd on eternal truth;
Fervent in doing well, with ev'ry nerve
Still pressing on, forgetful of the past,
And panting for perfection: far above
Those little cares and visionary joys
That so perplex the fond impassion'd heart
Of ever-cheated, ever-trusting man!
And you, ye hopeless gloomy-minded tribe,
You, who unconscious of those nobler flights

That reach impatient at immortal life,
Against the prime endearing privilege
Of being dare contend, say, can a soul
Of such extensive, deep, tremendous powers,
Enlarging still, be but a finer breath
Of spirits dancing thro' their tubes a while,
And then for ever lost in vacant air?

But hark! methinks I hear a warning voice,
Solemn as when some awful change is come,
Sound thro' the world—" 'Tis done! the mea-

sure's full, [stones,
"And I resign my charge."—Ye mould'ring
That build the tow'ring pyramid, the proud
Triumphal arch, the monument effac'd
By ruthless ruin, and whate'er supports
The worship'd name of hoar Antiquity,
Down to the dust! what grandeur can ye boast,
While Newton lifts his column to the skies,
Beyond the waste of time. Let no weak drop
Be shed for him. The virgin in her bloom
Cut off, the joyous youth, and darling child,
These are the tombs that claim the tender tear
And elegiac song. But Newton calls
For other notes of gratulation high,
That now he wanders thro' those endless worlds
He here so well descry'd, and, wond'ring, talks
And hymns their Author with his glad compeers.

O Britain's boast! whether with angels thou
Sittest in dread discourse, or fellow-blest,
Who joy to see the honour of their kind;
Or whether, mounted on cherubic wing,
Thy swift career is with the whirling orbs,
Comparing things with things, in rapture lost,
And grateful adoration, for that light
So plenteous ray'd into thy mind below,
From Light himself—Oh look with pity down
On human kind, a frail erroneous race!
Exalt the spirit of a downward world!
O'er thy dejected country chief preside,
And be her Genius call'd! her studies raise,
Correct her manners, and inspire her youth:
For, though deprav'd and sunk she brought thee
forth,

And glories in thy name, she points thee out
To all her sons, and bids them eye thy star:
While in expectance of the second life,
When time shall be no more, thy sacred dust
Sleeps with her kings, and dignifies the scene.

§ 54. Hymn on Solitude. THOMSON.

HAIL, mildly-pleasing Solitude,
Companion of the wise and good:
But from whose holy piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.

Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts.

A thousand shapes you wear with ease,
And still in ev'ry shape you please.
Now wrapt in some mysterious dream,
A lone philosopher you seem;

Now

Now quick from hill to vale you fly,
And now you sweep the vaulted sky.
A shepherd next you haunt the plain,
And warble forth your oaten strain,
A lover now, with all the grace
Of that sweet passion in your face:
Then, calm'd to friendship, you assume
The gentle-looking Hartford's bloom,
As, with her Musidora, she
(Her Musidora fond of thee)
Amid the long withdrawing vale,
Awakes the rival'd nightingale.

Thine is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when ev'ning scenes decay,
And the faint landscape swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine.

Descending angels bless thy train,
The virtues of the sage and swain;
Plain innocence, in white array'd,
Before thee lifts her fearless head:
Religion's beams around thee shine,
And cheer thy glooms with light divine:
About thee sports sweet Liberty;
And wrapt Urania sings to thee.

Oh, let me pierce thy secret cell!
And in thy deep recesses dwell.
Perhaps from Norwood's oak-clad hill,
When meditation has her fill,
I just may cast my careless eyes
Where London's spiry turrets rise;
Think of its crimes, its cares, its pain,
Then shield me in the woods again.

§ 55. *Hymn to Darknefs.* YALDEN.

DARKNESS, thou first great parent of us all,
Thou art our great original;
Since from thy universal womb
Does all thou shad'st below, thy numerous off-
spring come.

Thy wond'rous birth is ev'n to Time unknown,
Or, like Eternity, thou'dst none;
Whilst Light did its first being owe
Unto that awful shade it dares to rival now.

Say, in what distant region dost thou dwell,
To Reason inaccessible?
From form and duller matter free,
Thou soar'st above the reach of man's philosophy.

Involv'd in thee, we first receive our breath,
Thou art our refuge too in death:
Great Monarch of the grave and womb,
Where'er our souls shall go, to thee our bodies
come.

The silent globe is struck with awful fear
When thy majestic shades appear:
Thou dost compose the air and sea;
And Earth a Sabbath keeps, sacred to rest and
thee.

In thy serener shades our ghosts delight,
And court the umbrage of the night;
In vaults and gloomy caves they stray,
But fly the morning beams, and sicken at the
day.

Though solid bodies dare exclude the light,
Nor will the brightest ray admit;
No substance can thy force repel, [dwell.
Thou reign'st in depths below, dost in the centre
The sparkling gems, and ore in mines below,
To thee their beauteous lustre owe;
Tho' form'd within the womb of night,
Bright as their fire they shine, with native rays
of light.

When thou dost raise thy venerable head,
And art in genuine night array'd,
Thy negro beauties then delight;
Beauties, like polish'd jet, with their own dark-
ness bright.

Thou dost thy smiles impartially bestow,
And know'st no difference here below:
All things appear the same by thee,
Though light distinction makes, thou giv'st
equality.

Thou, Darkness, art the lover's kind retreat,
And dost the nuptial joys complete;
Thou dost inspire them with thy shade,
Giv'st vigour to the youth, and warm'st the
yielding maid.

Calm as the bless'd above, the Anch'rites dwell
Within their peaceful gloomy cell;
Their minds with heav'nly joys are fill'd;
The pleasures Light deny, thy shades for ever
yield.

In caves of night, the oracles of old
Did all their mysteries unfold:
Darkness did first religion grace, [place.
Gave terrors to the God, and rev'rence to the
When the Almighty did on Horeb stand,
Thy shades inclos'd the hallow'd land;
In clouds of light he was array'd,
And venerable darkness his pavilion made.

When he appear'd arm'd in his power and might,
He veil'd the beatific light;
When terrible with majesty,
In tempests he gave laws, and clad himself in thee.
Ere the foundation of the earth was laid,
Or brighter firmament was made;
Ere matter, time, or place was known,
Thou, Monarch Darkness, sway'dst these spa-
cious realms alone.

But now the moon (tho' gay with borrow'd light)
Invades thy scanty lot of Night:
By rebel subjects thou'rt betray'd,
The anarchy of stars depose their monarch, Shade.
Yet fading light its empire must resign,
And Nature's pow'r submit to thine:
An universal ruin shall erect thy throne,
And Fate confirm thy kingdom ever more thy
own.

Education.

Written in

Inscribed

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§ 56. Education. WEST.

*Written in imitation of the Style and Manner of
Spenser's Fairy Queen.*

*Inscribed to Lady Langham, widow of Sir Jo.
Langham, Bart.*

"Unum studium vere liberale est, quod liberum
"facit. Hoc sapientiæ studium est, sublime,
"forte, magnanimum: cætera pusilla et pue-
"rilia sunt.—Plus scire velle quam sit satis in-
"temperantiæ genus est. Quid, quod ista libe-
"ralium artium confectatio molestos, verbosos,
"intempestivos, sibi placentes facit, et ideo non
"dicentes necessaria, quia supervacua didice-
"runt."

SEN. Ep. 88.

O GOODLY discipline! from Heav'n ysprung,
Parent of Science, Queen of Arts refin'd!
To whom the Graces and the Nine belong,
O! bid those Graces, in fair chorus join'd
With each bright Virtue that adorns the mind,
O! bid the Muses, thine harmonious train,
Who, by thy aid, erst humaniz'd mankind,
Inspire, direct, and moralize the strain
That doth essay to teach thy treasures how to gain!

And thou, whose pious and maternal care,
The substitute of heav'nly Providence,
With tend'rest love my orphan life did rear,
And train me up to manly strength and sense,
With mildest awe and virtuous influence
Directing my unpractis'd wayward feet
To the smooth walks of Truth and Innocence,
Where Happiness heartfelt, Contentment sweet,
Philosophy divine, aye hold their blest retreat!

Thou, most belov'd, most honour'd, most re-
ver'd!
Accept this Verse, to thy large merit due!
And blame me not if by each tie endear'd
Of nature, gratitude, and friendship true,
The whiles this mortal thesis I pursue,
And trace the plan of goodly nurture † o'er,
I bring thy modest virtues into view,
And proudly boast that from thy precious
store,
Which erst enrich'd my heart, I drew this sacred
lore.

And thus, I ween, thus shall I best repay
The valu'd gifts thy careful love bestow'd,
If imitating thee well as I may,
I labour to diffuse th'important good,

Till this great truth by all be understood,
"That all the pious duties which we owe
"Our parents, friends, our country, and our
"The seeds of ev'ry virtue here below, [God,
"From discipline alone and early culture grow."

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Knight, as to Pædia's * house
He his young son conveys,
Is staid by Custom, with him fights,
And his vain pride disdains.*

A GENTLE knight there was, whose noble
deeds
O'er Fairyland by Fame were blazon'd round;
For warlike enterprize and sage areeds ‡
Among the chief alike was he renown'd;
Whence with the marks of highest honours
By Gloriana; in domestic peace, [crown'd
That port to which the wise are ever bound,
He anchor'd was, and chang'd the tossing seas
Of bustling busy life for calm sequester'd ease.

There, in domestic virtue rich and great,
As erst in public, 'mid his wide domain
Long in primeval patriarchal state
The lord, the judge, the father of the plain,
He dwelt; and with him in the golden chain
Of wedded faith ylink'd a matron sage
Aye dwelt, sweet partner of his joy and pain!
Sweet charmer of his youth, friend of his age,
Skill'd to improve his bliss, his sorrows to assuage.

From this fair union, not of fardid gain
But merit similar and mutual love,
True source of lineal virtue, sprung a train
Of youths and virgins, like the beauteous grove
Which round the temple of Olympic Jove
Begirt with youthful bloom the parent tree ||,
The sacred olive, whence old Elis wove
Her verdant crowns of peaceful victory,
The guerdons § of bold strength and swift activity.

So round their noble parents goodly rose
These gen'rous scions; they with watchful care
Still as the swelling passions 'gan disclose
The buds of future virtues, did prepare
With prudent culture the young shoots to rear;
And aye in this endearing pious toil
They by a palmer ** sage instructed were, [while
Who from deep thought and studious search ere-
Had learnt to mend the heart and till the human
soil.

For, by celestial Wisdom whilom led,
Thro' all the apartments of th'immortal mind,
He view'd the secret stores, and mark'd the sted †
To judgment, wit, and memory assign'd,

† Nurture, education. * Pædia is a Greek word, signifying Education. ‡ Areeds, counsels.
|| Parent tree, the sacred olive.] This tree grew in the Altis, or sacred grove of Olympic Jupiter, at Olym-
pia, having, as the Eleans pretended, been originally planted there by Hercules. It was esteemed sacred;
and from that were taken the Olympic crowns.
§ Guerdons, rewards.
** Palmer, pilgrim.—The person here signified is Mr. Locke, characterized by his Works.
† Sted, place, station.

And how sensation and reflection join'd
To fill, with images, her darksome grotte,
Where, variously disjointed or combin'd
As reason, fancy, or opinion wrought, [thought.
Their various masks they play'd, and fed her pensive

Alas †† thro' the fields of Science had he stray'd
With eager search, and sent his piercing eye
Thro' each learn'd school, each philosophic
shade,
Where Truth and Virtue erst were deem'd to lie,
If haply the fair vagrants he mote ††† spy,
Or hear the music of their charming lore;
But all unable there to satisfy
His curious soul, he turn'd him to explore
The sacred writ of Faith, to learn, believe, adore.

Thence for profess'd of Falsehood and Deceit,
Those sly artificers of Tyranny,
Aye holding up before uncertain feet
His faithful light to knowledge, Liberty,
Mankind he led to civil policy,
And mild Religion's charitable law,
That, fram'd by Mercy and Benignity,
The persecuting sword forbids to draw,
And free-created souls with penal terrors awe.

Ne with the glorious gifts elate and vain
Lock'd he his wisdom up in churlish pride,
But stooping from his height, would even deign
The feeble steps of infancy to guide;
Eternal glory him therefore betide;
Let ev'ry gen'rous youth his praise proclaim
Who wand'ring thro' the world's rude forest wide
By him hath been vtaught his course to frame
To Virtue's sweet abodes and heav'n aspiring Fame!

For this the Fairy knight, with anxious thought
And fond paternal care his counsel pray'd,
And him of gentlest courtesy besought
His guidance to vouchsafe and friendly aid,
The while his tender offspring he convey'd
Thro' devious paths to that secure retreat
Where sage Pædia, with each tuneful maid,
On a wide mount had fix'd her rural seat,
Mid flow'ry gardens plac'd, untrod by vulgar

feet.
And now forth-pacing with his blooming heir,
And that same virtuous palmer them to guide,
Arm'd all to point, and on a courser fair
Ymounted high, in military pride,
His little train before he slow did ride.
Him eke behind a gentle 'squire ensues,
With his young lord aye marching side by side,
His counsellor and guard in goodly thews †,
Who well had been brought up, and nurs'd by
ev'ry Muse.

Thus as their pleasing journey they pursu'd,
With cheerful argument beguiling pain,
Ere long, descending from an hill, they view'd
Beneath their eyes outstretch'd a spacious plain,

That fruitful shew'd, and apt for ev'ry grain;
For pastures, vines, and flow'rs, while Nature fair
Sweet-smiling all around with count'nance fain †
Seem'd to demand the tiller's art and care
Her wildness to correct, her lavish waste repair.

Right good I ween and bounteous was the soil,
Aye wont in happy season to repay
With tenfold usury the peasant's toil,
But now 'twas ruin all and wild decay;
Untill'd, the garden and the fallow lay; [grown,
The sheep shorn down with barren brakes †† o'er.
The while the merry peasants sport and play
All as the public evil were unknown,
Or ev'ry public care from ev'ry breast was flown]

Astonish'd at a scene at once so fair
And so deform'd, with wonder and delight
At man's neglect and Nature's bounty rare,
In studious thought a while the Fairy knight
Bent on that goodly lond § his eager sight,
Then forward rush'd, impatient to descry
What towns and castles therein were empight †;
For towns him seem'd and castles he did spy † eye.
As to th' horizon round he stretch'd his roaming

Nor long way had they travell'd, ere they came
To a wide stream that, with tumultuous roar,
Amongst rude rocks its winding course did
frame:

Black was the wave and fordid, cover'd o'er
With angry foam, and stain'd with infants gore:
Thereto along th'unlovely margin stood
A birchen grove that, waving from the shore,
Aye cast upon the tide its falling bud,
And with its bitter juice empoison'd all the flood.

Right in the center of the vale, empight
Not distant far, a forked mountain rose;
In outward form presenting to the sight
That fam'd Parnassian hill, on whose fair brows
The Nine Aonian Sisters wont repose,
Lift'ning to sweet Castalia's founding stream,
Which thro' the plains of Cirrha murmur'ing
flows;

But this to that compar'd mote justly seem
Ne fitting haunt for gods, ne worthy man's esteem,

For this nor founded deep nor spreaden wide,
Nor high uprais'd above the level plain,
By toiling art thro' tedious years apply'd,
From various parts compil'd with studious pain,
Was erst upthrown, if so it mote attain,
Like that poetic mountain, to be hight †
The noble seat of Learning's goodly train;
Thereto the more to captivate the sight
It, like a garden fair, most curiously was dight ††.

In figur'd plots, with leafy walls enclos'd,
By measure and by rule it was outlay'd;
With symmetry so regular dispos'd,
That plot to plot still answer'd shade to shade:

†† Als, also, further.

† Brakes, briers.

§§ Dight, drest.

††† Mote, might.

§ Lond, land.

† Thews, manners.

* Empight, plac'd.

† Fain, earnest, eager.

† Hight, called, nam'd.

Each correspondent twain alike array'd
With like embellishments of plants and flow'rs,
Of statues, vases, spouting founts, that play'd
Thro' shells of Tritons their ascending show'rs,
And labyrinths involv'd and trelice-woven bow'rs.

There likewise mote be seen on ev'ry side
The yew, obedient to the planter's will,
And shapely box of all their branching pride
Ungently shorne, and with prepost'rous skill,
To various beasts and birds of sundry quill
Transform'd, and human shapes of monstrous
size,

Huge as that giant race who, hill on hill
High-heaping, sought with impious vain em-
prize ††,

Despite of thund'ring Jove, to scale the steepy skies.

Als other wonders of the sportive shears
Fair Nature misadorning there were found;
Globes, spiral columns, pyramids, and piers,
With sprouting urns and budding statues
And horizontal dials on the ground - [crown'd,
In living box by cunning artists trac'd,
And gallies trim on no long voyage bound,
But by their roots there ever anchor'd fast,
All †† were their belying sails outspread to ev'ry
blast.

O'er all appear'd the mountain's forked brows
With terrasses on terrasses upthrown,
And all along, arrang'd in order'd rows
And viftos broad, the velvet slopes adown
The ever-verdant trees of Daphne shone;
But aliens to the clime, and brought of old
From Latian plains and Grecian Helicon,
They shrunk and languish'd in a foreign mold,
By changeful summers starv'd, and pinch'd by
winter's cold.

Amid this verdant grove, with solemn state,
On golden thrones of antic form reclin'd,
In mimic majesty Nine Virgins sat,
In features various as unlike in mind:
Als boasted they themselves of heav'nly kind,
And to the sweet Parnassian Nymphs ally'd,
Thence round their brows the Delphic bay
they twin'd,
And matching with high names their apish
pride,
O'er ev'ry learned school aye claim'd they to
preside.

In antic garbs (for modern they disdain'd)
By Greek and Roman artists whilom §§ made,
Of various woofs, and variously distain'd
With tints of ev'ry hue, were they array'd;
And here and there ambitiously display'd
A purple shred of some rich robe, prepar'd
Erst by the Muses or th'Aonian Maid,
To deck great Tullius or the Mantuan bard,
Which o'er each motely vest with uncouth splen-
dor glar'd.

And well their outward vesture did express
The bent and habit of their inward mind,
Affecting Wisdom's antiquated drefs,
And usages by time cast far behind:
Thence to the charms of younger Science blind,
The customs, laws, the learning, arts, and
phrase,
Of their own countries they with scorn declin'd,
Ne sacred Truth herself would they embrace
Unwarranted, unknown in their forefathers days.

Thus ever backward casting their survey
To Rome's old ruins, and the groves forlorn
Of elder Athens, which in prospect lay [turn
Stretch'd out beneath the mountain, would they
Their busy search, and o'er the rubbish mourn;
Then gath'ring up, with superstitious care
Each little scrap, however foul or torn,
In grave harangues they boldly would declare
This Ennius, Varro, this the Stagirite, did wear.

Yet, under names of venerable found, [rod,
While o'er the world they stretch'd their awful
Thro' all the provinces of Learning own'd
For teachers of whate'er is wise and good;
Als from each region to their drad * abode
Came youth unnumber'd, crowding all to taste
The streams of Science, which united flow'd
Adown the mount from nine rich sources cast,
And to the vale below in one rude torrent past.

O'er ev'ry source, protectress of the stream,
One of those Virgin Sisters did preside,
Who dignifying with her noble name
Her proper flood, aye pour'd into the tide
The heady vapours of scholastic pride,
Despotic and abject, bold and blind,
Fierce in debate, and forward to decide,
Vain love of praise with adulation join'd,
And disingenuous scorn and impotence of mind.

Extending from the hill on ev'ry side,
In circuit vast a verdant valley spread,
Across whose uniform flat bosom glide
Ten thousand streams, in winding mazes led
By various sluices from one common head;
A turbid mass of waters, vast, profound!
Hight of Philology the lake, and fed
By that rude torrent which, with roaring sound,
Came tumbling from the hill, and slow'd the le-
vel round.

And ev'rywhere this spacious valley o'er,
Fast by each stream was seen a num'rous throng
Of beardless striplings, to the birch crown'd
shore
By nurses, guardians, fathers, dragg'd along;
Who, helpless, meek, and innocent of wrong,
Were torn reluctant from the tender side
Of their fond mothers, and by faitours † strong,
By pow'r made insolent, and hard by pride,
Were driv'n with furious rage, and lash'd into the
tide!

†† Emprize, enterprize, attempt.

§§ Whilom, formerly.

† Faitour, doer, from *faire*, to do, and *fait*, deed; commonly used by Spenser in a bad sense.

†† All, used frequently by the old English poets for although.

* Drad, dreadful.

On the rude bank with trembling feet they stood,
And casting round their oft reverted eyes,
If haply they mote 'scape the hated flood,
Fill'd all the plain with lamentable cries;
But far away th'unheeding father flies,
Constrain'd his strong compunctions to repress,
While close behind, assuming the disguise
Of nurt'ring Care and smiling Tendernefs,
With secret scourges arm'd, those grisly faitours
press.

As on the steepy margin of a brook,
When the young sun with flow'ry Maia rides,
With innocent dismay a bleating flock
Crowd back, affrighted at the rolling tides,
The shepherd-swain at first exhorting chides
Their feely † fear, at length impatient grown,
With his rude crook he wounds their tender
fides,

And all regardless of their piteous moan,
Into the dashing wave compels them furious
down.

Thus urg'd by mast'ring fear, and dolorous
teen ||,
Into the current plung'd that infant crowd,
Right piteous was the spectacle I ween,
Of tender striplings stain'd with tears and blood,
Perforce conflicting with the bitter flood,
And lab'ring to attain the distant shore,
Where, holding forth the gown of manhood,
The Siren Liberty, and evermore || stood
Solicited their hearts with her enchanting lore.

Irkfome and long the passage was, perplex'd
With rugged rocks, on which the raving tide
By sudden bursts of angry tempests vex'd,
Oft dash'd the youth, whose strength mote ill
abide
With head uplifted o'er the waves to ride;
Whence many, weary'd ere they had o'erpass'd
The middle stream (for they in vain have
Again return'd astounded § and aghast, [try'd])
No one regardful look would ever backward cast.

Some, of a rugged more enduring frame,
Their toilsome course with patient pain pursu'd,
And tho' with many a bruise and muchel **
blame,
Eft hanging on the rocks, and eft embru'd
Deep in the muddy stream, with hearts subdu'd
And quail'd by labour, gain'd the shore at last;
But in life's practic lear †† unskill'd and rude,
Forth to that forked hill they silent pac'd,
Where, hid in studious shades, their fruitless
hours they waste.

Others, of rich and noble lineage bred,
Tho' with the crowd to pass the flood con-
strain'd,
Yet o'er the crags with fond indulgence led
By hireling guides, and in all depths sustain'd,

† Seely, simple.

|| Teen, pain, grief.

§ Astounded, astonish'd.

** Muchel, much.

†† Lear, learning.

† Albe, although.

† Mated, amazed, sacred.

§ Parnasse, Parnassus.

|| Singults, sighs.

* Whilere, formerly.

† Sovran, for sovereign.

Skimm'd lightly o'er the tide, undipt, un-
stain'd,
Save with the sprinkling of the wat'ry spray,
And aye their proud prerogative maintain'd
Of ignorance and ease, and wanton play,
Soft harbingers of vice and premature decay.

A few, alas! how few! by Heav'n's high will
With subtle spirits endow'd and sinews strong,
Albe † fore mated † by the tempests shrill
That bellow'd fierce and rise the rocks among,
By their own native vigour borne along,
Cut briskly thro' the waves, and forces new
Gath'ring from toil, and ardor from the throng
Of rival youths, outstript the lab'ring crew,
And to the true Parnasse § and heav'n-throng'd
glory flew.

Dire was the tumult! and from ev'ry shore
Discordant echoes struck the deafen'd ear,
Heart-thrilling cries, with sobs and singults ||
Short-interrupted, the imploring tear, [fore
And furious stripes and angry threats severe,
Confus'dly mingled with the jarring sound,
Of all the various speeches that whilere *
On Shinar's widespread champain did astound
High Babel's builders vain, and their proudworks
confound.

Much was the knight empassion'd at the scene,
But more his blooming son, whose tender breast,
Empierced deep with sympathizing teen,
On his pale cheek the signs of drad impress'd,
And fill'd his eyes with tears, which fore dis-
tress'd;

Up to his fire he rais'd in mournful wise,
Who with sweet smiles paternal soon redress'd
His troublous thoughts, and clear'd each sad
furmise; [hies.

Then turns his ready speed, and on his journey
But far he had not march'd ere he was stay'd
By a rude voice, that like th'united sound
Of shouting myriads thro' the valley bray'd,
And shook the groves, the floods, and solid
ground;

The distant hills rebellow'd all around.
'Arrest, Sir Knight,' it cry'd, 'thy fond ca-
reer,
'Nor with presumptuous disobedience wound
'That awful majesty which all revere!
'In my commands, Sir Knight, the voice of na-
tions hear.'

Quick turn'd the knight, and saw upon the plain
Advancing tow'rs him, with impetuous gait
And visage all inflam'd with fierce disdain,
A monstrous giant, on whose brow elate
Shone the bright ensign of imperial state;
Albeit lawful kingdom he had none,
But laws and kingdoms wont he oft create,
And oft times over both erect his throne,
While senates, priests, and sings, his sovran †
sceptre own.

Custom he hight, and aye in ev'ry land
Usurp'd dominion with despotic sway
O'er all he holds, and to his high command
Constrains ev'n stubborn Nature to obey,
Whom dispossessing oft he doth essay
To govern in her right : and with a pace
So soft and gentle doth he win his way,
That she unawares is caught in his embrace ;
And tho' deflow'r'd and thrall'd, nought feels
her foul disgrace.

For nurt'ring even from their tenderest age
The docile sons of men withouten pain,
By disciplines and rules to ev'ry stage
Of life accommodate, he doth them train
Insensibly to wear and hug his chain :
Als his behests or gentle or severe,
Or good or noxious, rational or vain,
He craftily persuades them to revere
As institutions sage and venerable lear.

Protector therefore of that forked hill,
And mighty patron of those Sisters Nine,
Who there enthron'd with many a copious rill,
Feed the full stream that thro' the valley shine
He deemed was, and aye with rites divine,
Like those which Sparta's†† hardy race of yore
Were wont perform at fell Diana's shrine,
He doth constrain his vassals to adore,
Perforce their sacred names, and learn their sa-
cred lore.

And to the Fairy knight, now drawing near
With voice terrific and imperious mien
(All was he wont less dreadful to appear
When known and practis'd than at distance
seen)

And kingly stretching forth his sceptre sheen,
Him he commandeth upon threaten'd pain
Of his displeasure high and vengeance keen,
From his rebellious purpose to refrain,
And all due Honors pay to Learning's rev'rend
train.

So saying, and forestalling all reply,
His peremptory hand without delay ;
As one who little car'd to justify
His princely will, long us'd to boundless sway,
Upon the Fairy youth with great dismay
In ev'ry quaking limb convuls'd he lay'd,
And proudly stalking o'er the verdant lay ††
Him to those scientific streams convey'd,
With many his young compeers, therein to be
embay'd §§.

The knight his tender son's distressful stour|||
Perceiving, swift to his assistance flew,
Ne vainly stay'd to deprecate that pow'r
Which from submission aye more haughty
grew :

For that proud giant's force he wisely knew
Not to be meanly dreaded, nor defy'd [true,
With rash presumption; and with courage
Rather than step from virtue's paths aside,
Oft had he singly scorn'd his all dismaying pride.

And now, disdainful parle, his courser hot
He fiercely prick'd, and couch'd his vengeful
spear,

Wherewith the giant he so rudely smot,
That him perforce constrain'd to wend § ar-
Who much abash'd at such rebuke severe, [rear;
Yet his accustom'd pride recover'ing soon,
Forthwith his massy sceptre 'gan uprear;
For other warlike weapon he had none,
Ne other him behov'd to quell his boldest fone||.

With that enormous mace the Fairy knight
So fore he bet*, that all his armour bray'd †,
To pieces well nigh riv'n with the might
Of so tempestuous strokes; but he was stay'd,
And ever with delib'rate valour weigh'd
The sudden changes of the doubtful fray,
From cautious prudence oft deriving aid,
When force unequal did him hard essay ;
So lightly from his steed he leap'd upon the lay.

Then swiftly drawing forth his trenchant ‡
blade,

High o'er his head he held the fenceful shield,
And warily forecasting to evade
The giant's furious arm about him wheel'd,
With restless steps aye traversing the field,
And ever as his foe's intemp'rate pride
Thro' rage defenceless mote advantage yield,
With his sharp sword so oft he did him gride †,
That his gold sandal'd feet in crimson floods
were dy'd.

His baser parts he maim'd with many ‡
wound;
But far above his utmost reach were pight §§
The forts of life; ne never to confound
With utter ruin, and abolish quite
A pow'r so puissant, by his single might
Did he presume to hope; himself alone
From lawless force to free in bloody fight,
He stood content to bow to custom's throne,
So reason mote not blush his sovran rule to own.

So well he warded and so fiercely prest
His foe, that weary wex'd he of the fray,
Ye nould he algates** lower his haughty crest,
But masking in contempt his sore dismay,
Disdainfully releas'd the trembling prey
As one unworthy of his princely care;
Then proudly casting on the warlike Fay †
A smile of scorn and pity, thro' the air
'Gan blow his shrilling horn; the blast was
heard afar.

†† The Lacedemonians, in order to make their children hardy, and endure pain with constancy and courage, were accustomed to cause them to be scourged very severely.—“And I myself,” says Plutarch, in his Life of Lycurgus, “have seen several of them endure whipping to death at the foot of the altar of Diana, furnished Orthia.”

‡† Lay, mead.

§§ Embay'd, bathed, dipt.

||| Stour, trouble, misfortune, &c.

§ Wend arrear, move backwards.

|| Fone, foes.

* Bet, beat.

† Bray'd, resounded.

‡ Trenchant, cutting.

† Gride, cut, hack.

|| Pight, placed.

** Nould he algates, would not by any means.

†† Fay, Fairy.

Eftsoons astonish'd at th' alarming sound,
The signal of distress and hostile wrong,
Confus'dly trooping from all quarters round,
Came pouring o'er the plain a num'rous throng
Of ev'ry sex and order, old and young,
The vassals of great custom's wide domain,
Who to his lore inur'd by usage long,
His ev'ry summons heard with pleasure fain,
And felt his ev'ry wound with sympathetic pain.

They when their bleeding king they did behold,
And saw an armed knight him standing near,
Attended by that palmer sage and bold, [ere
Whose vent'rous search of devious truth while
Spread thro' the realms of learning horrors drear,

Ycized were at first with terrors great,
And in their boding hearts began to fear
Diffention factious, controversial hate, [state.
And innovations strange in custom's peaceful

But when they saw the knight his fauchion sheath,
And climbing to his steed march thence away
With all his hostile train, they gan to breathe
With freer spirit, and with aspect gay,
Soon chac'd the gath'ring clouds of blackaffray:
Als their great monarch cheered with the view
Of myriads, who confess his sov'ran sway,
His ruffled pride began to plume anew,
And on his bugle clear a strain of triumph blew.

Thereat the multitude that stood around
Sent up at once a universal roar
Of boist'rous joy the sudden-bursting sound,
Like the explosion of a warlike store
Of nitrous grain th'afflicted welkin †† tore:
Then turning tow'rs the knight with scoffings lewd,

Heart-piercing insults and revilings fore,
Loud bursts of laughter vain, and hisses rude,
As thro' the throng he pass'd his parting steps
pursu'd.

Als from that forked hill the boasted seat
Of studious Peace and mild Philosophy,
Indignant murmurs mote be heard to threat,
Must'ring their rage eke baleful Infamy,
Rous'd from her den of base security
By those same Maidens Nine, began to sound
Her brazen trump of black'ning obloquy,
While Satire with dark clouds encompass round
Sharp secret arrows shot, and aim'd his back to wound.

But the brave Fairy knight, no whit dismay'd,
Held on his peaceful journey o'er the plain,
With curious eye observing as he stray'd
Thro' the wide provinces of Custom's reign
What mote afresh admonish him remain
Fast by his virtuous purpose; all around
So many objects mov'd his just disdain,
Him seem'd that nothing serious, nothing sound,
In city, village, bow'r, or castle, mote be found.

In village, city, castle, bow'r, and hall,
Each sex, each age, each order and degree,
To vice and idle sport abandon'd all,
Kept one perpetual gen'ral jubilee,
Ne suffer'd ought disturb their merry glee;
Ne sense of private loss, ne public woes,
Restraint of law, religion's drad decree,
Intestine desolation, foreign foes,
Nor Heav'n's tempest'ous threats, nor earth's convulsive throes

But chiefly they whom Heav'n's disposing hand
Had seated high on Fortune's upper stage,
And plac'd within their call the sacred band
That waits on Nature and Instruction sage,
If happy their wise hefts § mote them engage
To climb thro' knowledge to more noble praise,
And as they mount, enlighten ev'ry age
With the bright influence of fair virtue's rays,
Which from the awful heights of grandeur
brighter blaze.

They, O perverse and base ingratitude!
Despising the great ends of Providence,
For which above their mates they were endu'd
With wealth, authority, and eminence,
To the low services of brutal sense
Abus'd the means of pleasures more refin'd,
Of knowledge, virtue, and beneficence,
And sett'ring on her throne th'immortal Mind
The guidance of her realm to passions wild resign'd.

Hence thoughtless, shameless, reckless, spiritless,
Nought worthy of their kind did they essay,
But or benumb'd with palsy'd idleness
In merely living loiter'd life away,
Or by false taste of pleasure led astray,
For ever wand'ring in the sensual bow'rs
Of feverish Debauch and lustful Play,
Spent on ignoble toils their active pow'rs,
And with untimely blasts diseas'd their vernal hours.

Ev'n they to whom kind Nature did accord
A frame more delicate and purer mind, [board
Tho' the foul brothel and the wing-stain'd
Of beastly Comus loathing they declin'd,
Yet their soft hearts to idle joys resign'd;
Like painted insects thro' the summer air
With random flight aye ranging unconfin'd,
And tasting ev'ry flow'r and blossom fair
Withouten any choice, withouten any care.

For choice them needed none who only sought
With vain amusements to beguile the day;
And wherefore should they take or care or thought [play?

Whom Nature prompts and Fortune calls to
'Lords of the earth, be happy as ye may!'
So learn'd so taught the leaders of mankind,
Th'unreasoning vulgar willingly obey,
And leaving toil and poverty behind,
Ran forth by different ways the blissful boon to find.

† Welkin, sky.

§ Hefts, behests, precepts, commands.

Nor tedious was the search : for ev'rywhere
As nigh great Custom's royal tow'rs the
knight

Pas'd thro' th'adjoining hamlets, mote he hear
The merry voice of festival delight
Saluting the return of morning bright,
With matin revels by the mid-day hours
Scarce ended, and again with dewy night
In cover'd theatres or leafy bow'rs, [pow'rs.
Offering her ev'ning vows to pleasure's joyous

And ever on the way mote he espy
Men, women, children, a promiscuous throng
Of rich, poor, wise and simple, low and high,
By land, by water, passing aye along
With murmurs, antics, music, dance, and song,
To Pleasure's num'rous temples, that beside
The glist'ning streams, or tufted groves among,
To ev'ry idle foot stood open wide,
And ev'ry gay desire with various joys supply'd.

For there each earth with diverse charms to
move,

The fly enchantress summon'd all her train,
Alluring Venus, queen of vagrant Love,
The boon companion Bacchus, loud and vain,
And tricking Hermes, god of fraudulent gain,
Who when blind Fortune throws direct the die,
And Phœbus, tuning his soft Lydian strain
To wanton motions and the lover's sigh,
And thought-beguiling thew and masking revelry.

Unmeet associates these for noble youth
Who to true honor meaneth to aspire,
And for the works of virtue, faith, and truth,
Would keep his manly faculties entire,
The which avizing well, the cautious sire
From that soft Siren land of pleasure vain,
With timely haste was minded to retire,
Or ere the sweet contagion mote attain [stain.
His son's unpractis'd heart, yet free from vicious

So turning from that beaten road aside,
Thro' many a devious path at length he pac'd,
As that experienc'd palmer did him guide,
Till to a mountain hoar they came at last,
Whose high-rais'd brows, with sylvan honors
Majestically frown'd upon the plain, [grac'd,
And over all an awful horror cast ;
Seem'd as those villas gay it did disdain, [train.
Which spangl'd all the vale like Flora's painted

The hill ascended strait, erewhile they came
To a tall grove, whose thick-embow'ring shade,
Impervious to the sun's meridian flame,
Ev'n at mid-noon a dubious twilight made,
Like to that sober light which, disarray'd
Of all its gorgeous robe, with blunted beams
Thro' windows dim with holy acts pourtray'd
Along some cloister'd abbey faintly gleams,
Abstracting the rapt thought from vain earth-
musing themes.

Beneath this high o'erarching canopy
Of clust'ring oaks, a sylvan colonade,
Ave list'ning to the native melody
Of birds sweet echoing thro' the lonely shade,

On to the center of the grove they stray'd ;
Which in a spacious circle op'ning round,
Within its shelt'ring arms securely laid,
Disclos'd to sudden view a vale profound,
With Nature's artless smiles and tranquil beau-
ties crown'd.

There, on the basis of an ancient pile,
Whose cross-surmounted spire o'erlook'd the
A venerable matron they erewhile, [wood,
Discover'd have, beside a murmur'ing flood,
Reclining in right sad and pensive mood :
Retir'd within her own abstracted breast,
She seem'd o'er various woes by turns to brood,
The which her changing cheer by turns exprest,
Now glowing with disdain, with grief now over-
keft. †

Her thus immers'd in anxious thoughts pro-
found,

When as the knight perceiv'd, he nearer drew
To weet what bitter bale did her astound,
And whence th'occasion of her anguish grew;
For that right noble matron well he knew,
And many perils huge and labours fore
Had for her sake endur'd ; her vassal true,
Train'd in her love, and practis'd evermore
Her honor to respect, and reverence her love.

' O dearest Dad !' he cry'd, — ' Fair Island
' Queen !

' Mother of Heroes ! Empress of the Main !
' What means that stormy brow of troublous

' teen, [train
' Sigh heav'n-born peace, with all her smiling
' Of sciences and arts adore thy reign

' With wealth and knowledge, splendour and
' renown ? [plain !

' Each port how throng'd ! how fruitful ev'ry
' How blithe the country ! and how gay the

' town ! [boon !
' While Liberty secures and heightens ev'ry

Awaken'd from her trance of pensive woe
By these fair flatt'ring words, she rais'd her

head, [brow,
And bending on the knight her frowning

' Mock'st thou my sorrows, Fairy Son ?' she
said ;

' Or is thy judgment by thy heart misled
' To deem that certain which thy hopes suggest ?

' To deem them full of life and lustihead †
' Whose cheeks in Hebe's vivid tints are

' drest, [smiles imprest ?
' And with Joy's careless mien and dimpled

' Thy unsuspecting heart how nobly good
' I know, how sanguine in thy country's cause,

' And mark'd thy virtue singly how it stood
' Th'assaults of mighty custom, which o'erawes

' The faint and tim'rous mind, and oft with-
' draws

' From Reason's lore th'ambitious and the vain,
' By the sweet lure of popular applause

' Against their better knowledge to maintain !
' The lawless throne of Vice or Folly's childish

' reign.
How

† Overkeft, for overcast.

* Sith, since.

† Lustihead, strong health, vigour.

' How vast his influence, how wide his sway,
 ' Thyself erewhile by proof didst understand,
 ' And saw'st, as thro' his realms thou took'st
 ' thy way,
 ' How vice and folly had o'erspread the land;
 ' And canst thou then, O Fairy Son! demand
 ' The reason of my wo? or hope to ease
 ' The throbbings of my heart with speeches
 ' bland,
 ' And words more apt my sorrows to increase,
 ' The once dear names of wealth, and liberty,
 ' and peace?
 ' Peace, wealth, and liberty, that noblest boon,
 ' Are blessings only to the wise and good;
 ' To weak and vicious minds their worth un-
 ' known,
 ' And thence abus'd, but serve to furnish food
 ' For riot and debauch, and fire the blood
 ' With high-spiced luxury, whence strife,
 ' debate,
 ' Ambition, envy, Faction's vip'rous brood,
 ' Contempt of order, manners profligate;
 ' The symptoms of a foul, diseas'd and bloated
 ' state.
 ' Ev'n Wit and Genius with their learned
 ' train
 ' Of Arts and Muses, tho' from Heav'n above
 ' Descended; when their talents they profane
 ' To varnish folly, kindle wanton love,
 ' And aid eccentric sceptic pride to rove
 ' Beyond celestial truth's attractive sphere,
 ' This moral system's central sun aye prove
 ' To their fond votaries a curse severe,
 ' And only make mankind more obstinately err.
 ' And stand my sons herein from censure clear?
 ' Have they consider'd well, and understood
 ' The use and import of those blessings dear
 ' Which the great Lord of Nature hath be-
 ' stow'd,
 ' As well to prove as to reward the good?
 ' Whence are these torrents then, these billowy
 ' seas,
 ' Of vice, in which as in his proper flood
 ' The fell Leviathan licentious plays,
 ' And upon shipwreck'd Faith and sinking vir-
 ' tue preys?
 ' To you, ye noble, opulent, and great!
 ' With friendly voice I call, and honest zeal;
 ' Upon your vital influences wait
 ' The health and sickness of the common weal:
 ' The maladies you cause yourselves must heal.
 ' In vain to the unthinking harden'd crowd
 ' Will Truth and Reason make their just appeal;
 ' In vain will sacred Wisdom cry cloud,
 ' And Justice drench in vain her vengeful sword
 ' in blood!
 ' With you must reformation first take place:
 ' You are the head, the intellectual mind
 ' Of this vast body politic, whose base
 ' And vulgar limbs to drudgery consign'd,

' All the rich stores of science have resign'd
 ' To you, that by the craftsman's various toil,
 ' The sea-worn mariner, and sweating hind,
 ' In peace and affluence maintain'd, the while
 ' You for yourselves and them may dress the
 ' mental soil.
 ' Bethink you then, my children, of the trust
 ' In you repos'd; ne let your heav'n-born
 ' mind
 ' Consume in pleasure or inactive rust,
 ' But nobly rouse you to the task assign'd,
 ' The godlike task, to teach and mend
 ' mankind!
 ' Learn that you may instruct: to virtue lead
 ' Yourselves the way; the herd will crowd be-
 ' hind,
 ' And gather precepts from each worthy deed:
 ' Example is a lesson that all men can read.
 ' But if (to all or most I do not speak)
 ' In vain and sensual habits now grown old
 ' The strong Circean charm you cannot
 ' break,
 ' Nor reassume at will your native mould †,
 ' Yet envy not the state you could not hold,
 ' And take compassion on the rising age;
 ' In them redeem your errors manifold,
 ' And by due discipline and nurture sage,
 ' In virtue's lore betimes your docile sons engage.
 ' You chiefly, who like me in secret mourn
 ' The prevalence of custom lewd and vain,
 ' And you who, though by the rude torrent
 ' borne
 ' Unwillingly along, you yield with pain
 ' To his behests, and act what you disdain,
 ' Yet nourish in your hearts the gen'rous love
 ' Of piety and truth, no more restrain
 ' The manly zeal; but all your sinews move
 ' The present to reclaim, the future race im-
 ' prove.
 ' Effusions by your joint efforts shall be quell'd
 ' Yon haughty giant, who so proudly sways
 ' A sceptre by repute alone upheld,
 ' Who where he cannot dictate strait obeys:
 ' Accustom'd to conform his flatt'ring phrase
 ' To numbers and high-plac'd authority
 ' Your party he will join, your maxims praise,
 ' And drawing after all his menial fry,
 ' Soon teach the gen'ral voice your act to ratify.
 ' Ne for th'achievement of this great emprise
 ' The want of means or counsel may he dread;
 ' From my twin-daughters fruitful wombs
 ' shall rise
 ' A race of letter'd sages, deeply read
 ' In learning's various writ, by whom yled
 ' Thro' each well cultur'd plot, each beauteous
 ' grove,
 ' Where antick wisdom whilom wont to tread,
 ' With mingled glee and profit may ye rove,
 ' And cull each virtuous plant, each tree of
 ' knowledge prove.

† Mould, shape, form.

• Yourself with virtue thus and knowledge
 • fraught
 • Of what in ancient days of good or great
 • Historians, bards, philosophers, have taught,
 • Join'd with whatever else of modern date
 • Maturer judgment, search more accurate,
 • Discover'd have of Nature, Man, and God,
 • May by new laws reform the time-worn state
 • Of cell-bred discipline, and smoothe the road
 • That leads thro' Learning's vale to Wisdom's
 • bright abode.

• By you invited to her secret bow'rs,
 • Then shall Pædia re-ascend her throne,
 • With vivid laurels girt and fragrant flow'rs;
 • While from their forked mount descending
 • down,

• Yon supercilious pedant train shall own
 • Her empire paramount, ere long by her
 • Ytaught a lesson in their schools unknown,
 • To learning's richest treasure to prefer
 • The knowledge of the world, and man's great
 • bus'nels there.

• On this prime science, as the final end
 • Of all her discipline and nurt'ring care,
 • Her eye Pædia fixing, aye shall bend
 • Her ev'ry thought and effort to prepare
 • Her tender pupils for the various war
 • Which vice and folly shall upon them wage
 • As on the perilous march of life they fare,
 • With prudent lore fore-arming ev'ry age
 • Gainst Pleasure's treach'rous joys and Pain's
 • embattled rage.

• Then shall my youthful sons, to wisdom led
 • By fair example and ingenuous praise,
 • With willing feet the paths of duty tread,
 • Thro' the world's intricate or rugged ways,
 • Conducted by Religion's sacred rays,
 • Whose soul-invigorating influence
 • Shall purge their minds from all impure allays
 • Of sordid selfishness and brutal sense,
 • And swell th'ennobled heart with blest bene-
 • volence.

• Then also shall this emblematic pile,
 • By magic whilom fram'd to sympathise
 • With all the fortunes of this changeful isle,
 • Still as my sons in fame and virtue rise,
 • Grow with their growth, and to th'applaud-
 • ing skies

• Its radiant cross uplift; the while to grace
 • The multiplying niches, fresh supplies
 • Of worthies shall succeed with equal pace,
 • Aye following their fires in virtue's glorious
 • race.

Fir'd with th'idea of her future fame,
 She rose majestic from her lowly stead,
 While from her vivid eyes a sparkling flame
 Outbeaming with unwonted light, o'erspread
 That monumental pile, and as her head
 To ev'ry front she turn'd, discover'd round
 The venerable form of heroes dead,
 Who for their various merit erst renown'd,
 In this bright fane of glory shrines of honor found.

On these that royal dame her ravish'd eyes
 Would often feast; and ever as she spy'd
 Forth from the ground the length'ning struc-
 ture rise,

With new-plac'd statues deck'd on ev'ry side,
 Her parent-breast would swell with gen'rous
 pride.

And now with her in that sequester'd plain
 The knight a while constraining to abide,
 She to the Fairy youth with pleasure fain
 Those sculptur'd chiefs did shew, and their great
 lives explain.

§ 57. *Isis. An Elegy. By Mr. MASON,
 of Cambridge.*

FAR from her hallow'd grot, where mildly
 bright,
 The pointed crystals shot their trembling light,
 From dripping moss where sparkling dew-drops
 fell, [shell,

Where coral glow'd, where twin'd the wreathed
 Pale Isis lay; a willow's lowly shade
 Spread its thin foliage o'er the sleeping maid;
 Clos'd was her eye, and from her heaving breast,
 In careless folds, loose flow'd her zoneless vest,
 While down her neck her vagrant tresses flow,
 In all the awful negligence of woe;
 Her urn sustain'd her arm, that sculptur'd vase
 Where Vulcan's art had lavish'd all his grace;
 Here, full with life, was heav'n-taught Science
 seen,

Known by the laurel wreath and musing mien:
 There cloud-crown'd Fame, here Peace sedate
 and bland,
 Swell'd the loud trumpet and wav'd the olive wand;
 While solemn domes, arch'd shades, and vistas
 green,

At well mark'd distance close the sacred scene.

On this the Goddess cast an anxious look,
 Then dropt a tender tear, and thus she spoke:
 Yes, I could once with pleas'd attention trace
 The mimic charms of this prophetic vase;
 Then lift my head, and with enraptur'd eyes
 View on yon plain the real glories rise.
 Yes, Isis! oft hast thou rejoic'd to lead
 Thy liquid treasures o'er yon fav'rite mead;
 Oft hast thou stopt thy pearly car to gaze,
 While ev'ry Science nurs'd its growing bays;
 While ev'ry Youth, with fame's strong impulse
 Prest to the goal, and at the goal untir'd, [fir'd,
 Snatch'd each celestial wreath, to bind his brow,
 The Muses, Graces, Virtues could bestow.

E'n now fond Fancy leads th'ideal train,
 And ranks her troops on Mem'ry's ample plain:
 See! the firm leaders of my patriot line,
 See! Sidney, Raleigh, Hampden, Somers shine.
 See Hough, superior to a tyrant's doom,
 Smile at the menace of the slave of Rome:
 Each soul whom truth could fire, or virtue move,
 Each breast, strong panting with its country's love,
 All that to Albion gave their heart or head,
 That wisely counsel'd, or that bravely bled,

All,

All, all appear; on me they grateful smile;
 The well-earn'd prize of ev'ry virtuous toil
 To me with filial reverence they bring,
 And hang fresh trophies o'er my honor'd spring.
 Ah! I remember well yon beechen spray;
 There Addison first tun'd his polish'd lay;
 'Twas there great Cato's form first met his eye,
 In all the pomp of free-born majesty; [awe;
 'My son,' he cry'd, 'observe this mien with
 'In solemn lines the strong resemblance draw;
 'The piercing notes shall strike each British ear;
 'Each British eye shall drop the patriot tear!
 'And rous'd to glory by the nervous strain,
 'Each youth shall spurn at slav'ry's abject reign;
 'Shall guard with Cato's zeal Britannia's laws,
 'And speak, and act, and bleed, in Freedom's
 'cause.'

The hero spoke; the bard assenting bow'd;
 The lay to Liberty, and Cato flow'd:
 While Echo, as she ro'v'd the vale along,
 Join'd the strong cadence of his Roman song.
 But ah! how Stilness slept upon the ground!
 How mute Attention check'd each rising sound!
 Scarce stole a breeze to wave the leafy spray,
 Scarce trill'd sweet Philomel her softest lay,
 When Locke walk'd musing forth! E'en now
 I view

Majestic Wisdom thron'd upon his brow;
 View Candor smile upon his modest cheek,
 And from his eye all Judgment's radiance break.
 'Twas here the sage his manly zeal express'd,
 Here stript vain Falshood of her gaudy vest;
 Here Truth's collected beams first fill'd his mind,
 Ere long to burst in blessings on mankind;
 Ere long to shew to Reason's purged eye,
 That "Nature's first best gift was Liberty."

Proud of this wond'rous ion, sublime I stood
 (While louder furies swell'd my rapid flood)
 Then, vain as Niobe, exulting cry'd,
 Illius! roll thy fam'd Athenian tide;
 Tho' Plato's steps oft mark'd thy neighb'ring
 glade,

Though fair Lycæum lent its awful shade,
 Tho' ev'ry Academic green impress'd
 Its image full on thy reflecting breast,
 Yet my pure stream shall boast as proud a name,
 And Britain's Isis flow with Attic fame.

Alas! how chang'd! where now that Attic
 boast?

See! Gothic licence rage o'er all my coast!
 See! Hydra Faction spread its impious reign,
 Poison each breast, and madden ev'ry brain!
 Hence frontless crowds, that not content to fright
 The blushing Cynthia from her throne of light,
 Blast the fair face of day; and madly bold,
 To Freedom's foes infernal orgies hold;
 To Freedom's foes, ah! see the goblet crown'd,
 Hear plautive shouts to Freedom's foes resound;
 The horrid notes my resluent waters daunt,
 The Echoes groan, the Dryads quit their haunt;
 Learning, that once to all diffus'd her beam,
 Now sheds, by stealth, a partial private gleam
 In some lone cloister's melancholy shade,
 Where a firm few support her sickly head,

Despis'd, insulted, by the barb'rous train
 Who scour, like Thracia's moon-struck rout,
 the plain;

Sworn foes, like them, to all the Muse approves,
 All Phœbus favours, or Minerva loves.

Are these the sons my fost'ring breast must rear,
 Grac'd with my name, and nurtur'd by my care?
 Must these go forth from my maternal hand,
 To deal their insults thro' a peaceful land,
 And boast, while Freedom bleeds, and Virtue
 groans,

That "Isis taught Rebellion to her sons?"
 Forbid it, Heav'n! and let my rising waves
 Indignant swell, and whelm the recreant slaves!
 In England's cause their patriot floods employ,
 As Xanthus delug'd in the cause of Troy.
 Is this deny'd; then point some secret way
 Where far, far hence these guiltless streams may
 stray; [spreads

Some unknown channel lend, where Nature
 Inglorious vales and unfrequented meads,
 There, where a hind scarce times his rustic strain,
 Where scarce a pilgrim treads the pathless plain,
 Content I'll flow; forget that e'er my tide
 Saw yon majestic structures crown its side;
 Forget that e'er my wrapt attention hung
 Or on the sage's or the poet's tongue;
 Calm and resign'd, my humbler lot embrace,
 And, pleas'd, prefer oblivion to disgrace.

§ 58. *The Triumph of Isis, occasioned by Isis, an
 Elegy.* T. WARTON.

*Quid nihil nescio quam, proprio cum Tybride,
 Romam*

*Semper in ore geris? Referunt si vera parentes,
 Hanc Urbem insano Nullus qui Marte petivit,
 Lætatus violasse redit. Nec Numina sedem
 Destituunt.*—

CLAUDIAN.

ON closing flow'rs when genial gales diffuse
 The fragrant tribute of refreshing dews;
 When chants the milk-maid at her balmy pail,
 And weary reapers whistle o'er the vale,
 Charm'd by the murmurs of the quiv'ring shade,
 O'er Isis' willow-fringed banks I stray'd;
 And calmly musing thro' the twilight way,
 In pensive mood I fram'd the Doric lay.
 When lo! from op'ning clouds a golden gleam
 Pour'd sudden splendors o'er the shadowy stream;
 And from the wave arose its guardian queen,
 Known by her sweeping stole of glossy green;
 While in the coral crown that bound her brow,
 Was wove the Delphic laurel's verdant bough.

As the smooth surface of the dimply flood
 The silver-slipper'd virgin lightly trod,
 From her loose hair the dropping dew she press'd,
 And thus mine ear in accents mild address'd:

No more, my son, the rural reed employ,
 Nor trill the tinkling strain of empty joy;
 No more thy love-resounding sonnets suit
 To notes of past'ral pipe, or oaten flute.

For

For hark! high-thron'd on yon majestic walls,
To the dear Muse afflicted Freedom calls:
When Freedom calls, and Oxford bids thee sing,
Why stavs thy hand to strike the sounding string?
While thus, in Freedom's and in Phœbus' spite,
The venal sons of slavish Cam unite;
To shake yon tow'rs when Malice rears her crest,
Shall all my sons in silence idly rest?

Still sing, O Cam, your fav'rite freedom's cause,
Still boast of Freedom, while you break her laws;
To Pow'r your songs of gratulation pay;
To courts address soft Flattery's servile lay;
Who tho' your gentle Mason's plaintive verse
Has hung with sweetest wreaths Museus' herse;
What tho' your vaunted bard's ingenuous woe,
Soft as my stream, in tuneful numbers flow;
Yet strove his Muse, by fame or envy led,
To tear the laurels from a sister's head?—
Misguided youth, with rude unclassic rage
To blot the beauties of thy whiter page;
A rage that sullies e'en thy guiltless lays,
And blasts the vernal bloom of half thy bays.

Let — boast the patrons of her name,
Each splendid fool of fortune and of fame:
Still of preferment let her shine the queen,
Prolific parent of each bowing dean:
Be hers each prelate of the pamper'd cheek,
Each courtly chaplain, sanctify'd and sleek:
Still let the drones of her exhaustless hive
On rich pluralities supinely thrive:
Still let her senates titled slaves revere,
Nor dare to know the patriot from the peer;
No longer charm'd by virtue's lofty song,
Once heard sage Milton's manly tones among,
Where Cam, meand'ring thro' the matted reeds,
With loit'ring wave his groves of laurel feeds.
'Tis ours, my son, to deal the sacred bay,
Where honour calls, and justice points the way;
To wear the well-earn'd wreath that merit brings,
And snatch a gift beyond the reach of kings.
Scorning and scorn'd by courts, yon Muse's bow'r,
Still nor enjoys nor seeks the smile of pow'r.

Though wakeful Vengeance watch my crystal spring,
Though Persecution wave her iron wing,
And, o'er yon spiry temples as she flies,
'These destin'd seats be mine,' exulting cries;
Fortune's fair smiles on Isis still attend:
And, as the dews of gracious heav'n descend,
Unask'd, unseen, in still but copious show'rs,
Her stores on me spontaneous Bounty pours.
See, Science walks with recent chaplets crown'd;
With Fancy's strain my fairy shades resound;
My Muse divine still keeps her custom'd state,
The mien erect, and high majestic gait:
Green, as of old, each oliv'd portal smiles,
And still the Graces build my Grecian piles:
My Gothic spires in ancient glory rise,
And dare with wonted pride to rush into the skies.

E'en late when Radcliff's delegated train
Auspicious shone in Isis happy plain;

When yon proud * dome, fair learning's amplest
Beneath its attic roofs receiv'd the Nine, [shrine,
Was rapture mute, or ceas'd the glad acclame,
To Radcliffe due, and Isis' honour'd name?
What free-born crowds adorn'd the festive day,
Nor blush to wear my tributary bay!
How each brave breast with honest ardors heav'd,
When Sheldon's fane the patriot band receiv'd;
While, as we loudly hail'd the chosen few,
Rome's awful senate rush'd upon the view!

O may the day in latest annals shine,
That made a Beaufort and an Harley mine!
That bade them leave the loftier scene a while,
The pomp of guiltless state, the patriot toil,
For bleeding Albion's aid the sage design,
To hold short dalliance with the tuneful Nine!
Then Music left her silver sphere on high,
And bore each strain of triumph from the sky;
Swell'd the loud song, and to my chiefs around
Pour'd the full peans of mellifluous sound.
My Naiads blythe the dying accents caught,
And list'ning danc'd beneath their pearly grot.
In gentler eddies play'd my conscious wave,
And all my reeds their softest whispers gave;
Each lay with brighter green adorn'd my bow'rs,
And breath'd a fresher fragrance on my flow'rs.

But lo! at once the pealing concerts cease,
And crowded theatres are hush'd in peace.
See, on yon sage how all attentive stand,
To catch his darting eye and waving hand!
Hark! he begins, with all a Tully's art,
To pour the dictates of a Cato's heart!
Skill'd to pronounce what noblest thoughts inspire,
He blends the speaker's with the patriot's fire;
Bold to conceive, nor tim'rous to conceal,
What Britons dare to think, he dares to tell.
'Tis his alike the ear and eye to charm,
To win with action, and with sense to warm;
Untaught in flow'ry periods to dispense
The lulling sounds of sweet impertinence:
In frowns or smiles he gains an equal prize,
Nor meanly fears to fall, nor creeps to rise;
Bids happier days to Albion be restor'd,
Bids ancient Justice rear her radiant sword;
From me, as from my country, claims applause,
And makes an Oxford's a Britannia's cause.

While arms like these my stedfast sages wield,
While mine is Truth's impenetrable shield;
Say, shall the puny champion fondly dare
To wage with force like this scholastic war?
Still vainly scribble on with pert pretence,
With all the rage of pedant impotence?
Say, shall I foster this domestic pest,
This parricide, that wounds a mother's breast?
Thus in some gallant ship, that long has bore
Britain's victorious cross from shore to shore,
By chance beneath her close sequester'd cells
Some low-born worm, a lurking mischief dwells;
Eats his blind way, and saps with secret guile
The deep foundations of the floating pile.
In vain the forest lent its stateliest pride,
Rear'd her tall mast, and fram'd her knotty side;

The martial thunder's rage in vain the flood,
With ev'ry conflict of the stormy flood;
More sure the reptile's little arts devour
Than wars, or waves, or Eurys' wint'ry pow'r.

Ye fretted pinnacles, ye fanes sublime,
Ye tow'rs that wear the mossy vest of time!
Ye massy piles of old mupificence,
At once the pride of learning and defence;
Ye cloysters pale, that length'ning to the sight,
To contemplation, step by step, invite! [clear
Ye high-arch'd walks, where oft the whispers
Of harps unseen have swept the poet's ear!
Ye temples dim, where pious duty pays
Her holy hymns of ever-echoing praise!
Lo! your lov'd Isis, from the bord'ring vale,
With all a mother's fondness bids you hail!—
Hail, Oxford, hail! of all that's good and great,
Of all that's fair, the guardian and the seat!
Nurse of each brave pursuit, each gen'rous aim,
By truth exalted to the throne of fame!
Like Greece in science and in liberty,
As Athens learn'd, as Lacedemon free!

Ev'n now confess'd to my adoring eyes,
In awful ranks thy gifted sons arise.
Tuning to knightly tale his British reeds,
Thy genuine bards immortal Chaucer leads:
His hoary head o'erlooks the gazing quire,
And beams on all around celestial fire.
With graceful step see Addison advance,
The sweetest child of Attic elegance:
See Chillingworth the depths of doubt explore,
And Selden ope the rolls of ancient lore:
To all but his belov'd embrace deny'd,
See Locke lead Reason, his majestic bride:
See Hammond pierce Religion's golden mine,
And spread the treasur'd stores of Truth divine.

All who to Albion gave the arts of peace,
And blest the labours plann'd of letter'd ease;
Who taught with truth, or with persuasion mov'd,
Who sooth'd with numbers, or with sense im-
prov'd;

Who rang'd the pow'rs of reason, or refin'd
All that adorn'd or humaniz'd the mind;
Each priest of health, that mix'd the balmy bowl
To rear frail man, and stay the fleeting soul;
All crowd around, and echoing to the sky,
Hail, Oxford, hail! with filial transport cry.

And see yon sapient train! with lib'ral aim,
'Twas theirs new plans of liberty to frame;
And on the Gothic gloom of slavish sway
To shed the dawn of intellectual day.
With mild debate each musing feature glows,
And well-weigh'd counsels mark their meaning
brows.

“Lo! these the leaders of thy patriot line,”
A Raleigh, Hampden, and a Somers shine.
These from thy source the bold contagion caught,
Their future sons the great example taught:
While in each youth, th'hereditary flame
Still blazes, unextinguish'd, and the same!

Nor all the talks of thoughtful peace engage,
'Tis thine to form the hero as the sage,

I see the sable-suited prince advance,
With lilies crown'd, the spoils of bleeding
France,

Edward. The muses in yon cloister's shade
Bound on his maiden thigh the martial blade:
Bade him the steel for British freedom draw;
And Oxford taught the deeds that Cressy saw.
And see, great father of the sacred band,
The * Patriot King before me seems to stand!
He, by the bloom of this gay vale beguil'd,
That cheer'd with lively green the shaggy wild,
Hither of yore, forlorn, forgotten maid,
The Muse in prattling infancy convey'd;
From Vandal rage the helpless virgin bore,
And fix'd her cradle on my friendly shore;
Soon grew the maid beneath his fost'ring hand,
Soon stream'd her blessings o'er the enlighten'd
land.

Tho' simple was the dome, where first to dwell
She deign'd, and rude her early Saxon cell,
Lo! now she holds her state in sculptur'd bow'rs,
And proudly lifts to heav'n her hundred tow'rs.
'Twas Alfred first, with letters and with laws,
Adorn'd, as he advanc'd, his country's cause:
He bade relent the Briton's stubborn soul,
And sooth'd to soft society's controul
A rough untutor'd age. With raptur'd eye,
Elate, he views his laurel'd progeny:
Serene he smiles to find, that not in vain
He form'd the rudiments of learning's reign:
Himself he marks in each ingenuous breast,
With all the founder in the race express;
Conscious he sees fair freedom still survive
In yon bright domes, ill-fated fugitive!
(Glorious, as when the goddesses pour'd the beam
Unfully'd on his ancient diadem)
Well-pleas'd, that at his own Pierian springs
She rests her weary feet, and plumes her wings;
That here at last she takes her destin'd stand,
Here deigns to linger ere she leaves the land.

§ 59. *Inscription in a Hermitage, at Ansley-Hall,
in Warwickshire.* T. WARTON.

BENEATH this stony roof reclin'd,
I soothe to peace my pensive mind:
And, while to shade my lowly cave,
Embow'ring elms their umbrage wave;
And while the mapple dish is mine,
The beechen cup, unstain'd with wine:
I scorn the gay licentious crowd,
Nor heed the toys that deck the proud.
Within my limits, lone and still,
The blackbird pipes in artless trill;
Fast by my couch, congenial guest,
The wren has wove her mossy nest;
From busy scenes and brighter skies,
To lurk with innocence the flies;
Here hopes in safe repose to dwell,
Nor aught suspects the sylvan cell.

* Alfred.

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§ 60. *Ma*

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§ 61. *On*

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At morn I take my custom'd round,
To mark how buds yon shrubby mound;
And ev'ry op'ning primrose count
That trimly paints my blooming mount:
Or o'er the sculptures, quaint and rude,
That grace my gloomy solitude,
I teach in winding wreaths to stray
Fantastic ivy's gadding spray.

At eve, within yon studious nook,
I ope my brags embossed book,
Pourtray'd with many a holy deed
Of martyrs, crown'd with heav'nly meed:
Then, as my taper waxes dim,
Chaunt, ere I sleep, my measur'd hymn;
And, at the close, the gleams behold
Of parting wings bedropt with gold.

While such pure joys my bliss create,
Who but would smile at guilty state?
Who but would wish his holy lot
In calm Oblivion's humble grot?
Who but would cast his pomp away,
To take my staff and amice gray?
And to the world's tumultuous stage
Prefer the blameless hermitage?

§ 60. *Monody; written near Stratford upon Avon.* T. WARTON.

AVON, thy rural views, thy pastures wild,
The willows that o'erhang thy twilight edge,
Their boughs entangling with th'embattled
sedge;

Thy brink with wat'ry foliage quaintly fring'd,
Thy surface with reflected verdure ting'd,
Sooth me with many a pensive pleasure mild.
But while I muse, that here the bard divine,
Whose sacred dust yon high-arch'd ailes inclose,
Where the tall windows rise in stately rows
Above th'embow'ring shade,
Here first, at Fancy's fairy circled shrine,
Of daisies py'd his infant off'ring made;
Here playful yet, in stripling years unripe,
Fram'd of thy reeds a shrill and artless pipe:
Sudden thy beauties, Avon, all are fled,
As at the waving of some magic wand;
An holy trance my charmed spirit wings,
And awful shapes of warriors and of kings
People the busy mead,
Like spectres swarming to the wizard's hall;
And slowly pace, and point with trembling hand
The wounds ill-cover'd by the purple pall.
Before me Pity seems to stand
A weeping mourner, smote with anguish sore,
To see Misfortune rend in frantic mood
His robe with regal woes embroider'd o'er.
Pale Terror leads the visionary band,
And sternly shakes his sceptre, dropping blood.

§ 61. *On the Death of King George the Second.* T. WARTON.

SO stream the sorrows that embalm the brave,
The tears that Science sheds on Glory's grave!

So pure the vows which classic duty pays
To bless another Brunswick's rising rays!

O Pitt, if chosen strains have pow'r to steal
Thy watchful breast a while from Britain's weal;
If votive verse, from sacred Isis sent,
Might hope to charm thy manly mind, intent
On patriot plans which ancient Freedom drew;
A while with fond attention deign to view
This ample wreath, which all th'assembled Nine
With skill united have conspir'd to twine.

Yes, guide and guardian of thy country's cause!
Thy conscious heart shall hail with just applause
The duteous Muse, whose haste officious brings
Her blameless off'ring to the shrine of kings:
Thy tongue, well-tutor'd in historic lore,
Can speak her office and her use of yore:
For such the tribute of ingenuous praise
Her harp dispens'd in Grecia's golden days,
Such were the palms in isles of old renown,
She cull'd, to deck the guiltless monarch's crown;
When virtuous Pindar told, with Tuscan gore
How scepter'd Hiëro stain'd Sicilia's shore,
Or to mild Theron's raptur'd eye disclos'd
Bright vales, where spirits of the brave repos'd:
Yet still beneath the throne, unbrib'd, the sat
The decent handmaid, not the slave of state;
Pleas'd in the radiance of the regal name,
To blend the lustre of her country's fame:
For, taught like Ours, the dar'd with prudent
Obedience from dependence to divide: [pride,
Tho' princes claim'd her tributary lays,
With truth severe the temper'd partial praise;
Conscious, she kept her native dignity,
Bold as her flights, and as her numbers free.

And sure, if e'er the muse indulg'd her strains,
With just regard to grace heroic reigns,
Where could her glance a theme of triumph own
So dear a frame as George's trophy'd throne?
At whose firm base thy steadfast soul aspires
To wake a mighty nation's ancient fires:
Aspires to baffle Faction's specious claim,
Rouse England's rage, and give her thunder aim:
Once more the main her conqu'ring banners
sweep,

Again her Commerce darkens all the deep.
Thy fix'd resolve renews each firm decree
That made, that kept of yore, thy country free.
Call'd by thy voice, nor deaf to war's alarms,
Its willing youth the rural empire arms:
Again the lords of Albion's cultur'd plains
March the firm leaders of their faithful swains;
As erst stout archers, from the farm or fold,
Flam'd in the van of many a baron hold.

Nor thine the pomp of indolent debate,
The war of words, the sophistries of state:
Nor frigid caution checks thy free design,
Nor stops thy stream of eloquence divine:
For thine the privilege, on few bestow'd,
To feel, to think, to speak, for public good.
In vain Corruption calls her venal tribes;
One common cause one common end prescribes:
Nor fear nor fraud, nor spares or screens the foe,
But spirit prompts, and valour strikes the blow.

O Pitt! while honour points thy lib'ral plan,
And o'er the Minister exalts the man,

Isis congenial greets thy faithful sway,
Nor scorns to bid a statesman grace her lay.
For 'tis not hers, by false connections drawn,
At splendid Slav'ry's fordid shrine to fawn;
Each native effort of the feeling breast
To friends, to foes, in equal fear, suppress'd:
'Tis not for her to purchase or pursue
The phantom-favours of the cringing crew:
More useful toils her studious hours engage,
And fairer lessons fill her spotless page:
Beneath ambition, but above disgrace,
With nobler arts she forms the rising race:
With happier tasks, and less refin'd pretence,
In elder times she woo'd Munificence
To rear her arched roofs in regal guise,
And lift her temples nearer to the skies;
Princes and prelates stretch'd the social hand
To form, diffuse, and fix, her high command:
From kings she claim'd, yet scorn'd to seek, the
prize; [wife.

From kings, like George, benignant, just, and
Lo! this her genuine lore.—Nor thou refuse
This humble present of no partial Muse
From that calm Bow'r*, which nurs'd thy
thoughtful youth

In the pure precepts of Athenian truth:
Where first the form of British Liberty
Beam'd in full radiance on thy musing eye;
That form, whose mien sublime, with equal awe,
In the same shade unblemish'd Somers saw:
Where once (for well she lov'd the friendly grove
Which ev'ry classic Grace had learn'd to rove)
Her whispers wak'd sage Harrington to feign
The blessings of her visionary reign;
That reign, which now no more an empty theme,
Adorns Philosophy's ideal dream,
But crowns at last, beneath a George's smile,
In full reality this favour'd isle.

§ 62. *On the Marriage of the King, 1761, to
her Majesty.* T. WARTON.

WHEN first the kingdom, to thy virtues due,
Rose from the billowy deep in distant view;
When Albion's isle, old Ocean's peerless pride,
Tow'r'd in imperial state above the tide;
What bright ideas of the new domain
Form'd the fair prospect of thy promis'd reign!

And well with conscious joy thy breast might
beat,

That Albion was ordain'd thy regal seat:
Lo! this the land, where Freedom's sacred rage
Has glow'd untam'd thro' many a martial age.
Here patriot Alfred, stain'd with Danish blood,
Rear'd on one base the king's, the people's good:
Here Henry's archers fram'd the stubborn bow
That laid Alanzon's haughty helmet low;
Here wak'd the flame that still superior braves
The proudest threats of Gaul's ambitious slaves:
Here Chivalry, stern school of valour old,
Her noblest feats of knightly fame enroll'd;

Heroic champions caught the clarion's call,
And throng'd the feast in Edward's banner'd hall;
While chiefs, like George, approv'd in worth
alone,

Unlock'd chaste Beauty's adamant zone.
Lo! the fam'd isle, which hails thy chosen sway,
What fertile fields her temp'rate suns display!
Where Property secures the conscious swain,
And guards, while Plenty gives, the golden grain:
Hence with ripe stores her villages abound,
Her airy downs with scatter'd sheep resound;
Fresh are her pastures with unceasing rills,
And future navies crown her darksome hills.
To bear her formidable glory far,
Behold her opulence of hoarded war!
See, from her ports a thousand banners stream;
On ev'ry coast her vengeful lightnings gleam!
Meantime, remote from Ruin's armed hand,
In peaceful majesty her cities stand;
Whose splendid domes and busy streets declare
Their firmest fort, a king's parental care.

And O! blest Queen, if e'er the magic pow'r
Of warbled truth have won thy musing hours;
Here Poesy, from awful days of yore,
Has pour'd her genuine gifts of raptur'd lore.
Mid oaken bow'rs, with holy verdure wreath'd,
In Druid-songs her solemn spirit breath'd:
While cunning Bards at ancient banquets sung
Of paynim foes defy'd, and trophies hung.
Here Spenser tun'd his mystic minstrelsy,
And dress'd in fairy robes a Queen like Thee.
Here, boldly mark'd with ev'ry living hue,
Nature's unbounded portrait Shakespeare drew:
But chief the dreadful group of human woes
The daring artist's tragic pencil chose;
Explor'd the pangs that rend the royal breast,
Those wounds that lurk beneath the tissu'd vest!
Lo! this the land, whence Milton's muse of fire
High soar'd, to steal from heav'n a seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In sacred Eden's amaranthine grove.

Thine too, majestic Bride, the favour'd clime,
Where Science sits enshrin'd in roofs sublime.
O mark, how green her wood of ancient bays
O'er Isis' marge in many a chaplet strays!
Thither, if haply some distinguish'd flow'r
Of these mix'd blooms from that ambrosial bow'r,
Might catch thy glance, and rich in Nature's hue,
Entwine thy diadem with honour due;
If seemly gifts the train of Phœbus pay,
To deck imperial Hymen's festive day;
Thither thyself shall haste, and mildly deign
To tread with nymph-like step the conscious plain;
Pleas'd in the muse's nook, with decent pride,
To throw the scepter'd pall of state aside.
Nor from the shade shall George be long away,
Which claims Charlotta's love, and courts her
stay.

These are Britannia's praises. Deign to trace
With wrapt reflection Freedom's fav'rite race!
But tho' the gen'rous isle, in arts and arms,
Thus stands supreme in Nature's choicest charms;

* Trinity College, Oxford; in which also Lord Somers and Sir James Harrington, author of the
Oceana, were educated.

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§ 63.

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Tho' George and Conquest guard her sea-girt throne,
One happier blessing still she calls her own;
And, proud to cull the fairest wreath of Fame,
Crowns her chief honours with a Charlotte's name.

§ 63. *On the Birth of the Prince of Wales.*

T. WARTON.

Written after the Installation at Windsor, in the same year.

IMPERIAL Dome of Edward, wise and brave!
Where warlike Honour's brightest banners wave;

At whose proud Tilts, unmatch'd for hardy deeds,
Heroic kings have frown'd on barbed steeds:
Tho' now no more thy crested chiefs advance
In arm'd array, nor grasp the glitt'ring lance;
Tho' Knighthood boasts the martial pomp no more

That grac'd its gorgeous festivals of yore;
Say, conscious Dome, if e'er thy marshall'd knights

So nobly deck'd their old majestic rites
As when, high-thron'd amid thy trophy'd shrine,
George shone the leader of the Garter'd line?

Yet future triumphs, Windsor, still remain;
Still may thy bow'rs receive as brave a train:
For lo! to Britain and her favour'd Pair,
Heav'n's high command has sent a sacred Heir!
Him the bold pattern of his patriot Sire
Shall fill with early fame's immortal fire:
In life's fresh spring, ere buds the promis'd prime,
His thoughts shall mount to virtue's meed sublime:
The patriot fire shall catch, with sure presage,
Each lib'ral omen of his op'ning age;
Then to thy courts shall lead with conscious joy,
In stripling beauty's bloom, the Princely Boy;
There firmly wreath the Braid of heav'nly die,
True valour's badge, around his tender thigh.

Meantime, thy royal piles that rise elate
With many an antique tow'r, in massy state,
In the young Champion's musing mind shall raise
Vast images of Albion's elder days;
While, as around his eager glance explores
Thy chambers, rough with war's constructed stores,

Rude helms, and bruised shields, barbaric spoils
Of ancient chivalry's undaunted toils;
Amid the dusky trappings hung on high,
Young Edward's fable mail shall strike his eye:
Shall fire the youth, to crown his ripen years
With rival Cressys, and a new Poitiers;
On the same wall, the same triumphal base,
His own victorious monuments to place.

Nor can a fairer kindred title move
His emulative age to glory's love
Than Edward, laureate prince. In letter'd truth,
Oxford, sage mother, school'd his studious youth:
Her simple institutes and rigid lore
The royal nursling unreluctant bore;

Nor shunn'd, at pensive eve, with lonesome pace,
The cloister's moon-light chequer'd floor to trace;
Nor scorn'd to mark the sun, at matins due,
Stream thro' the story'd windows holy hue.

And O, Young Prince, be thine his moral praise;

Nor seek in fields of blood his warrior bays.
War has its charms terrific. Far and wide
When stands th'embattled host in banner'd pride;
O'er the next plain when the shrill clangors run,
And the long phalanx flashes in the sun;
When now no dangers of the dreadful day
Mar the bright scene, nor break the firm array;
Full oft, too rashly glows with fond delight
The youthful breast, and asks the future fight;
Nor knows that Horror's form, a spectre wan,
Stalks, yet unseen, along the gleamy van.

May no such rage be thine! No dazzling ray
Of specious fame thy stedfast feet betray!
Be thine domestic glory's radiant calm,
Be thine the sceptre wreath'd with many a palm!
Be thine the throne with peaceful emblems hung,
The silver lyre to milder conquest strung!

Instead of glorious feats atchiev'd in arms,
Bid rising Arts display their mimic charms!
Just to thy country's fame, in tranquil days
Record the past, and rouse to future praise:
Before the public eye, in breathing brass,
Bid thy fam'd Father's mighty triumph pass:
Swell the broad arch with haughty Cuba's fall,
And clothe with Minden's plain th'historic hall.

Then mourn not, Edward's Dome, thine ancient boast,

Thy tournaments and list'd combats lost!
From Arthur's board, no more, proud castle, mourn

Advent'rous Valour's Gothic trophies torn!
Those elfin charms that held in magic night
Its elder Fame, and dimm'd its genuine light,
At length dissolve in Truth's meridian ray,
And the bright Order bursts to perfect day:
The mystic round, begirt with bolder peers,
On Virtue's base its rescu'd glory rears:
Sees Civil Prowess mightier acts atchieve;
Sees meek Humanity distress relieve;
Adopts the worth that bids the conflict cease,
And claims its honours from the chiefs of peace.

§ 64. *Ode to Sleep.* T. WARTON.

ON this my pensive pillow, gentle Sleep!
Descend, in all thy downy plumage dress:
Wipe with thy wing these eyes that wake to weep,
And place thy crown of poppies on my breast.

O steep my senses in oblivion's balm,
And sooth my throbbing pulse with lenient hand;
This tempest of my boiling blood be calm!
Despair grows mild at thy supreme command!

Yet ah! in vain, familiar with the gloom,
And sadly toiling thro' the tedious night,
I seek sweet slumber, while that virgin bloom,
For ever hov'ring, haunts thy wretched sight.

Nor

Nor would the dawning day my sorrows
charm:

Black midnight and the radiant noon, alike
To me appear, while with uplifted arm
Death stands prepar'd, but still delays to strike.

§ 65. *The Hamlet, written in Whichwood Forest.*

T. WARTON.

THE hinds how blest, who ne'er beguil'd
To quit their hamlet's hawthorn-wild;
Nor haunt the crowd, nor tempt the main,
For splendid care and guilty gain!

When morning's twilight-tinctur'd beam
Strikes their low thatch with slanting gleam,
They rove abroad in ether blue,
To dip the scythe in fragrant dew:
The sheaf to bind, the beech to fell,
That nodding shades a craggy dell.

'Midst gloomy glades, in warbles clear,
Wild nature's sweetest notes they hear:
On green untrodden banks they view
The hyacinth's neglected hue:
In their lone haunts and woodland rounds
They spy the squirrel's airy bounds;
And startle from her ashen spray,
Across the glen, the screaming jay.
Each native charm their steps explore
Of Solitude's sequester'd store.

For them the moon, with cloudless ray,
Mounts, to illumine their homeward way:
Their weary spirits to relieve,
The meadow's incense breathe at eve:
No riot mars the simple fare
That o'er a glimm'ring hearth they share:
But when the curfew's measur'd roar
Duly, the dark'ning vallies o'er,
Has echo'd from the distant town,
They wish no beds of cygnet-down,
No trophy'd canopies, to close
Their drooping eyes in quick repose.

Their little sons, who spread the bloom
Of health around the clay-built room,
Or thro' the primros'd coppice stray,
Or gambol in the new-mown hay;
Or quaintly braid the cowslip-twine,
Or drive afield the tardy kine;
Or hasten from the sultry hill
To loiter at the shady rill;
Or climb the tall pine's gloomy crest
To rob the raven's ancient nest.

Their humble porch with honied flow'rs
The curling woodbine's shade embow'rs:
From the trim garden's thymy mound
Their bees in busy swarms rebound:
Nor fell Disease, before his time,
Hastes to consume life's golden prime:
But when their temples long have wore
The silver crown of tresses hoar;
As studious still calm peace to keep,
Beneath a flow'ry turf they sleep.

§ 66. *Ode. The First of April.* T. WARTON.

WITH dalliance rude young Zephyr woe's
Coy May. Full oft with kind excuse
The boist'rous boy the fair denies,
Or, with a scornful smile complies.

Mindful of disaster past,
And shrinking at the northern blast,
The fleet storm returning still,
The morning hoar and ev'ning chill;
Reluctant comes the timid Spring.
Scarce a bee, with airy ring,
Murmurs the blossom'd boughs around,
That clothe the garden's southern bound:
Scarce a sickly straggling flow'r
Decks the rough cattle's rifted tow'r:
Scarce the hardy primrose peeps
From the dark dell's entangled steeps:
O'er the field of waving broom
Slowly shoots the golden bloom:
And, but by fits the furze-clad dale
Tinctures the transitory gale.
While from the shrubb'ry's naked maze,
Where the vegetable blaze
Of Flora's brightest 'broid'ry shone,
Ev'ry chequer'd charm is flown;
Save that the lilac hangs to view
Its bursting gems in clusters blue.

Scant along the ridgy land
The beans their new-born ranks expand:
The fresh-turn'd soil with tender blades
Thinly the sprouting barley shades:
Fringing the forest's devious edge,
Half-rob'd appears the hawthorn hedge;
Or to the distant eye displays
Weakly green its budding sprays.

The swallow, for a moment seen,
Skims in haste the village green:
From the grey moor on feeble wing,
The screaming plovers idly spring:
The butterfly, gay-painted soon,
Explores a while the tepid noon,
And fondly trusts its tender dies
To fickle suns and flatt'ring skies.

Fraught with a transient, frozen show'r,
If a cloud should haply lowr,
Sailing o'er the landscape dark,
Mute on a sudden is the lark;
But when gleams the sun again
O'er the pearl-besprinkled plain,
And from behind his wat'ry veil
Looks thro' the thin descending hail,
She mounts, and, less'ning to the fight,
Salutes the blythe return of light,
And high her tuneful track pursues
'Mid the dim rainbow's scatter'd hues.

Where in venerable rows
Widely-waving oaks inclose
The moat of yonder antique hall,
Swarm the rooks with clamorous call;
And to the toils of nature true,
Wreath their capacious nests anew.

Musing thro' the lawny park,
The lonely poet loves to mark

How

How various greens in faint degrees
Tinge the tall groups of various trees;
While, careless of the changing year,
The pine cerulean, never fear,
Towers distinguish'd from the rest,
And proudly vaunts her winter vest.

Within some whisp'ring osier isle,
Where Glym's low banks neglected smile;
And each trim meadow still retains
The wint'ry torrent's oozy stains:
Beneath a willow, long forlook,
The fisher seeks his custom'd nook;
And bursting thro' the crackling fedge
That crowns the current's cavern'd edge,
He startles from the bord'ring wood
The bashful wild-duck's early brood.

O'er the broad downs, a novel race,
Frisk the lambs, with fault'ring pace,
And, with eager bleatings, fill
The fofs that skirts the beacon'd hill.

His free-born vigour yet unbroke
To lordly man's usurping yoke,
The bounding colt forgets to play:
Basking beneath the noontide ray,
And stretch'd among the daisies pride
Of a green dingle's sloping side:
While far beneath, where nature spreads
Her boundless length of level meads,
In loose luxuriance taught to stray,
A thousand tumbling rills inlay
With silver veins the vale, or pass
Redundant thro' the sparkling grass.

Yet, in these presages rude,
Midst her pensive solitude,
Fancy, with prophetic glance,
Sees the teeming months advance;
The field, the forest, green and gay,
The dappled slope, the tedded hay;
Sees the reddening orchard blow,
The harvest wave, the vintage flow;
Sees June unfold his glossy robe
Of thousand hues o'er all the globe;
Sees Ceres grasp her crown of corn,
And plenty load her ample horn.

§ 67. Ode. *The Suicide*. T. WARTON.

BENEATH the beech, whose branches bare,
Smit with the lightning's livid glare,
O'erhang the craggy road,
And whistle hollow as they wave;
Within a solitary grave,
A wretched Suicide holds his accurs'd abode.

Low'd the grim morn, in murky dies
Damp mists involv'd the scowling skies,
And dimm'd the struggling day;
As by the brook that ling'ring laves
You, rush-grown moor with fable waves,
Full of the dark resolve he took his fullen way.

I mark'd his desultory pace,
His gestures strange, and varying face,
With many a mutter'd sound;
And ah! too late aghast I view'd
The reeking blade, the hand embru'd:
He fell, and groaning grasp'd in agony the ground.

Full many a melancholy night
He watch'd the slow return of light;
And sought the pow'rs of sleep
To spread a momentary calm
O'er his sad couch, and in the balm
Of bland oblivion's dew his burning eyes to steep.

Full oft, unknowing and unknown,
He wore his endless noons alone,
Amid th'autumnal wood:
Oft was he wont, in hasty fit,
Abrupt the social board to quit, [flood.
And gaze with eager glance upon the tumbling

Beck'ning the wretch to torments new,
Despair, for ever in his view,
A spectre pale, appear'd;
While, as the shades of eve arose
And brought the day's unwelcome close,
More horrible and huge her giant-shape she
rear'd.

'Is this,' mistaken Scorn will cry,
'Is this the youth, whose genius high
'Could build the genuine rhyme'
'Whose bosom mild the fav'ring Muse
'Had stor'd with all her ample views,
'Parent of fairest deeds, and purposes sublime?'

Ah! from the Muse that bosom mild,
By treach'rous magic, was beguil'd,
To strike the deathful blow:
She fill'd his soft ingenuous mind
With many a feeling too refin'd, [woe!
And rous'd to livelier pangs his wakeful sense of

Tho' doom'd hard penury to prove,
And the sharp stings of hopeless love,
To griefs congenial prone,
More wounds than nature gave he knew,
While misery's form his fancy drew
In dark ideal hues, and horrors not its own.

Then with not o'er his earthly tomb
The baleful nightshade's lurid bloom
To drop its deadly dew:
Nor oh! forbid the twisted thorn,
That rudely binds his turf forlorn [anew.
With spring's green-swelling bunch, to vegetate

What tho' no marble-piled bust
Adorn his desolated dust
With speaking sculpture wrought?
Pity shall woo the weeping Nine
To build a visionary shrine, [brought.
Hung with unfading flow'rs, from fairy regions

What tho' refus'd each chanted rite?
Here viewless mourners shall delight
To touch the shadowy shell:
And Petrarch's harp, that wept the doom
Of Laura, lost in early bloom,
In melancholy tones shall ring his pensive knell.

To sooth a lone, unhallow'd shade,
This votive dirge sad duty paid,
Within an ivy'd nook:
Sudden the half-sunk orb of day
More radiant shot its parting ray,
And thus a cherub-voice my charm'd attention
took.

C c

'Forbear,

' Forbear, fond bard, thy partial praise ;
 ' Nor thus for guilt in specious lays
 ' The wreath of glory twine :
 ' In vain with hues of gorgeous glow
 ' Gay Fancy gives her vest to flow, [confiner.
 ' Unless Truth's matron-hand the floating folds
 ' Just Heav'n, man's fortitude to prove ;
 ' Permits thro' life at large to rove
 ' The tribes of hell-born woe :
 ' Yet the same Pow'r that wisely sends
 ' Life's fiercest ills, indulgent lends [foe.
 ' Religion's golden shield to break th'embattled
 ' Her aid divine had lull'd to rest
 ' Yon foul self-murderer's throbbing breast,
 ' And stay'd the rising storm :
 ' Had bade the sun of hope appear
 ' To gild the darken'd hemisphere, [ferm.
 ' And give the wonted bloom to nature's blasted
 ' Vain man ! 'tis Heaven's prerogative
 ' To take, what first it deign'd to give,
 ' Thy tributary breath :
 ' In awful expectation plac'd,
 ' Await thy doom, nor impious haste
 ' To pluck from God's right hand his instru-
 ' ments of death.'

§ 68. *Ode. Sent to a Friend on his leaving a favourite Village in Hampshire.*

T. WARTON.

A H, mourn thy low'd retreat ! No more
 Shall classic steps thy scenes explore !
 When morn's pale rays but faintly peep
 O'er yonder oak-crown'd airy steep,
 Who now shall climb its brows, to view
 Thy length of landkips ever new ;
 Where Summer flings, in careless pride,
 Her vary'd vesture far and wide !
 Who mark, beneath, each village-charm,
 Or grange, or elm-encircled farm :
 The flinty dove-cote's crowded roof,
 Watch'd by the kite that sails aloof :
 The tufted pines, whose umbrage tall
 Darkens the long deserted hall :
 The vet'ran beech, that on the plain
 Collects at eve the playful train :
 The cot that smokes with early fire,
 The low-roof'd fame's embosom'd spire !
 Who now shall indolently stray
 Thro' the deep forest's tangled way ;
 Pleas'd at his custom'd task to find
 The well-known hoary-tressed hind,
 That toils with feeble hands, to glean
 Of wither'd boughs his pittance mean !
 Who mid thy nooks of hazle sit,
 Lost in some melancholy fit ;
 And list'ning to the raven's croak,
 The distant flail, the falling oak !
 Who, thro' the sunshine and the show'r,
 Descry the rainbow-painted tow'r ?
 Who, wand'ring at return of May,
 Catch the first cuckow's vernal lay ?

Who, musing, waste the summer hour,
 Where high o'er-arching trees embow'r
 The grassy lane, so rarely pac'd,
 With azure flow'rets idly grac'd !
 Unnotic'd now, at twilight's dawn
 Returning reapers cross the lawn :
 Nor fond attention loves to note
 The wether's bell, from folds remote !
 While own'd by no poetic eye,
 Thy pensive evening shade the sky !
 For lo ! the bard who rapture found
 From ev'ry rural sight or sound ;
 Whose genius warm, and judgment chaste,
 No charm of genuine nature past ;
 Who felt the Muse's purest fires,
 Far from thy favour'd haunt retires :
 Who peopled all thy vocal bow'rs
 With shadowy shapes and airy pow'rs :
 Behold, a dread repose resumes,
 As erst, thy sad sequester'd glooms !
 From the deep dell, where shaggy roots
 Fringe the rough brink with wreathed shoots,
 Th'unwilling genius flies forlorn,
 His primrose chaplet rudely torn.
 With hollow shriek the nymphs forsake
 The pathless copse and hedge-row brake ;
 Where the delv'd mountain's headlong side
 Its chalky entrails opens wide.
 On the green summit, ambush'd high,
 No longer echo loves to lie.
 No pearl-crown'd maids, with wily look,
 Rise beck'ning from the reedy brook.
 Around the glow-worm's glimmering bank
 No fairies run in fiery rank ;
 Nor brush, half-seen, in airy tread,
 The violet's unprinted head.
 But fancy, from the thickets brown,
 The glades that wear a conscious frown,
 The forest-oaks, that pale and lone,
 Nod to the blast with hoarser tone,
 Rough glens, and sullen waterfalls,
 Her bright ideal offspring calls,—
 So by some sage inchanter's spell
 (As old Arabian fablers tell)
 Amid the solitary wild,
 Luxuriant gardens gaily smil'd :
 From sapphire rocks the fountains stream'd ;
 With golden fruit the branches beam'd ;
 Fair forms, in ev'ry wondrous wood,
 Or lightly tripp'd, or solemn stood ;
 And oft, retreating from the view,
 Betray'd, at distance, beauties new ;
 While gleaming o'er the crisped bow'rs
 Rich spires arose, and sparkling tow'rs.
 If bound on service new to go,
 The master of the magic show
 His transitory charm withdrew ;
 Away th'illusive landscape flew :
 Dun clouds obscur'd the groves of gold,
 Blue lightning smote the blooming mold ;
 In visionary glory rear'd,
 The gorgeous castle disappear'd :
 And a bare heath's unfruitful plain
 Usurp'd the wizard's proud domain.

§69. *The Art of preserving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK I. AIR.

DAUGHTER of Pæon, queen of ev'ry joy,
Hygeia^{*}; whose indulgent smile sustains
The various race luxuriant nature pours,
And on th'immortal essences bestows
Immortal youth, auspicious, O descend!
Thou cheerful guardian of the rolling year,
Whether thou wanton'st on the western gale,
Or shak'st the rigid pinions of the north,
Diffusest life and vigour thro' the tracts
Of air, thro' earth, and ocean's deep domain!
When thro' the blue serenity of heav'n
Thy pow'r approaches, all the wasteful host
Of pain and sickness, squalid and deform'd,
Confounded sink into the loathsome gloom,
Where, in deep Erebus involv'd, the fiends
Grow more profane. Whatever shapes of death,
Shook from the hideous chambers of the globe,
Swarm thro' the shudd'ring air; whatever plagues
Or meagre famine breeds, or with slow wings
Rise from the putrid wat'ry element,
The damp waste forest, motionless and rank,
That smothers earth and all the breathless winds,
Or the vile carnage of th'inhuman field;
Whatever baneful breathes the rotten south;
Whatever ills th'extremes or sudden change
Of cold and hot, or moist and dry produce,
They fly thy pure effulgence: they, and all
The secret poisons of avenging Heav'n,
And all the pale tribes halting in the train
Of vice and heedless pleasure: or if aught
The comet's glare amid the burning sky,
Mournful eclipse, or planets ill-combin'd,
Portend disastrous to the vital world,
Thy salutary pow'r averts their rage,
Averts the gen'ral bane: and, but for thee,
Nature would sicken, nature soon would die.

Without thy cheerful active energy
No rapture swells the breast, no poet sings,
No more the maids of Helicon delight!
Come then with me, O goddess heav'nly-gay!
Begin the song, and let it sweetly flow;
And let it wisely teach thy wholesome laws
"How best the fickle fabric to support
"Of mortal man; in healthful body how
"A healthful mind the longest to maintain."
'Tis hard, in such a strife of rules, to chuse
The best, and those of most extensive use;
Harder in clear and animated song
Dry philosophic precepts to convey.
Yet, with thy aid, the secret wilds I trace
Of nature; and, with daring steps, proceed
Thro' paths the Muses never trod before.
Nor should I wander doubtful of my way,
Had I the lights of that sagacious mind
Which taught to check the pestilential fire,
And quell the deadly Python of the Nile.
O thou, belov'd by all the graceful arts,
Thou, long the fav'rite of the healing pow'rs,
Indulge, O Mead! a well-design'd essay,

Howe'er imperfect; and permit that I
My little knowledge with my country share,
Till you the rich Asclepian stores unlock,
And, with new graces, dignify the theme.

Ye who, amid this fev'rish world, would wear
A body free of pain, of cares a mind,
Fly the rank city, shun its turbid air;
Breathe not the chaos of eternal smoke
And volatile corruption, from the dead,
The dying, sick'ning, and the living world
Exhal'd, to fully heav'n's transparent dome
With dim mortality. It is not Air
That from a thousand lungs reeks back to thine,
Sated with exhalations rank and fell,
The spoil of dunghills, and the putrid thaw
Of nature, when from shape and texture she
Relapses into fighting elements:

It is not Air, but floats a nauseous mass
Of all obscene, corrupt, offensive things.
Much moisture hurts; but here a sordid bath,
With oily rancour fraught, relaxes more
The solid frame than simple moisture can.
Besides, immur'd in many a fullen bay
That never felt the freshness of the breeze,
This slum'ring Deep remains, and ranker grows
With sickly rest: and (tho' the lungs abhor
To drink the dun fuliginous abyss)

Did not the acid vigour of the mine,
Roll'd from so many thund'ring chimneys, tame
The putrid steams that over-swarm the sky,
This caustic venom would, perhaps, corrode
Those tender cells that draw the vital air,
In vain with all their unctuous rills bedew'd;
Or by the drunken venous tubes, that yawn
In countless pores o'er all the pervious skin,
Imbib'd, would poison the balsamic blood,
And rouse the heart to ev'ry fever's rage.

While yet you breathe, away; the rural wilds
Invite; the mountains call you, and the vales;
The woods, the streams, and each ambrosial breeze
That fans the ever-undulating sky;
A kindly sky! whose fostering pow'r regales
Man, beast, and all the vegetable reign. [smiles
Find then some woodland scene where Nature
Benign, where all her honest children thrive.
To us there wants not many a happy seat;
Look round the smiling land, such numbers rise
We hardly fix, bewilder'd in our choice.

See where, enthron'd in adamantine state,
Proud of her bards, imperial Windsor sits;
There chuse thy seat, in some aspiring grove
Fast by the slowly-winding Thames; or where
Broader she loves fair Richmond's green retreats
(Richmond that sees an hundred villas rise,
Rural or gay). O! from the summer's rage,
O! wrap me in the friendly gloom that hides
Umbrageous Ham! But if the busy Town
Attracts thee still to toil for pow'r or gold,
Sweetly thou may'st thy vacant hours possess
In Hampstead, courted by the western wind;
Or Greenwich, waving o'er the winding flood;
Or lose the world amid the sylvan wilds

* Hygeia, the goddess of health, was, according to the genealogy of the heathen deities, the daughter of Asculapius; who, as well as Apollo, was distinguished by the name of Pæon.

Of Dulwich, yet by barb'rous arts unspoil'd.
 Green rise the Kentish hills in cheerful air ;
 But on the marshy plains that Essex spreads
 Build not, nor rest too long thy wand'ring feet ;
 For on a rustic throne of dewy turf,
 With baneful fogs her aching temples bound,
 Quartana there presides : a meagre fiend,
 Begot by Eurus, when his brutal force
 Compress'd the slothful Naiad of the fens.
 From such a mixture sprung, this fitful pest
 With feverish blasts subdues the sick'ning land :
 Cold tremors come, with mighty love of rest,
 Convulsive yawnings, lassitude, and pains
 That sting the burthen'd brows, fatigue the loins,
 And rack the joints, and ev'ry torpid limb ;
 Then parching heat succeeds, till copious sweats
 O'erflow : a short relief from former ills.
 Beneath repeated shocks the wretches pine ;
 The vigour sinks, the habit melts away ;
 The cheerful, pure, and animated bloom
 Dies from the face with squalid atrophy
 Devour'd, in fallow melancholy clad.
 And oft the foref'res, in her fated wrath,
 Relinquish them to the furies of her train ;
 The bloated Hydrops, and the yellow fiend
 Ting'd with her own accumulated gall.

In quest of sites, avoid the mournful plain
 Where osiers thrive, and trees that love the lake ;
 Where many lazy muddy rivers flow :
 Nor, for the wealth that all the Indies roll,
 Fix near the marshy margin of the main ;
 For from the humid soil and wat'ry reign,
 Eternal vapours rise ; the spongy air
 For ever weeps ; or, turgid with the weight
 Of waters, pours a founding deluge down.
 Skies such as these let ev'ry mortal shun
 Who dreads the dropsy, palsy, or the gout,
 Tertian, corrosive scurvy, or moist catarrh ;
 Or any other injury that grows
 From raw-spun fibres idle and unfir'd,
 Skin ill-perspiring, and the purple flood
 In languid eddies loit'ring into phlegm.

Yet not alone from humid skies we pine ;
 For air may be too dry. The subtle heav'n,
 That winnows into dust the blasted downs,
 Bare and extended wide without a stream,
 Too fast imbibes th'attenuated lymph,
 Which, by the surface, from the blood exhales.
 The lungs grow rigid, and with toil essay
 Their flexible vibrations ; or inflam'd,
 Their tender ever-moving structure thaws.
 Spoil'd of its limpid vehicle, the blood
 A mass of lees remains, a drossy tide
 That, slow as Lethe, wanders thro' the veins ;
 Unactive in the services of life,
 Unfit to lead its pitchy current thro'
 The secret mazy channels of the brain.
 The melancholy Fiend (that worst despair
 Of physic) hence the rust-complexion'd man
 Pursues, whose blood is dry, whose fibres gain
 Too stretch'd a tone : And hence in climes adust
 So sudden tumults seize the trembling nerves,
 And burning fevers glow with double rage.

Fly, if you can, these violent extremes
 Of air ; the wholesome is nor moist nor dry.

But as the pow'r of chusing is deny'd
 To half mankind, a further task ensues ;
 How best to mitigate these fell extremes,
 How breathe unhurt the with'ring element,
 Or hazy atmosphere : Tho' custom moulds
 To ev'ry clime the soft Promethean clay ;
 And he who first the fogs of Essex breath'd
 (So kind is native air) may in the fens
 Of Essex from invet'rate ills revive,
 At pure Montpelier or Bermuda caught !
 But if the raw and oozy heav'n offend,
 Correct the soil, and dry the sources up
 Of wat'ry exhalation ; wide and deep
 Conduct your trenches thro' the quaking bog ;
 Solicitous, with all your winding arts,
 Betray th'unwilling lake into the stream ;
 And weed the forest, and invoke the winds
 To break the toils where strangled vapours lie ;
 Or thro' the thickets send the crackling flames.
 Meantime, at home with cheerful fires dispel
 The humid air : And let your table smoke
 With solid roast or bak'd ; or what the herds
 Of tamer breed supply ; or what the wilds
 Yield to the toilsome pleasures of the chase.
 Gen'rous your wine, the boast of rip'ning years,
 But frugal be your cups ; the languid frame,
 Vapid and sunk from yesterday's debauch,
 Shrinks from the cold embrace of wat'ry heav'ns.
 But neither these, nor all Apollo's arts,
 Disarm the dangers of the dropping sky,
 Unless with exercise and manly toil [blood.
 You brace your nerves, and spur the lagging
 The flatt'ning clime let all the sons of ease
 Avoid : if Indolence would wish to live,
 Go, yawn and loiter out the long flow year
 In fairer skies. If droughty regions parch
 The skin and lungs, and bake the thick'ning blood,
 Deep in the waving forest chuse your seat,
 Where fuming trees refresh the thirsty air,
 And wake the fountains from their secret beds,
 And into lakes dilate the rapid stream.
 Here spread your gardens wide ; and let the cool,
 The moist, relaxing, vegetable store
 Prevail in each repast : Your food supply'd
 By bleeding life, be gently wasted down,
 By soft decoction and a mellowing heat,
 To liquid balm ; or, if the solid mass
 You chuse, tormented in the boiling wave ;
 That, through the thirsty channels of the blood,
 A smooth diluted chyle may ever flow ;
 The fragrant dairy, from its cold recess,
 Its nectar acid or benign will pour
 To drown your thirst ; or let the mantling bowl
 Of keen Sherbet the tickle task relieve ;
 For with the viscous blood the simple stream
 Will hardly mingle ; and fermented cups
 Oft dissipate more moisture than they give.
 Yet when pale seasons rise, or winter rolls
 His horrors o'er the world, thou may'st indulge
 In feasts more genial, and impatient broach
 The mellow cask. Then too the scourging air
 Provokes to keener toils than sultry droughts
 Allow. But rarely we such skies blaspheme.
 Steep'd in continual rains, or with raw fogs
 Bedew'd, our seasons droop : incumbent still

A pond.

A pond'rous heav'n o'erwhelms the sinking soul,
 Lab'ring with storms, in heapy mountains rise
 Th'imbattled clouds, as if the Stygian shades
 Had left the dungeon of eternal night,
 Till, black with thunder, all the South descends.
 Scarce in a show'rless day the heav'ns indulge
 Our melting clime, except the baleful East
 Withers the tender spring, and sourly checks
 The fancy of the year. Our fathers talk
 Of summers, balmy airs, and skies serene.
 Good Heav'n ! for what unexpiated crimes
 This diſſinal change ! The brooding elements,
 Do they, your pow'rful miniſters of wrath,
 Prepare ſome fierce exterminating plague ?
 Or is it fix'd in the decrees above
 That lofty Albion melt into the main ?
 Indulgent nature ! O diſſolve this gloom !
 Bind in eternal adamant the winds
 That drown or wither : Give the genial Weſt
 To breathe, and in its turn the ſprightly North;
 And may once more the circling ſeaſons rule
 The year ; not mix in ev'ry monſtrous day !

Meantime, the moiſt malignity to ſhun [paign
 Of burthen'd ſkies, mark where the dry cham-
 Swells into cheerful hills ; where marjoram
 And thyme, the love of bees, perfume the air ;
 And where the *cynorrhodon with the roſe
 For fragrance vies ; for in the thirſty ſoil
 Moſt fragrant breathe the aromatic tribes.
 There bid thy roofs high on the baſking ſteep
 Aſcend ; there light thy hospitable fires,
 And let them ſee the winter morn ariſe ;
 The ſummer ev'ning-blushing in the weſt :
 While with umbrageous oaks the ridge behind
 O'erhung, defends you from the bluſt'ring north,
 And bleak affliction of the peeviſh eaſt.
 O ! when the growling winds contend, and all
 The ſounding foreſt fluctuates in the ſtorm ;
 To ſink in warm repoſe, and hear the din
 Howl o'er the ſteady battlements, delights
 Above the luxury of vulgar ſleep.
 The murm'ring riv'let, and the hoarſer ſtrain
 Of waters ruſhing o'er the ſlipp'ry rocks,
 Will nightly lull you to ambroſial reſt.
 To pleaſe the fancy is no trifling good
 Where health is ſtudied ; for whatever moves
 The mind with calm delight, promotes the juſt
 And nat'ral movements of th'harmonious frame.
 Beſides, the ſportive brook for ever ſhakes
 The trembling air, that floats from hill to hill,
 From vale to mountain, with inceſſant change
 Of pureſt element, reſreſhing ſtill
 Your airy ſeat, and uninfected gods.
 Chiefly for this I praiſe the man who builds
 High on the breezy ridge, whoſe lofty ſides
 Th'ethereal deep with endleſs billows chafes.
 His purer manſion nor contagious years
 Shall reach, nor deadly putrid airs annoy.
 But may no fogs, from lake or fenny plain,
 Involve my hill ! And whereſoe'er you build ;
 Whether on ſun-burnt Epſom, or the plains
 Waſh'd by the ſilent Lee ; in Chelſea low,
 Or high Blackheath with wint'ry winds aſſail'd,

Dry be your houſe ; but airy more than warm.
 Elſe ev'ry breath of ruder wind will ſtrike
 Your tender body thro' with rapid pains ;
 Fierce coughs will teaze you, hoarſeneſs bind
 your voice,

Or moiſt Gravedo load your aching brows.
 Theſe to defy, and all the fates that dwell
 In cloiſter'd air, tainted with ſteamiſh life,
 Let lofty cielings grace your ample rooms ;
 And ſtill at azure noontide may your dome
 At ev'ry window drink the liquid ſky.

Need we the ſunny ſituation here,
 And theatres open to the ſouth, commend ;
 Here, where the morning's miſty breath infeſts
 More than the torrid noon, how ſickly grow,
 How pale, the plants in thoſe ill-fated vales
 That, circled round with the gigantic heap
 Of mountains, never felt, nor ever hope
 To feel, the genial vigour of the ſun !
 While on the neighb'ring hill the roſe inflames
 The verdant ſpring ; in virgin beauty blows
 The tender lily, languiſhing ſweet ;
 O'er ev'ry hedge the wanton woodbine roves,
 And autumn ripens in the ſummer's ray.
 Nor leſs the warmer living tribes demand
 The ſoft'ring ſun, whoſe energy divine
 Dwells not in mortal fire ; whoſe gen'rous heat
 Glows thro' the maſs of groſſer elements,
 And kindles into life the pond'rous ſpheres.
 Cheer'd by thy kind invigorating warmth,
 We court thy beams, great Majeſty of Day !
 If not the ſoul, the regent of this world,
 Firſt-born of heav'n, and only leſs than God !

§ 70. *The Art of preſerving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK II. DIET.

ENOUGH of Air. A deſart ſubject now,
 Rougher and wilder, riſes to my ſight.
 A barren waſte, where not a garland grows
 To bind the Muſe's brow ; not ev'n a proud
 Stupendous ſolitude frowns o'er the heath,
 To rouſe a noble horror in the ſoul :
 But rugged paths fatigue, and error leads
 Thro' endleſs labyrinths the devious feet.
 Farewell, ethereal fields ! the humbler arts
 Of life ; the Table and the homely Gods
 Demand my ſong. Elyſian gales adieu ! [flow,
 The Blood, the fountain whence the ſpirits
 The gen'rous ſtream that waters ev'ry part,
 And motion, vigour, and warm life conveys
 To ev'ry particle that moves or lives ;
 This vital fluid, through unnumber'd tubes
 Pour'd by the heart, and to the heart again
 Refunded ; ſcourg'd for ever round and round ;
 Enrag'd with heat and toil, at laſt forgets
 Its balmy nature ; virulent and thin
 It grows ; and now, but that a thouſand gates
 Are open'd to its flight, it would deſtroy
 The parts it cheriſh'd and repair'd before.
 Beſides, the flexible and tender tubes
 Melt in the mildeſt moiſt nectareous tide

* The wild roſe, or that which grows on the common briar.

That rip'ning nature rolls; as in the stream
 Its crumbling banks; but what the vital force
 Of plastic fluids hourly batters down,
 That very force those plastic particles
 Rebuild; so mutable the state of man,
 For this the watchful appetite was giv'n,
 Daily with fresh materials to repair
 This unavoidable expence of life,
 This necessary waste of flesh and blood.
 Hence the concoctive pow'rs, with various art,
 Subdue the cruder aliments to chyle;
 The chyle to blood; the foamy purple tide
 To liquors, which through finer arteries
 To diff'rent parts their winding course pursue;
 To try new changes, and new forms put on,
 Or for the public, or some private use.

Nothing so foreign but th'athletic hind
 Can labour into blood. The hungry meal
 Alone he fears, or aliments too thin;
 By violent pow'rs too easily subdu'd,
 Too soon expell'd. His daily labour thaws
 To friendly chyle the most rebellious mass
 That salt can harden, or the smoke of years;
 Nor does his gorge the rancid bacon rue,
 Nor that which Cestria sends, tenaceous paste
 Of solid milk. But ye of softer clay,
 Infirm and delicate; and ye who waste
 With pale and bloated sloth the tedious day!
 Avoid the stubborn aliment, avoid
 The full repast; and let sagacious age
 Grow wiser, lesson'd by the dropping teeth.

Half subtiliz'd to chyle, the liquid food
 Readiest obeys th'affimilating pow'rs;
 And soon the tender vegetable mass
 Relents; and soon the young of those that tread
 The steadfast earth, or cleave the green abyss,
 Or pathless sky. And if the Steer must fall,
 In youth and sanguine vigour let him die;
 Nor stay till rigid age or heavy ails
 Absolve him ill-requited from the yoke.
 Some with high forage and luxuriant ease
 Indulge the vet'ran ox; but wiser thou,
 From the bald mountain or the barren downs
 Expect the flocks by frugal nature fed;
 A race of purer blood, with exercise
 Refin'd, and scanty fare: For, old or young,
 The stall'd are never healthy, nor the cramm'd,
 Not all the culinary arts can tame
 To wholesome food th'abominable growth
 Of rest and gluttony; the prudent taste
 Rejects like bane such loathsome lusciousness.
 The languid stomach curses ev'n the pure
 Delicious fat, and all the race of oil:
 For more the oily aliments relax
 Its feeble tone; and with the eager lymph
 (Fond to incorporate with all it meets)
 Coyly they mix, and shun with slipp'ry wiles
 The woo'd embrace. Th'irresoluble oil,
 So gentle late and blandishing, in floods
 Of rancid bile o'erflows: What tumults hence,
 What horrors rise, were nauseous to relate.
 Chuse leaner viands, ye whose jovial make
 Too fast the gummy nutriment imbibes:
 Chuse sober meals; and rouse to active life
 Your cumbrous clay; nor on th'enfeebled down,

Irresolute, protract the morning hours.
 But let the man whose bones are thinly clad,
 With cheerful ease and succulent repast
 Improve his slender habit. Each extreme
 From the blest mean of sanity departs.

I could relate what table this demands
 Or that complexion; what the various pow'rs
 Of various foods: But fifty years would roll,
 And fifty more, before the tale were done.
 Besides, there often lurks some nameless, strange,
 Peculiar thing; nor on the skin display'd,
 Felt in the pulse, nor in the habit seen,
 Which finds a poison in the food that most
 The temperature affects. There are, whose
 Impetuous rages thro' the turgid veins, [blood
 Who better bear the fiery fruits of Ind
 Than the moist Melon, or pale Cucumber.
 Of chily nature others fly the board
 Supply'd with slaughter; and the vernal pow'rs
 For cooler, kinder, sustenance implore.
 Some ev'n the gen'rous nutriment detest
 Which, in the shell, the sleeping embryo rears:
 Some, more unhappy still, repent the gifts
 Of Pales; soft, delicious, and benign;
 The balmy quintessence of ev'ry flow'r,
 And ev'ry grateful herb that decks the spring;
 The soft'ring dew of tender sprouting life;
 The best reflection of declining age;
 The kind restorative of those who lie
 Half-dead and panting, from the doubtful strife
 Of nature struggling in the grasp of death.
 Try all the bounties of this fertile globe,
 There is not such a salutary food
 As suits with ev'ry stomach. But (except,
 Amid the mingled mass of fish and fowl,
 And boil'd and bak'd, you hesitate by which
 You sunk oppress'd, or whether not by all)
 Taught by experience, soon you may discern
 What pleases, what offends. Avoid the cates
 That lull the sicken'd appetite too long;
 Or heave with feverish flushings all the face,
 Burn in the palms, and parch the rough'ning
 tongue;

Or much diminish'd or too much increase
 Th'expence which nature's wise oeconomy,
 Without or waste or avarice, maintains;
 Such cates abjur'd, let prowling hunger loose,
 And bid the curious palate roam at will;
 They scarce can err amid the various stores
 That burst the teeming entrails of the world.

Led by sagacious taste, the ruthless king
 Of beasts on blood and slaughter only lives;
 The tyger, form'd alike to cruel meals,
 Would at the manger starve: Of milder seeds
 The gen'rous horse to herbage and to grain
 Confines his wish; tho' fabled Greece resound
 The Thracian steeds with human carnage wild.
 Prompted by instinct's never-erring pow'r,
 Each creature knows its proper aliment;
 But man, th'inhabitant of ev'ry clime,
 With all the commoners of nature feeds.
 Directed, bounded, by this pow'r within,
 Their cravings are well aim'd: Voluptuous Man
 Is by superior faculties misled:
 Misled from pleasure ev'n in quest of joy.

Sated with nature's boons, what thousands seek,
With dishes tortur'd from their native taste,
And mad variety, to spurn beyond
Its wiser will the jaded appetite !
Is this for pleasure ? Learn a juster taste ;
And know, that temp'rance is true luxury.
Or is it pride ? Pursue some nobler aim :
Dismiss your parasites, who praise for hire,
And earn the fair esteem of honest men, [yours,
Whose praise is fame. Form'd of such clay as
The sick, the famish'd, shiver at your gates.
Ev'n modest want may bless your hand unseen,
Tho' hush'd in patient wretchedness at home.
Is there no virgin grac'd with ev'ry charm
But that which binds the mercenary vow ?
No youth of genius, whose neglected bloom,
Unfoster'd, sickens in the barren shade ?
No worthy man, by fortune's random blows,
Or by a heart too gen'rous and humane,
Constrain'd to leave his happy natal seat,
And sigh for wants more bitter than his own ?
There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust.

But other ills th'ambiguous feast pursue,
Besides provoking the lascivious taste.
Such various foods, tho' harmless each alone,
Each other violate ; and oft we see
What strife is brew'd, and what pernicious bane,
From combinations of innoxious things.
Th'unbounded taste I mean not to confine
To hermit's diet, needlessly severe.
But would you long the sweets of health enjoy,
Or husband pleasure ; at one impious meal
Exhaust not half the bounties of the year,
Of ev'ry realm. It matters not meanwhile
How much to-morrow differ from to-day ;
So far indulge : 'tis fit, besides, that man,
To change obnoxious, be to change inur'd.
But stay the curious appetite, and taste
With caution, fruits you never try'd before.
For want of use the kindest aliment
Sometimes offends ; while custom tames the rage
Of poison to mild amity with life.

So Heav'n has form'd us to the gen'ral taste
Of all its gifts ; so custom has improv'd
This bent of nature ; that few simple foods,
Of all that earth, or air, or ocean yield,
But by excess offend. Beyond the sense
Of light refection, at the genial board
Indulge not often ; nor protract the feast
To dull satiety ; till soft and slow
A drowsy death creeps on, th'expansive soul
Oppress'd, and smother'd the celestial fire.
The stomach, urg'd beyond its active tone,
Hardly to nutrimental chyle subdues
The softest food ; unfinish'd and deprav'd,
The chyle in all its future wand'rings, owns
Its turbid fountain ; not by purer streams
So to be clear'd, but foulness will remain.
To sparkling wine what ferment can exalt
Th'unripen'd grape ! Or what mechanic skill

From the crude ore can spin the ductile gold ?

Gross riot treasures up a wealthy fund
Of plagues : but more inmedicable ills
Attend the lean extreme. For physic knows
How to disburden the too tumid veins,
Ev'n how to ripen the half-labour'd blood :
But to unlock the elemental tubes,
Collaps'd and shrunk with long inanity,
And with balsamic nutriment repair
The dry'd and worn-out habit, were to bid
Old age grow green, and wear a second spring ;
Or the tall ash, long ravish'd from the soil,
Thro' wither'd veins imbibe the vernal dew.
When hunger calls, obey ; nor often wait
Till hunger sharpen to corrosive pain :
For the keen appetite will feast beyond
What nature well can bear ; and one extreme
Ne'er, without danger, meets its own reverse.
Too greedily th'exhausted veins absorb
The recent chyle, and load enfeebled pow'rs
Oft to th'extinction of the vital flame.
To the pale cities, by the firm-set siege
And famine humbled, may this verse be borne ;
And hear, ye hardiest sons that Albion breeds !
Long toss'd and famish'd on the wint'ry main ;
The war shook off, or hospitable shore [joy ;
Attain'd, with temp'rance bear the shock of
Nor crown with festive rites th'auspicious day :
Such feast might prove more fatal than the waves,
Than war or famine. While the vital fire
Burns feebly, heap not the green fuel on ;
But prudently foment the wand'ring spark
With what the soonest feels its kindred touch :
Be frugal ev'n of that : a little give
At first ; that kindled, add a little more ;
Till, by deliberate nourishing, the flame
Reviv'd, with all its wonted vigour glows.

But tho' the two (the full and the jejune)
Extremes have each their vice, it much avails
Ever with gentle tide to ebb and flow
From this to that : So nature learns to bear
Whatever chance or headlong appetite
May bring. Besides, a meagre day subdues
The cruder clods by sloth or luxury
Collected, and unloads the wheels of life.
Sometimes a coy aversion to the feast
Comes on, while yet no blacker omen lowers ;
Then is a time to shun the tempting board,
Were it your natal or your nuptial day.
Perhaps a fast so seasonably starves
The latent seeds of woe, which rooted once
Might cost you labour. But the day return'd
Of festal luxury, the wise indulge
Most in the tender vegetable breed :
Then chiefly when the summer beams inflame
The brazen heav'ns, or angry Sirius sheds
A feverish taint thro' the still gulph of air,
The moist cool viands then, and flowing cup
From the fresh dairy-virgin's lib'ral hand,
Will save your head from harm, tho' round the
world

The dreaded *Cautos rolls his wasteful fires.
Pale humid Winter loves the gen'rous board,

† The burning fever.

The meal more copious, and a warmer fare,
And longs with old wood and old wine to cheer
His quaking heart. The seasons which divide
Th'empire of heat and cold; by neither claim'd,
Influenc'd by both; a middle regimen
Impose. Thro' autumn's languishing domain
Descending, nature by degrees invites
To glowing luxury. But from the depth
Of winter, when th'invigorating year
Emerges; when Favonius, flush'd with love,
Toysful and young, in ev'ry breeze descends
More warm and wanton on his kindling bride;
Then, shepherds, then begin to spare your flocks,
And learn, with wise humanity, to check
The lust of blood. Now pregnant earth commits
A various offspring to th'indulgent sky:
Now bounteous nature feeds with lavish hand
The prone creation; yields what once suffic'd
Their dainty sov'reign, when the world was
young;

Ere yet the barb'rous thirst of blood had seiz'd
The human breast. Each rolling month matures
The food that suits it most; so does each clime.

Far in the horrid realms of Winter, where
Th'establish'd ocean heaps a monstrous waste
Of shining rocks and mountains to the pole,
There lives a hardy race, whose plainest wants
Relentless earth, their cruel step-mother,
Regards not. On the waste of iron fields,
Untam'd, intractable, no harvests wave:
Pomona hates them, and the clownish god
Who tends the garden. In this frozen world
Such cooling gifts were vain: a fitter meal
Is earn'd with ease; for here the fruitful spawn
Of Ocean swarms, and heaps their genial board
With gen'rous fare and luxury profuse.
These are their bread, the only bread they know;
These, and their willing slave, the deer, that crops
The shrubby herbage on the meagre hills.
Girt by the burning Zone, not thus the South
Her swarthy sons in either Ind maintains:
Or thirsty Libya, from whose fervid loins
The lion bursts, and ev'ry fiend that roams
Th'affrighted wilderness. The mountain herd,
Aust and dry, no sweet repast affords:
Nor does the tepid main such kinds produce,
So perfect, so delicious, as the shoals
Of icy Zembla. Rashly where the blood stain
Brews fev'rish frays; where scarce the tubes suf-
Its tumid fervour and tempestuous course,
Kind Nature tempts not to such gifts as these,
But here in livid ripeness melts the grape:
Here, finish'd by invigorating suns,
Thro' the green shade the golden orange glows:
Spontaneous here the turgid melon yields
A gen'rous pulp; the cocoa swells on high
With milky riches; and in horrid mail
The crisp Ananas wraps its poignant sweets.
Earth's vaunted progeny: In ruder air
Too coy to flourish, ev'n too proud to live;
Or hardly rais'd by artificial fire
To vapid life. Here, with a mother's smile,
Glad Amalthea pours a copious horn:
Here buxom Ceres reigns: Th'autumnal sea

In boundless billows fluctuates o'er their plains.
What suits the climate best, what suits the men,
Nature profuses most, and most the taste
Demands. The fountain, edg'd with racy wine
Or acid fruit, bedews their thirsty souls.
The breeze eternal, breathing round their limbs,
Supports in else intolerable air,
While the cool palm, the plantain, and the grove
That waves on gloomy Lebanon, assuage
The torrid hell that beams upon their heads.

Now come, ye Naiads, to the fountains lead;
Now let me wander thro' your gelid reign.
I burn to view th'enthusiastic wilds
By mortal else untrod. I hear the din
Of waters thund'ring o'er the ruin'd cliffs.
With holy rev'rence I approach the rocks [song.
Whence glide the streams renown'd in ancient
Here from the desert, down the rumbling steep,
First springs the Nile; here bursts the founding Po
In angry waves; Euphrates hence devolves
A mighty flood to water half the east;
And there, in Gothic solitude reclin'd,
The cheerless Tanais pours his hoary urn.
What solemn twilight! What stupendous shades
Enwrap these infant floods! Thro' ev'ry nerve
A sacred horror thrills, a pleasing fear
Glides o'er my frame. The forest deepens round;
And, more gigantic still, th'impending trees
Stretch their extravagant arms athwart the gloom.
Are these the confines of some fairy world?
A land of Genii? Say, beyond these wilds
What unknown nations! if indeed beyond
Aught habitable lies. And whither leads,
To what strange regions, or of bliss or pain,
That subterraneous way? Propitious maids,
Conduct me, while with fearful steps I tread
This trembling ground. The task remains to sing
Your gifts (so Pæon, so the pow'rs of health
Command) to praise your crystal element:
The chief ingredient in Heav'n's various works;
Whose flexile genius sparkles in the gem,
Grows firm in oak, and fugitive in wine;
The vehicle, the source, of nutriment
And life to all that vegetate or live.

O comfortable streams! With eager lips
And trembling hand the languid thirsty quaff
New life in you; fresh vigour fills their veins.
No warmer cups the rural ages knew;
None warmer sought the fires of human kind.
Happy in temp'rate peace! Their equal days
Felt not th'alternate fits of fev'rish mirth
And sick dejection. Still serene and pleas'd,
They knew no pains but what the tender soul
With pleasure yields to, and would ne'er forget.
Bless'd with divine immunity from ails,
Long centuries they liv'd; their only fate
Was ripe old age, and rather sleep than death.
Oh! could those worthies from the world of gods
Return to visit their degen'rate sons,
How would they scorn the joys of modern time,
With all our art and toil improv'd to pain!
Too happy they! But wealth brought luxury,
And luxury on sloth begot disease. [disdain

Learn temp'rance, friends; and hear without
The

The Choice of water. Thus the * Coan sage
Opin'd, and thus the learn'd of ev'ry school.
What least of foreign principles partakes
Is best : The lightest hen what bears the touch
Of fire the least, and soonest mounts in air ;
The most insipid ; the most void of smell.
Such the rude mountain from his horrid sides
Pours down ; such waters in the sandy vale
For ever boil, alike of winter frosts
And summer's heat secure. The crystal stream,
Through rocks resounding, or for many a mile
O'er the chaf'd pebbles hurl'd, yields wholesome,

pure, [thaws,
And mellow draughts ; except when winter
And half the mountains melt into the tide.
Tho' thirst was ne'er so resolute, avoid
The sordid lake, and all such drowsy floods
As fill from Lethe Belgia's flow canals
(With rest corrupt, with vegetation green ;
Squalid with generation, and the birth
Of little monsters !) till the pow'r of fire
Has from profane embraces disengag'd
The violated lymph. The virgin stream
In boiling, wastes its finer soul in air.

Nothing like simple element dilutes
The food, or gives the chyle so soon to flow.
But where the stomach indolently given,
Toys with its duty, animate with wine
Th'insipid stream : Tho' golden Ceres yields
A more voluptuous, a more sprightly draught ;
Perhaps more active. Wine unmix'd, and all
The gluey floods that from the vex'd abyss
Of fermentation spring ; with spirit fraught,
And furious with intoxicating fire ;
Retard concoction, and preserve unthaw'd
Th'embody'd mafs. You see what countless
years,

Embalin'd in fiery quintessences of wine,
The puny wonders of the reptile world,
The tender rudiments of life, the slim
Unravellings of minute anatomy,
Maintain their texture, and unchang'd remain.

We curse not wine : the vile excess we blame ;
More fruitful than the accumulated board,
Of pain and mis'rv. For the subtle draught
Faster and surer swells the vital tide ;
And with more active poison, than the floods
Of grosser crudity convey, pervades
The far remote meanders of our frame.
Ah ! sly deceiver ! Branded o'er and o'er,
Yet still believ'd ! Exulting o'er the wreck
Of sober vows ! — But the Parnassian Maids
† Another time, perhaps, shall sing the joys,
The fatal charms, the many woes of wine ;
Perhaps its various tribes and various powers.

* Of Hippocrates.

† See Book iv.

‡ In the human body, as well as in those of other animals, the larger blood-vessels are composed of smaller ones ; which, by the violent motion and pressure of the fluids in the large vessels, lose their cavities by degrees, and degenerate into impervious chords or fibres. In proportion as these small vessels become solid, the larger must of course grow less extensible, more rigid, and make a stronger resistance to the action of the heart and force of the blood. From this gradual condensation of the smaller vessels, and consequent rigidity of the larger ones, the progress of the human body, from infancy to old age, is accounted for.

Meantime, I would not always dread the
bowl,

Nor ev'ry trespass shun. The fev'rish strife,
Rous'd by the rare debauch, subdues, expels
The loit'ring crudities that burthen life ;
And, like a torrent full and rapid, clears
Th'obstructed tubes. Besides, this restless world
Is full of chances, which by habit's pow'r,
To learn to bear is easier than to shun.
Ah ! when ambition, meagre love of gold,
Or sacred country calls, with mellowing wine
To moisten well the thirsty suffrages,
Say how, unseason'd to the midnight frays
Of Comus and his rout, wilt thou contend
With Centaurs long to hardy deeds inur'd ?
Then learn to revel ; but by slow degrees :
By slow degrees the lib'ral arts are won,
And Hercules grew strong. But when you
smooth

The brows of care, indulge your festive vein
In cups by well inform'd experience found
The least your bane, and only with your friends.
There are sweet follies ; frailties to be seen
By friends alone, and men of gen'rous minds.

Oh ! seldom may the fated hours return
Of drinking deep ! I would not daily taste,
Except when life declines, even sober cups.
Weak withering age no rigid law forbids,
With frugal nectar, smooth and slow, with balm
The sapless habit daily to bedew,
And give the hesitating wheels of life
Gliblier to play. But youth has better joys :
And is it wise when youth with pleasure flows,
To squander the reliefs of age and pain ?

What dext'rous thousands just within the goal
Of wild debauch direct their nightly course !
Perhaps no sickly qualms bedim their days,
No morning admonitions shock the head.
But ah ! what woes remain ! Life rolls apace,
And that incurable disease, old age,
In youthful bodies more severely felt,
More sternly active, shakes their blasted prime,
Except kind Nature, by some hasty blow,
Prevent the ling'ring fates. For know, whate'er
Beyond its natural fervour hurries on
The sanguine tide ; whether the frequent bowl,
High season'd fare, or exercise to toil
Protracted, spurs to its last stage tir'd life,
And sows the temples with untimely snow.
When life is new, the ductile fibres feel
The heart's increasing force ; and, day by day,
The growth advances ; till the larger tubes,
Acquiring (from their ‡ elemental veins,
Condens'd to solid chords) a firmer tone,
Sustain and just sustain, th'impetuous blood.

Here

Here stops the growth. With overbearing pulse
And pressure, still the great destroy the small;
Still with the ruins of the small grow strong.
Life glows meantime amid the grinding force
Of viscous fluids and elastic tubes;
Its various functions vig'rously are ply'd
By strong machinery; and in solid health
The Man confirm'd long, triumphs o'er disease.
But the full ocean ebbs: There is a point,
By nature fix'd, whence life must downwards
For still the beating tide consolidates [tend;
The stubborn vessels, more reluctant still
To the weak throbs of th'ill-supported heart.
This languishing, these strength'ning by degrees
To hard unyielding unelastic bone,
Thro' tedious channels the congealing flood
Crawls lazily, and hardly wanders on;
It loiters still: And now it stirs no more.
This is the period few attain; the death
Of nature; thus (so Heav'n ordain'd it) life
Destroys itself; and could these laws have
chang'd,

Nestor might now the fates of Troy relate,
And Homer live immortal as his song.

What does not fade? The tower that long had
stood

The crash of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass,
Descend: the Babylonian spires are sunk;
Achaia, Rome, and Egypt moulder down.
Time shakes the stable tyranny of thrones,
And tot'ring empires rush by their own weight.
This huge rotundity we tread grows old;
And all those worlds that roll around the sun;
The sun himself shall die; and ancient Night
Again involve the desolate abyss,
Till the great Father thro' the lifeless gloom
Extend his arm to light another world,
And bid new planets roll by other laws.
For thro' the regions of unbounded space,
Where unconfin'd Omnipotence has room,
Being in various systems, fluctuates still
Between creation and abhor'd decay:
It ever did; perhaps and ever will.
New worlds are still emerging from the deep;
The old descending, in their turns to rise.

§ 71. *The Art of preserving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK III. EXERCISE.

THRO' various toils th'adventurous Muse has
past;

But half the toil, and more than half, remains.
Rude is her theme, and hardly fit for song;
Plain, and of little ornament; and I
But little practis'd in th'Aonian arts,
Yet not in vain such labours have we try'd,
If aught these lays the fickle health confirm.
To you, ye delicate, I write; for you
I tame my youth to philosophic cares,
And grow still paler by the midnight lamps.

Not to debilitate with timorous rules
A hardy frame, nor needlessly to brave
Unglorious dangers, proud of mortal strength,
Is all the lesson that in wholesome years
Concerns the strong. His care were ill-bestow'd
Who would with warm effeminacy nurse
The thriving oak which on the mountain's brow
Bears all the blasts that sweep the wint'ry haven.
Behold the labourer of the glebe, who toils
In dust, in rain, in cold and sultry skies:
Save but the grain from mildews and the flood,
Nought anxious he what sickly stars ascend.
He knows no laws by Esculapius given;
He studies none. Yet him nor midnight fogs
Infest, nor those envenom'd shafts that fly
When rabid Sirius fires th'autumnal noon.
His habit pure with plain and temperate meals,
Robust with labour, and by custom steel'd
To ev'ry casualty of varied life;
Serene he bars the peevish Eastern blast,
And uninfected breathes the mortal South.

Such the reward of rude and sober life;
Of labour such. By health the peasant's toil
Is well repaid, if exercise were pain
Indeed, and temp'rance pain. By arts like these
Laconia nurs'd of old her hardy sons;
And Rome's unconquer'd legions urg'd their way,
Unhurt, thro' ev'ry toil, in ev'ry clime.

Toil, and be strong. By toil the flaccid nerves
Grow firm, and gain a more compacted tone;
The greener juices are by toil subdu'd,
Mellow'd, and subtiliz'd; the vapid old
Expell'd, and all the rancour of the blood.
Come, my companions, ye who feel the charms
Of nature and the year; come, let us stray
Where chance and fancy leads our roving walk:
Come, while the soft voluptuous breezes fan
The fleecy heav'ns, enwrap the limbs with balm,
And shed a charming languor o'er the soul.
Nor when bright Winter sows with prickly frost
The vigorous ether, in unmanly warmth
Indulge at home; nor even when Eurys' blasts
This way and that convolve the lab'ring woods.
My lib'ral walks, save when the skies in rain
Or fogs relent, no season should confine
Or to the cloister'd gallery or arcade.
Go, climb the mountain: from th'ethereal source
Imbibe the recent gale. The cheerful morn
Beams o'er the hills; go, mount th'exulting steed.
Already, see, the deep-mouth'd beagles catch
The tainted mazes; and, on eager sport
Intent, with emulous impatience try
Each doubtful trace. Or, if a nobler prey
Delight you more, go chase the desp'rate deer;
And thro' its deepest solitudes awake
The vocal forest with the jovial horn.

But if the breathless chace o'er hill and dale
Exceed your strength, a sport of less fatigue,
Not less delightful, the prolific stream
Affords. The crystal rivulet, that o'er
A stony channel rolls its rapid maze,
Swarms with the silver fry. Such, thro' the
bounds

Of pastoral Stafford, runs the brawling Trent;
Such

Such Eden, sprung from Cumbrian mountains;
such [stream]

The Esk, o'erhung with woods; and such the
On whose Arcadian banks I first drew air,
Liddal; till now, except in Doric lays
Tun'd to her murmurs by her love-sick swains,
Unknown in song: Tho' not a purer stream,
Thro' meads more flow'ry or more romantic
groves, [flood!]

Rolls t'ward the western main. Hail, sacred
May still thy hospitable swains be blest
In rural innocence; thy mountains still
Teem with the fleecy race; thy tuneful woods
For ever flourish; and thy vales look gay
With painted meadows and the golden grain!
Oft with thy blooming sons when life was new,
Sportive and petulant, and charm'd with toys,
In thy transparent eddies have I lav'd:
Oft trac'd with patient steps thy fairy banks
With the well-imitated fly, to hook
The eager trout, and with the slender line
And yielding rod solicit to the shore
The struggling panting prey; while vernal clouds
And tepid gales obscur'd the ruffled pool,
And from the deeps call'd forth the wanton swarms.

Form'd on the Samian school, or those of Ind,
There are who think these pastimes scarce hu-
Yet in my mind (and not relentless I) [mane;
His life is pure that wears no fouler stains.
But if thro' genuine tenderness of heart,
Or secret want of relish for the game,
You thum the glories of the chace, nor care
To haunt the peopled stream; the garden yields
A soft amusement, a humane delight.
To raise th'insipid nature of the ground,
Or tame its savage genius to the grace
Of careless sweet rusticity, that seems
The amiable result of happy chance,
Is to create, and gives a godlike joy,
Which ev'ry year improves. Nor thou disdain
To check the lawless riot of the trees,
To plant the grove, or turn the barren mould.
O happy he whom when his years decline
(His fortune and his fame by worthy means
Attain'd, and equal to his mod'rate mind;
His life approv'd by all the wise and good,
E'en envy'd by the vain) the peaceful groves
Of Epicurus from this stormy world,
Receive to rest; of all ungrateful cares
Absolv'd, and faced from the selfish crowd.
Happiest of men! if the same soil invites
A chosen few companions of his youth;
Once fellow-rakes, perhaps now rural friends;
With whom in easy commerce to pursue
Nature's free charms, and vie for sylvan fame:
A fair ambition; void of strife or guile,
Or jealousy, or pain to be outdone.
Who plans th'enchanted garden, who directs
The vifo best, and best conducts the stream;
Whose groves the fastest thicken and ascend;
Whom first the welcome spring salutes; who shews
The earliest bloom, the sweetest, proudest charms
Of Flora: who best gives Pomona's juice

To match the sprightly genius of champaign.
Thrice happy days! in rural bus'ness past:
Blest winter-nights! when, as the genial fire
Cheers the wide hall, his cordial family
With soft domestic arts the hours beguile,
And pleasing talk that starts no tim'rous fame,
With witless wantonness to hunt it down:
Or thro' the Fairy-land of tale or song
Delighted wander, in fictitious fates
Engag'd, and all that strikes humanity:
Till, lost in fable, they the stealing hour
Of timely rest forget. Sometimes, at eve,
His neighbours lift the latch, and blest unbid
His festal roof; while, o'er the light repast
And sprightly cups, they mix in social joy;
And, thro' the maze of conversation, trace
Whate'er amuses or improves the mind.
Sometimes at eve (for I delight to taste
The native zest and flavour of the fruit
Where sense grows wild, and takes of no manure)
The decent, honest, cheerful husbandman
Should drown his labours in my friendly bowl;
And at my table find himself at home.
Whate'er you study, in whate'er you sweat,
Indulge your taste. Some love the manly foils;
The tennis some, and some the graceful dance;
Others, more hardy, range the purple heath
Or naked stubble; where, from field to field
The founding coveys urge their lab'ring flight;
Eager, amid the rising cloud, to pour
The gun's unerring thunder: And there are
Whom still the meed of the green archer charms.
He chuses best, whose labour entertains
His vacant fancy most: The toil you hate
Fatigues you soon, and scarce improves your limbs.

As beauty still has blemish, and the mind
The most accomplish'd its imperfect side,
Few bodies are there of that happy mould
But some one part is weaker than the rest:
The legs, perhaps, or arms refuse their load,
Or the chest labours. These assiduously
But gently in their proper arts employ'd,
Acquire a vigour and springy activity
To which they were not born. But weaker parts
Abhor fatigue and violent discipline.

Begin with gentle toils; and as your nerves
Grow firm, to hardier by just steps aspire.
The prudent, ev'n in ev'ry mod'rate walk,
At first but faunter, and, by slow degrees,
Increase their pace. This doctrine of the wise
Well knows the master of the flying steed.
First from the goal the manag'd couriers play
On bended reins; as yet the skilful youth
Repress their foamy pride; but ev'ry breath
The race grows warmer, and the tempest swells,
Till all the fiery mettle has its way,
And the thick thunder hurries o'er the plain.
When all at once, from indolence to toil,
You spring, the fibres by the hasty shock
Are tir'd and crack'd, before their unctuous coats,
Compress'd, can pour this lubricating balm.
Besides, collected in the passive veins,
The purple mass a sudden torrent rolls,

* This word is much used by some of the old English poets, and signifies Reward or Prize.

O'erpow'rs the heart, and deluges the lungs
With dang'rous inundation : Oft the source
Of fatal woes ; a cough that foams with blood,
Asthma, and feller Peripneumony †,
Or the slow minings of the hectic fire.

Th'athletic fool, to whom what Heav'n deny'd
Of soul is well compensated in limbs,
Oft from his rage, or brainless frolic, feels
His vegetation and brute force decay.
The men of better clay and finer mould,
Know nature, feel the human dignity,
And scorn to vie with oxen or with apes.
Pursu'd proluxly, ev'n the gentlest toil
Is waste of health : repose, by small fatigue,
Is earn'd ; and (where your habit is not prone
To thaw) by the first moisture of the brows
The fine and subtle spirits cost too much
To be profus'd, too much the roscid balm.
But when the hard varieties of life
You toil to learn, or try the dusty chace,
Or the warm deeds of some important day ;
Hot from the field, indulge not yet your limbs
In with'd repose, nor court the fanning gale,
Nor taste the spring. O ! by the sacred tears
Of widows, orphans, mothers, sisters, fires,
Forbear ! No other pestilence has driven
Such myriads o'er th'irremediable deep.
Why this so fatal, the sagacious Mæcenas
Thro' nature's cunning labyrinths could trace :
But there are secrets which who knows not now,
Must, ere he reach them, climb the heapy Alps
Of science, and devote seven years to toil.
Besides, I would not stun your patient ears
With what it little boots you to attain.
He knows enough, the mariner, who knows
Where lurk the shelves, and where the whirl-
pools boil,

What signs portend the storm : To subtler minds
He leaves to scan, from what mysterious cause
Charybdis rages in th' Ionian wave ;
Whence those impetuous currents in the main,
Which neither oar nor sail can stem ; and why
The rough'ning deep expects the storm as sure
As red Orion mounts the shrouded heav'n.

In ancient times, when Rome with Athens vy'd
For polish'd luxury and useful arts ;
All hot and reeking from th'Olympic strife,
And warm Palestra, in the tepid bath
Th'athletic youth relax'd their weary'd limbs,
Soft oils bedew'd them, with the grateful pow'rs
Of nard and cassia fraught, to soothe and heal
The cherish'd nerves. Our less voluptuous
clime

Not much invites us to such arts as these.
'Tis not for those whom gelid skies embrace,
And chilling fogs ; whose perspiration feels
Such frequent bars from Eurus and the North ;
'Tis not for those to cultivate the skin
Too soft, or teach the recremental fume
Too fast to crowd thro' such precarious ways ;
For thro' the small arterial mouths, that pierce
In endless millions the close-woven skin,

The baser fluids in a constant stream
Escape, and viewless melt into the winds.
While this eternal, this most copious, waste
Of blood degen'rate into vapid brine,
Maintains its wonted measure, all the pow'rs
Of health befriend you, all the wheels of life
With ease and pleasure move : but this restrain'd
Or more or less, so more or less you feel
The functions labour : from this fatal source
What woes descend is never to be sung.
To take their numbers were to count the sands
That ride in whirlwind the parch'd Lybian air ;
Or waves that, when the blust'ring North em-
broils

The Baltic, thunder on the German shore.
Subject not then by soft emollient arts
This grand expence on which your fates depend,
To ev'ry caprice of the sky ; nor thwart
The genius of your clime : For from the blood
Least sickle rise the recremental steams,
And least obnoxious to the styptic air, [pores,
Which breathe thro' straiter and more callous
The temper'd Scythian hence, half-naked treads
His boundless snows, nor rues th'inclement ha-
And hence our painted ancestors defy'd [ven;
The East ; nor curs'd, like us, their sickle sky.

The body, moulded by the clime, endures
Th'equator heats or Hyperborean frost :
Except, by habits foreign to its turn,
Unwise you counteract its forming pow'r.
Rude at the first, the winter shocks you less
By long acquaintance : Study then your sky,
Form to its manners your obsequious frame,
And learn to suffer what you cannot shun.
Against the rigours of a damp cold heav'n
To fortify their bodies, some frequent
The gelid cistern ; and, where nought forbids,
I praise their dauntless heart : A frame so steel'd
Dreads not the cough, not those ungenial blasts
That breathe the Tertian or fell Rheumatism ;
The nerves so temper'd never quit their tone ;
No chronic languors haunt such hardy breasts.
But all things have their bounds : and he who
makes

By daily use the kindest regimen
Essential to his health, should never mix
With human kind, nor art nor trade pursue.
He not the safe vicissitudes of life
Without some shock endures ; ill fitted he
To want the known, or bear unusual things.
Besides, the pow'rful remedies of pain
(Since pain, in spite of all our care, will come)
Should never with your prosp'rous days of health
Grow too familiar : for, by frequent use,
The strongest medicines lose their healing pow'r ;
And even the purest poisons theirs to kill.

Let those who from the frozen Arctos reach
Parch'd Mauritania or the sultry West,
Or the wide flood thro' rich Indostan roll'd,
Plunge thrice a day, and in the tepid wave
Untwist their stubborn pores ; that full and free
Th'evaporation thro' the soften'd skin

† The inflammation of the lungs.

May bear proportion to the swelling blood.
 So shall they 'scape the fever's rapid flames;
 So feel untainted the hot breath of hell.
 With us, the man of no complaint demands
 The warm ablution, just enough to clear
 The fluices of the skin, enough to keep
 The body sacred from indecent soil.
 Still to be pure, ev'n did it not conduce
 (As much it does) to health, were greatly worth
 Your daily pains. 'Tis this adorns the rich;
 The want of this is Poverty's worst woe;
 With this external virtue Age maintains
 A decent grace; without it, Youth and charms
 Are loathsome. This the Venal Graces know;
 So doubtless do your wives; for marry'd fires,
 As well as lovers, still pretend to taste;
 Nor is it less (all prudent wives can tell)
 To lose a husband's than a lover's heart.

But now the hours and seasons when to toil,
 From foreign themes recal my wand'ring song,
 Some labour fasting, or but slightly fed,
 To lull the grinding stomach's hungry rage.
 Where nature feeds too corpulent a frame
 'Tis wisely done; for while the thirsty veins,
 Impatient of lean penury, devour
 The treasur'd oil, then is the happiest time
 To shake the lazy balsam from its cells.
 Now while the stomach from the full repast
 Subsides, but ere returning hunger gnaws,
 Ye leaner habits, give an hour to toil;
 And ye whom no luxuriancy of growth
 Oppresses yet, or threatens to oppress,
 But from the recent meal no labours please,
 Of limbs or mind. For now the cordial pow'rs
 Claim all the wand'ring spirits to a work
 Of strong and subtle toil, and great event:
 A work of time: and you may rue the day
 You hurried, with untimely exercise,
 A half-concocted chyle into the blood.
 The body, overcharg'd with unctuous phlegm,
 Much toil demands: The lean elastic less.
 While winter chills the blood and binds the veins,
 No labours are too hard: by those you 'scape
 The slow diseases of the torpid year;
 Endless to name; to one of which alone,
 To that which tears the nerves, the toil of slaves
 Is pleasure: Oh! from such inhuman pains
 May all be free who merit not the wheel;
 But from the burning Lion, when the sun
 Pours down his sultry wrath; now while the
 Too much already maddens in the veins, [blood
 And all the finer fluids thro' the skin
 Explore their flight; me, near the cool cascade
 Reclin'd, or saunt'ring in the lofty grove,
 No needless slight occasion should engage
 To pant and sweat beneath the fiery noon.
 Now the fresh morn alone and mellow eve,
 To shady walks and active rural sports
 Invite. But while the chilling dews descend,
 May nothing tempt you to the cold embrace
 Of humid skies; tho' tis no vulgar joy
 To trace the horrors of the solemn wood
 While the soft ev'ning saddens into night:
 Tho' the sweet Poet of the vernal groves

Melts all the night in strains of am'rous woe.

The shades descend, and midnight o'erthrews the world
 Expands her sable wings. Great Nature droops
 Thro' all her works. Now happy the whose toil
 Has o'er his languid pow'rlet's limbs diffus'd
 A pleasing lassitude: He not in vain
 Invokes the gentle Deity of dreams.
 His powers the most voluptuously dissolve
 In soft repose: On him the balmy dews
 Of sleep with double nutriment descend.
 But would you sweetly waste the blank of night
 In deep oblivion; or on Fancy's wings
 Visit the paradise of happy dreams,
 And waken cheerful as the lively morn,—
 Oppress not Nature sinking down to rest
 With feasts too late, too solid, or too full:
 But be the first concoction half-matur'd
 Ere you to mighty indolence resign
 Your passive faculties. He from the toils
 And trouble of the day to heavier toil [rocks
 Retires, whom trembling from the tow'r that
 Amid the clouds, or Calpe's hideous height,
 The busy dæmons hurl: or in the main
 O'erwhelm; or bury struggling under ground.
 Not all a monarch's luxury the woes
 Can counterpoise of that most wretched man,
 Whose nights are shaken with the frantic fits
 Of wild Orestes; whose delirious brain,
 Stung by the Furies, works with poison'd thought:
 While pale and monstrous panting shocks the soul;
 And mangled consciousness bemoans itself
 For ever torn; and chaos floating round.
 What dreams preface, what dangers these or those
 Portend to sanity, tho' prudent seers
 Reveal'd of old, and men of deathless fame,
 We would not to the superstitious mind
 Suggest new throbs, new vanities of fear:
 'Tis ours to teach you from the peaceful night
 To banish omens and all restless woes.

In study some protract the silent hours,
 Which others consecrate to mirth and wine;
 And sleep till noon, and hardly live till night.
 But surely this redeems not from the shades
 One hour of life. Nor does it nought avail
 What season you to drowsy Morpheus give
 Of th'ever-varying circle of the day:
 Or whether, thro' the tedious winter gloom,
 You tempt the midnight or the morning damps.
 The body, fresh and vigorous from repose,
 Defies the early fogs: but, by the toils,
 Of wakeful day exhausted and unstrung,
 Weakly resists the night's unwholesome breath.
 The grand discharge, th'effusion of the skin,
 Slowly impair'd, the languid maladies
 Creep on, and thro' the sick'ning functions steal.
 So, when the chilling East invades the spring,
 The delicate Narcissus pines away
 In hectic languor; and a slow disease
 Taints all the family of flowers, condemn'd
 To cruel heav'ns. But why already prone
 To fade, should beauty cherish its own bane?
 O shame! O pity! nipt with pale Quadrille.
 And midnight cares, the bloom of Albion dies!
 By toil subdu'd, the Warrior and the Hind.

Sleep

Sleep fast and deep: their active functions soon
 With gen'rous streams the subtle tubes supply;
 And soon the tonic irritable nerves
 Feel the fresh impulse, and awake the soul.
 The sons of indolence with long repose
 Grow torpid; and with slowest Lethe drunk,
 Feebly and ling'ring return to life,
 Blunt ev'ry sense, and pow'rless ev'ry limb.
 Ye prone to sleep (whom sleeping most annoys)
 On the hard matras or elastic couch [sloth;
 Extend your limbs, and wean yourselves from
 Nor grudge the lean projector, of dry brain
 And springy nerves, the blandishments of down:
 Nor envy while the buried Bacchanal
 Exhales his surfeit in prolixer dreams.

He without riot, in the balmy feast
 Of life, the wants of nature has supply'd
 Who rises cool, serene, and full of soul.
 But pliant nature more or less demands,
 As custom forms her; and all sudden change
 She hates of habit, ev'n from bad to good.
 If faults in life, or new emergencies,
 From habits urge you by long time confirm'd,
 Slow may the change arrive, and stage by stage;
 Slow as the shadow o'er the dial moves;
 Slow as the stealing progress of the year.

Observe the circling year. How unperceiv'd
 Her seasons change! Behold! by slow degrees,
 Stern Winter tam'd into a ruder Spring;
 The ripen'd Spring a milder Summer glows;
 Departing Summer sheds Pomona's store;
 And aged Autumn brews the Winter-storm.
 Slow as they come, these changes come not void
 Of mortal shocks: The cold and torrid reigns,
 The two great periods of th'important year,
 Are in their first approaches seldom safe:
 Funereal Autumn all the sickly dread,
 And the black fates deform the lovely Spring.
 He well advis'd, who taught our wiser fires
 Early to borrow Muscovy's warm spoils,
 Ere the first frost has touch'd the tender blade;
 And late resign them, tho' the wanton Spring
 Should deck her charms with all her sister's rays;
 For while the effluence of the skin maintains
 Its native measure, the pleuretic Spring
 Glides harmless by; and Autumn, sick to death
 With fallow Quartans, no contagion breathes.

I in prophetic numbers could unfold
 The omens of the year: what seasons teem
 With what diseases; what the humid South
 Prepares, and what the Demon of the East:
 But you perhaps refuse the tedious song.
 Besides whatever plagues, in heat, or cold,
 Or drought, the moisture dwell, they hurt not you,
 Skill'd to correct the vices of the sky,
 And taught already how to each extreme
 To bend your life. But should the public bane
 Infect you; or some trespass of your own,
 Or flaw of nature, hint mortality,—
 Soon as a not unpleasing horror glides
 Along the spine, thro' all your torpid limbs;
 When first the head throbs, or the stomach feels
 A sickly load, a weary pain the loins,
 Be Celsus call'd: The fates come rushing on;

The rapid fates admit of no delay,
 While wilful you, and fatally secure,
 Expect to-morrow's more auspicious sun,
 The growing pest, whose infancy was weak
 And easy vanquish'd, with triumphant sway
 O'erpow'rs your life. For want of timely care,
 Millions have dy'd of medicable wounds.

Ah! in what perils is vain life engag'd!
 What slight neglects, what trivial faults destroy
 The hardiest frame! Of indolence, of toil,
 We die; of want, of superfluity:
 The all-surrounding heav'n, the vital air,
 Is big with death. And, tho' the putrid South
 Be shut; tho' no convulsive agony
 Shake, from the deep foundation of the world,
 Th'imprison'd plagues, a secret venom, oft
 Corrupts the air, the water, and the land.
 What livid deaths has sad Byzantium seen!
 How oft has Cairo, with a mother's woe,
 Wept o'er her slaughter'd sons and lonely streets!
 E'en Albion, girt with less malignant skies,
 Albion the poison of the gods has drank,
 And felt the sting of monsters all her own.

Ere yet the fell Plantagenets had spent
 Their ancient rage at Bosworth's purple field;
 While, for which tyrant England should receive,
 Her legions in incestuous murders mix'd,
 And daily horrors; till the fates were drunk
 With kindred blood by kindred hands profus'd,
 Another plague of more gigantic arm
 Arose, a monster never known before,
 Rear'd from Cocytus its portentous head.
 This rapid fury not, like other pests,
 Pursu'd a gradual course, but in a day
 Rush'd as a storm o'er half th'astronish'd isle,
 And strew'd with sudden carcases the land.

First thro' the shoulders, or whatever part
 Was seiz'd the first, a fervid vapour sprung.
 With rash combustion thence, the quivering spark
 Shot to the heart, and kindled all within:
 And soon the surface caught the spreading fires.
 Thro' all the yielding pores the melted blood
 Gush'd out in smoky sweats; but nought assuag'd
 The torrid heat within, nor aught reliev'd
 The stomach's anguish. With incessant toil,
 Desperate of ease, impatient of their pain,
 They toils'd from side to side. In vain the stream
 Ran full and clear, they burnt and thirsted still,
 The restless arteries with rapid blood
 Beat strong and frequent. Thick and pantingly
 The breath was fetch'd, and with huge lab'rings
 At last a heavy pain oppress'd the head; [heav'd:
 A wild delirium came; their weeping friends
 Were strangers now, and this no home of theirs.
 Harra's'd with toil on toil, the sinking pow'rs
 Lay prostrate and o'erthrown; a pond'rous sleep
 Wrapt all the senses up: They slept and dy'd.
 In some, a gentle horror crept at first
 O'er all the limbs; the sluices of the skin
 Withheld their moisture, till, by art provok'd,
 The sweats o'erflow'd; but in a clammy tide:
 Now free and copious, now restrain'd and slow
 Of tinctures various, as the temperature
 Had mix'd the blood; and rank with fetid streams:

As if the pent-up humours by delay
Were grown more fell, more putrid, and malign.
Here lay their hopes (tho' little hope remain'd)
With full effusion of perpetual sweats
To drive the venom out. And here the fates
Were kind, that long they linger'd not in pain.
For who surviv'd the sun's diurnal race,
Rose from the dreary gates of hell redeem'd:
Some the sixth hour oppress'd, and some the third.

Of many thousands few untainted 'scap'd;
Of those infected, fewer 'scap'd alive;
Of those who liv'd, some felt a second blow;
And whom the second spar'd a third destroy'd!
Frantic with fear, they sought by flight to shun
The fierce contagion. O'er the mournful land
Th'infected city pour'd her hurrying swarms:
Rous'd by the flames that fir'd her seats around,
Th'infected country rush'd into the town.
Some, sad at home, and in the desert some,
Abjur'd the fatal commerce of mankind;
In vain: where'er they fled the fates pursu'd.
Others, with hopes more specious, cross'd the
main,

To seek protection in far distant skies;
But none they found. It seem'd the gen'ral air,
From pole to pole, from Atlas to the East,
Was then at enmity with English blood!
For, but the race of England, all were safe
In foreign climes; nor did this fury taste
The foreign blood which England then contain'd!
Where should they fly? The circumambient
heav'n

Involv'd them still; and ev'ry breeze was bane.
Where find relief? The salutary art
Was mute; and, startled at the new disease,
In fearful whispers hopeless omens gave.
To Heav'n with suppliant rites they sent their
pray'rs;

Heav'n heard them not. Of ev'ry hope depriv'd,
Fatigu'd with vain resources, and subdu'd
With woes resistless and enfeebling fear,
Passive they sunk beneath the weighty blow.
Nothing but lamentable sounds were heard,
Nor aught was seen but ghastly views of death.
Infectious horror ran from face to face,
And pale despair. 'Twas all the bus'ness then
To tend the sick, and in their turns to die.
In heaps they fell: and oft one bed, they say,
The sick'ning, dying, and the dead contain'd.

Ye guardian Gods, on whom the fates depend
Of tott'ring Albion! ye eternal fires [pow'rs
That lead thro' heav'n the wand'ring year! ye
That o'er th'encircling elements preside!
May nothing worse than what this age has seen
Arrive! Enough abroad, enough at home
Has Albion bled. Here a distemper'd heav'n
Has thinn'd her cities; from those lofty cliffs
That awe proud Gaul, to Thule's wintry reign;
While in the West, beyond th'Atlantic foam,
Her bravest sons, keen for the fight, have dy'd
The death of cowards and of common men:
Sunk void of wounds, and fall'n without renown.

But from these views the weeping Muses turn,
And other themes invite my wand'ring song.

§ 72. *The Art of Preserving Health.* ARMSTRONG.

BOOK IV. THE PASSIONS.

THE choice of aliment, the choice of air,
The use of toil, and all external things,
Already sung; it now remains to trace
What good, what evil, from ourselves proceeds,
And how the subtle principle within
Inspires with health, or mines with strange decay
The passive body. Ye poetic shades,
That know the secrets of the world unseen,
Assist my song! for, in a doubtful theme
Engag'd, I wander thro' mysterious ways.

There is, they say (and I believe there is)
A spark within us of th'immortal fire,
That animates and moulds the grosser frame;
And when the body sinks, escapes to heav'n,
Its native seat, and mixes with the Gods.
Meanwhile this heav'nly particle pervades
The mortal elements; in ev'ry nerve
It thrills with pleasure, or grows mad with pain:
And, in its secret conclave, as it feels
The body's woes and joys, this ruling pow'r
Wields at its will the dull material world,
And is the body's health or malady.

By its own toil the gross corporeal frame
Fatigues, extenuates, or destroys itself.
Nor less the labours of the mind corrode
The solid fabric: for, by subtle parts
And viewless atoms, secret Nature moves
The mighty wheels of this stupendous world.
By subtle fluids, pour'd thro' subtle tubes,
The nat'ral, vital, functions are perform'd.
By these the stubborn aliments are tam'd;
The toiling heart distributes life and strength;
These the still-crumbling frame rebuild; and these
Are lost in thinking, and dissolve in air.

But 'tis not Thought (for still the soul's em-
ploy'd)
'Tis painful thinking that corrodes our clay.
All day the vacant eye without fatigue
Strays o'er the heav'n and earth; but long intent
On microscopic arts, its vigour fails.
Just so the mind, with various thoughts amus'd,
Nor akes itself, nor gives the body pain;
But anxious Study, Discontent, and Care,
Love without hope, and Hate without revenge,
And Fear, and Jealousy, fatigue the soul,
Engross the subtle ministers of life,
And spoil the lab'ring functions of their share.
Hence the lean gloom that Melancholy wears;
The Lover's paleness, and the fallow hue
Of Envy, Jealousy, the meagre stare
Of sore Revenge: the canker'd body hence
Betrays each fretful motion of the mind. [day
The strong-built pedant, who both night and
Feeds on the coarsest fare the schools bestow,
And crudely fattens at gross Burman's stall,
O'erwhelm'd with phlegm, lies in a dropsey
drown'd,

Or sinks in lethargy before his time.
With useful studies you, and arts that please,
Employ your mind; amuse but not fatigue.

Peace

Peace to each drowsy metaphysic sage!
And ever may all heavy systems rest!
Yet some there are, ev'n of elastic parts;
Whom strong and obstinate ambition leads
Thro' all the rugged roads of barren lore,
And gives to relish what their gen'rous taste
Would else refuse. But may nor thirst of fame,
Nor love of knowledge, urge you to fatigue
With constant drudgery the lib'ral soul!
Toy with your books: and as the various fits
Of humour seize you, from Philosophy
To Fable shift; from serious Antonine
To Rabelais' ravings, and from prose to song.

While reading pleases, but no longer, read;
And read aloud, resounding Homer's strain,
And wield the thunder of Demosthenes.
The chest so exercis'd improves its strength;
And quick vibrations thro' the bowels drive
The restless blood, which in inactive days
Would loiter else thro' unelastic tubes.
Deem it not trifling while I recommend
What posture suits: To stand and sit by turns,
As nature prompts, is best. But o'er your leaves
To lean for ever, cramps the vital parts,
And robs the fine machinery of its play.

'Tis the great art of life to manage well
The restless mind. For ever on pursuit
Of knowledge bent, it starves the grosser pow'rs:
Quite unemploy'd, against its own repose
It turns its fatal edge; and sharper pangs
Than what the body knows embitter life.
Chiefly where Solitude, sad nurse of Care,
To sickly musing gives the pensive mind,
There Madness enters; and the dim-ey'd Fiend,
Sour Melancholy, night and day provokes
Her own eternal wound. The sun grows pale;
A mournful visionary light o'er spreads
The cheerful face of nature; earth becomes
A dreary desert, and heav'n frowns above.
Then various shapes of curs'd illusion rise:
Whate'er the wretched fears, creating Fear
Forms out of nothing: and with monsters teems
Unknown in hell. The prostrate soul beneath
A load of huge imagination heaves;
And all the horrors that the murd'rer feels,
With anxious flut'ring wake the guiltless breast.

Such phantoms Pride, in solitary scenes,
Or Fear, on delicate Self-love creates.
From other cares absolv'd, the busy mind
Finds in yourself a theme to pore upon;
It finds you miserable, or makes you so.
For while yourself you anxiously explore,
Timorous Self-love, with sick'ning Fancy's aid,
Presents the danger that you dread the most,
And ever galls you in your tender part.
Hence some for love, and some for jealousy,
For grim religion some, and some for pride,
Have lost their reason: some, for fear of want,
Want all their lives; and others, ev'ry day,
For fear of dying, suffer worse than death.
Ah! from your bosoms banish, if you can,
Those fatal guests; and first the demon Fear,
That trembles at impossible events,
Lest aged Atlas should resign his load,
And heav'n's eternal battlements rush down!

Is there an evil worse than Fear itself?
And what avails it that indulgent Heav'n
From mortal eyes has wrapt the woes to come,
If we, ingenious to torment ourselves,
Grow pale at hideous fictions of our own?
Enjoy the present; nor with needless cares
Of what may spring from blind Misfortune's
Appal the surest hour that life bestows. [womb,
Serene, and master of yourself, prepare
For what may come, and leave the rest to
Heav'n.

Oft from the body, by long ails mistun'd,
These evils sprung, the most important health,
That of the mind, destroy; and when the mind
They first invade, the conscious body soon
In sympathetic languishment declines.
These chronic Passions, while from real woes
They rise, and yet without the body's fault
Infest the soul, admit one only cure;
Diversions, hurry, and a restless life.

Vain are the consolations of the wise; [pain,
In vain your friends would reason down your
O ye, whose souls relentless love has tam'd
To soft distress, or friends untimely slain!
Court not the luxury of tender thought!
Nor deem it impious to forget those pains
That hurt the living, nought avail the dead.
Go, soft enthusiast! quit the cypress groves,
Nor to the riv'let's lonely moanings tune
Your sad complaint. Go, seek the cheerful haunts
Of men, and mingle with the bustling crowd;
Lay schemes for wealth, or pow'r, or fame, the
with

Of nobler minds, and push them night and day,
Or join the caravan in quest of scenes
New to your eyes, and shifting ev'ry hour,
Beyond the Alps, beyond the Apennines.
Or, more advent'rous, rush into the field
Where war grows hot; and, raging thro' the sky,
The lofty trumpet swells the madd'ning soul;
And in the hardy camp and toilsome march
Forget all softer and less manly cares.

But most too passive, when the blood runs low,
Too weakly indolent to strive with pain,
And bravely by resisting conquer Fate,
Try Circe's arts; and in the tempting bowl
Of poison'd Nectar sweet oblivion drink.
Struck by the pow'rful charm, the gloom diff
In empty air: Elysium opens round. [solves
A pleasing phrenzy buoys the lighten'd soul,
And sanguine hopes dispel your fleeting care;
And what was difficult, and what was dire,
Yields to your prowess and superior stars:
The happiest you of all that e'er were mad,
Or are, or shall be, could this folly last.
But soon your heav'n is gone; a heavier gloom
Shuts o'er your head; and, as the thund'ring
stream,

Swoln o'er its banks with sudden mountain rain,
Sinks from its tumult to a silent brook,
So, when the frantic raptures in your breast
Subside, you languish into mortal man:
You sleep, and waking find yourself undone.
For, prodigal of life, in one rash night [days
You lavish'd more than might support three
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A heavy morning comes; your cares return
With tenfold rage. An anxious stomach well
May be endur'd; so may the throbbing heart;
But such a dim delirium, such a dream
Involves you; such a dastardly despair
Unmans your soul, as madd'ning Pentheus felt
When, baited round Cithæron's cruel sides,
He saw two suns, and double Thebes ascend.
You curse the sluggish Port; you curse the
wretch,

The felon, with unnatural mixture first
Who dar'd to violate the virgin wine:
Or on the fugitive Champain you pour
A thousand curses; for to heav'n it rapt
Your soul, to plunge you deeper in despair.
Perhaps you rue ev'n that divinest gift,
The gay, serene, good-natur'd Burgundy,
Or the fresh fragrant vintage of the Rhine;
And wish that Heav'n from mortals had withheld
The grape, and all intoxicating bowls.

Besides, it wounds you sore to recollect
What follies in your loose unguarded hour
Escap'd. For one irrevocable word,
Perhaps that meant no harm, you lose a friend;
Or in the rage of wine your hasty hand
Performs a deed to haunt you to your grave.
Add, that your means, your health, your parts
decay;

Your friends avoid you; brutishly transform'd,
They hardly know you; or if one remains
To wish you well, he wishes you in heav'n.
Despis'd, unwept you fall, who might have left
A sacred, cherish'd, sadly-pleasing name;
A name still to be utter'd with a sigh,
Your last ungrateful scene has quite effac'd
All sense and mem'ry of your former worth.

How to live happiest; how avoid the pains,
The disappointments, and disgusts of those
Who would in pleasure all their hours employ;
The precepts here of a divine old man
I could recite. Tho' old, he still retain'd
His manly sense and energy of mind.
Virtuous and wise he was, but not severe;
He still remember'd that he once was young;
His easy presence check'd no decent joy.
Him ev'n the dissolute admir'd; for he
A graceful looseness, when he pleas'd, put on,
And laughing could instruct. Much had he read,
Much more had seen; he study'd from the life,
And in th'original perus'd mankind.

Vers'd in the woes and vanities of life,
He pity'd Man: and much he pity'd those
Whom falsely-smiling Fate has curs'd with means
To dissipate their days in quest of joy.
Our aim is happiness; 'tis yours, 'tis mine,
He said, 'tis the pursuit of all that live;
Yet few attain it, if 'twas e'er attain'd.
But they the widest wander from the mark,
Who thro' the flow'ry paths of saunt'ring joy
Seek this coy Goddess; that from stage to stage
Invites us still, but shifts as we pursue.
For, not to name the pains that pleasure brings
To counterpoise itself, relentless Fate
Forbids that we thro' gay voluptuous wilds

Should ever roam: and were the fates more kind,
Our narrow luxuries would soon be stale.
Were these exhaustless, Nature would grow sick,
And, cloy'd with pleasure, squeamishly complain
That all was vanity, and life a dream.

Let nature rest: be busy for yourself
And for your friend; be busy ev'n in vain,
Rather than tease her sated appetites.
Who never fasts, no banquets e'er enjoys;
Who never toils or watches, never sleeps.

Let nature rest; and when the taste of joy
Grows keen, indulge; but shun satiety.

'Tis not for mortals always to be blest:
But him the least the dull or painful hours
Of life oppress, whom sober Sense conducts;
And Virtue, thro' this labyrinth we tread.
Virtue and Sense I mean not to disjoin;
Virtue and Sense are one: and, trust me, still
A faithless heart betrays the head unsound.
Virtue (for mere Good-nature is a fool)
Is Sense and Spirit with Humanity:

'Tis sometimes angry, and its frown confounds;
'Tis ev'n vindictive; but in vengeance just.
Knaves fain would laugh at it; some great ones
dare;

But at his heart the most undaunted son
Of fortune dreads its name and awful charms.
To noblest uses this determines wealth;
This is the solid pomp of prosperous days;
The peace and shelter of adversity.
And if you pant for glory, build your fame
On this foundation, which the secret shock
Defies of Envy, and all-sapping Time.
The gawdy gloss of fortune only strikes
The vulgar eye; the suff'rage of the wise,
The praise that's worth ambition, is attain'd
By sense alone, and dignity of mind.

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of Heav'n: a happiness
That ev'n above the smiles and frowns of Fate
Exalts great Nature's favourites: a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor to baser hands
Can be transferr'd: it is the only good
Man justly boasts of, or can call his own.
Riches are oft by guilt and baseness earn'd;
Or dealt by chance, to shield a lucky knave,
Or throw a cruel sun-shine on a fool.
But for one end, one much-neglected use,
Are riches worth your care (for Nature's wants
Are few, and without opulence supply'd):
This noble end is, to produce the Soul;
To shew the virtues in the fairest light;
To make Humanity the minister
Of bounteous Providence; and teach the breast
That gen'rous luxury the Gods enjoy.

Thus, in his graver vein, the friendly sage
Sometimes declaim'd. Of right and wrong he
taught

Truths as refin'd as ever Athens heard;
And (strange to tell!) he practis'd what he
preach'd.

Skill'd in the Passions, how to check their sway
He knew, as far as reason can controul
The lawless pow'rs. But other cares are mine:

D d

Form'd

Form'd in the school of Pæon, I relate
What Passions hurt the body, what improve:
Avoid them, or invite them, as you may.

Know then, whatever cheerful and serene
Supports the mind, supports the body too.
Hence the most vital movement mortals feel
Is Hope; the balm and life-blood of the soul.
It pleases, and it lasts. Indulgent Heav'n
Sent down the kind delusion thro' the paths
Of rugged life, to lead us patient on,
And make our happiest state no tedious thing.
Our greatest good, and what we least can spare,
Is Hope; the last of all our evils, Fear.

But there are Passions grateful to the breast,
And yet no friends to life: perhaps they please
Or to excess, and dissipate the soul; [clown,
Or while they please, torment. The stubborn
The ill-tam'd ruffian, and pale usurer
(If love's omnipotence such hearts can mould)
May safely mellow into love, and grow
Refin'd, humane, and gen'rous, if they can.
Love in such bosoms never to a fault
Or pains or pleasures. But, ye finer souls,
Form'd to soft luxury, and prompt to thrill
With all the tumults, all the joys and pains,
That beauty gives, with caution and reserve
Indulge the sweet destroyer of repose, [Cares.
Nor court too much the Queen of charming
For, while the cherish'd poison in your breast
Ferments and maddens; sick with jealousy,
Absence, distrust, or even with anxious joy,
The wholesome appetites and pow'rs of life
Dissolve in languor. The coy stomach loaths
The genial board: your cheerful days are gone;
The gen'rous bloom that flush'd your cheeks is
To sighs devoted, and to tender pains, [fled.
Pensive you sit, or solitary stray,
And waste your youth in musing. Musing first
Toy'd into care your unsuspecting heart:
It found a liking there, a sportful fire,
And that fomented into serious love;
Which musing daily strengthens and improves
Thro' all the heights of fondness and romance:
And you're undone, the fatal shaft has sped,
If once ye doubt whether you love or no:
The body wastes away; th'infected mind,
Dissolv'd in female tenderness, forgets
Each manly virtue, and grows dead to fame.
Sweet Heav'n from such intoxicating charms
Defend all worthy breasts! Not that I deem
Love always dangerous, always to be shunn'd.
Love well repaid, and not too weakly sunk
In wanton and unmanly tenderness,
Adds bloom to health; o'er ev'ry virtue sheds
A gay, humane, and amiable grace,
And brightens all the ornaments of man.
But fruitless, hopeless, disappointed, rack'd
With jealousy, fatigu'd with hope and fear,
Too serious, or too languishingly fond,
Unnerves the body, and unmans the soul.
And some have dy'd for love, and some run mad!
And some with desp'rate hand themselves have
Some to extinguish, others to prevent, [flain.
A mad devotion to one dang'rous Fair,
Court all they meet; in hopes to dissipate

The cares of love amongst an hundred brides.
Th'event is doubtful: for there are who find
A cure in this; there are who find it not.
'Tis no relief, alas! it rather galls
The wound to those who are sincerely sick.
For while from fev'rish and tumultuous joys
The nerves grow languid, and the soul subsides,
The tender fancy smarts with ev'ry sting,
And what was love before is madness now.
Is health your care, or luxury your aim?
Be temp'rate still. When Nature bids, obey;
Her wild impatient sallies bear no curb:
But when the prurient habit of delight,
Or loose imagination, spurs you on
To deeds above your strength, impute it not
To Nature: Nature all compulsion hates.
Ah! let nor luxury nor vain renown
Urge you to feats you well might sleep without;
To make what should be rapture a fatigue,
A tedious task; nor in the wanton arms
Of twining Laïs melt your manhood down;
For from the colliquation of soft joys [was!
How chang'd you rise! the ghost of what you
Languid, and melancholy, and gaunt, and wan;
Your veins exhausted, and your nerves unstrung.
Spoil'd of its balm and sprightly zest, the blood
Grows vapid phlegm; along the tender nerves
(To each slight impulse tremblingly awake)
A subtle Fiend that mimics all the plagues
Rapid and restless, springs from part to part.
The blooming honours of your youth are fallen;
Your vigour pines; your vital pow'rs decay;
Diseases haunt you; and untimely age
Creeps on, unsocial, impotent, and lewd.
Infatuate, impious epicure! to waste
The stores of pleasure, cheerfulness, and health!
Infatuate all who make delight their trade,
And coy perdition ev'ry hour pursue.

Who pines with love, or in lascivious flames
Consumes, is with his own consent undone:
He chuses to be wretched, to be mad;
And warn'd, proceeds, and wilful, to his fate.
But there's a passion, whose tempestuous sway
Tears up each virtue planted in the breast,
And shakes to ruin proud Philosophy.
For pale and trembling Anger rushes in,
With fault'ring speech, and eyes that wildly
stare;

Fierce as the tiger, madder than the seas,
Desperate, and arm'd with more than human
strength.

How soon the calm, humane, and polish'd man
Forgets compunction, and starts up a fiend!
Who pines in love, or wastes with silent cares,
Envy, or ignominy, or tender grief,
Slowly descends, and ling'ring, to the shades:
But he whom anger stings, drops, if he dies,
At once, and rushes apoplectic down;
Or a fierce fever hurries him to hell.
For, as the body thro' unnumber'd strings
Reverberates each vibration of the soul;
As is the passion, such is still the pain
The body feels; or chronic, or acute.
And oft a sudden storm at once o'erpow'rs
The life, or gives your reason to the winds.

Book II.
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Such fates attend the rash alarm of fear,
And sudden grief, and rage, and sudden joy.

There are, meantime, to whom the boist'rous
Is health, and only fills the sails of life; [fit
For where the mind a torpid winter leads,
Wrapt in a body corpulent and cold,
And each clogg'd function lazily moves on,
A generous folly spurns th'incumbent load,
Unlocks the breast, and gives a cordial glow.
But if your wrathful blood is apt to boil,
Or are your nerves too irritably strung,
Wave all dispute; be cautious if you joke,
Keep Lent for ever, and forswear the bowl;
For one rash moment sends you to the shades,
Or shatters ev'ry hopeful scheme of life,
And gives to horror all your days to come.
Fate, arm'd with thunder, fire, and ev'ry plague
That ruins, tortures, or distracts mankind,
And makes the happy wretched, in an hour
O'erwhelms you not with woes so horrible
As your own wrath, nor gives more sudden
blows.

While choler works, good friend, you may
be wrong;

Distrust yourself, and sleep before you fight.
'Tis not too late to-morrow to be brave;
If honour bids, to-morrow kill or die.
But calm advice against a raging fit
Avails too little; and it braves the pow'r
Of all that ever taught in prose or song,
To tame the fiend that sleeps a gentle lamb,
And wakes a lion. Unprovok'd and calm,
You reason well, see as you ought to see,
And wonder at the madness of mankind:
Seiz'd with the common rage, you soon forget
The speculation of your wiser hours.
Beset with furies of all deadly shapes,
Fierce and insidious, violent and slow,
With all that urge or lure us on to fate,
What refuge shall we seek; what arms prepare!
Where reason proves too weak, or void of wiles,
To cope with subtle or impetuous pow'rs,
I would invoke new passions to your aid:
With indignation would extinguish fear,
With fear or gen'rous pity vanquish rage,
And love with pride; and force to force oppose.

There is a charm, a power that sways the
Bids every passion revel or be still; [breast;
Inspires with rage, or all your cares dissolves;
Can sooth distraction, and almost despair.
That pow'r is Music: Far beyond the stretch
Of those unmeaning warblers on our stage;
Those clumsy heroes, those fat-headed gods,
Who move no passion justly but contempt:
Who, like our dancers (light indeed and strong!)
Do wond'rous feats, but never heard of grace.
The fault is ours; we bear those monstrous arts:
Good Heav'n! we praise them: we, with loud-
est peals,

Applaud the fool that highest lifts his heels;
And, with insipid shew of rapture, die
Of idiot notes impertinently long.
But he the Muses laurel justly shares,
A poet he, and touch'd with Heav'n's own fire,

Who, with bold rage, or solemn pomp of sounds,
Inflames, exalts, and ravishes the soul;
Now tender, plaintive, sweet almost to pain.
In love dissolves you; now in sprightly strains
Breathes a gay rapture thro' your thrilling breast;
Or melts the heart with airs divinely sad;
Or wakes to horror the tremendous strings.
Such was the bard, whose heav'nly strains of old
Appeas'd the fiend of melancholy Saul.
Such was, if old and heathen fame say true,
The man who bade the Theban domes ascend,
And tam'd the savage nations with his song;
And such the Thracian, whose harmonious lyre,
Tun'd to soft woe, made all the mountains
weep;

Sooth'd even the inexorable pow'rs of Hell,
And half redeem'd his lost Eurydice.
Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens ev'ry pain,
Subdues the rage of poison, and the plague;
And hence the wife of ancient days ador'd
One pow'r of phyfic, melody, and song.

§ 73. *Ode on the Spring.* GRAY.

LO! where the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flow'rs,
And wake the purple year!
The Attic warbler pours her throat,
Responsive to the cuckow's note,
The untaught harmony of spring;
While, whisp'ring pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs thro' the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader browner shade;
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'ercanopies the glade;
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclin'd in rusty state)
How vain the ardour of the crowd,
How low, how little are the proud,
How indigent the great!

Still is the toiling hand of Care;
The panting herds repose:
Yet hark, how thro' the peopl'd air
The busy murmur glows!
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honey'd spring,
And float amid the liquid noon:
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some shew their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of man;
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter thro' life's little day,

In fortune's varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chill'd by age, their airy dance
They leave in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear, in accent low,
The sportive kind reply,
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glitt'ring female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

§ 74. *Ode on the Death of a Favourite Cat,
drown'd in a Tub of Gold Fishes.*

GRAY.

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dy'd
The azure flow'rs that blow !
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclin'd,
Gaz'd on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declar'd ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws !
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and em'rald eyes,
She saw, and purr'd applause.

Still had she gaz'd ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue,
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise !
What cat's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulph between
(Malignant Fate sat by and smil'd) ;
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguil'd,
She tumbld headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.

No dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom, nor Susan heard :

A fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye beauties, undeceiv'd,
Know, one false step is ne'er retriev'd !
And be with caution bold.

Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all that glistens gold.

§ 75. *Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.*

GRAY.

YE distant spires, ye antique tow'rs,
That crown the wat'ry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th'expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flow'rs among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields below'd in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow ;
As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
My weary soul they seem to sooth,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, father Thames (for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race,
Disporting on thy margent green,
The paths of pleasure trace)
Who foremost now delight to cleave,
With pliant arms, thy glassy wave ?
The captive linnet which enthrall ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chace the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball ?

While some, on earnest bus'ness bent,
Their murmur'ing labours ply,
'Gainst graver hours that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty ;
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry.
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in ev'ry wind,
And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs, by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess'd ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th'approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom,
The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come,
Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see, how all around can wait
The ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, then when where in ambush stand,
To seize their prey, the murd'rous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

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These shall the fury passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
That inly gnaws the secret heart;
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visag'd comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter scorn a sacrifice,
And grinning infamy.
The stings of falsehood those shall try,
And hard unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forc'd to flow;
And keen remorse with blood defil'd,
And moody madness, laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo! in the vale of years, beneath
A grisly troop, are seen
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their queen:
This racks the joints, this fires the veins;
That ev'ry lab'ring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage:
Lo! poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming age.

To each his sufferings; all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan;
The tender for another's pain,
Th'unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah! why should they know their fate!
Since sorrow never comes too late,
And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

§ 76. *Ode to Adversity.* GRAY.

DAUGHTER of Jove, relentless pow'r,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and tort'ring hour
The bad affright, afflict the best!
Bound in thy adamant chain,
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unselt before, unpity'd and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heav'nly birth,
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern rugged nurse! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore;
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know:
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others
woc.

Scar'd at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild laughter, noise, and thoughtless joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse; and with them go
The summer-friend, the flatt'ring foe,
By vain prosperity receiv'd, [liv'd.
To her they vow their truth, and are again be-
Wisdome in fable garb array'd,
Immers'd in rapt'rous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,
Still on thy solemn steps attend:
Warm Charity, the gen'ral friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity, dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

Oh, gently on thy suppliant's head,
Dread Goddess, lay thy chast'ning hand!
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thund'ring voice, and threat'ning mien,
With screaming Horror's fun'ral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty.

Thy form benign, oh Goddess, wear;
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The gen'rous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan, [man.
What others are to feel; and know myself a

§ 77. *The Progress of Poesy.* A Pindaric Ode. GRAY.

I. 1.

A WAKE, Æolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
Frem Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flow'rs that round them blow,
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Thro' verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign:
Now rolling down the steep again,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour: [roar.
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the

I. 2.

Oh! Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen cares
And frantic passions hear thy soft controul.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car,
And dropp'd his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the scepter'd hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes and flagging wing:

D d 3

Que ich'd

Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

I. 3.

Thee the voice, the dance obey,
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned loves are seen
On Cytherea's day
With antic sports, and blue-ey'd pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating,
Glance their many-twinkling feet. [declare:
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach
Where'er she turns, the Graces homage pay.
With arms sublime, that float upon the air,
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom, move
The bloom of young desire, and purple light of
love.

II. 1.

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and penury, the racks of pain,
Disease, and sorrow's weeping train,
And death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint my song disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he giv'n in vain the heav'nly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry,
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring
shafts of war.

II. 2.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom, [roam,
To cheer the shiv'ring native's dull abode,
And oft, beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctur'd chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and gen'rous shame, [flame.
Th'unconquerable mind, and freedom's holy

II. 3.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep;
Isles, that crown th'Egean deep;
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves;
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In ling'ring lab'rins creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish!
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Ev'ry shade and hollow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:

Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains;
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant pow'r,
And coward vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They fought, oh Albion! next thy sea-en-
circled coast.

III. 1.

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretch'd forth its little arms, and smil'd.
This pencil take (she said) whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of joy;
Of horror that, and thrilling fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.

III. 2.

Nor second he, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of extasy,
The secrets of th'abyss to spy.
He pass'd the flaming bounds of place and time.
The living throne, the sapphire blaze,
Where angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but, blasted with excess of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endless night.
Behold, where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of glory bear
Two couriers of ethereal race,
With necks in thunder cloth'd, and long re-
sounding pace.

III. 3.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-ey'd Fancy, hov'ring o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn,
But ah! 'tis heard no more —
Oh, lyre divine, what daring spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride nor ample pinion
That the Theban eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air;
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray,
With orient hues unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate; [Great!
Beneath the Good how far! — but far above the

§ 78. *The Bard. A Pindaric Ode.* GRAY.

I. 1.

'RUIN seize thee, ruthless king,
'Confusion on thy banners wait;
'Tho' fann'd by conquest's crimson wing,
'They mock the air with idle state!

'Helm,

'Helm, nor Hauberk's twisted mail,
'Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
'To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
'From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears!
Such were the sounds that o'er the crested
pride

Of the First Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowden's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array.
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance!
To arms! cry'd Mortimer, and couch'd his
quivering lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the poet stood;
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air)
And, with a master's hand and prophet's fire,
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark, how each giant-oak and desert cave
'Sigh to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
'O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they
'wave,

'Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
'Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
'To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Lewellyn's
'lay.

I. 3.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
'That hush'd the stormy main:
'Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
'Mountains, ye mourn in vain
'Modred, whose magic song
'Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd
'On dreary Arvon's shore they lie [head.
'Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
'Far, far aloof th'affrighted ravens sail:
'The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
'Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
'Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes,
'Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
'Ye dy'd amidst your dying country's cries—
'No more I weep. They do not sleep.
'On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
'I see them sit, they linger yet,
'Avengers of their native land:
'With me in dreadful harmony they join,
'And weave with bloody hands the tissue of
'thy line.'

II. 1.

"Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
"The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
"Give ample room, and verge enough
"The characters of hell to trace.
"Mark the year, and mark the night,
"When Severn shall re-echo with affright
"The shrieks of death, through Berkley's roofs
"that ring,
"The shrieks of an agonizing king!

"She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
"That tear'd the bowels of thy mangied mate,
"From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
"The scourge of Heaven. What terrors round
"him wait!

"Amazement in his van with flight combin'd,
"And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

"Mighty Victor, mighty Lord!
"Low on his fun'ral couch he lies;
"No pitying heart, no eye, afford
"A tear to grace his obsequies.
"Is the sable warrior fled?
"Thy son is gone: He rests among the dead.
"The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were
"Gone to salute the rising morn. [born,
"Fair laughs the morn, and soft the zephyr
"blows,
"While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
"In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
"Youth on the prow, and pleasure at the helm;
"Regardless of the sweeping whirlwind's sway,
"That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his even-
"ing prey.

II. 3.

"Fill high the sparkling bowl,
"The rich repast prepare,
"Rest of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
"Close by the regal chair
"Fell thirst and famine scowl
"A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
"Heard ye the din of battle bray,
"Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
"Long years of havoc urge their destin'd course,
"And through the kindred squadrons mow their
"way.
"Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
"With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
"Revere his comfort's faith, his father's fame,
"And spare the meek usurper's holy head.
"Above, below, the rose of snow,
"Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread!
"The bristled boar in infant gore
"Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
"Now, Brothers, bending o'er th'accursed loom,
"Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his
"doom.

III. 1.

"Edward, lo! to sudden fate
"(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
"Half of thy heart we consecrate.
"(The web is wove. The work is done.)"
"Stay, oh stay! nor thus forlorn,
"Leave me unblest'd, unpity'd, here to mourn:
"In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
"They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
"But oh! what solemn scenes on Snowden's
"height
"Descending flow their glitt'ring skirts unroll!
"Visions of glory! spare my aching sight,
"Ye unborn ages crowd not on my soul!

' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
' All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue,
' hail!

III. 2.

' Girt with many a baron bold,
' Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
' And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
' In bearded majesty, appear.
' In the midst, a form divine!
' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line;
' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
' Attemper'd sweet to virgin grace!
' What strings symphonious tremble in the air!
' What strains of vocal transport round her play!
' Hear from the grave, great Taliesin, hear;
' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
' Bright Rapture calls, and, soaring as she sings,
' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd
' wings.

III. 3.

' The verse adorn again
' Fierce War, and faithful Love,
' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction dress'd.
' In buskin'd measures move
' Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
' With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
' A voice, as of the cherub-choir,
' Gales from blooming Eden bear;
' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
' That lost in long futurity expire.
' Fond, impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine
' cloud, [day?
' Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of
' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
' Enough for me: with joy I see
' The different doom our fates assign.
' Be thine Despair and scepter'd Care;
' To triumph and to die are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong, from the mountain's
height, [night.
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless

§ 79. *The Fatal Sisters. An Ode. GRAY.*

NOW the storm begins to lowr
(Haste, the loom of hell prepare)
Iron fleet of arrowy show'r
Hurles in the darken'd air.
Glitt'ring lances are the loom,
Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom,
Orkney's woe, and Randver's bane.
See the grisly texture grow!
('Tis of human entrails made)
And the weights that play below,
Each a gasping warrior's head.
Shafts for shuttles dipt in gore,
Shoot the trembling chords along:
Sword that once a monarch bore,
Keep the tissue close and strong.

Missa, black terrific maid,
Sangrida and Hilda, see!
Join the wayward work to aid:
'Tis the woof of victory.

Ere the ruddy sun be set,
Pikes must shiver, jav'ins sing,
Blade with clatt'ring buckler meet,
Hauberk crash, and helmet ring.
(Weave the crimson web of war)
Let us go, and let us fly,
Where our friends the conflict share,
Where they triumph, where they die.

As the paths of fate we tread,
Wading thro' th'enfanguin'd field,
Gondula and Geira spread
O'er the youthful king your shield.

We the reins to slaughter give,
Ours to kill, and ours to spare:
Spite of danger he shall live.
(Weave the crimson web of war.)

They, whom once the desert beach
Pent within its bleak domain,
Soon their ample sway shall stretch
O'er the plenty of the plain.

Low the dauntless earl is laid,
Gor'd with many a gaping wound:
Fate demands a nobler head;
Soon a king shall bite the ground.

Long his loss shall Eirin weep,
Ne'er again his likeness see;
Long her strains in sorrow steep,
Strains of immortality!

Horror covers all the heath,
Clouds of carnage blot the sun.
Sisters, weave the web of death.
Sisters, cease: The work is done.

Hail the task, and hail the hands!
Songs of joy and triumph sing;
Joy to the victorious bands;
Triumph to the younger king.

Mortal, thou that hear'st the tale,
Learn the tenour of our song:
Scotland, thro' each winding vale,
Far and wide the notes prolong.

Sisters, hence with spurs of speed!
Each her thund'ring falchion wield;
Each bestride her sable steed,
Hurry, hurry, to the field!

§ 80. *The Descent of Odin. An Ode. GRAY.*

UPROSE the king of men with speed,
And saddled strait his coal-black steed:
Down the yawning steep he rode,
That leads to Hela's drear abode.
Him the dog of darkness spv'd:
His shaggy throat he open'd wide,
While from his jaws, with carnage fill'd,
Foam and human gore distill'd.

Hoarse

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Hoarse he bays with hideous din,
Eyes that glow and fangs that grin;
And long pursues, with fruitless yell,
The father of the pow'rful spell.
Onward still his way he takes
(The groaning earth beneath him shakes)
Till full before his fearless eyes
The portals nine of hell arise.

Right against the eastern gate,
By the moss-grown pile he sat,
Where long of yore to sleep was laid
The dust of the Prophetic Maid.
Facing to the northern clime,
Thrice he trac'd the Runic rhyme;
Thrice pronounc'd, in accents dread,
The thrilling verse that wakes the dead;
Till from out the hollow ground
Slowly breath'd a fullen sound.

PROPHETESS.

What call unknown, what charms presume
To break the quiet of the tomb?
Who thus afflicts my troubled sprite,
And drags me from the realms of night?
Long on these mould'ring bones have beat
The winter's snow, the summer's heat,
The drenching dews, and driving rain!
Let me, let me sleep again.
Who is he, with voice unblest,
That calls me from the bed of rest?

ODIN.

A traveller, to thee unknown,
Is he that calls; a warrior's son.
Thou the deeds of light shall know;
Tell me what is done below:
For whom yon glitt'ring board is spread,
Drest for whom yon golden bed?

PROPHETESS.

Mantling in the goblet, see
The pure bev'rage of the bee;
O'er it hangs the shield of gold:
'Tis the drink of Balder bold.
Balder's head to death is given.
Pain can reach the Sons of Heav'n!
Unwilling I my lips uncloset:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Once again my call obey:
Prophetess, arise, and say,
What dangers Odin's child await,
Who the author of his fate?

PROPHETESS.

In Hoder's hand the hero's doom;
His brother sends him to the tomb.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Prophetess, my spell obey;
Once again arise, and say,
Who th'avenger of his guilt,
By whom shall Hoder's blood be spilt?

PROPHETESS.

In the caverns of the West,
By Odin's fierce embrace compress'd,
A wond'rous boy shall Rinda bear,
Who ne'er shall comb his raven hair,
Nor wash his visage in the stream,
Nor see the sun's departing beam,
Till he on Hoder's corse shall smile
Flaming on the funeral pile.
Now my weary lips I close:
Leave me, leave me to repose.

ODIN.

Yet a while my call obey;
Prophetess, awake, and say,
What Virgins these, in speechless woe,
That bend to earth their solemn brow,
That their flaxen tresses tear,
And snowy veils, that float in air?
Tell me whence their sorrows rose?
Then I leave thee to repose.

PROPHETESS.

Ha! no Traveller art thou,
King of Men, I know thee now!
Mightiest of a mighty line—

ODIN.

No boding Maid of skill divine
Art thou, nor Prophetess of good,
But mother of the giant-brood!

PROPHETESS.

Hie thee hence, and boast at home
That never shall enquirer come
To break my iron-sleep again,
Till Lok has burst his tenfold chain:
Never, till substantial Night
Has re-assum'd her ancient right;
Till wrapt in flames, in ruin hurl'd,
Sinks the fabric of the world.

§ 81. *The Triumphs of Owen. A Fragment.* GRAY.

O WEN's praise demands my song,
Owen swift, and Owen strong;
Fairest flow'r of Roderic's stem,
Gwyneth's shield, and Britain's gem.
He nor heaps his brooded stores,
Nor on all profusely pours:
Lord of ev'ry regal art,
Lib'ral hand and open heart.

Big with hosts of mighty name,
Squadrons three against him came;
This the force of Eirin hiding;
Side by side as proudly riding,
On her shadow long and gay
Lochlin plows the wat'ry way;
There the Norman sails afar
Catch the winds, and join the war:
Black and huge along they sweep,
Burthens of the angry deep.

Dauntless on his native sands
The dragon-son of Mona stands;

In glitt'ring arms and glory drest,
High he rears his ruby crest.
There the thund'ring strokes begin,
There the puffs, and there the din;
Talymalfra's rocky shore
Echoing to the battle's roar.
Where his glowing eye-balls turn,
Thousand banners round him burn:
Where he points his purple spear,
Hasty, hasty Rout is there;
Marking with indignant eye
Fear to stop, and shame to fly.
There Confusion, Terror's child;
Conflict fierce, and Ruin wild;
Agony, that pants for breath;
Despair, and Honourable Death.

* * * *

§ 82. *Ode on the Installation of the Duke of
Grafton. Irregular. GRAY.*

"HENCE, avaunt ('tis holy ground)
"Comus, and his midnight crew,
"And Ignorance with looks profound,
"And dreaming Sloth of pallid hue,
"Mad Sedition's cry profane,
"Servitude that hugs her chain,
"Nor in these consecrated bow'rs [flow'rs.
"Let painted Flattery hide her serpent-train in
"Nor Envy base, nor creeping Gain,
"Dare the Muse's walk to stain,
"While bright-ey'd Science watches round:
"Hence, away, 'tis holy ground!"

From yonder realms of empyrean day
Bursts on my ear th'indignant lay:
There sit the fainted Sage, the Bard divine,
The few whom Genius gave to shine
Thro' ev'ry unborn age, and undiscover'd clime.
Rapt in celestial transport they,
Yet hither oft a glance from high
They send of tender sympathy
To bless the place, where on their op'ring soul
First the genuine ardor stole.

'Twas Milton struck the deep-ton'd shell,
And, as the choral warblings round him swell,
Meek Newton's self bends from his state sublime,
And nods his hoary head, and listens to the
"Ye brown o'er-arching groves, [rhyme.
"That contemplation loves,
"Where willowy Camus lingers with delight!
"Oft at the blush of dawn
"I trod your level lawn,
"Oft woo'd the gleam of Cynthia silver-bright
"In cloisters dim, far from the haunts of Folly,
"With Freedom by my side, and soft-ey'd
"Melancholy."

But hark! the portals sound, and pacing forth
With solemn steps and slow,
High Potentates, and Dames of royal birth,
And mitred Fathers in long order go:
Great Edward, with the lilies on his brow
From haughty Gallia torn,
And sad Chatillon, on her bridal morn

That wept her bleeding love, and princely Clare,
And Anjou's heroine, and the paler Rose,
The rival of her crown and of her woes,
And either Henry there,
The murder'd Saint, and the majestic Lord
That broke the bonds of Rome.
(Their tears, their little triumphs o'er,
Their human passions now no more,
Save Charity, that glows beyond the tomb)
All that on Granta's fruitful plain
Rich streams of regal bounty pour'd,
And bade these awful fanes and turrets rise,
To hail their Fitzroy's festal morning come;
And thus they speak in soft accord
The liquid language of the skies:

"What is grandeur? what is pow'r?

"Heavier toil, superior pain.

"What the bright reward we gain?

"The grateful mem'ry of the Good.

"Sweet is the breath of vernal show'r,

"The bee's collected treasures sweet,

"Sweet music's melting fall, but sweeter yet

"The still small voice of Gratitude."

Foremost, and leaning from her golden cloud,
The venerable Marg'ret see!

"Welcome, my noble Son (she cries aloud)

"To this, thy kindred train, and me:

"Pleas'd in thy lineaments we trace

"A Tudor's fire, a Beaufort's grace.

"Thy lib'ral heart, thy judging eye,

"The flow'r unheeded shall decry,

"And bid it round heav'n's altars shed

"The fragrance of its blushing head:

"Shall raise from earth the latent gem

"To glitter on the diadem.

"Lo, Granta waits to lead her blooming band,

"Not obvious, not obtrusive, she

"No vulgar praise, no venal incense flings;

"Nor dares, with courtly tongue refin'd,

"Profane thy inborn royalty of mind:

"She reveres herself and thee.

"With modest pride to grace thy youthful brow

"The laureate wreath, that Cecil wore, she

"And to thy just, thy gentle hand [brings,

"Submits the fasces of her sway,

"While spirits blest above, and men below [lay,

"Join with glad voice the loud symphonious

"Thro' the wild waves as they roar

"With watchful eye and dauntless mien

"Thy steady course of honour keep,

"Nor fear the rocks, nor seek the shore:

"The Star of Brunswick smiles serene,

"And gilds the horrors of the deep."

§ 83. *A Prayer for Indifference. GREVILLE.*

OFT I've implor'd the gods in vain,
And pray'd till I've been weary:
For once I'll try my wish to gain,
Of Oberon the Fairy.

Sweet airy being, wanton sprite,
That lurk'st in woods unseen,
And oft by Cynthia's silver light
Tripp'st gaily o'er the green;

If e'er thy p
As ancien
And for th'
Thou fou
Oh! deign
Haply for
Sov'reign as
Conceals
I talk no kin
No tempt
Far from th
That sigh
Nor peace n
Which, l
Turns at th
But, turn
Far as distre
'Tis pain
'Tis bliss bu
Beyond is
Take then t
Which d
Which plea
To pains
Oh! haste
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§ 84. Th
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The

If e'er thy pitying heart was mov'd,
 As ancient stories tell,
 And for th' Athenian maid who lov'd,
 Thou fought'st a wond'rous spell;
 Oh! deign once more t'exert thy pow'r;
 Haply some herb or tree,
 Sov'reign as juice of western flow'r,
 Conceals a balm for me.
 I ask no kind return of love,
 No tempting charm to please;
 Far from the heart those gifts remove
 That sighs for peace and ease:
 Nor peace nor ease the heart can know,
 Which, like the needle true,
 Turns at the touch of joy or woe,
 But, turning, trembles too.
 Far as distress the soul can wound,
 'Tis pain in each degree:
 'Tis bliss but to a certain bound;
 Beyond is agony.
 Take then this treach'rous sense of mine,
 Which dooms me still to smart;
 Which pleasure can to pain refine;
 To pains new pangs impart.
 Oh! haste to shed the sacred balm!
 My shatter'd nerves new string;
 And for my guest, serenely calm,
 The nymph Indifference bring.
 At her approach, see Hope, see Fear,
 See Expectation fly;
 And Disappointment in the rear,
 That blasts the promis'd joy.
 The tear which pity taught to flow,
 The eye shall then disown;
 The heart that melts for others woe,
 Shall then scarce feel its own.
 The wounds which now each moment bleed,
 Each moment then shall close;
 And tranquil days shall still succeed
 To nights of calm repose.
 O fairy elf! but grant me this,
 This one kind comfort send;
 And so may never-fading bliss
 Thy flow'ry paths attend!
 So may the glow-worm's glimm'ring light
 Thy tiny footsteps lead
 To some new region of delight,
 Unknown to mortal tread.
 And be thy acorn-goblet fill'd
 With heav'n's ambrosial dew;
 From sweetest, freshest flow'rs distill'd,
 That shed fresh sweets for you.
 And what of life remains for me
 I'll pass in sober ease;
 Half-pleas'd, contented will I be,
 Content but half to please.

§ 84. *The Fairy's Answer to Mrs. Greville's
 Prayer for Indifference.
 By the Countess of C——.*

WITHOUT preamble to my friend,
 These hasty lines I'm bid to send,

Or give, if I am able:
 I dare not hesitate to say,
 Tho' I have trembled all the day—
 It looks so like a fable.

Last night's adventure is my theme;
 And should it strike you as a dream,
 Yet soon its high import
 Must make your own the matter such,
 So delicate, it were too much
 To be compos'd in sport.

The moon did shine serenely bright,
 And ev'ry star did deck the night,
 While Zephyr fann'd the trees;
 No more assail'd my mind's repose,
 Save that yon stream, which murmur'ing flows,
 Did echo to the breeze.

Enwapt in solemn thoughts, I fate,
 Revolving o'er the turns of fate,
 Yet void of hope or fear;
 When lo! behold an æry throng,
 With lightest steps, and jocund song,
 Surpris'd my eye and ear.

A form, superior to the rest,
 His little voice to me address'd,
 And gently thus began:
 "I've heard strange things from one of you;
 "Pray tell me if you think 'tis true;
 "Explain it if you can.

"Such incense has perfum'd my throne!
 "Such eloquence my heart has won!
 "I think I guess the hand;
 "I know her wit and beauty too;
 "But why she sends a pray'r so new,
 "I cannot understand.

"To light some flames, and some revive,
 "To keep some others just alive,
 "Full oft I am implor'd;
 "But, with peculiar pow'r to please,
 "To supplicate for nought but ease—
 "'Tis odd, upon my word!

"Tell her, with fruitless care I've sought,
 "And tho' my realms, with wonders fraught,
 "In remedies abound,
 "No grain of cold Indifference
 "Was ever yet ally'd to sense
 "In all my fairy round.

"The regions of the sky I'd trace,
 "I'd ransack ev'ry earthly place,
 "Each leaf, each herb, each flow'r,
 "To mitigate the pangs of fear,
 "Dispel the clouds of black despair,
 "Or lull the restless hour.

"I would be gen'rous as I'm just,
 "But I obey, as others must,
 "Those laws which fate has made.
 "My tiny kingdom how defend,
 "And what might be the horrid end,
 "Should man my state invade?

"'Twould put your mind into a rage;
 "And such unequal war to wage

"Suite

"Suits not my regal duty !
 "I dare not change a first decree,
 "She's doom'd to please, nor can be free ;
 "Such is the lot of beauty!"

This said, he darted o'er the plain,
 And after follow'd all his train ;
 No glimpse of him I find :
 But sure I am, the little spright
 These words, before he took his flight,
 Imprinted on my mind.

§ 85. *The Beggar's Petition.* ANON.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to
 your door,
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span ;
 Oh ! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your store.
 These tatter'd clothes my poverty bespeak ;
 These hoary locks proclaim my lengthen'd years ;
 And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
 Has been the channel to a flood of tears.
 Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
 With tempting aspect drew me from my road ;
 For Plenty there a residence has found,
 And Grandeur a magnificent abode.

Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor !
 Here, as I crav'd a morsel of their bread,
 A pamper'd menial drove me from the door
 To seek a shelter in an humbler shed.

Oh ! take me to your hospitable dome ;
 Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold !
 Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
 For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the sources of my grief,
 If soft humanity e'er touch'd your breast,
 Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
 And tears of pity would not be repress.

Heav'n sends misfortunes ; why should we re-
 pine ?

'Tis Heav'n has brought me to the state you see ;
 And your condition may be soon like mine,
 The Child of Sorrow and of Misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
 Then, like the lark, I sprightly hail'd the morn ;
 But ah ! oppression forc'd me from my cot ;
 My cattle dy'd, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter, once the comfort of my age,
 Lur'd by a villain from her native home,
 Is cast abandon'd on the world's wide stage,
 And doom'd in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife, sweet soother of my care !
 Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
 Fell, ling'ring fell, a victim to despair,
 And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man, [door ;
 Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your
 Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span.
 Oh ! give relief, and Heav'n will bless your
 store.

§ 86. *Pollio. An Elegiac Ode ; written in the
 Wood near R—— Castle, 1762.* MICKLE.

*Hec Jovem sentire, Deosque Cunctos
 Spem bonam certamque domum reporto.* HOS

THE peaceful ev'ning breathes her balmy
 store,
 The playful school-boys wanton o'er the
 [green
 Where spreading poplars shade the cottage-door
 The villagers in rustic joy convene.

Amid the secret windings of the wood,
 With solemn Meditation let me stray ;
 This is the hour when to the wise and good
 The heav'nly maid repays the toils of day.

The river murmurs, and the breathing gale
 Whispers the gently-waving boughs among ;
 The star of ev'ning glimmers o'er the dale,
 And leads the silent host of Heav'n along.

How bright, emerging o'er yon broom-clad
 height,

The silver empress of the night appears ;
 Yon limpid pool reflects a stream of light,
 And faintly in its breast the woodland bears ;

The waters tumbling o'er their rocky bed,
 Solemn and constant, from yon dell resound ;
 The lonely hearths blaze o'er the distant glade
 The bat, low-wheeling, skims the dusky ground

August and hoary, o'er the sloping dale
 The Gothic abbey rears its sculptur'd towers
 Dull through the roofs resounds the whistling
 Dark solitude among the pillars lowers. [gale

Where yon old trees bend o'er a place of graves
 And solemn shade a chapel's sad remains,
 Where yon scath'd poplar through the window
 waves,

And, twining round, the hoary arch sustains
 There oft, at dawn, as one forgot behind,
 Who longs to follow, yet unknowing where
 Some hoary shepherd, o'er his staff reclin'd,
 Pores on the graves, and sighs a broken prayer

High o'er the pines, that with their dark'ning shade
 Surround yon craggy bank, the castle rears
 Its crumbling turrets : still its tow'ry head
 A warlike mien, a fullen grandeur wears.

So, midst the snow of age, a boastful air
 Still on the war-worn vet'ran's brow attends
 Still his big bones his youthful prime declare,
 Tho' trembling o'er the feeble crutch he bends
 Wild round the gates the dusky wall - flow'ry
 creep, [have led

Where oft the knights the beauteous damsels
 Gone is the bow'r, the grot a ruin'd heap,
 Where bays and ivy o'er the fragments spread

'Twas here our fires, exulting from the fight,
 Great in their bloody arms, march'd o'er the lea
 Eying their rescu'd fields with proud delight !
 Now lost to them ! — and ah ! how chang'd
 to me !

This bank, the river, and the fanning breeze,
 The dear idea of my Pollio bring ; [tree
 So shone the moon through these soft nodding
 When here we wander'd in the eves of spring
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When April's smiles the flow'ry lawn adorn,
And modest cowslips deck the streamlet's side;
When fragrant orchards to the roseat morn
Unfold their bloom, in heav'n's own colours
dy'd,

So fair a blossom gentle Pollio wore;
These were the emblems of his healthful mind;
To him the letter'd page display'd its lore;
To him bright Fancy all her wealth resign'd;
Him, with her purest flames the Muse endow'd,
Flames never to th'illib'ral thought ally'd;
The sacred sisters led where Virtue glow'd
In all her charms: he saw, he felt, and dy'd.

Oh, partner of my infant griefs and joys!
Big with the scenes now past, my heart o'er-
Bids each endearment, fair as once, to rise, [flows;
And dwells luxurious on her melting woes.

Of with the rising sun, when life was new,
Along the woodland have I roam'd with thee;
Of by the moon have brush'd the ev'ning dew;
When all was fearless innocence and glee.

The fainted well, where yon bleak hill declines,
Has oft been conscious of those happy hours;
But now the hill, the river crown'd with pines,
And fainted well, have lost their cheering
powers;

For thou art gone. My guide, my friend! oh,
where, [hind!

Where hast thou fled, and left me here be-
My tend'rest wish, my heart to thee was bare,
Oh, now cut off each passage to thy mind!

How dreary is the gulph! how dark, how void,
The trackless shores that never were repass'd!
Dread separation! on the depth untry'd,
Hope falters, and the soul recoils aghast!

Wide round the spacious heav'ns I cast my eyes:
And shall these stars glow with immortal fire!
Still shine the lifeless glories of the skies!

And could thy bright thy living soul expire!
Far be the thought! The pleasures most sublime,
The glow of friendship, and the virtuous tear,
The tow'ring wish that scorns the bounds of
time,

Chill'd in this vale of death, but languish here.

So plant the vine on Norway's wint'ry land,
The languid stranger feebly buds, and dies:
Yet there's a clime where Virtue shall expand
With godlike strength beneath her native skies!

The lonely shepherd on the mountain's side,
With patience waits the rosy op'ning day:
The mariner at midnight's darksome tide,
With cheerful hope expects the morning ray:

Thus I, on life's storm-beaten ocean tofs'd,
In mental vision view the happy shore
Where Pollio beckons to the peaceful coast,
Where Fate and Death divide the friends no
more!

Oh, that some kind, some pitying kindred shade,
Who now, perhaps, frequents this solemn
Would tell the awful secrets of the dead, [grove,
And from my eyes the mortal film remove!

Vain is the wish—yet surely not in vain
Man's bosom glows with that celestial fire
Which scorns earth's luxuries, which smiles at
pain,

And wings his spirit with sublime desire!

To fan this spark of Heav'n, this ray divine,
Still, O my soul! still be thy dear employ;
Still thus to wander thro' the shades be thine,
And swell thy breast with visionary joy!

So to the dark-brow'd wood, or sacred mount,
In ancient days, the holy seers retir'd,
And, led in vision, drank at Siloe's fount,
While rising extasies their bosoms fir'd:

Restor'd creation bright before them rose;
The burning deserts smil'd as Eden's plains;
One friendly shade the wolf and lambkin chose;
The flow'ry mountain sung, 'Messiah reigns!'

Tho' fainter raptures my cold breast inspire,
Yet let me oft frequent this solemn scene;
Oft to the abbey's shatter'd walls retire, [tween:
What time the moonshine dimly gleams be-

There, where the crosses in hoary ruin nod,
And weeping yews o'er shade the letter'd stones,
While midnight silence wraps these drear abodes,
And soothes me wand'ring o'er my kindred
bones,

Let kindled Fancy view the glorious morn
When from the bursting graves the just shall
All Nature smiling, and by angels borne, [rise,
Messiah's cross far blazing o'er the skies.

§ 87. *The Tears of Scotland.* SMOLLET.

MOURN, hapless Caledonia, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!
Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native ground;
Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner sees, afar,
His all become the prey of war;
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then finites his breast, and curses life.
Thy swains are famish'd on the rocks,
Where once they fed their wanton flocks;
Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain;
Thy infants perish on the plain.

What boots it then, in ev'ry clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of time,
Thy martial glory, crown'd with praise,
Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke:
What foreign arms could never quell,
By civil rage and rancour fell.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy day:
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter night:

No strains, but those of sorrow, flow;
And nought be heard but sounds of woe,
While the pale phantoms of the slain
Glide nightly o'er the silent plain.

Oh baneful cause, oh, fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn!
The sons against their fathers stood;
The parent shed his children's blood.
Yet, when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and murd'ring steel!

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forfaken, wanders o'er the heath;
The bleak wind whistles round her head;
Her helpless orphans cry for bread!
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night descend,
And, stretch'd beneath th'inclement skies,
Weeps o'er her tender babes, and dies!

Whilst the warm blood bedews my veins,
And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate
Within my filial breast shall beat;
And, spite of her insulting foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow,
"Mourn, hapless Caledonia, mourn
"Thy banish'd peace, thy laurels torn!"

§ 88. *Ode to Mirth.* SMOLLET.

PARENT of joy! heart-easing Mirth!
Whether of Venus or Aurora born!
Yet Goddess sure of heav'nly birth,
Visit benign a son of Grief forlorn:
Thy glitt'ring colours gay
Around him, Mirth, display;
And o'er his raptur'd sense
Diffuse thy living influence:
So shall each hill, in purer green array'd,
And flow'r adorn'd in new-born beauty glow:
The grove shall smooth the horrors of the
shade,
And streams in murmurs shall forget to flow.
Shine, Goddess, shine with unremitted ray, [day,
And gild (a second sun) with brighter beam our
Labour with thee forgets his pain,
And aged Poverty can smile with thee;
If thou be nigh, Grief's hate is vain,
And weak th'uplifted arm of Tyranny.
The morning opes on high
His universal eye;
And on the world doth pour
His glories in a golden show'r. [ray,
Lo! Darkness, trembling 'fore the hostile
Shrinks to the cavern deep and wood forlorn:
The brood obscene, that own her gloomy
sway,
Troop in her rear, and fly th'approach of morn.

* Benjamin Stillingfleet was the only son of Edward Stillingfleet, a clergyman in the county of Norfolk, and grandson to Dr. Stillingfleet, Bishop of Worcester.

Pale shiv'ring ghosts, that dread th'all cheering
light,
Quick as the lightnings flash, glide to sepulchral
[night,

But whence the gladd'ning beam
That pours his purple stream
O'er the long prospect wide?
'Tis Mirth. I see her sit
In majesty of light,

With Laughter at her side.

Bright-ey'd Fancy hov'ring near,
Wide waves her glancing wing in air;
And young Wit flings his pointed dart,
That guiltless strikes the willing heart.

Fear not now Affliction's pow'r,

Fear not now wild Passion's rage,

Nor fear ye aught in evil hour,

Save the tardy hand of Age.

Now Mirth hath heard the suppliant Poet's pray'r,
No cloud that rides the blast shall vex the
troubled air.

§ 89. *Ode to Leven Water.* SMOLLET.

ON Leven's banks, while free to rove,
And tune the rural pipe to love,
I envy'd not the happiest swain
That ever trod th'Arcadian plain.

Pure stream! in whose transparent wave
My youthful limbs I wont to lave;
No torrents stain thy limpid source,
No rocks impede thy dimpling course,
That sweetly warbles o'er its bed,
With white, round, polish'd pebbles spread;
While, lightly pois'd, the scaly brood
In myriads cleave thy crystal flood.
The springing trout, in speckl'd pride;
The salmon, monarch of the tide;
The ruthless pike, intent on war;
The silver eel and mottled par,
Devolving from thy parent lake,
A charming maze thy waters make,
By bow'rs of birch, and groves of pine,
And hedges, flow'r'd with eglantine.

Still on thy banks, so gaily green,
May num'rous herds and flocks be seen;
And lasses, chanting o'er the pail;
And shepherds, piping in the dale;
And ancient faith, that knows no guile,
And industry, imbrown'd with toil;
And hearts resolv'd, and hands prepar'd,
The blessings they enjoy to guard!

§ 90. *An Essay on Conversation.*

* STILLINGFLEET.

*Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos;
Sedatum celeres, agilem gnavumque remissi.*

HOR.

THE art of Converse, how to sooth the soul
Of haughty man, his passions to controul,

His pride
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His pride at once to humble and to please,
And join the dignity of life with ease, [hand
Be now my theme. O thou, whom Nature's
Fram'd for this best, this delicate command,
And taught, when lisping without Reason's aid,
At the same time to speak and to persuade,
WYNDHAM, with diligence a while attend,
Nor scorn th' instructions of an older friend;
Who, when the world's great commerce shall
have join'd

The deep reflection and the strength of mind
To the bright talents of thy youthful state,
In turn shall on thy better lessons wait.

Whence comes it, that, in ev'ry art, we see
Many can rise to a supreme degree;
Yet, in this art, for which all seem design'd
By Nature, scarcely one complete we find?
You'll say, perhaps, we think, we speak, we
move,

By the strong springs alone of Selfish Love:
Yet, among all the species, is there one
Whom with more caution than ourselves we
What is it fills a puppet-show or court? [shun?
Go none but for the profit or the sport?
If so, why comes each soul fatigu'd away,
And curses the dull puppets same dull play;
Yet, unconvinc'd, is tempted still to go?
'Tis that we find at home our greatest foe.
And reason good why solitude we flee:
Can wants with self-sufficiency agree?
Yet, such our inconsistency of mind,
We court society, and hate mankind!
With some we quarrel; for they're too sincere:
With others; for they're close, reserv'd, and
queer:

This is too learn'd, too prudent, or too wise;
And that, we for his ignorance despise:
A voice perhaps our ear shall harshly strike,
Then strait e'en Wit itself shall raise dislike!
Our eye may by some feature be annoy'd;
Behold at once a character destroy'd!
One's so good-natur'd, he's beyond all bearing;
He'll ridicule no friend—tho' out of hearing:
Another, warm'd with zeal, offends our eyes,
Because he holds the mirror up to vice.
No wonder then, since fancies wild as these
Can move our spleen, that real faults displease.
When Mævius, spite of dulness, will be bright,
And teach Argyle* to speak, and Swift to write;
When Flavia entertains us with her dreams,
And Macer with his no less airy schemes;
When peevishness, and jealousy, and pride,
And int'rest, that can brother hearts divide,
In their imagin'd forms our eyesight hit,
Of an old maid, a poet, peer, or cit;
Can then, you'll say, philosophy refrain,
And check the torrent of each boiling vein?
Yes. She can still do more; view passion's slave
With mind serene, indulge him, and yet save.
But Self-Conceit steps in, and, with strict eye,
Scans ev'ry man,—and ev'ry man awry!

That reigning passion which, thro' ev'ry stage
Of life, still haunts us with unceasing rage.
No quality so mean but what can raise
Some drudging driv'ling candidate for praise;
Ev'n in the wretch, who wretches can despise,
Still self-conceit will find a time to rise.
Quintus salutes you with forbidding face,
And thinks he carries his excuse in lace:
You ask, why Clodius bullies all he can?
Clodius will tell you, he's a gentleman!
Myrtilla struts and shudders half the year
With a round cap, that shews a fine turn'd ear;
The lowest jest makes Delia laugh to death;
Yet she's no fool,—she's as only handsome teeth.
Ventoso lolls, and scorns all humankind
For the gilt coach with four lac'd slaves behind.
Does all this pomp and state proceed from merit?
Mean thought! he deems it nobler to inherit:
While Fopling from some title draws his pride,
Meanless, or infamous, or misapply'd;
Free-mason, rake, or wit, 'tis just the same,
The charm is hence, — he's gain'd himself a
name.

Yet, spite of all the fools that pride has made,
'Tis not on man an useless burthen laid;
Pride has ennobled some, and some disgrac'd;
It hurts not in itself, but as 'tis plac'd. [bound;
When right, its view knows none but virtue's
When wrong, it scarcely looks one inch around.
Mark! with what care the fair one's critic eye
Scans o'er her dress, nor lets one fault slip by;
Each rebel hair must be reduc'd to place
With tedious skill, and tortur'd into grace;
Betty must o'er and o'er the pins dispose,
Till into modish folds the drapery flows,
And the whole frame is fitted to express
The charms of decency and nakedness.
Why all this art, this labour'd ornament?
To captivate, you'll cry, no doubt, 'tis meant.
True. But let's wait upon this fair machine
From the lone closet to the social scene;
There view her loud, affected, scornful, four,
Paining all others, and herself still more.
What! means she at one instant to disgrace
The labour of ten hours, her much lov'd face?
Why, 'tis the self-same passion gratify'd;
The work is ruin'd that was rais'd by pride.

Yet, of all tempers, it requires least pain,
Could we but rule ourselves, to rule the vain.
The prudent is by reason only sway'd;
With him each sentence and each word is
weigh'd:

The gay and giddy can alone be caught
By the quick lustre of a happy thought;
The miser hates, unless he steals your pelf;
The prodigal, unless you rob yourself;
The lewd will shun you, if your wife prove
chaste;
The jealous, if a smile on his be cast;
The steady or the whimsical will blame,
Either because you're not, or are the same;

* John Duke of Argyle, equally celebrated as a statesman, a warrior, and an orator. He died September 3, 1743.

The peevish, sullen, shrewd, luxurious, rash,
Will with your virtue, peace, or int'rest, clash;
But mark the proud man's price, how very low!
'Tis but a civil speech, a smile, or bow.

Ye who, push'd on by noble ardour, aim
In social life to gain immortal fame,
Observe the various passions of mankind;
Gen'ral, peculiar, single, or combin'd:
How youth from manhood differs in its views,
And how old age still other paths pursues;
How zeal in Priscus nothing more than heats,
In Codex burns, and ruins all it meets;
How freedom now a lovely face shall wear,
Now shock us in the likeness of a bear;
How jealousy in some resembles hate;
In others, seems but love grown delicate;
How modesty is often pride refin'd,
And virtue but the canker of the mind;
How love of riches, grandeur, life, and fame,
Wear different shapes, and yet are still the same.

But not our passions only disagree;
In taste is found as great variety:
Sylvius is ravish'd when he hears a hound;
His lady hates to death the odious sound:
Yet both love music, tho' in different ways;
He in a kennel, she at operas.
A florist shall, perhaps, not grudge some hours
To view the colours in a bed of flow'rs:
Yet, shew him Titian's workmanship divine,
He passes on, and only cries, 'Tis fine.
A rusty coin, an old worm-eaten post,
The mouldy fragment of an author lost,
A butterfly, an equipage, a star,
A globe, a fine lac'd hat, a china jar,
A mistress, or a fashion, that is new,
Have each their charms, tho' felt but by a few.
Then study each man's passion and his taste;
The first to soften, and indulge the last:
Not like the wretch who beats down virtue's
fence,

And deviates from the paths of common sense;
Who daubs with fulsome flattery, blind and bold,
The very weakness we with grief behold.
Passions are common to the fool and wise,
And all would hide them under art's disguise;
For so avow'd in others is their shame,
None hates them more than he who has the
But taste seems more peculiarly our own; [same.
And ev'ry man is fond to make his known;
Proud of a mark he fancies is design'd
By Nature to advance him o'er his kind;
And, where he sees that character impress'd,
With joy he hugs the favourite to his breast.

But the main stress of all our cares must lie,
To watch ourselves with strict and constant eye:
To mark the working mind, when passion's
course

Begins to swell, and reason still has force;
Or, if she's conquer'd by the stronger tide,
Observe the moments when they first subside:
For he who hopes a victory to win
O'er other men, must with himself begin;

Else, like a town by mutiny oppress'd,
He's ruin'd by the foe within his breast:
And they alone, who in themselves oft view
Man's image, know what method to pursue.
All other creatures keep in beaten ways;
Man only moves in an eternal maze:
He lives and dies, not tam'd by cultivation,
The wretch of reason, and the dupe of passion;
Curious of knowing, yet too proud to learn;
More prone to doubt than anxious to discern:
Tir'd with old doctrines, prejudic'd at new;
Mistaking still the pleasing for the true;
Foe to restraints approv'd by gen'ral voice,
Yet to each fool-born mode a slave by choice:
Of rest impatient, yet in love with ease;
When most good-natur'd, aiming how to tease;
Disdaining by the vulgar to be aw'd,
Yet never pleas'd but when the fools applaud:
By turns severe, indulgent, humble, vain;
A trifle serves to lose him, or to gain.

Then grant this trifle, yet his vices shun,
Not like to Cato or to * Clinias' son:
This for each humour ev'ry shape could take,
Ev'n Virtue's own, tho' not for Virtue's sake;
At Athens rakish, thoughtless, full of fire;
Severe at Sparta, as a Chartreux fryar;
In Thrace a bully, drunken, rash, and rude;
In Asia gay, effeminate, and lewd;
While the rough Roman, virtue's rigid friend,
Could not, to save the cause he dy'd for, bend:
In him 'twas scarce an honour to be good:
He more indulg'd a passion than subdu'd.
See how the skilful lover spreads his toils,
When eager in pursuit of beauty's spoils!
Behold him bending at his idol's feet;
Humble, not mean; disputing, and yet sweet;
In rivalry not fierce, nor yet unmov'd;
Without a rival, studious to be lov'd;
For ever cheerful, tho' not always witty;
And never giving cause for hate or pity:
These are his arts, such arts as must prevail
When riches, birth, and beauty's self will fail
And what he does to gain a vulgar end,
Shall we neglect, to make mankind our friend?

Good sense and learning may esteem obtain;
Humour and wit a laugh if rightly ta'en;
Fair virtue admiration may impart;
But 'tis good-nature only wins the heart:
It molds the body to an easy grace,
And brightens ev'ry feature of the face:
It smooths th'unpolish'd tongue with eloquence,
And adds persuasion to the finest sense.
Yet this, like ev'ry disposition, has
Fixt bounds, o'er which it never ought to pass;
When stretch'd too far, its honour dies away,
Its merit sinks, and all its charms decay:
Among the good it meets with no applause;
And to its ruin the malicious draws:
A slave to all, who force it, or entice,
It falls by chance in virtue or in vice.
'Tis true, in pity for the poor it bleeds;
It clothes the naked, and the hungry feeds;

It cheers the stranger, nay its foes defends ;
But then as oft it injures its best friends.

Study with care Politeness, that must teach
The modish forms of gesture and of speech :
In vain Formality, with matron mien,
And Pertness, apes her with familiar grin :
They against nature for applauses strain,
Distort themselves, and give all others pain :
She moves with easy, tho' with measur'd pace,
And shews no part of study but the grace.
Yet, ev'n by this, man is but half refin'd,
Unless philosophy subdues the mind :
'Tis but a varnish that is quickly lost,
Whene'er the soul in passion's sea is tost.

Would you both please and be instructed too,
Watch well the rage of shining to subdue ;
Hear ev'ry man upon his fav'rite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escap'd your sight.
Doubt, till he thinks you on conviction yield,
And with fit questions let each pause be fill'd ;
And the most knowing will with pleasure grant,
You're rather much reserv'd than ignorant.

The rays of wit gild wheresoe'er they strike,
But are not therefore fit for all alike ;
They charm the lively, but the grave offend,
And raise a foe as often as a friend ;
Like the resistless beams of blazing light,
That cheer the strong, and pain the weakly
fight.

If a bright fancy therefore be your share,
Let judgment watch it with a guardian's care :
'Tis like a torrent, apt to overflow,
Unless by constant government kept low ;
And ne'er inefficacious passes by,
But overturns or gladdens all that's nigh :
Or else, like trees, when suffer'd wild to shoot,
That put forth much, but all unripen'd fruit ;
It turns to affectation and grimace,
As like to wit as dulness is to grace.

How hard soe'er it be to bridle wit,
Yet mem'ry oft no less requires the bit :
How many, hurry'd by its force away,
For ever in the land of gossips stray !
Usurp the province of the nurse to lull,
Without her privilege for being dull !
Tales upon tales they raise ten stories high,
Without regard to use or symmetry :
So Ripley *, till his destin'd space is fill'd,
Heaps bricks on bricks, and fancies 'tis to build.
A story should, to please, at least seem true,
Be *apropos*, well told, concise, and new ;
And, whensoe'er it deviates from these rules,
The wise will sleep, and leave applause to fools.
But others, more intolerable yet,
The wagg'ries that they've said or heard repeat,

Heavy by mem'ry made, and, what's the worst,
At second-hand as often as at first :

And can ev'n patience hear, without disdain,
The maiming register of Sense once slain ?
While the dull features, big with archness, strive
In vain the forc'd half-smile to keep alive.

Some know no joy like what a word can raise,
Haul'd thro' a language's perplexing maze,
Till on a mate, that seems t'agree, they light,
Like man and wife that still are opposite.
Not lawyers at the bar play more with sense,
When brought to the last trope of eloquence,
Than they, on ev'ry subject, great or small,
At clubs, or councils, at a church, or ball ;
Then cry, we rob them of their tributes due :
Alas ! how can we laugh and pity too ?

While others to extremes as wild will run,
And, with sour face, anatomize a pun
When the brisk glass to freedom does entice,
And rigid wisdom is a kind of vice.
But let not such grave fops your laughter spoil ;
Ne'er frown where sense may innocently smile.

Cramp not your language into logic rules ;
To rostrums leave the pedantry of schools :
Nor let your learning always be discern'd ;
But chuse to seem judicious more than learn'd.
Quote seldom, and then let it be, at least,
Some fact that's prov'd, or thought that's well
express'd.

But lest, disguis'd, your eye it should escape,
Know, pedantry can put on ev'ry shape :
For, when we deviate into terms of art,
Unless constrain'd, we act the pedant's part.
Or if we're ever in the self-same key,
No matter of what kind the subject be,
From laws of nations down to laws of dress ;
For statesmen have their cant, and belles no less.
As good hear Bentley † dictate on epistles,
Or Burman comment on the Grecian whistles,
As old Obesus preach upon his belly,
Or Phileunucha rant on Farinelli,
Flirtilla read a lecture on a fan,
Or W——d set forth the praise of Kouli-Khan.

But, above all things, Raillery decline ;
Nature but few does for that task design :
'Tis in the ablest hand a dang'rous tool ;
But never fails to wound the meddling fool :
For, all must grant, it needs no common art
To keep men patient when we make them smart.
Not wit alone nor humour's self will do,
Without good-nature and much prudence too,
To judge aright of persons, place, and time ;
For taste decrees what's low, and what's sublime ;
And what might charm to-day, or o'er a glass,
Perhaps at court, or next day, would not pass.
Then leave to low buffoons, by custom bred,
And form'd by nature to be kick'd and fed,

* "Ripley," says Mr. Pope, "was a carpenter employed by a first minister, who raised him to an architect, without any genius in the art ; and, after some wretched proofs of his insufficiency in public buildings, made him Comptroller to the Board of Works."

† See Bentley on the Epistles of Phalaris.

‡ Peter Burman, a celebrated Dutch writer, born at Utrecht, 26th of June, 1683. He was Professor of Eloquence and History at the place of his birth, and died 31st of March, 1734.

The vulgar and unenvy'd task, to hit
All persons, right or wrong, with random wit.
Our wise forefathers, born in sober days,
Resign'd to fools the tart and witty phrase;
The motley coat gave warning for the jest,
Excus'd the wound, and sanctify'd the pest:
But we, from high to low, all strive to sneer,
Will all be wits, and not the liv'ry wear.

Of all the qualities that help to raise
In men the universal voice of praise,
Whether in pleasure or in use they end,
There's none that can with Modesty contend:
'Tis a transparent veil that helps the sight,
And lets us look on merit with delight;
In others, 'tis a kindly light that seems
To gild the worst effects with borrow'd beams.
Yet, 'tis but little that its form be caught,
Unless its origin be first in thought:
Else rebel Nature will reveal the cheat,
And the whole work of art at once defeat.

Hold forth upon yourself on no pretence,
Unless invited, or in self-defence:
The praise you take, altho' it be your due,
Will be suspected, if it comes from you;
For each man, by experience taught, can tell
How strong a flatt'rer does within him dwell.
And, if to self-condemning you incline,
In sober sadness, and without design
(For some will sily arrogate a vice
That from excess of virtue takes its rise)
The world cries out, why does he hither come?
Let him do penance for his sins at home.

No part of conduct asks for skill more nice,
Tho' none more common, than to give advice:
Misers themselves in this will not be saving,
Unless their knowledge makes it worth the
having.

And, where's the wonder, when we will obtrude
An useless gift it meets ingratitude:
Shun then, unask'd, this arduous task to try;
But, if consulted, use sincerity:
Too sacred is the welfare of a friend,
To give it up for any selfish end.
But use one caution, sift him o'er and o'er,
To find if all be not resolv'd before.
If such the case, in spite of all his art,
Some word will give the soundings of his heart;
And why should you a bootless freedom use
That serves him not, and may his friendship lose?
Yet still on Truth bestow this mark of love,
Ne'er to commend the thing you can't approve.
Sincerity has such resistless charms,
She oft the fiercest of our foes disarms:
No art she knows, in native whiteness dress'd;
Her thoughts all pure, and therefore all express'd:
She takes from error its deformity;
And, without her, all other virtues die.
Bright source of goodness! to my aid descend,
Watch o'er my heart, and all my words attend:
If still thou deign to set thy foot below,
Among a race quite polish'd into show,
Oh! save me from the jilt's dissembling part,
Who grants to all *all* favours but her heart:

Perverts the end of charming for the fame;
To fawn her business, to deceive her aim:
She smiles on this man, tips the wink on that,
Gives one a squeeze, another a kind pat;
Now jogs a foot, now whispers in an ear;
Here slips a letter, and there casts a leer,
Till the kind thing, the company throughout,
Distributes all its pretty self about;
While all are pleas'd, and wretched soon or late,
All but the wise, who see and shun the bait.

Yet if, as complaisance requires to do,
And rigid virtue sometimes will allow,
You stretch the truth in favour of a friend,
Be sure it ever aim at some good end;
To cherish growing virtue, vice to shame,
And turn to noble views the love of fame:
And not, like fawning parasites, unaw'd
By sense or truth, be ev'ry passion's bawd.

Be rarely warm in censure, or in praise;
Few men deserve our passion either ways:
For half the world but floats 'twixt good and ill,
As chance disposes objects, these the will:
'Tis but a fee-faw game, where virtue now
Mounts above vice, and then sinks down as low.
Besides, the wise still hold it for a rule,
To trust that judgment most that seems most cool:
For all that rises to hyperbole
Proves that we err, at least in the degree.
But, if your temper to extremes should lead,
Always upon th'indulging side exceed;
For, tho' to blame most lend a willing ear,
Yet hatred ever will attend on fear;
And, when a neighbour's dwelling blazes out,
The world will think 'tis time to look about.

Let not the curious from your bosom steal
Secrets, where Prudence ought to set her seal;
Yet be so frank and plain that, at one view,
In other things, each man may see you thro':
For, if the mask of policy you wear,
The honest hate you, and the cunning fear.

Would you be well receiv'd where'er you go,
Remember, each man vanquish'd is a foe;
Resist not, therefore, with your utmost might,
But let the weakest think he's sometimes right;
He, for each triumph you shall thus decline,
Shall give ten opportunities to shine:
He sees, since once you own'd him to excel,
That 'tis his int'rest you should reason well;
And, tho' when roughly us'd he's full of choler,
As blut'ring Bentley to a brother scholar,
Yet, by degrees inure him to submit,
He's tame, and in his mouth receives the bit.
But chiefly against trifling contests guard;
'Tis here submission seems to man most hard:
Nor imitate that resolute old fool*,
Who undertook to kick against his mule.
But those who will not by instruction learn,
How fatal trifles prove, let story warn.
Panthus and Euclio, link'd by friendship's tie,
Liv'd each for each, as each for each would die:
Like objects pleas'd them, and like objects
pain'd;

'Twas but one soul that in two bodies reign'd.

One night, as usual 'twas their nights to pass,
They ply'd the cheerful but still temp'rate glafs,
When lo! a doubt is rais'd about a word;
A doubt that must be ended by the sword!
One falls a victim,—Mark, O man, thy shame,
Because their glossaries were not the same!
Could r Bailey's self more tenderness have shown
For his two *tomes* of words, tho' half his own?

For, what remains of failings without end,
Morals must some, and some the laws must mend:
While others in such monstrous forms appear,
As tongue-ty'd Sournes, sly Suspicion's leer,
Free-fisted Rudeness, dropscal Pretence,
Proteus' Caprice, and elbowing Insolence;
No caution to avoid them they demand,
Like wretches branded by the hangman's hand.

If faith to some philosophers be giv'n,
Man, that great lord of earth, that heir of heav'n,
Savage at first, inhabited the wood,
And scrambled with his fellow-brutes for food;
No social home he knew, no friendship's tie,
Selfish in good, in ill without ally;
Till some, in length of time, of stronger nerve
And greater cunning, forc'd the rest to serve
One common purpose, and, in nature's spite,
Brought the whole jarring species to unite.
But might we not, with equal reason, say
That ev'ry single particle of clay

Which forms our body, was at first design'd
To lie for ever from the rest disjoin'd?
Can this be said, and can it be allow'd,
'Twas with its pow'rs for no one end endow'd?
If so, we own that man at first, by art,
Was sooth'd to act in social life a part.
'Tis true, in some the seeds of discord seem
To contradict this all-uniting scheme;
But that no more hurts nature's gen'ral course,
Than matter found with a repelling force.

Turn we a while on lonely man our eyes,
And see what frantic scenes of folly rise:
In some dark monastery's gloomy cells,
Where formal self-prefuming Virtue dwells,
Bedoz'd with dreams of grace-distilling caves,
Of holy puddles, unconsuming graves,
Of animated plaister, wood, and stone,
And mighty cures by fainted sinners done.
Permit me, Muse, still farther to explore,
And turn the leaves of superstition o'er;
Where wonders upon wonders ever grow,
Chaos of zeal and blindness, mirth and woe,

2 Visions of devils into monkeys turn'd,
That, hot from hell, roar at a finger burn'd;
3 Bottles of precious tears that saints have wept,
4 And breath a thousand years in phials kept;
5 Sun-beams sent down to prop one friar's staff,
6 And hell broke loose to make another laugh;
7 Obedient fleas, and 8 superstitious mice;
9 Confessing wolves, and 10 sanctifying lice;
11 Letters and houses by an angel carry'd,
12 And, wond'rous!—Virgin nuns to Jesus
marry'd!

One monk, not knowing how to spend his time,
Sits down to find out some unheard-of crime,
Increases the large catalogue of sins,
And, where the sober finish, there begins.
Of death eternal his decree is past,
For the first crime as fix'd as for the last;
While that, as idle, and as pious too,
Compounds with false religion for the true;
He, courtly ushers to the blest abodes,
Weights all the niceties of forms and modes,
And makes the rugged path so smooth and ev'n,
None but an ill-bred man can miss of heav'n!
One, heav'n-inspir'd, invents a frock or hood:
The taylor now cuts out, and men grow good.
Another quits his stockings, breeches, shirt,
Because he fancies virtue dwells with dirt:
While all concur to take away the stress
From weightier points, and lay it on the less;
Anxious each paltry relique to preserve
Of him, whose hungry friends they leave to
starve,

Harrass'd by watchings, abstinence, and chains,
Strangers to joys, familiar grown with pains,
To all the means of virtue they attend
With strictest care, and only miss the end.
Can scripture teach us, or can sense persuade,
That man for such employments e'er was
made?

Far be that thought! but let us now relate
A character as opposite, as great,
In him 13, who, living, gave to Athens fame,
And, by his death, immortaliz'd her shame.
Great scourge of sophists! he from heav'n
brought down,
And plac'd true wisdom on th'usurper's throne:
Philosopher in all things, but pretence,
He taught, what they neglected, common sense.
They, o'er the stiff Lyceum form'd to rule;
He, o'er mankind;—all Athens was his school:

1 Nathan Bailey, the compiler of a Latin and English Dictionary, and editor of several classics for the use of schools. He died 27 June, 1742.

2 St. Dominic, vide Janfenus (Nic.)

3 Of our Saviour and others, vide Ferrand.

4 Of Joseph, vide Molinæum.

5 St. Cathro's, vide Colganum.

6 St. Anthony.

7 Vide Life of St. Colman by Colganus.

8 The same Life by the same author.

9 Vide Speculum Vitæ Sancti Francisci.

10 St. Munnu gathered those that dropt from him, and put them in their place again. Vide Acta Sanctorum.

11 From S. Firman to St. Columba, vide Colganum. Chapel of Loretto.

12 Maria de la Visitation. See her Life by Lusignam.

13 Socrates.

The sober tradesman, and smart petit-maitre,
Great lords, and wits, in their own eyes still
greater,
With him grew wise; unknowing they were
taught; [thought:
He spoke like them, though not like them he
Nor wept nor laugh'd at man's perverted state,
But left to women this, to idiots that.
View him with sophists fam'd for fierce contest,
Or crown'd with roses at the jovial feast;
Insulted by a peevish, noisy wife,
Or at the bar, foredoom'd to lose his life,—
What moving words flow from his artless
tongue,
Sublime with ease, with condescension strong!
Yet scorn'd to flatter vice, or virtue blame;
Nor chang'd to please, but pleas'd because the
same;
The same by friends carefs'd, by foes withstood,
Still unaffected, cheerful, mild, and good.
Behold one pagan, drawn in colours faint,
Outshine ten thousand monks, tho' each a saint!
Here let us fix our foot, hence take our view,
And learn to try false merit by the true.
We see, when reason stagnates in the brain,
The dregs of fancy cloud its purest vein;
But circulation betwixt mind and mind
Extends its course, and renders it refin'd.
When, warm with youth, we tread the flow'ry
way,
All nature charms, and ev'ry scene looks gay;
Each object gratifies each sense in turn,
Whilst now for rattles, now for nymphs we
burn;
Enslav'd by friendship's or by love's soft smile,
We ne'er suspect, because we mean no guile:
Till, flush'd with hope from views of past success,
We lay on some main trifle all our stress;
When lo! the mistress or the friend betrays,
And the whole fancy'd cheat of life displays:
Stun'd with an ill that from ourselves arose
(For instinct rul'd when Reason should have
chose)
We fly for comfort to some lonely scene,
Victims henceforth of dirt, and drink, and spleen.
But let no obstacles that cross our views,
Pervert our talents from their destin'd use;
For, as upon life's hill we upward press,
Our views will be obstructed less and less.
Be all false delicacy far away,
Lest it from nature lead us quite astray;
And, for th'imagin'd vice of human race,
Destroy our virtue, or our parts debase:
Since God with Reason joins to make us own,
That 'tis not good for man to be alone.

* "In this Poem," Mr. Melmoth says, "there are more original thoughts thrown together than he had ever read in the same compass of lines.

† Gildon's Art of Poetry.

‡ A painted vest Prince Vortiger had on,
Which from a naked Pic his grandfire won.

|| James More Smith, Esq. See Dunciad, B. ii. l. 50. and the notes, where the circumstances of the transaction here alluded to are very fully explained.

§ 91. *The Spleen* *. GREEN.

An Epistle to Mr. Cuthbert Jackson.

THIS motley piece to you I send,
Who always were a faithful friend;
Who, if disputes should happen hence,
Can best explain the author's sense;
And, anxious for the public weal,
Do, what I sing, so often feel.
The want of method pray excuse,
Allowing for a vapour'd Muse;
Nor, to a narrow path confin'd,
Hedge in by rules a roving mind.
The child is genuine, you may trace
Throughout the fire's transmitted face.
Nothing is stol'n: my Muse, though mean,
Draws from the spring she finds within;
Nor vainly buys what † Gildon sells,
Poetic buckets for dry wells.
School-helps I want, to climb on high,
Where all the ancient treasures lie,
And there, unseen, commit a theft
On wealth in Greek exchequers left.
Then where? from whom? what can I steal,
Who only with the moderns deal?
This were attempting to put on
Raiment from naked bodies won ‡:
They safely sing before a thief,
They cannot give who want relief;
Some few excepted, names well known,
And justly laurel'd with renown,
Whose stamp of genius marks their ware,
And theft detects: of theft beware;
From More || so lash'd, example fit,
Shun petty larceny in wit.
First know, my friend, I do not mean
To write a Treatise on the Spleen;
Nor to prescribe when nerves convulse;
Nor mend th'alarm-watch, your pulse.
If I am right, your question lay,
What course I take to drive away
The day-mare Spleen, by whose false pleas
Men prove mere suicides in case?
And how I do myself demean
In stormy world to live serene?
When by its magic lantern Spleen
With frightful figures spreads life's scene,
And threat'ning prospects urg'd my fears,
A stranger to the luck of heirs;
Reason, some quiet to restore,
Shew'd part was substance, shadow more;
With Spleen's dead weight tho' heavy grown,
In life's rough tide I sunk not down,
But swam, till Fortune threw a rope,
Buoyant on bladders fill'd with hope.

Fitzsborn's Letters.

Howard's British Princess.

Book I
I alwa
To men
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Two, Jo

I always choofe the plainest food
To mend viscosity of blood.
Hail! water-gruel, healing power,
Of easy access to the poor;
Thy help love's confessors implore,
And doctors secretly adore;
To thee I fly, by thee dilute—
Through veins my blood doth quicker shoot,
And by swift current throws off clean
Prolific particles of Spleen.

I never sick by drinking grow,
Nor keep myself a cup too low,
And seldom Cloe's lodgings haunt,
Thrifty of spirits, which I want.

Hunting I reckon very good
To brace the nerves, and stir the blood:
But after no field-honours itch,
Atchiev'd by leaping hedge and ditch.
While Spleen lies soft relax'd in bed,
Or o'er coal-fires inclines the head,
Hygeia's sons with hound and horn,
And jovial cry awake the morn.
These see her from the dusky plight,
Smear'd by th'embraces of the night,
With rosal wash redeem her face,
And prove herself of Titan's race,
And, mounting in loose robes the skies,
Shed light and fragrance as she flies.
Then horse and hound fierce joy display,
Exulting at the hark-away,
And in pursuit o'er tainted ground
From lungs robust field-notes resound.
Then, as St. George the Dragon slew,
Spleen pierc'd, trod down, and dying view;
While all their spirits are on wing,
And woods, and hills, and vallies ring.

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some, hilly walks; all, exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monks have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf;
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence;
Who buz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh;
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lecturer preaching for a place,
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense,
The popish dubbing of a priest,
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceas'd,
Green-apron'd Pythonissa's rage,
Great Æsculapius on his stage,
A miser starving to be rich,
The prior of Newgate's dying speech,
A jointur'd widow's ritual state,
Two Jews disputing tête à tête,

New almanacs compos'd by seers,
Experiments on felons ears,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
A coquet's April-weather face,
A Queenb'rough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military shew,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my ev'ning with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

Life's moving pictures, well-wrought plays,
To others grief attention raise:
Here, while the tragic fictions glow,
We borrow joy by pitying woe;
There gaily comic scenes delight,
And hold true mirrors to our sight.
Virtue, in charming dress array'd,
Calling the Passions to her aid,
When moral scenes just actions join,
Takes shape, and shews her face divine.

Music has charms, we all may find,
Ingratiate deeply with the mind.
When art does sound's high pow'r advance,
To music's pipe the Passions dance;
Motions unwill'd its pow'rs have shewn,
Tarantulated by a tune.
Many have held the soul to be
Nearly ally'd to harmony.
Her have I known indulging grief,
And shunning company's relief,
Unveil her face, and looking round,
Own, by neglecting sorrow's wound,
The consanguinity of sound.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or Spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprize a work of wit,
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, decay,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That mem'ry minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffee-house I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipp'd discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather:
Then seek good-humour'd tavern-chums;
And play at cards, but for small sums;
Or with the merry fellows quaff,
And laugh aloud with them that laugh;
Or drink a joco-serious cup
With souls who've took their freedom up,
And let my mind, beguil'd by talk,
In Epicurus' garden walk,
Who thought it heav'n to be serene;
Pain, hell, and purgatory, Spleen.

Sometimes I dress, with women fit,
 And chat away the gloomy fit;
 Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
 And wear a gay impertinence,
 Nor think nor speak with any pains,
 But lay on fancy's neck the reins;
 Talk of unusual swell of waist
 In maid of honour loosely lac'd,
 And beauty borrow'd Spanish red,
 And loving pair with separate bed,
 And jewels pawn'd for loss of game,
 And then redeem'd by loss of fame;
 Of Kitty (aunt left in the lurch
 By grave pretence to go to church)
 Perceiv'd in hack with lover fine,
 Like Will and Mary on the coin:
 And thus in modish manner we,
 In aid of fugar, sweeten tea.

Permit, ye fair, your idol form,
 Which e'en the coldest heart can warm,
 May with its beauties grace my line;
 While I bow down before its shrine,
 And your throng'd altars with my lays
 Perfume, and get by giving praise.
 With speech so sweet, so sweet a mien
 You excommunicate the Spleen,
 Which, fiend-like, flies the magic ring
 You form with sound, when pleas'd to sing;
 Whate'er you say, howe'er you move,
 We look, we listen, and approve:
 Your touch, which gives to feeling bliss,
 Our nerves officious throng to kiss;
 By Celia's pat, on their report,
 The grave air'd soul inclin'd to sport,
 Renounces wisdom's fullen pomp,
 And loves the floral game, to romp.
 But who can view the pointed rays
 That from black eyes scintillant blaze?
 Love on his throne of glory seems
 Encompass'd with satellite beams;
 But when blue eyes, more softly bright,
 Diffuse benignly humid light,
 We gaze, and see the smiling loves,
 And Cytherea's gentle doves,
 And, raptur'd, fix in such a face
 Love's mercy-seat and throne of grace.
 Shine but on age, you melt its snow;
 Again fires long-extinguish'd glow,
 And, charm'd by witchery of eyes,
 Blood long congealed liquefies!
 True miracle, and fairly done
 By heads which are ador'd while on.

But oh, what pity 'tis to find
 Such beauties both of form and mind,
 By modern breeding much debas'd,
 In half the female world at least!
 Hence I with care such lott'ries shun,
 Where, a prize miss'd, I'm quite undone;
 And han't, by vent'ring on a wife,
 Yet run the greatest risk in life.

Mothers and guardian aunts, forbear
 Your impious pains to form the fair,
 Nor lay out so much cost and art,
 But to deslow'r the virgin heart;

Of every folly-fost'ring bed
 By quick'ning heat of custom bred.
 Rather than by your culture spoil'd,
 Desist, and give us nature wild,
 Delighted with a hoyden foul,
 Which truth and innocence controul.
 Coquets, leave off affected arts,
 Gay fowlers at a flock of hearts;
 Woodcocks to shun your snares have skill,
 You shew so plain, you strive to kill.
 In love the artless catch the game,
 And they scarce miss who never aim.

The world's great Author did create
 The sex, to fit the nuptial state,
 And meant a blessing in a wife
 To solace the fatigues of life;
 And old inspired times display
 How wives could love, and yet obey;
 Then truth, and patience of controul,
 And housewife arts adorn'd the soul;
 And charms, the gift of nature, shone;
 And jealousy, a thing unknown:
 Veils were the only masks they wore;
 Novels (receipts to make a whore)
 Nor ombre, nor quadrille they knew,
 Nor Pam's puissance felt at loo.
 Wise men did not, to be thought gay,
 Then compliment their pow'r away:
 But left, by frail desires misled,
 The girls forbidden paths should tread,
 Of ign'rance rais'd the safe high wall;
 We sink haw-haws, that shew them all.
 Thus we at once solicit sense,
 And charge them not to break the fence.

Now, if untir'd, consider friend,
 What I avoid to gain my end.

I never am at meeting seen,
 Meeting, that region of the Spleen;
 The broken heart, the busy fiend,
 The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law licens'd breaking of the peace,
 To which vacation is disease:
 A gypsy-diction scarce known well
 By th'magi, who law-fortunes tell,
 I shun; nor let it breed within
 Anxiety, and that the Spleen;
 Law, grown a forest, where perplex
 The mazes, and the brambles vex;
 Where its twelve verd'ers ev'ry day
 Are changing still the public way:
 Yet if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur;
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

I never game, and rarely bet;
 Am loth to lend, or run in debt.
 No compte-writs me agitate;
 Who moralizing pass the gate,
 And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
 Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
 Wisdom, before beneath their care,
 Pays her upbraiding visits there,
 And forces folly through the grate,
 Her panegyric to repeat.

This view, profusely when inclin'd,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience join'd with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.

Passion, as frequently is seen,
Subsiding settles into Spleen.
Hence, as the plague of happy life,
I run away from party-strife.
A prince's cause, a church's claim,
I've known to raise a mighty flame,
And priest, as stoker, very free
To throw in peace and charity.
That tribe, whose practicals decree
Shall bear the deadliest heresy;
Who, fond of pedigree, derive
From the most noted whore alive;
Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
And love the mitre Bacchus made,
Forbid the faithful to depend
On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
And in whose gay red-letter'd face
We read good-living more than grace:
Nor they so pure, and so precise,
Immaculate as their white of eyes,
Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
To the state's mellow forms prefer;
Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
And samples of heart-chested grace
Expose in shew-glass of the face,
Did never me as yet provoke
Either to honour band and cloak,
Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

I rail not with mock-patriot grace
At folks, because they are in place;
Nor, hir'd to praise with stallion pen,
Serve the ear-lechery of men;
But to avoid religious jars,
The laws are my expositors,
Which in my doubting mind create
Conformity to church and state.
I go, pursuant to my plan,
To Mecca with the Caravan;
And think it right in common sense,
Both for diversion and defence.

Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat,
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their labour'd end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffl'd, turns to Spleen.

Happy the man who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pull'd against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcern'd life's wager row'd;

And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray.

By these reflections I repeal
Each hasty promise made in zeal.
When gospel-propagators say,
We're bound our great light to display,
And Indian darkness drive away,
Yet none but drunken watchmen lend,
And scoundrel link-boys for that end;
When they cry up this holy war,
Which every christian should be for,
Yet such as owe the law their ears,
We find employ'd as engineers;
This view my forward zeal so shocks,
In vain they hold the money-box.
At such a conduct, which intends
By vicious means such virtuous ends,
I laugh off Spleen, and keep my pence
From spoiling Indian innocence.

Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws.
The press restrain'd! nefarious thought!
In vain our fires have nobly fought:
While free from force the press remains,
Virtue and Freedom cheer our plains,
And Learning largesses bestows,
And keeps uncensur'd open house.
We to the nation's public mart
Our works of wit, and schemes of art,
And philosophic goods this way,
Like water-carriage, cheap convey.
This tree, which knowledge so affords,
Inquisitors with flaming swords
From lay approach with zeal defend,
Lest their own paradise should end.
The press from her fecundous womb
Brought forth the arts of Greece and Rome;
Her offspring, skill'd in logic war,
Truth's banner wav'd in open air;
The monster Superstition fled,
And hid in shades its Gorgon head;
And lawless pow'r the long-kept field,
By reason quell'd, was forc'd to yield.
This nurse of arts, and freedom's fence
To chain, is treason against sense;
And, Liberty, thy thousand tongues
None silence, who design no wrongs;
For those who use the gag's restraint,
First rob, before they stop complaint.

Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to Spleen,
Most schemes, as money-snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it overlets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;

Or helm directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship.
Such was of late a corporation*,
The brazen serpent of the nation,
Which, when hard accidents distress'd,
The poor must look at to be blest,
And thence expect, with paper seal'd
By fraud and us'ry, to be heal'd.

I in no soul-consumption wait
Whole years at levees of the great,
And hungry hopes regale the while
On the spare diet of a smile.
There you may see the idol stand
With mirror in his wanton hand;
Above, below, now here, now there,
He throws about the sunny glare.
Crowds pant, and press to seize the prize,
The gay delusion of their eyes.

When fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figure well,
And shew her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew;
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

When I lean politicians mark
Grazing on aether in the park;
Who, e'er on wing with open throats,
Fly at debates, expresses, votes,
Just in the manner swallows use,
Catching their airy food of news;
Whose laprant stomachs oft molest
The deep-laid plans their dreams suggest;
Or see some poet pensive sit,
Fondly mistaking Spleen for Wit:
Who, though short-winded, still will aim
To sound the epic trump of Fame;
Who still on Phœbus' smiles will doat,
Nor learn conviction from his coat;
I blest my stars, I never knew
Whimsies, which close pursu'd, undo,
And have from old experience been
Both parent and the child of Spleen.
These subjects of Apollo's state,
Who from false fire derive their fate,
With airy purchases undone
Of lands which none lend money on,
Born dull, had follow'd thriving ways,
Nor lost one hour to gather bays.
Their fancies first delirious grew,
And scenes ideal took for true.
Fine to the sight Parnassus lies,
And with false prospects cheats their eyes;
The fabled gods the Poets sing,
A season of perpetual spring;

* The Charitable Corporation, instituted for the relief of the industrious poor, by assisting them with small sums upon pledges at legal interest. By the villany of those who had the management of this scheme, the proprietors were defrauded of very considerable sums of money. In 1732 the conduct of the directors of this body became the subject of a parliamentary enquiry, and some of them, who were members of the House of Commons, were expelled for their concern in this iniquitous transaction.

† Psapho was a Libyan, who desiring to be accounted a God, effected it by this means: He took young birds and taught them to sing, *Psapho is a great God*. When they were perfect in their lesson, he let them fly; and other birds learning the same ditty, repeated it in the woods; on which his countrymen offered sacrifice to him, and considered him as a Deity.

Brooks, flow'ry fields, and groves of trees,
Affording sweets and smiles,
Gay dreams inspir'd in myrtle bow'rs,
And wreaths of undecaying flow'rs,
Apollo's harp with airs divine,
The sacred music of the Nine,
Views of the temple rais'd to Fame,
And for a vacant niche proud aim,
Ravish their souls, and plainly shew
What Fancy's sketching power can do.
They will attempt the mountain steep,
Where on the top, like dreams in sleep,
The Muse's revelations shew,
That find men crack'd, or make them so.

You, friend, like me, the trade of rhyme
Avoid, elab'rate waste of time,
Nor are content to be undone,
To pass for Phœbus' crazy son.
Poems, the hop-grounds of the brain,
Afford the most uncertain gain;
And lot'ries never tempt the wise
With blanks so many to a prize.
I only transient visits pay,
Meeting the Muses in my way,
Scarce known to the fastidious dames,
Nor skill'd to call them by their names.
Nor can their passports in these days,
Your profit warrant, or your praise.
On Poems by their dictates writ,
Critics, as sworn appraisers, sit,
And mere upholst'ers in a trice
On gems and paintings set a price.
These tayl'ring artists for our lays
Invent cramp'd rules, and with strait stays
Striving free Nature's shape to hit,
Ematiate sense before they fit.

A common place, and many friends,
Can serve the plagiarist's ends,
Whose easy vamping talent lies,
First wit to pilfer, then disguise.
Thus some devoid of art and skill
To search the mine on Pindus' hill,
Proud to aspire and workmen grow,
By genius doom'd to stay below,
For their own digging shew the town
Wit's treasure brought by others down.
Some wanting, if they find a mine,
An artist's judgment to refine,
On fame precipitately fix'd,
The ore with baser metals mix'd
Melt down, impatient of delay,
And call the vicious mass a play.
All these engage to serve their ends,
A band select of trusty friends,
Who lesson'd right, extol the thing,
As Psapho † taught his birds to sing;

Then to the ladies they submit,
 Returning officers on wit:
 A crowded house their presence draws,
 And on the beaux imposes laws,
 A judgment in its favour ends,
 When all the pannel are its friends:
 Their natures, merciful and mild,
 Have from mere pity sav'd the child;
 In bulrush ark the pantling found
 Helpless, and ready to be drown'd,
 They have preserv'd by kind support,
 And brought the baby-muse to court.
 But there's a youth * that you can name,
 Who needs no leading strings to fame,
 Whole quick maturity of brain
 The birth of Pallas may explain:
 Dreaming of whose depending fate,
 I heard Melpomene debate,
 This, this is he, that was foretold
 Should emulate our Greeks of old.
 Inspir'd by me with sacred art,
 He sings, and rules the varied heart;
 If Jove's dread anger he rehearse,
 We hear the thunder in his verse;
 If he describes love turn'd to rage,
 The furies riot in his page:
 If he fair liberty and law
 By ruffian pow'r expiring draw,
 The keener passions then engage
 Aright, and sanctify their rage;
 If he attempt disastrous love,
 We hear those plaints that wound the grove.
 Within the kinder passions glow,
 And tears distill'd from pity flow.

From the bright vision I descend,
 And my deserted them attend.

Me never did ambition seize,
 Strange fever most inflam'd by ease!
 The active lunacy of pride
 That courts jilt Fortune for a bride,
 This par'dise-tree, so fair and high,
 I view with no aspiring eye:
 Like aspen shake the restless leaves,
 And Sodom-fruit our pains deceives,
 Whence frequent falls give no surprise,
 But fits of Spleen, call'd *growing wile*.
 Greatness in glittering forms display'd
 Affects weak eyes much us'd to shade,
 And by its falsely-envy'd scene
 Gives self-debasing fits of Spleen.

We should be pleas'd that things are so,
 Who do for nothing see the show,
 And, middle siz'd, can pass between
 Life's hubbub safe, because unseen,
 And 'midst the glare of greatness trace
 A wat'ry sun-shine in the face,
 And pleasures fled to, to redress
 The sad fatigue of idleness.

Contentment, parent of delight,
 So much a stranger to our sight,
 Say, goddess, in what happy place
 Mortals behold thy blooming face?

Thy gracious auspices impart,
 And for thy temple choose my heart!
 They, whom thou deignest to inspire,
 Thy science learn, to bound desire;
 By happy alchymy of mind
 They turn to pleasure all they find;
 They both disdain in outward mien
 The grave and solemn garb of Spleen,
 And meretricious arts of dress,
 To feign a joy, and hide distress;
 Unmov'd when the rude tempest blows,
 Without an opiate they repose;
 And cover'd by your shield, defy
 The whizzing shafts that round them fly;
 Nor meddling with the god's affairs,
 Concern themselves with distant cares;
 But place their bliss in mental rest,
 And feast upon the good possess'd.

Forc'd by soft violence of pray'r,
 The blithsome goddess sooths my care,
 I feel the deity inspire,
 And thus she models my desire:—
 Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
 Annuity securely made,
 A farm some twenty miles from town,
 Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
 Two maids, that never saw the town,
 A serving-man, not quite a clown,
 A boy to help to tread the mow,
 And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
 A chief, of temper form'd to please,
 Fit to converse, and keep the keys;
 And better to preserve the peace,
 Commission'd by the name of niece;
 With understandings of a size
 To think their master very wise.
 May Heav'n ('tis all I wish for) send
 One genial room to treat a friend,
 Where decent cup-board, little plate,
 Display benevolence, not state.
 And may my humble dwelling stand
 Upon some chosen spot of land:
 A pond before, full to the brim,
 Where cows may cool and geese may swim;
 Behind, a green like velvet neat,
 Soft to the eye and to the feet;
 Where od'rous plants in evening fair
 Breathe all around ambrosial air;
 From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
 Fenc'd by a slope with bushes crown'd,
 Fit dwelling for the feather'd throng,
 Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
 With op'ning views of hill and dale,
 Which sense and fancy too regale,
 Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
 Like amphitheatre surrounds;
 And woods impervious to the breeze,
 Thick phalanx of embodied trees,
 From hills through plains in dusk array
 Extended far, repel the day.
 Here stillness, height, and solemn shade
 Invite, and contemplation aid:

* Mr. Glover, the excellent author of Leonidas, Boadicea, Medea, &c.

Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of Fate;
And dreams beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach,
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measur'd motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-things urns pour down the rills.

Thus shelter'd, free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;
See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind so much as to themselves;
Curs'd with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debar'd the pleasure to impart
By av'rice, sphincter of the heart,
Who wealth, hard earn'd by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouch'd to thankless heirs.
May I, with look ungloom'd by guile,
And wearing virtue's liv'ry-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive,
With income not in Fortune's pow'r,
And skill to make a busy hour,
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news;
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When Fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe;
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

But now more serious see me grow,
And what I think, my Memmius, know.

T'n'enthusiast's hope, and raptures wild,
Have never yet my reason foil'd.
His springy soul dilates like air,
When free from weight of ambient care,
And, hush'd in meditation deep,
Slides into dreams, as when asleep;
Then, fond of new discoveries grown,
Proves a Columbus of her own,
Disdains the narrow bounds of place,
And through the wilds of endless space,
Borne up on metaphysic wings,
Chases light forms and shadowy things,
And in the vague excursion caught,
Brings home some rare exotic thought.

The melancholy man such dreams,
As brightest evidence, esteems;
Fain would he see some distant scene
Suggested by his restless Spleen,
And Fancy's telescope applies
With tinctur'd glais to cheat his eyes.
Such thoughts as love the gloom of night,
I close examine by the light;
For who, though brib'd by gain to lie,
Dare sun-beam-written truths deny,
And execute plain common sense
On faith's mere hearsay evidence?

That superstition mayn't create,
And club its ills with those of fate,
I many a notion take to task,
Made dreadful by its visor-mask.
Thus scruple, spasm of the mind,
Is cur'd, and certainty I find.
Since optic reason shews me plain,
I dreaded spectres of the brain,
And legendary fears are gone,
Though in tenacious childhood sown;
Thus in opinions I commence
Freeholder in the proper sense,
And neither suit nor service do,
Nor homage to pretenders shew,
Who boast themselves by spurious roll
Lords of the manor of the soul;
Preferring sense, from chin that's bare,
To nonsense thron'd in whisker'd hair.

To thee, Creator uncreate,
O *Entium Ens*! divinely great!
Hold, Muse, nor melting pinions try,
Nor near the blazing glory fly,
Nor straining break thy feeble bow,
Unfeather'd arrows far to throw:
Through fields unknown not madly stray,
Where no ideas mark the way.
With tender eyes, and colours faint,
And trembling hands forbear to paint.
Who features veil'd by light can hit?
Where can, what has no outline, fit?
My soul, the vain attempt forego,
Thyself, the fitter subject, know.
He wisely shuns the bold extreme,
Who soon lays by th' unequal theme,
Nor runs, with wisdom's Syrens caught,
On quicksands swell'wing shipwreck'd thought.
But, conscious of his distance, gives
Mute praise, and humble negatives.
In one, no object of our sight,
Immutable and infinite,
Who can't be cruel or unjust,
Calm and resign'd, I fix my trust;
To him my past and present state
I owe, and must my future fate.
A stranger into life I'm come;
Dying may be our going home,
Transported here by angry Fate,
The convicts of a prior state.
Hence I no anxious thoughts bestow
On matters I can never know;
Through life's foul way, like vagrant past,
He'll grant a settlement at last,

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And with sweet ease the wearied crown,
 By leave to lay his being down.
 If doom'd to dance th'eternal round
 Of life no sooner lost but found,
 And dissolution soon to come,
 Like sponge, wipes out life's present sum,
 But can't our state of pow'r bereave
 An endless series to receive;
 Then, if hard dealt with here by Fate,
 We balance in another state,
 And consciousness must go along,
 And sign th'acquittance for the wrong,
 He for his creatures must decree
 More happiness than misery,
 Or be supposed to create,
 Curious to try what 'tis to hate:
 And do an act which rage infers,
 Cause lameness halts, or blindness errs.
 Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
 On even keel with gentle gale;
 At helm I make my reason sit,
 My crew of passions all submit.
 If dark and blustering prove some nights,
 Philosophy puts forth her lights;
 Experience holds the cautious glass,
 To shun the breakers as I pass,
 And frequent throws the wary lead,
 To see what dangers may be hid;
 And once in seven years I'm seen
 At Bath or Tunbridge, to careen.
 Though pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
 I mind my compass and my way,
 With store sufficient for relief,
 And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
 Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
 Of cloudy weather in the soul,
 I make (may Heav'n propitious send
 Such wind and weather to the end)
 Neither becalm'd, nor overblown,
 Life's voyage to the world unknown.

92. *The Grotto**. Written by Mr. GREEN,
 under the name of Peter Drake, a Fisherman
 of Brentford.

*Scilicet hic possis curvo dignoscere rectum.
 Aque inter silvas Academi querere verum.*

HOR.

*Our wits Apollo's influence beg,
 The Grotto makes them all with egg:
 Finding this chalkstone in my nest,
 I strain, and lay among the rest.*

A DIEU a while forsaken flood,
 To ramble in the Delian wood,
 And pray the God my well-meant song
 May not my subject's merit wrong.

Say, father Thames, whose gentle pace
 Gives leave to view what beauties grace
 Your flow'ry banks, if you have seen
 The much-sung Grotto of the Queen.
 Contemplative, forget a while
 Oxonian towers and Windsor's pile,
 And Wolfey's † pride (his greatest guilt)
 And what great William since has built;
 And flowing fast by Richmond scenes
 † (Honour'd retreat of two great queens)
 From || Sion-house, whose proud survey
 Brow-beats your flood, look cross the way,
 And view, from highest swell of tide,
 The milder scenes of Surrey side.

Though yet no palace grace the shore
 To lodge that pair you should adore;
 Nor abbies, great in ruin, rise,
 Royal equivalents for vice,—
 Behold a Grott, in Delphic grove,
 The Graces and the Muses love.
 (O, might our Laureat study here,
 How would he hail his new-born year!)
 A temple from vainglories free,
 Whose goddess is Philosophy,
 Whose tides such licenc'd idols crown
 As superstition would pull down;
 The only pilgrimage I know
 That men of sense would choose to go:
 Which sweet abode, her wisest choice,
 Urania cheers with heavenly voice,
 While all the Virtues gather round,
 To see her consecrate the ground.
 If thou, the God with winged feet,
 In council talk of this retreat,
 And jealous gods resentment show
 At altars rais'd to men below;
 Tell those proud lords of heaven, 'tis fit
 Their house our heroes should admit;
 While each exists, as poets sing,
 A lazy lewd immortal thing,
 They must (or grow in disrepute)
 With earth's first commoners recruit.

Needless it is, in terms unskill'd,
 To praise whatever Boyle § shall build;
 Needless it is the busts to name
 Of men, monopolists of fame;
 Four chiefs adorn the modest stone **
 For virtue as for learning known;
 The thinking sculpture helps to raise
 Deep thoughts, the genii of the place:
 To the mind's ear, and inward sight,
 Their silence speaks and shade gives light;
 While insects from the threshold preach,
 And minds dispos'd to musing teach:
 Proud of strong limbs and painted hues,
 They perish by the slightest bruise;

* A building in Richmond Gardens, erected by Queen Caroline, and committed to the custody of Stephen Duck. At the time this poem was written, many other verses appeared on the same subject.

† Hampton Court, begun by Cardinal Wolfey, and improved by King William III.

‡ Queen Ann, consort of King Richard II. and Queen Elizabeth, both died at Richmond.

|| Sion House is now a seat belonging to the Duke of Northumberland.

§ Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, a nobleman remarkable for his fine taste in architecture. He died December 4, 1753.

** The author should have said five; there being the busts of Newton, Locke, Wollaston, Clarke, and Boyle.

Or maladies, begun within,
 Destroy more slow life's frail machine;
 From maggot-youth through change of state,
 They feel like us the turns of Fate;
 Some born to creep have liv'd to fly,
 And change earth-cells for dwellings high;
 And some that did their six wings keep,
 Before they dy'd been forc'd to creep.
 They politics like ours profess;
 The greater prey upon the less:
 Some strain on foot huge loads to bring;
 Some toil incessant on the wing;
 And in their different ways explore
 Wise sense of want by future store;
 Nor from their vigorous schemes desist
 Till death, and then are never mis'd.
 Some frolic, toil, marry, increase,
 Are sick and well, have war and peace,
 And, broke with age, in half a day
 Yield to successors, and away.

Let not profane this sacred place,
 Hypocrisy with Janus' face;
 Or Pomp, mixt state of pride and care;
 Court kindness, Falshood's polish'd ware;
 Scandal disguis'd in Friendship's veil,
 That tells, unask'd, th'injurious tale;
 Or art politic, which allows
 The jesuit-remedy for vows;
 Or priest, perfuming crown'd head,
 Till in a swoon Truth lies for dead;
 Or rawdry critic, who perceives
 No grace, which plain proportion gives,
 And more than lineaments divine
 Admires the gilding of the shrine;
 Or that self-haunting spectre Spleen,
 In thickest fog the clearest seen;
 Or Prophecy, which dreams a lye,
 That fools believe and knaves apply;
 Or frolic Mirth, profanely loud,
 And happy only in a crowd;
 Or Melancholy's pensive gloom,
 Proxy in contemplation's room.

O Delia! when I touch this string,
 To thee my Muse directs her wing.
 Unspotted fair! with downcast look
 Mind not so much the murmur'ing brook;
 Nor fixt in thought, with footsteps slow
 Through cypress alleys cherish woe:
 I see the soul in pensive fit,
 And moping like sick linnet sit;
 With dewy eye, and moulting wing,
 Unperch'd, averse to fly or sing;
 I see the favourite curls begin
 (Disus'd to toilet-discipline)
 To quit their pest, lose their smart air,
 And grow again like common hair;
 And tears, which frequent kerchiefs dry,
 Raise a red circle round the eye;
 And by this bur about the moon,
 Conjecture more ill weather soon.
 Love not so much the doleful knell:
 And news the boding night-birds tell;
 Nor watch the waincot's hollow blow;
 And hens portentous when they crow;

Nor sleepless mind the death-watch beat;
 In taper find no winding-sheet:
 Nor in burnt coal a coffin see,
 Though thrown at others, meant for thee:
 Or when the corruscation gleams,
 Find out not first the bloody streams;
 Nor in imprest remembrance keep
 Grim tap'stry figures wrought in sleep;
 Nor rise to see in antique hall
 The moon-light monsters on the wall,
 And shadowy spectres darkly pass,
 Trailing their fables o'er the grass.
 Let vice and guilt act how they please
 In souls, their conquer'd provinces;
 By heaven's just charter it appears,
 Virtue's exempt from quartering fears:
 Shall then arm'd fancies fiercely dress,
 Live at discretion in your breast?
 Be wise, and panic fright disdain,
 As notions, meteors of the brain;
 And fights perform'd, illusive scene!
 By magic lantern of the spleen.
 Come here, from baleful cares releas'd,
 With Virtue's ticket, to a feast,
 Where decent mirth and wisdom join'd
 In stewardship, regale the mind.
 Call back the Cupids to your eyes;
 I see the godlings with surprise.
 Not knowing home in such a plight,
 Fly to and fro, afraid to light.—

Far from my theme, from method far,
 Convey'd in Venus' flying car,
 I go compell'd by feather'd steeds,
 That scorn the rein when Delia leads.

No daub of elegiac strain
 These holy wars shall ever stain;
 As spiders Irish waincot flee,
 Falshood with them shall disagree:
 This floor let not the vulgar tread,
 Who worship only what they dread:
 Nor bigots who but one way see
 Through blinkers of authority;
 Nor they who its four saints defame,
 By making virtue but a name;
 Nor abstract wit (painful regale
 To hunt the pig with slippery tail!)
 Artists, who richly chace their thought,
 Gaudy without, but hollow wrought;
 And beat too thin, and tool'd too much
 To bear the proof and standard touch:
 Nor fops to guard this sylvan ark
 With necklace-bells in treble bark:
 Nor Cynics growl, and fiercely paw
 The mastiffs of the moral law.
 Come, Nymph, with rural honours dress,
 Virtue's exterior form confess,
 With charms untarnish'd, innocence
 Display, and Eden shall commence;
 When thus you come in sober fit,
 And wisdom is prefer'd to wit;
 And looks diviner graces tell,
 Which don't with giggling muscles dwell;
 And beauty, like the ray-clipt sun,
 With bolder eye we look upon;

Learning shall with obsequious mien
 Tell all the wonders she has seen;
 Reason her logic armour quit,
 And proof to mild persuasion fit;
 Religion with free thought dispense,
 And cease contending against sense;
 Philosophy and she embrace,
 And their first league again take place;
 And morals pure, in duty bound,
 Nymph-like the sisters chief surround;
 Nature shall smile, and round this cell
 The turf to your light pressure swell,
 And knowing beauty by her shoe,
 Well air its carpet from the dew.
 The Oak, while you his umbrage deck,
 Lets fall his acorns in your neck;
 Zephyr his civil kisses gives,
 And plays with curls instead of leaves:
 Birds, seeing you, believe it spring,
 And during their vacation sing;
 And flow'rs lean forward from their seats
 To traffic in exchange of sweets;
 And angels bearing wreaths descend,
 Preferr'd as vergers to attend
 This fane, whose deity intreats
 The Fair to grace its upper seats.
 O kindly view our letter'd strife,
 And guard us through polemic life;
 From poison vehicled in praise,
 For satire's shots but slightly graze;
 We claim your zeal, and find within,
 Philosophy and you are kin.

What Virtue is we judge by you;
 For actions right are beauteous too;
 By tracing the sole female mind,
 We best what is true Nature find:
 Your vapours bred from fumes declare,
 How steams create tempestuous air,
 Till gushing tears and hasty rain
 Make heaven and you serene again:
 Our travels through the starry skies
 Were first suggested by your eyes;
 We, by the interposing fan,
 Learn how eclipses first began:
 The vast ellipse from Scarbro's home,
 Describes how blazing comets roam;
 The glowing colours of the cheek
 Their origin from Phœbus speak;
 Our watch how Luna strays above
 Feels like the care of jealous love;
 And all things we in science know
 From your known love for riddles flow.

Father! forgive, thus far I stray,
 Drawn by attraction from my way.
 Mark next with awe, the foundress well
 Who on these banks delights to dwell;
 You on the terrace see her plain,
 Move like Diana with her train.
 If you then fairly speak your mind,
 In wedlock since with Isis join'd,
 You'll own, you never yet did see,
 At least in such a high degree,
 Greatness delighted to undress;
 Science a scepter'd hand cares;
 A Queen the friends of freedom prize;
 A woman wise men canonize.

§ 93. *The Birth and Education of Genius.*
 CAWTHORNE.

YES, Harriet! say whate'er you can,
 'Tis education makes the man:
 Whate'er of Genius we inherit,
 Exalted sense, and lively spirit,
 Must all be disciplin'd by rules,
 And take their colour from the schools.
 'Twas nature gave that cheek to glow,
 That breast to rise in hills of snow,
 Those sweetly-temper'd eyes to shine
 Above the sapphires of the mine.
 But all your more majestic charms,
 Where grace presides, where spirit warms;
 That shape which falls by just degrees,
 And flows into the pomp of ease;
 That step, whose motion seems to swim,
 That melting harmony of limb,
 Were form'd by Glover's skillful glance,
 At Chelsea, when you learnt to dance.

'Tis so with man.—His talents rest
 Misshapen embryos in his breast;
 Till Education's eye explores
 The sleeping intellectual pow'rs,
 Awakes the dawn of wit and sense,
 And lights them into excellence.
 On this depends the patriot-flame,
 The fine ingenuous feel of fame.
 The manly spirit, brave and bold,
 Superior to the taint of gold,
 The dread of infamy, the zeal
 Of honour, and the public weal,
 And all those virtues which presage
 The glories of a rising age.

But, leaving all these graver things
 To statesmen, moralists, and kings,
 Whose business 'tis such points to settle—
 Ring—and bid Robin bring the kettle.
 Meanwhile the muse, whose sportive strain
 Flows like her voluntary vein,
 And impudently dares aspire
 To share the wreath with Swift and Prior,
 Shall tell an allegoric tale,
 Where truth lies hid beneath the veil.

One April-morn, as Phœbus play'd
 His carols in the Delphic shade,
 A nymph, call'd Fancy, blithe and free,
 The fav'rite child of Liberty,
 Heard, as she rovd about the plain,
 The bold enthusiastic strain;
 She heard, and led by warm desire,
 To know the artist of the lyre,
 Crept softly to a sweet alcove,
 Hid in the umbrage of the grove,
 And, peeping through the myrtle, saw
 A handsome, young, celestial beau,
 On nature's sofa stretch'd along,
 Awaking harmony and song.

Struck with his fine majestic mien,
 As certain to be lov'd as seen,
 Long ere the melting air was o'er
 She cry'd, in extacy, Encore;
 And, what a prude will think but odd,
 Popp'd out, and court'fy'd to the God,
 Phœbus, gallant, polite, and keen as
 Each earth-born votary of Venus,

Rose up, and with a graceful air
 Address'd the visionary fair;
 Excus'd his morning-dishabille,
 Complain'd of late he had been ill.
 In short, he gaz'd, he bow'd, he sigh'd,
 He sung, he flatter'd, press'd, and ly'd,
 With such a witchery of art,
 That Fancy gave him all her heart,
 Her catechism quite forgot,
 And waited on him to his grot.

In length of time she bore a son,
 As brilliant as his fire, the Sun.
 Pure aether was the vital ray
 That lighted up his finer clay;
 The nymphs, the rosy-finger'd hours,
 The dryads of the woods and bow'rs,
 The graces with their loosen'd zones,
 The muses with their harps and crowns,
 Young zephyrs of the softest wing,
 The loves that wait upon the spring,
 Wit with his gay associate Mirth,
 Attended at the infant's birth,
 And said, Let Genius be his name,
 And his the fairest wreath of fame.

The gossips gone, the christ'ning o'er,
 And Genius now 'twixt three and four,
 Phœbus, according to the rule,
 Resolv'd to send his son to school:
 And, knowing well the tricks of youth,
 Resign'd him to the matron Truth,
 Whose hut, unknown to pride and pelf, was
 Near his own oracle at Delphos.

The rev'rend dame, who found the child
 A little mischievous and wild,
 Taught him at first to spell and read,
 To say his prayers, and get his creed—
 Would often tell him of the sky,
 And what a crime it is to lye.
 She chid him when he did amiss,
 When well, she bless'd him with a kiss.
 Her sister Temp'rance, sage and quiet,
 Presided at his meals and diet:
 She watch'd him with religious care,
 And fed him with the simplest fare;
 Would never let the urchin eat
 Of pickled pork, or butcher's meat;
 But what of aliment earth yields
 In gardens, orchards, woods, and fields;
 Whate'er of vegetable wealth
 Was cultur'd by the hand of Health,
 She cropp'd and dress'd it, as she knew well,
 In many a mess of soup and gruel;
 And now and then, to cheer his heart,
 Indulg'd him with a Sunday's tart.

A lusty peasant chanc'd to dwell
 Hard by the solitary cell:
 His name was Labour.—Ere the dawn
 Had broke upon the upland-lawn,
 He hied him to his daily toil,
 To turn the glebe, or mend the soil.
 With him young Genius oft wou'd go
 O'er dreary wastes of ice and snow
 With rapture climb the cloud-topt hill,
 Or wade across the shallow rill;

Or thro' th'entangled wood pursue
 The footsteps of a straggling ewe.
 By these fatigues he got at length
 Robustness and athletic strength,
 Spirits as light as flies the gale
 Along the lily-silver'd vale.
 The cherub health, of dimple sleek,
 Sat radiant on his rosy cheek,
 And gave each nerve's elastic spring
 The vigour of an eaglet's wing.

Time now had roll'd, with smooth career,
 Our hero thro' his seventh year.
 Tho' in a rustic cottage bred,
 The busy imp had thought and read:
 He knew th'adventures, one by one,
 Of Robin Hood and Little John;
 Could sing with spirit, warmth, and grace,
 The woeful hunt of Chevy Chase;
 And how St. George, his fiery nag on,
 Destroy'd the vast Egyptian dragon.
 Chief he admir'd that learned piece
 Wrote by the fabulist of Greece,
 Where wisdom speaks in crows and cocks,
 And cunning sneaks into a fox.
 In short, as now his op'ning parts,
 Ripe for the culture of the arts,
 Became in ev'ry hour acuter,
 Apollo look'd out for a tutor;
 But had a world of pains to find
 This artist of the human mind.
 For, in good truth, full many an ass was
 Among the doctors of Parnassus,
 Who scarce had skill enough to teach
 Old Lilly's elements of speech;
 And knew as much of men and morals
 As doctor Rock of ores and corals.
 At length, with much of thought and care,
 He found a master for his heir;
 A learned man, adroit to speak
 Pure Latin, and your attic Greek;
 Well known in all the courts of fame,
 And Criticism was his name.

Beneath a tutor keen and fine as
 Or Aristotle or Longinus,
 Beneath a lynx's eye that saw
 The slightest literary flaw,
 Young Genius trod the path of knowledge,
 And grew the wonder of the college.
 Old authors were his bosom friends—
 He had them at his fingers ends—
 Became an acc'rate imitator
 Of truth, propriety, and nature;
 Display'd in every just remark
 The strong sagacity of Clark;
 And pointed out the false and true,
 With all the sun-beams of Bossu.

But though this critic-sage refin'd
 His pupil's intellectual mind,
 And gave him all that keen discerning
 Which marks the character of learning;
 Yet, as he read with much of glee
 The trifles of antiquity,
 And, Bentley-like, would write epistles
 About the origin of whistles!

The scholar took his master's trim,
And grew identically him;
Employ'd a world of pains to teach us
What nation first invented breeches;
Asserted that the Roman socks
Were broider'd with a pair of clocks;
That Capua serv'd up with her victuals
An olio of Venafran pickles;
That Sisygambis dress'd in blue,
And wore her tresses in a queue.
In short, he knew what Paulus Jovius,
Salmasius, Grævius, and Gronovius
Have said in fifty folio volumes,
Printed by Elzevir in columns.

Apollo saw, with pride and joy,
The vast improvement of his boy;
But yet had more than flight suspicion,
That all this load of erudition
Might overlay his parts at once,
And turn him out a letter'd dunce.
He saw the lad had fill'd his sense
With things of little consequence;
That tho' he read, with application,
The wits of every age and nation,
And could, with nice precision, reach
The boldest metaphors of speech;
Yet warp'd too much, in truth's defiance,
From real to fictitious science,
He was, with all his pride and parts,
A mere mechanic in the arts,
That measures with a rule and line
What nature meant for great and fine,

Phœbus, who saw it right and wise was
To counteract this fatal bias,
Took home his son with mighty haste,
And sent him to the school of Taste.
This school was built by wealth and peace,
Some ages since, in Elder Greece,
Just when the Stagyrite had writ
His lectures on the pow'rs of wit.
Here, flush'd in all the bloom of youth,
Sat Beauty in the shrine of truth.
Here, all the finer arts were seen
Assembl'd round their virgin-queen.
Here sculpture, on a bolder plan
Ennobled marble into man.
Here, music, with a soul on fire,
Impassion'd, breath'd along the lyre;
And here, the painter-muse display'd
Diviner forms of light and shade.

But such the fate, as Hesiod sings,
Of all our sublunary things,
When now the Turk, with sword and halter,
Had drove religion from her altars,
And delug'd with a sea of blood
The academic dome and wood;
Affrighted Taste, with wings unfurl'd,
Took refuge in the western world;
And settled on the Tuscan main,
With all the muses in his train.
In this calm scene, where Taste withdrew,
And Science trimm'd her lamp anew;
Young Genius rag'd in every part
The visionary worlds of art,

And from their finish'd forms refin'd
His own congenial warmth of mind;
And learn'd with happy skill to trace
The magic pow'rs of ease and grace:
His style grew delicately fine,
His numbers flow'd along his line,
His periods manly, full, and strong,
Had all the harmony of song.
Whene'er his images betray'd
Too strong a light, too weak a shade,
Or in the graceful and the grand
Confess'd inelegance of hand,
His noble master, who could spy
The slightest fault with half an eye;
Set right by one ethereal touch,
What seem'd too little or too much;
Till ev'ry attitude and air
Arose supremely full and fair.

GENIUS was now among his betters
Distinguish'd as a man of letters.
There wanted still, to make him please,
The splendor of address and ease,
The soul-enchanting mien and air,
Such as we see in Grosvenor-Square,
When Lady Charlotte speaks and moves,
Attended by a swarm of loves.

GENIUS had got, to say the truth,
A manner awkward and uncouth;
Sure fate of all who love to dwell
In wisdom's solitary cell:
So much a clown in gait and laugh,
He wanted but a scrip and staff;
And such a beard as hung in candles
Down to Diogenes's sandals,
And planted all his chin so thick,
To be like him a dirty cynic.

Apollo, who to do him right,
Was always perfectly polite,
Chagrin'd to see his son and heir
Dishonour'd by his gape and stare,
Resolv'd to send him to Versailles,
To learn a minuet of Marseilles:
But Venus, who had deeper reading
In all the mysteries of breeding,
Observ'd to Phœbus, that the name
Of Fop and Frenchman was the same.
French manners were, she said, a thing which
Those grave misguided fools, the English,
Had, in despite of common sense,
Mistook for manly excellence;
By which their nation strangely sunk is,
And half their nobles turn'd to monkies.
She thought it better, as the case was,
To send young Genius to the graces:
Those sweet divinities, she said,
Would form him in the myrtle shade;
And teach him more, in half an hour,
Than Lewis or his Pompadour.

Phœbus agreed—the Graces took
Their noble pupil from his book,
Allow'd him at their side to rove
Along their own domestic grove,
Amidst the sound of melting lyres,
Soft-wreathing smiles, and young desires:

And

And when confin'd by winds or show'rs,
Within their amaranthine bow'rs,
They taught him with address and skill
To shine at ombre and quadrille;
Or let him read an ode or play,
To wing the gloomy hour away.

GENIUS was charm'd—divinely plac'd
'Midst beauty, wit, politeness, taste;
And, having every hour before him
The finest models of decorum,
His manners took a fairer ply,
Expression kindled in his eye;
His gesture disengag'd, and clean,
Set off a fine majestic mien;
And gave his happy pow'r to please
The noblest elegance of ease.

Thus, by the discipline of art,
Genius shone out in head and heart.
Form'd from his first fair bloom of youth,
By Temp'rance and her sister Truth,
He knew the scientific page
Of every clime and every age;
Had learnt with critic-skill to rein
The wildness of his native vein;
That critic-skill, tho' cool and chaste,
Refin'd beneath the eye of Taste;
His unforbidding mien and air,
His aukward gait, his haughty stare,
And every stain that wit debases,
Were melted off among the graces;
And Genius rose, in form and mind,
The first, the greatest of mankind.

§ 94. *The Enthusiast. An Ode.* WHITEHEAD.

ONCE, I remember well the day,
'Twas ere the blooming sweets of May
Had lost their freshest hues,
When every flower on every hill,
In every vale had drank its fill
Of sunshine and of dews.
In short, 'twas that sweet season's prime,
When Spring gives up the reins of Time
To Summer's glowing hand,
And doubting mortals hardly know,
By whose command the breezes blow
Which fan the smiling land.
'Twas then, beside a green-wood shade,
Which cloath'd a lawn's aspiring head,
I urg'd my devious way,
With loit'ring steps regardless where,
So soft, so genial was the air,
So wond'rous bright the day.
And now my eyes with transport rove
O'er all the blue expanse above,
Unbroken by a cloud!
And now beneath delighted pass,
Where winding thro' the deep green grass
A full-brim'd river flow'd.
I stop, I gaze; in accents rude,
To thee, sereneest solitude,
Burst forth th'unbidden lay;
"Begone, vile world, the learn'd, the wise,
The great, the busy, I despise,
And pity e'en the gay.

These, these are joys alone, I cry;
'Tis here, divine Philosophy,
Thou deign'st to fix thy throne!
Here Contemplation points the road
Thro' Nature's charms to Nature's God!

These, these are joys alone!
Adieu, ye vain low-thoughted cares,
Ye human hopes and human fears,
Ye pleasures and ye pains!"
While thus I spake, o'er all my soul
A philosophic calmness stole,

A stoic stillness reigns.
The tyrant passions all subside,
Fear, anger, pity, shame and pride
No more my bosom move;

Yet still I felt, or seem'd to feel,
A kind of visionary zeal
Of universal love.

When lo! a voice, a voice I hear!
'Twas Reason whisper'd in my ear
These monitory strains:

"What mean'st thou man? would'st thou unbind
The ties which constitute thy kind,

The pleasures and the pains?
The same Almighty Power unseen,
Who spreads the gay or solemn scene
To Contemplation's eye,

Fix'd every movement of the soul,
Taught every wish its destin'd goal,
And quicken'd every joy.

He bids the tyrant passions rage,
He bids them war eternal wage,
And combat each his foe:

Till from dissensions concords rise,
And beauties from deformities,
And happiness from woe.

Art thou not man, and dar'st thou find
A bliss which leans not to mankind?

Presumptuous thought and vain!
Each bliss unshar'd is unenjoy'd,
Each power is weak, unless employ'd
Some social good to gain.

Shall light and shade, and warmth and air,
With those exalted joys compare
Which active Virtue feels!

When on the drags as lawful prize,
Contempt, and Indolence, and Vice,
At her triumphant wheels.

As rest to labour still succeeds
To man, whilst Virtue's glorious deeds
Employ his toilsome day;

This fair variety of things,
Are merely Life's refreshing springs,
To sooth him on his way.

Enthusiast go, unstring thy lyre,
In vain thou sing'st if none admire,
How sweet soe'er the strain.

And is not thy o'erflowing mind,
Unless thou mixest with thy kind,
Benevolent in vain?

Enthusiast go, try every sense,
If not thy bliss, thy excellence,
Thou yet hast learn'd to scan;

At least thy wants, thy weakness know,
And see them all uniting show,
That man was made for man."

§ 97. *Father Francis's Prayer, in a Hermitage.*

NE gay attire, ne marble hall,
 Ne arched roof, ne pictur'd wall,
 Ne cook of Fraunce ne dainty board,
 Bestow'd with pyes of perigord,
 Ne pow'r, ne such like idle fancies,
 Sweet Agnes! grant to Father Francis:
 Let me ne more myself deceive,
 Ne more regret the toys I leave;
 The world I quit, the proud the vain,
 Corruption's and Ambition's train,
 But not the good perdie! nor fair;
 'Gainst them I make ne vow, ne pray'r;
 But such aye welcome to my cell,
 And oft, not always, with me dwell:
 Then cast, sweet Saint! a circle round,
 And blest from fools this holy ground,
 From all the foes to worth and truth,
 From wanton old and homely youth,
 The gravely dull and pertly gay:
 Oh! banish these; and by my fay
 Right well I ween, that in this age
 Mine house shall prove an hermitage.

§ 98. *Songe to Ælla, Lorde of the Castel of Brystowe ynne daies of yore. From CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.*

OH thou, orr what remaynes of thee,
 Ælla, the darlynge of futurity,
 Lett thys mie songe bolde as thie courage be,
 As everlastyng to posterity. [redde hue
 Whanne Dacya's sonnes, whose hayres of bloude-
 Lyche kyng-cuppes brastyng wythe the morn-
 Arraung'd ynne dreare arraie, [ing due,
 Upponne the lethale daie,
 Spredde farrè and wyde onne Watchet's shore;
 Than dyddst thou furious stande,
 And bie thie valyante hande
 Beesprengedd all the mees wythe gore.

Drawne bie thyne anlace felle,
 Downe to the depthe of helle
 Thoufandes of Dacyannes went;
 Brystowannes, menne of myghte,
 Ydar'd the blouddie fyghte,
 And actedd deeds full quent.

Oh thou, whereer (thie bones att reste)
 Thye Spryte to haunte delygeth beste,
 Whether upponne the bloude-embrewedd
 Or where thou kennst from farre [pleyne,
 The dysmall crye of warre, [fleyne;
 Orr seest somme mountayne made of corse of

Orr seest the hatchedd stede,
 Yprauceyng o'er the mede,
 And neighe to beamenged the poyntedd speeres;
 Orr ynne blacke armoure staulke arounde,
 Embattel'd Brystowe, once thie grounde
 And glowe arduous onn the Castle steeres;

Or fierye round the mynsterr glare;
 Let Brystowe styll be made thie care; [fyre;
 Garde ytt fromme foemenne and consumyng
 Lyche Avones streame ensyrke ytte rounde,
 Ne lette a flame enharme the grounde, [pyre.
 Tyll ynne onse flame all the whole worlde ex-

§ 99. *Brystowe Tragedie:*

Or, the Dethe of Syr Charles Bawdin.

CHATTERTON, under the name of ROWLEY.

THE feather'd songster chaunticleer

Had wounde hys bugle horne,
 And told the earlie villager

The commyng of the morne;

Kynge Edward sawe the rudie streakes

Of lyghte eclypse the greie;

And herde the raven's crokyng throte

Proclayme the fated daie.

"Thou'rt ryght," quod hee, "for, by the

"That sytts enthron'd on hyghe" [Godd

"Charles Bawdin, and hys fellows twaine,

"To-daie shall surelie die."

Then wythe a jugge of nappy ale

Hys Knyghtes dydd onne hymn waite;

"Goe, tell the traytour, thatt to-daie

"Hee leaves thys mortall state."

Syr Canterlone thenne bendedd lowe,

Wythe hart brymm-fulle of woe;

Hee journey'd to the castle-gate,

And to Syr Charles dydd goe.

But whenne hee came, his children twaine,

And eke hys lovyng wyfe,

Wythe brinie tears dydd wert the floore,

For goode Syr Charleses lyfe.

"O goode Syr Charles!" said Canterlone,

"Badde tydyngs I doe bryng."

"Speke boldlie, manne," sayd brave Syr Charles,

"Whatte says thie traytor kynge?"

"I greeve to telle, before yonne sonne

"Does fromme the welkinne flye,

"Hee hath uponne hys honour sworne,

"Thatt thou shalt surelie die.

"Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;

"Of thatte I'm not affearde;

"What bootes to lyve a little space?

"Thanke Jesu, I'm prepar'd:

"Butt telle thye kynge, for myne hee's not,

"I'de sooner die to-daie

"Thanne lyve hys slave, as manie are,

"Tho' I should lyve for aie."

Thenne Canterlone hee dydd goe out,

To telle the maior fraite

To gett all thynges ynne reddyne

For goode Syr Charleses fate.

Thenne Maisterr Canynge saughte the kynge,

And felle down onne hys knee,

"I'm come," quod hee, "unto your grace

"To move your clemencye."

Thenne quod the kynge, "Your tale speke out,

"You have been much oure friende;

"Whatever youre request may bee,

"Wee wyll to ytte attende."

"My nobile liege! all my request

"Ys for a nobile knyghte,

"Who, tho' mayhap he has donne wronge,

"Hee thoughte ytte styll was ryghte:

F f

"Hee

"Hee has a spouse and children twaine,
 "Alle rewyn'd are for aie;
 "Yff thatt you are resolv'd to lett
 "Charles Bawdin die to daie."
 "Speke nott of such a traytour vile,
 "The kynge ynne fury sayde;
 "Before the ev'ning starre doth sheene,
 "Bawdin shall loose hys hedde:
 "Justice does loudlie for hym calle,
 "And hee shall have hys meede:
 "Speke, Maister Canynge! Whatte thyng else
 "Att present doe you neede?"
 "My nobile liege!" goode Canynge sayde,
 "Leave justice to our Godde,
 "And laye the yronne rule asyde;
 "Be thyne the olyve rodde.
 "Was Godde to ferche our hertes and reines,
 "The best were synners grete;
 "Christ's vycarr only knowes ne synne,
 "Ynne alle thys mortall state.
 "Lett mercie rule thyne infante reigne,
 "'Twyle faste the crowne fulle sure;
 "From race to race thy familie
 "Alle sov'reigns shall endure:
 "But yff wythe bloode ann slaughter thou
 "Beginne thy infante reigne,
 "Thy crowne uponne thy childrennes brows
 "Wylle never lonng remayne."
 "Canynge, awaie! thys traytour vile
 "Has scorn'd my power and mee;
 "Howe canst thou thenne for such a manne
 "Intreate my clemencye?"
 "My nobile liege! the truly brave
 "Wylle val'rous actions prize;
 "Respect a brave and nobile mynde,
 "Altho' ynne enemies."
 "Canynge, awaie! By Godde ynne Heav'n,
 "That dydd mee beinge gyve,
 "I wylle not taste a bitt of breade
 "Whilst thys Syr Charles dothe lyve.
 "By Maric, and all Seinctes ynne Heav'n,
 "Thys sunne shall be hys laste."
 Thenne Canynge dropt a brinie teare,
 And from the presence paste.
 With herte brymm-fulle of gnawynge grief,
 Hee to Syr Charles dydd goe,
 And satt hymm downe uponne a stoole,
 And teares beganne to flowe.
 "Wee all must die," quod brave Syr Charles;
 "Whatte bootes ytte howe or whenne!"
 "Dethe ys the sure, the certaine fate
 "Of all wee mortall menne.
 "Saye why, my friende, thic honest soul
 "Runns overr at thyne eye;
 "Is ytte for my most welcome doome
 "Thatt thou dost child-lyke crye?"
 Quod godlie Canynge, "I doe weepe,
 "Thatt thou soe soone must dye,
 "And leave thy sonnes and helpless wyfe;
 "'Tis thys thatt wettes myne eye."

"Thenne drie the teares thatt out thyne eye
 "From godlie fountaines sprynge;
 "Dethe I despise, and alle the pow'r
 "Of Edward, traytor kynge.
 "Whan through the tyrant's welcom means
 "I shall resigne my lyfe,
 "The Godde I serve wylle soori provyde
 "For bothe mye sonnes and wyfe.
 "Before I sawe the lyghtsome sunne,
 "Thys was appointed mee.
 "Shall inortal manne repyne or grudge
 "Whatt Godde ordeynes to bee?
 "Howe oft ynne battaile have I stooode,
 "Whan thousands dy'd arounde;
 "Whan smokyng streems of crimson bloode
 "Imbrew'd the fatten'd grounde:
 "How dydd I knowe that ev'ry darte,
 "That cutte the airie waile,
 "Myghte nott finde passage toe my harte,
 "And close myne eyes for aie?
 "And shall I now, for feere of dethe,
 "Looke wanne and bee dysmayde?
 "Ne! fromm my herte flie childyshe feere,
 "Bee alle the manne display'd.
 "Ah, goddelyke Henrie! Godde forefende,
 "And garde thee and thy sonne,
 "Yff 'tis hys wylle; but yff 'tis nott,
 "Why thenne hys wylle be donne.
 "My honeste friende, my faulte has beene
 "To serve Godde and mye prynce;
 "And that I no tyme-server am,
 "My dethe wylle soone convynce.
 "Ynne Londonne citye was I borne,
 "Of parents of grete note;
 "My fadyre dydd a nobile arms
 "Emblazon onne hys cote:
 "I make ne doubt butt hee ys gone
 "Where soone I hope to goe;
 "Where wee for ever shall bee blest,
 "From oute the reech of woe:
 "Hee taught mee justice and the laws
 "Wyth pitie to unite;
 "And eke hee taughte mee howe to knowe
 "The wronge cause fromm the ryghte:
 "Hee taughte mee wythe a prudent hande
 "To feede the hungrie poore,
 "Ne lette mye servants drive awaie
 "The hungrie fromme my doore:
 "And none can saye, butt all mye lyfe
 "I have hys wordyes aye kept;
 "And summd the actionns of the daie
 "Eche nyghte before I slept.
 "I have a spouse, goe aske of her,
 "Yff I defyl'd her bedde?
 "I have a kynge, and none can laie
 "Blacke treason onne my hedde.
 "Ynne Lent, and onne the holie eve,
 "Fromm fleshe I dydd refrayne;
 "Whic should I thenne appeare dismay'd
 "To leave thys worlde of payne?"

Book I.
 "Ne! hap
 "I shall
 "Most wil
 "Doe I
 "Oh, fickle
 "Thou
 "Whyle
 "Thye
 "Saie were
 "And g
 "Thatt yo
 "For the
 "Whatte t
 "And m
 "I do defy
 "Hee ca
 "What the
 "Mye ly
 "And ne r
 "Charles
 "Yett ynn
 "Whych
 "There, w
 "My na
 "Thenne v
 "I leve
 "Farewell,
 "Mye fo
 "Nowe det
 "As e'er
 "Nor woul
 "Wyth
 "Quod Cany
 "To bee
 "And from
 "To Go
 "And nowe
 "And clar
 "Syr Charles
 "A prau
 "And, juste
 "His lovy
 "Weepynge
 "Wythe l
 "Sweet Flo
 "Ynne q
 "Praie God
 "Maye l
 "Sweet Flo
 "Theye
 "And almo
 "Wyth t
 "Tys but
 "Untoe t
 "Nowe, as
 "Receive
 "Thenne Flo
 "Trembly
 "Ah, crue
 "My he

'Ne! hapless Henrie! I rejoyce,
 'I shalle ne see thye dethe;
 'Most willynglie in thye just cause
 'Doe I resign my brethe.
 'Oh, fickle people! rewyn'd londe!
 'Thou wylt kenne peace ne moe;
 'Whyle Richard's sonnes exalt themselves,
 'Thye brookes wythe bloude wylle flowe.
 'Saie were ye tyr'd of godlie peace,
 'And godlie Henrie's reigne,
 'Thatt you dydd choppe youre easie daies
 'For those of bloude and peyne?
 'Whatte tho' I onne a fledde bee drawne,
 'And mangled by a hynde,
 'I do desye the traytor's pow'r,
 'Hee can ne harm my mynde;
 'What tho', uphoisted onne a pole,
 'Mye lymbes shall rotte ynn ayre,
 'And ne ryche monument of bras
 'Charles Bawdin's name shall bear;
 'Yett ynn the holie booke above,
 'Whyche tyme can't eat awai,
 'There, wythe the servants of the Lorde,
 'My name shall lyve for aie.
 'Thenne welcome dethe! for lyfe eterne
 'I leve thys mortall lyfe:
 'Farewell, vayne worlde, and all that's deare,
 'Mye sonnes and lovyng wyfe!
 'Nowe dethe as welcome to mee comes
 'As e'er the monthe of Maie;
 'Nor woulde I even wyshe to lyve,
 'Wyth my dere wyfe to staie.'
 Quod Canynge, "'Tys a goodlie thyng
 "To bee prepar'd to die;
 "And from thys worlde of peyne and grefe
 "To Godde ynn Heav'n to flie."
 And nowe the bell beganne to tolle,
 And claryonnes to sounde;
 Syr Charles he herde the hors'es feete
 A prauncyng on the grounde:
 And, juste before the officers,
 His lovyng wyfe came ynn,
 Weepyng unfeigned teeres of woe,
 Wythe loude and dysmalle dynne.
 'Sweet Florence! nowe I praie forbere,
 'Ynn quiet lett mee die;
 'Praie Godde, that ev'ry Christian soule
 'Maye looke onne dethe as I.
 'Sweet Florence! why these brinie teeres?
 'Theye washe my soule awaie,
 'And almost make mee wyshe for lyfe,
 'Wyth thee, sweete dame, to staie.
 "'Tys but a journie I shalle goe
 'Untoe the lande of blyss;
 'Nowe, as a prooffe of husbände's love,
 'Receive thys holie kyffe.'
 Thenne Florence, fault'ring ynn her saie,
 Tremblyng, these wordes shee spoke,
 "Ah, cruell Edward! bloudie kyng!
 "My herte ys well nyghe broke:

"Ah, sweete Syr Charles! why wylt thou goe,
 "Wythoute thye lovyng wyfe!
 "The cruell axe thatt cuttes thye necke,
 "Ytt eke shall ende mye lyfe."
 And nowe the officers came ynn
 To bryng Syr Charles awaie,
 Whoe turnedd toe his lovyng wyfe,
 And thus toe her dydd saie:
 'I goe to lyfe, and nott to dethe;
 'Truste thou ynn Godde above,
 'And teache thye sonnes to feare the Lorde,
 'And ynn theyre hertes hym love:
 'Teache them to runne the nobile race
 'Thatt I theyre fader runne:
 'Florence! shou'd dethe thee take—adieu!
 'Yee officers, lead onne.'
 Thenne Florence rav'd as anie madde,
 And dydd her tresses tere;
 "Oh! staie, my husbände! lorde! and lyfe!"
 Syr Charles thenne dropt a teare.
 Tyll tyredd oute wythe ravyng loud,
 Shee fellen onne the flore;
 Syr Charles exerted alle hys myghte,
 And march'd fromm oute the dore.
 Uponne a fledde he mounted thenne,
 Wythe lookes fulle brave and swete;
 Lookes, thatt enshoone ne moe concern
 Thanne anie ynn the strete.
 Before hym went the council-menne,
 Ynn scarlette robes and golde,
 And tassils spanglyng ynn the sunne,
 Muche glorious to beholde:
 The Freers of Seincte Augustyne next
 Appeared to the syghte,
 Alle cladd ynn homelie russett weedes,
 Of godlie monkys plyghte:
 Ynn diffraunt partes a godlie psaume
 Moste sweetlie theye dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt.
 Thenne fyve-and-twenty archers came;
 Echone the bowe dydd bende,
 From rescue of kyng Henrie's friends
 Syr Charles forr to defende.
 Bold as a lyon came Syr Charles,
 Drawne onne a clothe-layde fledde,
 Bye two blacke stedes ynn trappynge white,
 Wyth plumes uponne theyre hedde:
 Behynde hym fyve-and-twenty moe
 Of archers stronge and stoute,
 Wyth bended bowe echone ynn hande,
 Marched ynn goodlie route:
 Seincte Jameses Freers marched next,
 Echone hys parte dydd chaunt;
 Behynde theyre backes syx mynstrelles came,
 Who tun'd the strunge bataunt:
 Thenne came the maior and eldermenne,
 Ynn clothe of scarlett deckt;
 And theyre attendyng menne echone,
 Lyke easterne princes trickt:

And after them a multitude
Of citizens dydd thronge;
The wyndowes were all full of heddes,
As hee dydd passe alonge.

And whenne hee came to the hyghe crosse,
Syr Charles dydd turne and faie,
'O Thou, thatt savest manne fromme synne,
'Washe myc soule clean thys daie.'

Att the grete mynster windowe sat
The kynge ynne mycle state,
To see Charles Bawdin goe alonge
To hys most welcom fate.

Soon as the fledde drewe nyghe enowe,
That Edward hee myghte heare,
The brave Syr Charles hee dydd stande uppe,
And thus hys wordes declare:

'Thou seest mee, Edward! traytour vile!
'Expos'd to infamie;
'But be assur'd, disloyall manne!
'I'm greateri nowe thanne thee.

'Bye foule proceedyngs, murdre, bloude,
'Thou wearest nowe a crowne;
'And hast appoynted mee to dye,
'By power nott thine owne.

'Thou thynkest I shall dye to-daie;
'I have beene dede tille nowe,
'And soone shall lyve to weare a crowne
'For aie uponne my browe,

'Whylst thou, perhapps for some few yeaes,
'Shalt rule thys sickle lande,
'To lett them knowe howe wyde the rule
'Twixt kynge and tyrant hande:

'Thye pow'r unjust, thou traytour slave!
'Shall falle onne thy owne hedde.'—
Fromm out the hearyng of the kynge
Departed thenne the fledde.

Kynge Edward's soule rush'd to hys face;
Flee turn'd his head awaie,
And to hys broder Gloucester
Hee thus dydd speke and faie:

"To hym that foe-much-dreaded dethe
"Ne ghastlie terrors brynge:
"Beholde the manne! hee spake the truthe;
"Hee's greater than a kynge!"

'So lett hym die!' Duke Richard sayde;
'And maye echone our foes
'Bende downe theyr neckes to bloudie exe,
'And feede the carryon crows.'

And now the hors'es gentlie drewe
Syr Charles uppe the hyghe hylle!
The exe dydd glysterr ynne the sunne,
Hys pretious bloode to spylle.

Syr Charles dydd uppe the scaffold goe,
As uppe a gilded carre
Of victorie, by val'rous chiefs
Gayn'd in the bloudie warre:

And to the people hee dydd faie,
'Beholde you see mee dye;
'For servynge loyally myc kynge,
'Myc kynge most rightfullie.

'As longe as Edward rules thys lande,
'Ne quiet you wylle knowe;
'Your sonnes and husbandes shalle be slayne,
'And brookes wyth bloude shalle flowe.

'You leave youre goode and lawfullie kynge,
'Whenne ynne adverfitye;
'Lyke mee, untoe the true cause stycke,
'And for the true cause dye.'

Thenne hee, wyth prestes, uponne hys knees,
A pray'r to Godde dydd make,
Beseechynge hym unto hymselfe
Hys partynge soule to take.

Then, kneelynge downe, he layd hys heede
Most seemlie onne the blocke;
Whyche fromme hys bodie fayre at once
The able heddes-manne stroke!

And oute the bloude beganne to flowe,
And rounde the scaffolde twyne;
And teares, enow to washe't awaie,
Dydd flowe fromme each mann's eyne.

The bloudie exe hys bodie fayre
Ynnto foure parties cutte;
And ev'rye parte, and eke hys hedde,
Uponne a pole was putte.

One parte dydd rotte on Kynwulph-hylle,
One onne the mynster-tower,
And one from off the castle-gate
The crowen dydd devoure:

The other onne Seyncte Powle's goode gate
A dreery spectacle;
Hys hedde was plac'd onne the hyghe crosse,
Ynne hyghe-streete most nobile.

Thus was the end of Bawdin's fate:
Godde prosper long our kynge,
And grant hee may, wyth Bawdin's soule,
Ynne heav'n Godd's mercie synge!

§ 100. *The Mynstrelles Songe in Ælla;
a Tragycal Enterlude.*

CHATTERTON, &c.

O Synge untoe my roundelaie,
O droppe the brynie teare wythe mee!
Daunce ne moe atte hallie daie,
Lycke a reynyng 1 ryver bee;
Mie love ys dedde,
Gone to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Blacke hys cryne 2 as the wyntere nyght,
Whyte hys rode 3 as the sommer snowe,
Rodde hys face as the mornynge lyghte,
Cale he lyes ynne the grave belowe;

1 Running.

2 Hair.

3 Complexion.

Mi
Go
Al

Swote hys
Quicke y
Defte hys t
O! hee lye

Mi
Go
Al

Harke! th
In the brie
Harke! th
To the nys

Mi
Go
Al

See! the w
Whyterre
Whyterre
Whyterre

Mi
Go
Al

Heere, upo
Schalle the
Nee one ha
Al the cel

Mi
Go
Al

Wythe mie
Rounde hy
Ouphante f
Heere mie

Mi
Go
Al

Comme, w
Drayne mie
Lyfe & all
Daunce bie

Mi
Go
Al

Water wyt
Bere mee t
I die; I co
Thos the d

Mi
Go
Al

1 Water-
6 Hoisted o
7 Like.
17 Mantled

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Swote hys tongue as the throstle's note,
Quycke ynne daunce as thought can bee,
Deste hys taboure, codgelle fote,
O! hee lys bie the wyllowe tree:

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Alle underre the wyllowe tree:

Harker! the ravenne flappes hys wynges,
In the briered dell belowe;
Harker! the dethe-owle loude dothe synge
To the nyghte-mares as heie goe;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree:

See! the whyte moone sheenes onne hie;
Whyterre ys nue true love's shroude;
Whyterre yanne the mornynge skie,
Whyterre yanne the evenynge cloude;

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Heere, upon mie true love's grave,
Schalle the baren fleurs be layde,
Nee one hallie seyncte to save
Al the celnefs of a mayde.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Alle under the wyllowe tree.

Wythe mie hondes I'll dent the brieres
Rounde hys hallie corse to gre;
Ouphante fairie, lyghte your fyres,
Heere mie boddie styllie schalle bee.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys death-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Comme, wythe a corne-coppe & thorne,
Drayne mie hartys blodde awaie;
Lyfe & all yttes goode I scorne,
Daunce bie nete, or feaste by daie.

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

Water wytyches, crownde wythe reytes 1,
Bere mee to yer leathalle tyde.
I die; I comme; mie true love waytes.
Thos the damfelle spake, and dyed:

Mie love ys dedde,
Gonne to hys deathe-bedde,
Al under the wyllowe tree.

§ 101. *Chorus in Goddwyn, a Tragedie.*

CHAUTERTON, &c.

WHAN Freedom, dreste yn blodde-steyned
veste,

To everie knyghte her warre-songe suage,
Upon her hedde wyldede wedes were spredde;
A gorie anlace by her honge.

She daunced onne the heathe;

She hearde the voice of deathe;

Pale-eyned affryghte, hys harte of sylver hue,

In vayne affayled 2 her bosome to acale 3;

She hearde onflemmed 4 the shrieking voice of
woe,

And sadnesse ynne the owlet shake the dale.

She shooke the burled 5 speere,

On hie she jesse 6 her sheelde,

Her foemen 7 all appere,

And flizze 8 along the feelde.

Power, wythe his heafod 9 straught 10 ynto
the skyes, [starre,

Hys speere a sonne-beame, and his sheelde a

Alyche 11 twaie 12 brendeyng 13 gonfyres 14

rolls hys eyes, [war.

Chafes 15 with hys yronne feete and foundes to

She syttes upon a rocke,

She bendes before hys speere,

She ryfes from the thocke,

Wieldyng her own yn ayre.

Harde as the thunder dothe she drive ytte on,

Wythe scillye 16 wymped 17 gies 18 ytte to hys
crowne, [vs gon,

Hys longe sharpe speere, his spreddyng sheelde

He falles, and fallynge rolleth thousandes down.

War, goare-faced war, bie envie burid 19
arist 20,

Hys feerie heaulme 21 noddynge to the ayre,

Tenne bloddie arrowes ynne hys streynynge
fyfte —

* * * * *

§ 102. *Grongar Hill.* DYER.

SILENT Nymph! with curious eye,

Who the purple ev'ning lie

On the mountain's lonely van,

Beyond the noise of busy man,

Painting fair the form of things,

While the yellow linnet sings,

Or the tuneful nightingale

Charms the forest with her tale;

Come, with all thy various hues,

Come, and aid thy sister Muse.

Now, while Phoebus riding high,

Gives lustre to the land and sky,

Grongar Hill invite my song,

Draw the landscape bright and strong;

Grongar! in whose mossy cells,

Sweetly musing Quiet dwells;

- | | | | | |
|----------------------------|----------------------|-------------|---------------|-------------------|
| 1 Water-flags. | 2 Endeavoured. | 3 Freeze. | 4 Undismayed. | 5 Armed, pointed. |
| 6 Hoisted on high, raised. | 7 Foes, enemies. | 8 Fly. | 9 Head. | 10 Stretched. |
| 11 Like. | 12 Two. | 13 Flaming. | 14 Meteors. | 15 Beats, stamps. |
| 16 Closely. | 17 Mantled, covered. | 18 Guides. | 19 Armed. | 20 Arose. |
| | | | 21 Helmet. | Grongar. |

Grongar! in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the ev'ning still,
At the fountain of a rill
Sat upon a flow'ry bed,
With my hand beneath my head,
While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind;
And groves and grottoes, where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day.
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise.
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours, intervene;
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of Nature shew
In all the hues of heaven's bow,
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly tow'ring in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires:
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dies:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew;
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak, with broad-spread boughs;
And, beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the op'ning dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wand'ring eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood;
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood;
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.

'Tis now the raven's bleak abode,
'Tis now th'apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds,
And there the pois'nous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;

While ever and anon there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of Fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sun-beam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun!
Sometimes swift, sometimes flow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wand'ring thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.

Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody vallies, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tow'r,
The naked rock, the shady bow'r;
The town and village, dome and farm;
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Ethiop's arm.

See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the ev'ning gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem!
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd thro' Hope's deluding glass.
As yon summit's soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which, to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.

Now, e'en now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sleep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, e'en now, my joys run high.

Be full,
Search for
Open wide
Seek her o
In vain ye
In vain ye
Grass and
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§ 103. A

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Be full, ye courts! be great who will;
 Search for Peace with all your skill;
 Open wide the lofty door;
 Seek her on the marble floor:
 In vain ye search, she is not there;
 In vain ye search the domes of Care!
 Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
 On the meads and mountain heads,
 Along with Pleasure close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side;
 And often, by the murmur'ing rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

§ 103. *A Monody on the Death of his Lady.*

By GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

*'Ipse cava solans ægrum testitudine amorem,
 'Te dulcis conjux, te solo in litore secum,
 'Te veniente die, te decedente canebat.'*

AT length escap'd from ev'ry human eye,
 From ev'ry duty, ev'ry care, [share,
 That in my mournful thoughts might claim a
 Or force my tears their flowing stream to dry;
 Beneath the gloom of this embow'ring shade,
 This lone retreat for tender sorrow made,
 I now may give my burthen'd heart relief,
 And pour forth all my stores of grief;
 Of grief surpassing ev'ry other woe,
 Far as the purest bliss, the happiest love
 Can on th'ennobled mind bestow,
 Exceeds the vulgar joys that move
 Our gross desires, inelegant and low.
 Ye tufted groves, ye gently-falling rills,
 Ye high o'ershadowing hills,
 Ye lawns, gay-smiling with eternal green,
 Oft have you my Lucy seen!
 But never shall you now behold her more:
 Nor will she now, with fond delight,
 And taste refin'd, your rural charms explore.
 Clos'd are those beauteous eyes in endless night,
 Those beauteous eyes, where beaming us'd to shine
 Reason's pure light and Virtue's spark divine.

Oft would the Dryads of these woods rejoice
 To hear her heavenly voice;
 For her despising, when she deign'd to sing,
 The sweetest songsters of the spring:
 The woodlark and the linnets pleas'd no more;
 The nightingale was mute,
 And ev'ry shepherd's flute
 Was cast in silent scorn away,
 While all attended to her sweeter lay.
 Ye larks and linnets, now resume your song:
 And thou, melodious Philomel,
 Again thy plaintive story tell;
 For death has stopp'd that tuneful tongue,
 Whose music could alone your warbling notes
 excel.

In vain I look around
 O'er all the well-known ground,

My Lucy's wonted footsteps to descry;
 Where oft we us'd to walk;
 Where oft, in tender talk,
 We saw the summer sun go down the sky;
 Nor by yon fountain's side,
 Nor where its waters glide
 Along the valley, can she now be found:
 In all the wide-stretch'd prospect's ample bound,
 No more my mournful eye
 Can aught of her espy,
 But the sad sacred earth where her dear relics lie.
 O shades of Hagley, where is now your boast?
 Your bright inhabitant is lost.
 You she preferr'd to all the gay resorts
 Where female vanity might wish to shine,
 The pomp of cities, and the pride of courts.
 Her modest beauties shunn'd the public eye:
 To your sequester'd dales
 And flower-embroider'd vales
 From an admiring world she chose to fly.
 With Nature there retir'd, and Nature's God,
 The silent paths of wisdom trod,
 And banish'd ev'ry passion from her breast
 But those, the gentlest and the best,
 Whose holy flames with energy divine
 The virtuous heart enliven and improve,
 The conjugal and the maternal love.

Sweet babes! who, like the little playful
 fawns, [lawns,
 Were wont to trip along these verdant
 By your delighted mother's side,
 Who now your infant steps shall guide?
 Ah! where is now the hand, whose tender care
 To ev'ry virtue would have form'd your
 youth, [truth?
 And strew'd with flow'rs the thorny ways of
 O loss beyond repair!
 O wretched father! left alone
 To weep their dire misfortune, and thy own!
 How shall thy weaken'd mind, oppress'd with
 woe,
 And drooping o'er thy Lucy's grave,
 Perform the duties that you doubly owe!
 Now she, alas! is gone, [save.
 From folly and from vice their helpless age to

Where were ye, Muses, when relentless Fate
 From these fond arms your fair disciple tore;
 From these fond arms that vainly strove
 With hapless ineffectual love,
 To guard her bosom from the mortal blow?
 Could not your favouring pow'r, Aonian
 maids, [date?
 Could not, alas! your power prolong her
 For whom so oft, in these inspiring shades,
 Or under Camden's moss-clad mountains hoar,
 You open'd all your sacred store;
 Whate'er your ancient sages taught,
 Your ancient bards sublimely thought,
 And bade her raptur'd breast with all your spi-
 rit glow?

Nor then did Pindus or Castalia's plain,
 Or Aganippe's fount your steps detain,

Nor in the Thespian vallies did you play;
 Nor then on Mincio's bank *
 Beset with osiers dank;
 Nor where Clitumnus † rolls his gentle
 stream;
 Nor where, thro' hanging woods,
 Steep Anio ‡ pours his floods;
 Nor yet where Meles || or Ilissus § stray.
 Ill does it now beseem,
 That, of your guardian care bereft,
 To dire disease and death your darling should
 be left.

Now what avails it, that in early bloom,
 When light fantastic toys
 Are all her sex's joys,
 With you she search'd the wit of Greece
 and Rome;
 And all that in her latter days,
 To emulate her ancient praise,
 Italia's happy genius could produce;
 Or what the Gallic fire
 Bright sparkling could inspire,
 By all the Graces temper'd and refin'd;
 Or what, in Britain's isle,
 Most favour'd with your smile,
 The pow'rs of Reason and of Fancy join'd
 To full perfection have conspir'd to raise?
 Ah! what is now the use
 Of all these treasures that enrich'd her mind,
 To black Oblivion's gloom for ever now con-
 sign'd!

At least, ye Nine, her spotless name
 'Tis yours from death to save,
 And in the temple of immortal Fame
 With golden characters her worth engrave.
 Come then, ye virgin sisters, come,
 And strew with choicest flowers her hal-
 low'd tomb;
 But foremost thou, in sable vestment clad,
 With accents sweet and sad, [ra's urn
 Thou plaintive Muse, whom o'er his Lau-
 Unhappy Petrarch call'd to mourn;
 O come, and to this fairer Laura pay
 A more impassion'd tear, a more pathetic lay!

Tell how each beauty of her mind and face
 Was brighten'd by some sweet peculiar
 How eloquent in ev'ry look [grace!
 Thro' her expressive eyes her soul distinctly
 spoke! [fin'd,
 Tell how her manners, by the world re-
 Left all the taint of modish vice behind,
 And made each charm of polish'd courts
 With candid Truth's simplicity, [agree
 And uncorrupted Innocence!
 Tell how to more than manly sense
 She join'd the soft'ning influence

Of more than female tenderness:
 How, in the thoughtless days of wealth and joy,
 Which oft the care of others good destroy,
 Her kindly melting heart,
 To every want and every woe,
 To guilt itself when in distress,
 The balm of pity would impart,
 And all relief that bounty could bestow!
 E'en for the kid or lamb, that pour'd its life
 Beneath the bloody knife,
 Her gentle tears would fall; [all,
 Tears from sweet Virtue's source, benevolent to

Not only good and kind,
 But strong and elevated was her mind:
 A spirit that, with noble pride,
 Could look superior down
 On Fortune's smile or frown;
 That could, without regret or pain,
 To Virtue's lowest duty sacrifice
 Or Int'rest or Ambition's highest prize;
 That, injur'd or offended, never try'd
 Its dignity, by vengeance, to maintain,
 But by magnanimous disdain.
 A wit, that temperately bright,
 With inoffensive light
 All pleasing shone; nor ever past [hand,
 The decent bounds that Wisdom's sober
 And sweet Benevolence's mild command,
 And bashful Modesty, before it cast.
 A prudence undeceiving, undeceiv'd,
 That nor too little nor too much believ'd;
 That scorn'd unjust Suspicion's coward fear,
 And, without weakness, knew to be sincere.
 Such Lucy was, when, in her fairest days,
 Amidst th'acclaim of universal praise,
 In life's and glory's freshest bloom,
 Death came remorseless on, and sunk her to the
 tomb.

So, where the silent streams of Liris glide,
 In the soft bosom of Campania's vale,
 When now the wintry tempests all are fled,
 And genial summer breathes her gentle gale,
 The verdant orange lifts its beauteous head;
 From ev'ry branch the balmy flow'rets rise,
 On ev'ry bough the golden fruits are seen;
 With odours sweet it fills the smiling skies;
 The wood-nymphs tend it, and th'Idalian
 queen:
 But, in the midst of all its blooming pride,
 A sudden blast from Apenninus blows,
 Cold with perpetual snows; [and dies,
 The tender-blighted plant shrinks up its leaves,
 Arise, O Petrarch! from th'Elysiac bow'rs,
 With never-fading myrtles twin'd,
 And fragrant with ambrosial flowers,
 Where to thy Laura thou again art join'd;

* The Mincio runs by Mantua, the birth-place of Virgil.

† The Clitumnus is a river of Umbria, the residence of Propertius.

‡ The Anio runs thro' Tibur or Tivoli, where Horace had a villa.

|| The Meles is a river in Ionia, from whence Homer, supposed to be born on its banks, is called
 Mellisigenes.

§ The Ilissus is a river at Athens.

Arise, and hither bring the silver lyre,
 Tun'd by thy skilful hand,
 To the soft notes of elegant desire,
 With which o'er many a land
 Was spread the fame of thy disastrous love;
 To me resign the vocal shell,
 And teach my sorrows to relate
 Their melancholy tale so well,
 As may e'en things inanimate, [move.
 Rough mountain oaks and desert rocks, to pity
 What were, alas! thy woes, compar'd to
 mine?
 To thee thy mistress in the blissful band
 Of Hymen never gave her hand;
 The joys of wedded love were never thine.
 In thy domestic care
 She never bore a share,
 Nor with endearing art
 Would heal thy wounded heart
 Of every secret grief that foster'd there:
 Nor did her fond affection on the bed
 Of sickness watch thee, and thy languid head
 Whole nights on her unwearied arm sustain,
 And charm away the sense of pain:
 Nor did she crown your mutual flame
 With pledges dear, and with a father's tender name.

O best of wives! O dearer far to me
 Than when thy virgin charms
 Were yielded to my arms;
 How can my soul endure the loss of thee?
 How in the world (to me a desert grown,
 Abandon'd and alone)
 Without my sweet companion can I live?
 Without thy lovely smile,
 The dear reward of every virtuous toil,
 What pleasures now can pall'd Ambition give?
 E'en the delightful sense of well-earn'd praise,
 Unhar'd by thee, no more my lifeless thoughts
 could raise.

For my distracted mind
 What succour can I find?
 On whom for consolation shall I call?
 Support me, ev'ry friend;
 Your kind assistance lend,
 To bear the weight of this oppressive woe.
 Alas! each friend of mine,
 My dear departed love, so much was thine,
 That none has any comfort to bestow.
 My books, the best relief
 In every other grief,
 Are now with your idea sadden'd all:
 Each favourite author we together read,
 My tortur'd memory wounds, and speaks of
 Lucy dead.

We were the happiest pair of human kind:
 The rolling year its various course perform'd,
 And back return'd again:
 Another, and another, smiling came,
 And saw our happiness unchang'd remain.
 Still in her golden chain
 Harmonious Concord did our wishes bind:
 Our studies, pleasures, taste, the same.

O fatal, fatal stroke!
 That all this pleasing fabric Love had rais'd
 Of rare felicity,
 On which ev'n wanton Vice with envy gaz'd,
 And ev'ry scheme of bliss our hearts had form'd,
 With soothing hope for many a future day,
 In one sad moment broke!
 Yet, O my soul! thy rising murmurs stay;
 Nor dare th'all-wise Disposer to arraign,
 Or against his supreme decree
 With impious grief complain.
 That all thy full-blown joys at once should fade,
 Was his most righteous will—and be that will
 obey'd!

Would thy fond love his grace to her controul;
 And, in these low abodes of sin and pain,
 Her pure exalted soul,
 Unjustly, for thy partial good, detain?
 No—rather strive thy grovelling mind to raise
 Up to that unclouded blaze,
 That heavenly radiance of eternal light,
 In which enthron'd, the now with pity sees
 How frail, how insecure, how slight,
 Is ev'ry mortal bliss;
 Ev'n Love itself, if rising by degrees
 Beyond the bounds of this imperfect state,
 Whose fleeting joys so soon must end,
 It does not to its sovereign good ascend.
 Rise then, my soul, with hope elate,
 And seek those regions of serene delight,
 Whose peaceful path, and ever open gate,
 No feet but those of harden'd Guilt shall miss:
 There Death himself thy Lucy shall restore;
 There yield up all his power, ne'er to divide you
 more.

§ 104. *A Winter Piece.* ANON.

IT was a winter's evening, and fast came down
 the snow, [did blow,
 And keenly o'er the wide heath the bitter blast
 When a damsel all-forlorn, quite bewild'rd in
 her way, [say:
 Preft her baby to her bosom, and sadly thus did
 "Oh! cruel was my father, that shut his door
 on me; [see;
 And cruel was my mother, that such a fight could
 And cruel is the wint'ry wind, that chills my
 heart with cold; [for gold!
 But crueller than all, the lad that left my love
 Hush, hush, my lovely baby, and warm thee in
 my breast; [treft;
 Ah! little thinks thy father how sadly we're dis-
 For cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
 He'd shield us in his arms from this bitter pierc-
 ing air.

Cold, cold, my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone:
 Oh! let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle
 down: [they fall:
 My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before
 Ah, wretched, wretched mother! thou'rt now
 bereft of all."

Then

Then down she sunk, despairing, upon the drifted
snow, [her woe:
And, wrung with killing anguish, lamented loud
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips, and laid it by her
side; [head, and died.
Then cast her eyes to Heaven, then bow'd her

§ 105. *The School Mistress. In Imitation of Spenser.*
SHENSTONE.

*Audite voces, vagitus et ingens,
Infantumque animæ fientes in limine primo.*
VIRG.

AH me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies,
While partial Fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise:
Lend me thy clarion, Goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chanced to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In ev'ry village, mark'd with little spire,
Embow'r'd in trees, and hardly known to
Fame,

There dwells, in lowly shade and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we School Mistress
name;

Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame:
They, griev'd fore, in piteous durance pent,
Aw'd by the pow'r of this relentless dame,
And oft-times, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconn'd, are sorely
shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which Learning near her little dome did
Whilome a twig of finall regard to see, [stow,
Tho' now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe;

For not a wind might curl the leaves that
blew, [low;
But their limbs shudder'd, and their pulse beat
And as they look'd they found their horror
grew,

And shap'd it into rods, and tingled at the view.

So have I seen (who has not, may conceive)
A lifeless phantom near a garden plac'd;
So doth it wanton birds of peace bereave
Of sport, of song, of pleasure, of repast:
They start, they stare, they wheel, they look
aghast;

Sad servitude! such comfortless annoy
May no bold Briton's riper age e'er taste!
Ne superstition clog his dance of joy,
Ne vision empty, vain, his native bliss destroy.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display;
And at the door impris'ning board is seen,
Left weakly wights of smaller size should
stray,

Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day!
The noises intermix'd, which thence resound,
Do Learning's little tenement betray;
Where sits the dame, disguis'd in look pro-
found, [around.
And eyes her Fairy throng, and turns her wheel

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield;
Her apron, dy'd in grain, as blue, I trowe,
As is the hare-bell that adorns the field:
And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
Tway birchen sprays, with anxious fear
entwin'd,
With dark distrust, and sad repentance fill'd;
And stedfast hate, and sharp affliction join'd;
And fury uncontroll'd, and chastisement un-
kind.

Few but have kenn'd, in semblance meet
pourtray'd,
The childish faces of old Æol's train,
Libs, Notus, Auster*: these in frowns array'd,
How then would fare or earth, or sky, or main,
Were the stern god to give his slaves the rein?
And were not she rebellious breasts to quell,
And were not she her statutes to maintain,
The cot no more, I ween, were deem'd the
cell [dwell.
Where comely peace of mind and decent order

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown;
A russet kirtle fenc'd the nipping air;
'Twas simple russet, but it was her own:
'Twas her own country bred the flock so fair;
'Twas her own labour did the fleece prepare;
And, sooth to say, her pupils, rang'd around,
Thro' pious awe, did term it passing rare;
For they in gaping wonderment abound,
And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight
on ground.

Albeit, ne flatt'ry did corrupt her truth;
Ne pompous title did debauch her ear;
Goody, good-woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
Or dame, the sole additions she did hear;
Yet these she challeng'd, these she held right
dear:

Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
Who should not honor'd eld with these revere;
For never title yet so mean could prove,
But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
The plodding pattern of the busy dame,
Which ever and anon, impell'd by need,
Into her school, begirt with chickens, came;
Such favour did her past deportment claim:
And if neglect had lavish'd on the ground
Fragment of bread, she would collect the same;
For well she knew, and quaintly could ex-
pound,
What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she
found.

* The south-west wind, south, &c.

Herbs, too, she knew, and well of each could speak,

That in her garden sipp'd the silv'ry dew;
Where no vain flow'r disclos'd a gaudy streak,
But herbs for use and physic, not a few,
Of grey renown, within those borders grew;
The tufted basil, pun-provoking thyme,
Fresh baum, and marygold of cheerful hue,
The lowly gill, that never dares to climb;
And more I fain would sing, disdaining here to rhyme.

Yet euphrasy may not be left unsung,
That gives dim eyes to wander leagues around,
And pungent radish, biting infant's tongue,
And plantain ribb'd, that heals the reaper's wound;

And marj'ram sweet, in shepherd's posie found;
And lavender, whose spikes of azure bloom
Shall be, erewhile, in arid bundles bound,
To lurk amidst the labours of her loom,
And crown her kerchiefs clean with mickle rare perfume.

And here trim rosemarine, that whilom crown'd
The daintiest garden of the proudest peer,
Ere, driven from its envy'd site, it found
A sacred shelter for its branches here;
Where edg'd with gold its glitt'ring skirts appear.

O wassel days! O customs meet and well!
Ere this was banish'd from its lofty sphere;
Simplicity then fought this humble cell,
Nor ever would she more with thane and lord-
ling dwell.

Here oft the dame, on Sabbath's decent eve,
Hymned such psalms as Sternhold forth did mete;

If winter 'twere, she to her hearth did cleave;
But in her garden found a summer-seat:
Sweet melody! to hear her then repeat
How Israel's sons, beneath a foreign king,
While taunting foe-men did a song entreat,
All for the nonce untuning ev'ry string,
Up-hung their useless lyres—small heart had they
to sing.

For she was just, and friend to virtuous lore,
And pass'd much time in truly virtuous deed;
And in those elfins ears would oft deplore
The times when Truth by Popish rage did bleed,

And tortious death was true Devotion's meed;
And simple Faith in iron chains did mourn,
That nould on wooden image place her creed;
And lawny fairs in smould'ring flames did burn:

Ah, dearest Lord! forefend thilk days should e'er
return.

In elbow-chair, like that of Scottish stem,
By the sharp tooth of cank'ring Eld defac'd,
In which, when he receives his diadem,
Our sovereign prince and liefeft liege is plac'd,

The matron fate: and some with rank she
grac'd; [pride!]

(The source of childrens and of courtier's
Redress'd affronts (for vile affronts there
pass'd;)

And warn'd them not the fretful to deride,
But love each other dear, whatever them betide.

Right well she knew each temper to descry;
To thwart the proud, and the submits to raise;
Some with vile copper prize exalt on high,
And some entice with pittance small of praise;
And other some with baleful sprig the 'frays:
E'en absent, she the reins of pow'r doth hold,
While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she
sways;

Forewarn'd, if little bird their pranks behold,
'Twill whisper in her ear, and all the scene un-
fold.

Lo! now with state she utters the command!
Eftsoons the urchins to their tasks repair;
Their books of stature small, they take in hand,
Which with pellucid horn secured are,
To save from finger wet the letters fair.

The work so gay, that on their back is seen,
St. George's high achievements does declare,
On which thilk wight that has ygzazing
been, [ween!

Kens the forth-coming rod, unpleasing sight I

Ah! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
Of evil star! it irks me whilst I write!

As erst the bard*, by Mulla's silver stream,
Oft as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
Sigh'd as he sung, and did in tears indite;
For, brandishing the rod, she doth begin
To loose the brogues, the stripling's late de-
light!

And down they drop; appears his dainty
Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermin. [skin,

O ruthful scene! when from a nook obscure
His little sister doth his peril see;

All playful as she sat, she grows demure;
She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee;
She meditates a pray'r to set him free;

Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
(If gentle pardon could with dames agree)
To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so, that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, thro' awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.

On thee she calls, on thee, her parent dear!
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begin to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain?
The form uncouth of his disguised face?
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain?

The plenteous show'r that does his cheek
dissain?

When he in abject wife implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And thro' the thatch his cries each falling stroke
proclaim.

The other tribe, aghast, with fore dismay
Attend, and con their tasks with mickle
By turns, astonish'd, ev'ry twig survey, [care;
And from their fellow's hateful wounds be-
ware, [share;

Knowing, I wist, how each the same may
Till fear has taught them a performance
meet,

And to the well-known chest the dame repair,
Whence oft with sugar'd cates she doth 'em
greet, [sweet!
And gingerbread y-rare, — now, certes, doubly

See, to their seats they hie with merry glee,
And in befeemly order sitten there.

All but the wight of bum y-galled; he [chair
Abhorreth bench, and stool, and fourm, and
(This hand in mouth y-fix'd, — that rends
his hair) [breast,

And eke with snubs profound, and heaving
Convulsions intermitting! does declare

His grievous wrong, his dame's unjust
behest, [care's'd.

And scorns her offer'd love, and shuns to be

His face besprent, with liquid crystal shines;
His blooming face, that seems a purple flow'r,
Which low to earth its drooping head declines,
All smear'd and sully'd by a vernal show'r.
O the hard bosoms of despotic pow'r!

All, all, but she, the author of his shame;
All, all but she, regret this mournful hour:
Yet hence the youth, and hence the flow'r,
shall claim,

If so I deem aright, transcending worth and fame.

Behind some door in melancholy thought,
Mindless of food, he, dreary caitiff! pines;
Ne for his fellows joyaunce careth aught,
But to the wind all merriment resigns,
And deems it shame if he to peace inclines;
And many a fullen look askaunce is sent,
Which for his dame's annoyance he designs;
And still the more to pleasure him she's bent,
The more doth he, perverse, her 'haviour past
resent.

Ah, me! how much I fear lest pride it be!

But if that pride it be, which thus inspires,
Beware ye dames! with nice discernment, see
Ye quench not too the sparks of nobler fires:
Ah! better far than all the Muses lyres

(All coward arts) is valour's gen'rous heat;
The firm fix'd breast which fit and right re-
quires,

Like Vernon's patriot soul, more justly great
Than craft that pumps for ill, or flow'ry false deceit.

Yet, nurs'd with skill, what dazzling fruits
appear!

E'en now sagacious foresight points to show
A little bench of heedless bishops here,
And there a chancellor in embryo,
Or bard sublime, if bard may e'er be so;
As Milton, Shakespeare, names that ne'er
shall die!

Tho' now he crawls along the ground so low;
Nor weeting how the Muse should soar on
high, [fly,
Wistheth, poor starv'ling elf! his paper kite may

And this, perhaps, who cens'ring the design,
Low lays the house which that of cards
doth build.

Shall Dennis be! if rigid Fates incline;
And many an epic to his rage shall yield,
And many a poet quit th'Aonian field:
And four'd by age, profound he shall appear,
As he who now, with 'fdainful fury thrill'd,
Surveys mine work, and levels many a sneer,
And furls his wrinkly front, and cries, What
stuff is here?

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And Liberty unbars her prison door;
And, like a rushing torrent, out they fly,
And now the grassy cirque han cover'd o'er
With boist'rous revel-rout and wild uproar.
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run;
Heav'n shield their short-liv'd pastimes, I im-
plore!

For well may Freedom erst so dearly won,
Appear to British elf more glad some than the sun.

Enjoy poor imps! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chace gay flies, and cull the fairest
flow'rs,

For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid;
For never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies bow'rs.

O vain to seek delight in earth'ly things?
But most in courts, where proud Ambition
tow'rs; [spring

Deluded wight! who weens fair peace can
Beneath the pompous dome of kefar or of king.

See in each sprite some various bent appear!
These rudely carol most incondite lay;
Those saunt'ring on the green with jocund leer,
Salute the stranger passing on his way:
Some builden fragile tenements of clay;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth, at duck and drake to
play;

Thilk to the huxter's fav'ry cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens th'allotted mite to
spend.

Here, as each season yields a different store,
Each season's stores in order ranged been;
Apples with cabbage-net y-cover'd o'er, [seen;
Galling full sore th'unmovey'd wight, are

And

And gooseb'rie, clad in liv'ry red or green :
And here of lovely dye the Cath'rine pear;
Fine pear ! as lovely for thy juice I ween ;
O may no wight e'er pennylefs come there,
Left finit with ardent love, he pine with hopeiefs
care !

See cherries here, ere cherries yet abound,
With thread so white in tempting posies ty'd,
Scatt'ring, like blooming maid, their glances
round,

With pamper'd look draw little eyes aside,
And must be bought, tho' penury betide !
The plumb all azure, and the nut all brown;
And here, each season, do those cakes abide,
Whose honour'd names the inventive city
own, [known*.

Rend'ring thro' Britain's isle Salopia's praises
Admir'd Salopia! that with venial pride [wave,
Eyes her bright form in Severn's ambient
Fam'd for her loyal cares in perils try'd; [brave:
Her daughters lovely, and her striplings
Ah! midst the rest, may flow'rs adorn his grave
Whose art did first these dulcet cates display!
A motive fair to Learning's imps he gave,
Who cheerless o'er her darkling region stray,
Till Reason's morn arise, and light them on their
way.

§ 106. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE I.

Selim; or, the Shepherd's Moral.

Scene, a Valley near Bagdat. — Time, the Morning.

'YE Persian maids, attend your Poet's lays,
And hear how shepherds pass their golden
days. [tains
'Not all are blest'd whom Fortune's hand sus-
'With wealth in courts, nor all that haunt the
plains :
'Well may your hearts believe the truths I tell ;
'Tis virtue makes the bliss where'er we dwell.
Thus Selim sung, by sacred truth inspir'd ;
Nor praise, but such as Truth bestow'd, desir'd :
Wife in himself, his meaning songs convey'd,
Informing morals to the shepherd maid ;
Or taught the swains that surest bliss to find,
What groves nor streams bestow — a virtuous
mind.

When sweet and blushing, like a virgin bride,
The radiant morn resum'd her orient pride ;
When wanton gales along the vallies play,
Breathe on each flow'r, and bear their sweets
away ;

By Tygris' wand'ring ways he sat, and sung
This useful lesson for the fair and young :
'Ye Persian dames,' he said, 'to you belong
'(Well may they please) the morals of my song:
'No fairer maids, I trust, than you are found,
'Grac'd with soft arts, the peopled world around!

'The morn that lights you, to your loves supplies
'Each gentler ray, delicious to your eyes ;
'For you those flow'rs her fragrant hands bestow,
'And yours the love that kings delight to know;
'Yet think not these, all beauteous as they are,
'The best kind blessings Heav'n can grant the
'Who trust alone in beauty's feeble ray, [fair :
'Boast but the worth Badora's † pearls display!
'Drawn from the deep, we own the surface
bright;

'But, dark within, they drink no lustrous light.
'Such are the maids, and such the charms they
'By sense unaided, or to virtue lost. [boast ;
'Self-flatt'ring sex ! your hearts believe, in vain,
'That love shall blind, when once he fires the
'Or hope a lover by your faults to win, [swain ;
'As spots on ermin beautify the skin :
'Who seeks secure to rule, be first her care
'Each softer virtue that adorns the fair ;
'Each tender passion man delights to find
'The lov'd perfection of a female mind. [reign,
'Bless'd were the days when wisdom held her
'And shepherds sought her on the silent plain ;
'With Truth she wedded in the secret grove ;
'Immortal Truth ! and daughters blest'd their
love.

'O haste, fair maids ! ye Virtues come away !
'Sweet Peace and Plenty lead you on your way !
'The balmy shrub for you shall love our shore,
'By Ind excell'd, or Araby, no more.

'Lost to our fields, for so the fates ordain,
'The dear deserters shall return again.
'Come thou, whose thoughts as limpid springs
are clear;

'To lead the train, sweet Modesty, appear :
'Here make thy court amidst our rural scene,
'And shepherd girls shall own thee for their
'With thee be Chastity, of all afraid, [queen.
'Distrusting all, a wise suspicious maid ;
'But man the most—not more the mountain doe
'Holds the swift falcon for her deadly foe. [dew;
'Cold is her breast, like flow'rs that drink the
'A filken veil conceals her from the view.
'No wild desires amidst thy train be known,
'But Faith, whose heart is fix'd on one alone :
'Desponding Meekness, with her down-cast
'And friendly Pity, full of tender sighs; [eyes,
'And Love the last. By these your hearts ap-
prove ;

'These are the virtues that must lead to love.'
Thus sung the swain; and ancient legends say,
The maids of Bagdat verify'd the lay:
Dear to the plains, the Virtues came along ;
The shepherds lov'd, and Selim blest'd his song.

§ 107. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE II.

Hassan; or the Camel-Driver.

Scene, the Desert. — Time, Mid-Day.

IN silent horror, o'er the boundless waste,
The driver Hassan with his camels pass'd :

* Shrewsbury cakes.

† The Gulf of that name, famous for the pearly-fishery:

One cruse of water on his back he bore,
And his light scrip contain'd a scanty store :
A fan of painted feathers in his hand,
To guard his shaded face from scorching sand.
The fultry sun had gain'd the middle sky,
And not a tree, and not an herb was nigh :
The beasts with pain their dusty way pursue,
Shrill roar'd the winds, and dreary was the view !
With desp'rate sorrow, wild, th'affrighted man
Thrice sigh'd, thrice struck his breast, and thus began :

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
' way !

' Ah ! little thought I of the blasting wind,
' The thirst, or pinching hunger that I find !
' Bethink thee, Hassan, where shall thirst assuage,
' When fails this cruse, his unrelenting rage ;
' Soon shall this scrip its precious load resign ;
' Then what but tears and hunger shall be thine ?
' Ye mute companions of my toils, that bear
' In all my griefs a more than equal share !
' Here, where no springs in murmurs break away,
' Or moss-crown'd fountains mitigate the day,
' In vain ye hope the green delights to know,
' Which plains more blest'd, or verdant vales
' bestow :
' Here rocks alone, and tasteless sands are found,
' And faint and sickly winds for ever howl
' around.

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
' way !

' Curst be the gold and silver which persuade
' Weak men to follow far-fatiguing trade !
' The lily Peace outshines the silver store ;
' And life is dearer than the golden ore :
' Yet money tempts us o'er the desert brown,
' To every distant mart and wealthy town.
' Full oft we tempt the land, and oft the sea ;
' And are we only yet repaid by thee ?
' Ah ! why this ruin so attractive made ?
' Or why, fond man, so easily betray'd ?
' Why heed we not, while mad we haste along,
' The gentle voice of Peace, or Pleasure's song ?
' Or wherefore think the flow'ry mountain's side,
' The fountain's murmurs, and the valley's
' pride ;
' Why think we these less pleasing to behold
' Than dreary deserts, if they lead to gold ?
' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
' way !

' O cease my fears ! — all frantic as I go,
' When thought creates unnumber'd scenes of
' What if the Lion in his rage I meet ! [woe.
' Oft in the dust I view his printed feet :
' And, fearful ! oft, when day's declining light
' Yields her pale empire to the mourner Night,
' By hunger rous'd, he scours the groaning plain,
' Gaunt wolves and fullen Tygers in his train :

* That these flowers are found in very great abundance in some of the provinces of Persia, see the Modern
History of the ingenious Mr. Salmon.

' Before them Death, with shrieks, directs their
' way !

' Fills the wild yell, and leads them to their prey.
' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
' way !

' At that dead hour the silent asp shall creep,
' If aught of rest I find upon my sleep :
' Or some swollen serpent twist his scales around,
' And wake to anguish with a burning wound.
' Thrice happy they, the wise contented poor ;
' From lust of wealth, and dread of death secure !
' They tempt no desarts, and no griefs they find ;
' Peace rules the day where Reason rules the
' mind.

' Sad was the hour, and luckless was the day,
' When first from Schiraz' walls I bent my
' way !

' O hapless youth ! for she thy love hath won,
' The tender Zara shall be most undone !
' Big swell'd my heart, and own'd the powerful
' maid, [said :
' When fast she dropp'd her tears, and thus she
' Farewell the youth, whom sighs could not
' detain ;

" Whom Zara's breaking heart implor'd in vain ;
" Yet as thou go'st, may ev'ry blast arise,
" Weak and unfelt as these rejected sighs !
" Safe o'er the wild, no perils may'st thou see ;
" No griefs endure, nor weep, false youth, like
" O let me safely to the fair return, [me !
" Say, with a kiss, she must not, shall not mourn !
" O let me teach my heart to lose its fears,
" Recall'd by wisdom's voice and Zara's tears !"

He said ; and call'd on Heaven to bless the
day [way,

When back to Schiraz' walls he bent his

§ 108. Oriental Eclogues. By Mr. COLLINS. ECLOGUE III.

Abra ; or the Georgian Sultana.

Scene, a Forest — Time, the Evening.

IN Georgia's land, where Teflis' tow'rs are
In distant view along the level green ; [seen,
While evening dews enrich the glitt'ring glade,
And the tall forests cast a longer shade :
What time 'tis sweet o'er fields of rice to stray,
Or scent the breathing maize at setting day ;
Amidst the maids of Zagen's peaceful grove,
Emyra sung the pleasing cares of love.

Of Abra first began the tender strain,
Who led her youth with flocks upon the plain,
At morn she came, those willing flocks to lead
Where lilies rear them in the wat'ry mead :
From early dawn the live-long hours she told,
Till late at silent eve she penn'd the fold.
Deep in the grove, beneath the secret shade,
A various wreath of od'rous flowers she made.
Gay motley'd pinks and sweet jonquils she chose,
The violet blue that on the moss-bank grows ;

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§ 109.
Ag
Scene,
IN fai
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All sweet to sense, the flaunting rose was there:
The finish'd chaplet well adorn'd her hair.

Great Abbas chanc'd that fated morn to stray,
By love conducted from the chace away:
Among the vocal vales he heard her song,
And sought the vales and echoing groves among.
At length he found and woo'd the rural maid;
She knew the monarch, and with fear obey'd.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

The royal lover bore her from the plain;
Yet still her crook and bleating flock remain:
Oft as she went she backward turn'd her view,
And bade that crook and bleating flock adieu.
Fair happy maid! to other scenes remove;
To richer scenes of golden pow'r and love!
Go leave the simple pipe and shepherd's strain;
With love delight thee, and with Abbas reign.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Yet, midst the blaze of courts she fix'd her love
On the cool fountain or the shady grove;
Still, with the shepherd's innocence her mind
To the sweet vale and flow'ry mead inclin'd:
And oft a Spring renew'd the plains with flow'rs,
Breath'd his soft gales, and led the fragrant
hours;

With sure return she sought the sylvan scene,
The breezy mountains and the forests green.
Her maids around her mov'd, a dutious band!
Each bore a crook all rural in her hand:
Some simple lay of flocks and herds they sung;
With joy the mountain and the forest rung.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

And oft the royal lover left the care
And thorns of state, attendant on the fair;
Oft to the shades and low roof'd cots retir'd,
Or sought the vale where first his heart was fir'd:
A russet mantle, like a swain, he wore,
And thought of crowns and busy courts no more.

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

Bless'd was the life that royal Abbas led:
Sweet was his love, and innocent his bed.
What if in wealth the noble maid excel;
The simple shepherd-girl can love as well.
Let those who rule on Persia's jewell'd throne
Be fam'd for love, and gentlest love alone;
Or wreath, like Abbas full of fair renown,
The lover's myrtle with the warrior's crown.
'O happy days!' the maids around her say:
'O haste, profuse of blessings, haste away!

'Be ev'ry youth like royal Abbas mov'd,
'And ev'ry Georgian maid like Abra lov'd!'

§ 109. *Oriental Eclogues.* By Mr. COLLINS.

ECLOGUE IV.

Agib and Secander; or, the Fugitives.

Scene, a Mountain in Circassia. — Time, Midnight.

In fair Circassia, where, to love inclin'd,
Each swain was bless'd, for ev'ry maid was kind;

At that still hour, when awful midnight reigns,
And none but wretches haunt the twilight plains;
What time the moon had hung her lamp on high;
And pass'd in radiance thro' the cloudless sky:
Sad o'er the dew's two brother shepherds fled,
Where wild'ring fear and desp'rate sorrow led.
Fast as they press'd their flight, behind them lay
Wide ravag'd plains, and vallies stole away.
Along the mountain's bending side they ran;
Till faint and weak, Secander thus began:

SECANDER:

O stay thee, Agib, for my feet deny,
No longer friendly to my life, to fly.
Friend of my heart, O turn thee and survey;
Trace our sad flight thro' all its length of way!
And first review that long-extended plain,
And yon wide groves, already pass'd with pain!
Yon ragged cliff, whose dang'rous path we try'd!
And last, this lofty mountain's weary side!

AGIB.

Weak as thou art, yet hapless must thou know
The toils of flight, or some severer woe!
Still as I haste, the Tartar shouts behind,
And shrieks and sorrows load the sadd'ning wind;
In rage of heart, with ruin in his hand,
He blasts our harvests and deforms our land.
Yon citron grove, whence first in fear we came,
Drops its fair honors to the conqu'ring flame;
Far fly the swains, like us, in deep despair,
And leave to ruffian bands their fleecy care.

SECANDER.

Unhappy land! whose blessings tempt the
sword;
In vain, unheard, thou call'st thy Persian lord!
In vain thou court'st him, helpless, to thine aid,
To shield the shepherd and protect the maid!
Far off, in thoughtless indolence resign'd,
Soft dreams of love and pleasure soothe his mind:
Midst fair sultan's lost in idle joy,
No wars alarm him, and no fears annoy.

AGIB.

Yet these green hills, in summer's sultry heat,
Have lent the monarch oft a cool retreat.
Sweet to the sight is Zabra's flow'ry plain,
And once by maids and shepherds lov'd in vain!
No more the virgins shall delight to rove
By Sargis' banks, or Irwan's shady grove;
On Tarkie's mountain catch the cooling gale,
Or breathe the sweets of Aly's flow'ry vale;
Fair scenes! but ah! no more with peace possess'd,
With ease alluring, and with plenty bless'd,
No more the shepherd's whit'ning tents appear,
Nor the kind products of a bounteous year;
No more the date, with snowy blossoms crown'd;
But ruin spreads her baleful fires around.

SECANDER.

In vain Circassia boasts her spicy groves,
For ever fam'd for pure and happy loves:
In vain she boasts her fairest of the fair,
Their eyes blue languish, and their golden hair.
These

Those eyes in tears their fruitless grief must send;
Those hairs the Tartars cruel hand shall rend.

AGIB.

Ye Georgian swains, that piteous learn from
Circassia's ruin, and the waste of war; [far
Some weightier arms than crooks and staves pre-
pare,

To shield your harvest, and defend your fair:
The Turk and Tartar like designs pursue,
Fix'd to destroy, and steadfast to undo.
Wild as his land, in native deserts bred,
By lust incited, or by malice led,
The villain Arab, as he prowls for prey,
Oft marks with blood and wasting flames the way;
Yet none so cruel as the Tartar foe,
To death inur'd and nurs'd in scenes of woe.

He said; when loud along the vale was heard
A shriller shriek, and nearer fires appear'd:
Th'affrighted shepherds, thro' the dews of night,
Wide o'er the moon-light hills renew'd their
flight.

§ 110. *The Splendid Shilling.* J. PHILLIPS.

"— Sing, heavenly Muse!

"Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme;"
A Shilling, Breeches, and Chimeras dire.

HAPPY the man, who, void of care and strife,
In filken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling. He nor hears with pain
New oysters cry'd, nor sighs for cheerful ale:
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpye, or Town Hall repairs;
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe, or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wisheth her health and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff
(Wretched repast!) my meagre course sustain;
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill fingers; or, from tube as black
As winter chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale Mundungus, ill-perfuming scent;
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Britain (vers'd in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th'Arvonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Yclep'd Brechinia; or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil,
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.

Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow,
With looks demure and silent pace, a Dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,

To my aerial citadel ascends:

With vocal heel thrice thund'ring at my gates,
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whether turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Thro' sudden fear; a chilly sweat bedews
My shudd'ring limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow [beard,
Entrench'd with many a frown, and conic
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disast'rous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscrib'd,
Grievous to mortal eyes; (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him
Another monster, not unlike himself, [stalks
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A Catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
Ere have endu'd. If he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont)
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.

Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof and oft,
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooking o'er a chinky gap,
Protending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne in a hall or kitchen spreads,
Obvious to vagrant flies; she secret stands
Within her woven cell! the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable, nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue!
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils;
Then with envenom'd jaws the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcases triumphant drags.

So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelope, and th'inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts [wood;
With pleasant wines, and crackling blaze of
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse

Indite,

Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
 Or desp'rate lady near a purling stream,
 Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
 Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
 And restless wish and rave; my parched throat
 Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
 But if a slumber haply does invade
 My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake,
 Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
 Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
 In vain — awake, I find the settled thirst
 Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
 Thus do I live from pleasure quite debarr'd,
 Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
 Mature john-apple, nor the downy peach,
 Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
 Nor medlar fruit delicious in decay.
 Afflictions great! yet greater still remain;
 My galligaskins, that have long withstood
 The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
 By time subdu'd (what will not time subdue!)
 An horrid chasm disclose, with orifice
 Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds,
 Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
 Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
 Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
 Portending agues. Thus a well-fraught ship,
 Long sail'd secure, or thro' th' Ægean deep,
 Or the Ionian, till cruising near
 The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
 On Scylla, or Charybdis (dang'rous rocks)
 She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
 So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
 Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
 The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
 Resistless, overwhelming! Horrors seize
 The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
 They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear,
 they pray:
 (Vain efforts!) still the batt'ring waves rush in,
 Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
 The ship sinks found'ring in the vast abyfs.

§ III. *An Epistle to a Lady.* NUGENT.

CLARINDA, dearly lov'd, attend
 The counsels of a faithful friend;
 Who, with the warmest wishes fraught,
 Feels all, at least, that friendship ought!
 But since by ruling Heav'n's design,
 Another's fate shall influence thine;
 O! may these lines for him prepare
 A bliss, which I would die to share!
 Man may for wealth or glory roam;
 But woman must be blest at home;
 To this should all her studies tend,
 This her great object and her end.
 Distaste unmingled pleasures bring,
 And use can blunt Affliction's sting:
 Hence perfect bliss no mortals know,
 And few are plung'd in utter woe;
 While Nature, arm'd against Despair,
 Gives pow'r to mend, or strength to bear;

And half the thought content may gain,
 Which spleen employs to purchase pain.

Trace not the fair domestic plan
 From what you would, but what you can!
 Nor, peevish, spurn the scanty store,
 Because you think you merit more!
 Bliss ever differs in degree;
 Thy share alone is meant for thee;
 And thou shouldst think, however small,
 That share enough, for 'tis thy all;
 Vain scorn will aggravate distress,
 And only make that little less.

Admit whatever trifles come;
 Units compose the largest sum;
 O! tell them o'er, and say how vain
 Are those who form Ambition's train;
 Which swell the Monarch's gorgeous state,
 And bribe to ill the guilty great!
 But thou, more blest, more wise than these,
 Shall build up happiness on ease.
 Hail, sweet Content! where joy serene
 Gilds the mild soul's unruff'd scene;
 And, with blith Fancy's pencil wrought,
 Spreads the white web of flowing thought;
 Shines lovely in the cheerful face,
 And clothes each charm with native grace;
 Effusion pure of bliss sincere,
 A vestment for a god to wear.

Far other ornaments compose
 The garb that shrouds dissembled woes,
 Pierc'd out with motley dies and sorts,
 Freaks, whimsies, festivals, and sports;
 The troubled mind's fantastic dress,
 Which madness titles Happiness:
 While the gay wretch to revels bears
 The pale remains of sighs and tears;
 And seeks in crowds, like her undone,
 What only can be found in one.

But chief, my gentle friend! remove
 Far from thy couch seducing Love.
 O! shun the false magician's art,
 Nor trust thy yet unguarded heart!
 Charm'd by his spells fair honor flies,
 And thousand treach'rous phantoms rise;
 Where Guilt, in Beauty's ray beguiles,
 And Ruin lurks in Friendship's smiles.
 Lo! where th'enchanted captive dreams
 Of warbling groves and purling streams;
 Of painted meads, of flow'rs that shed
 Their odours round her fragrant bed,
 Quick shifts the scene, the charm is lost,
 She wakes upon a desert coast;
 No friendly hand to lend its aid,
 No guardian bow'r to spread its shade;
 Expos'd to ev'ry chilling blast,
 She treads th'inhospitable waste;
 And down the drear decline of life,
 Sinks a forlorn, dishonour'd wife.
 Neglect not thou the voice of Fame,
 But, clear from crime, be free from blame!
 Tho' all were innocence within,
 'Tis guilt to wear the garb of sin;
 Virtue rejects the foul disguise:
 None merit praise who praise despise.

Slight not, in supercilious strain,
Long practis'd modes as low or vain!
The world will vindicate their cause,
And claim blind faith in Custom's laws.
Safer with multitudes to stray,
Than tread, alone, a fairer way:
To mingle with the erring throng,
Than boldly speak ten millions wrong.

Beware of the relentless train
Whom forms adore, whom forms maintain!
Lest prudes demure, or coxcombs loud,
Accuse thee to the partial crowd;
Foes who the laws of honor slight,
A judge who measures guilt by spite.

Behold the sage Aurelia stand,
Disgrace and fame at her command;
As if Heav'n's delegate design'd
Sole arbiter of all her kind.
Whether she try some favour'd piece,
By rules devis'd in ancient Greece;
Or whether, modern in her flight,
She tells what Paris thinks polite:
For, much her talents to advance,
She study'd Greece, and travell'd France;
There learn'd the happy art to please,
With all the charms of labour'd ease;
Thro' looks and nods with meaning fraught,
To teach what she was never taught.
By her each latent spring is seen;
The workings foul of secret spleen;
The guilt that skulks in fair pretence,
Or folly, veil'd in specious sense.
And much her righteous spirit grieves
When worthlessness the world deceives;
Whether the erring crowd commends
Some patriot sway'd by private ends;
Or husband trust a faithless wife,
Secure in ignorance from strife.
Averse she brings their deeds to view,
But justice claims the rig'rous due;
Humanely anxious to produce,
At least, some possible excuse.
O ne'er may virtue's dire disgrace
Prepare a triumph for the base!

Mere forms the fool implicit sway,
Which wiflings with contempt survey;
Blind folly no defect can see;
Half wisdom views but one degree.
The wise remoter uses reach,
Which judgment and experience teach.
Whoever would be pleas'd and please,
Must do what others do with ease.
Great precept undefin'd by rule,
And only learn'd in Custom's school;
To no peculiar form confin'd,
It spreads thro' all the human kind;
Beauty, and wit, and worth supplies,
Yet graceful in the good and wise.
Rich with this gift, and none beside,
In Fashion's stream how many glide!
Secure from ev'ry mental woe,
From treach'rous friend or open foe;
From social sympathy, that shares
The public loss or private cares;

Whether the barb'rous foe invade,
Or Merit pine in Fortune's shade.

Hence gentle Anna, ever gay,
The same to-morrow as to-day,
Save where, perchance, when others weep,
Her cheek the decent sorrow steep:
Save when, perhaps, a melting tale
O'er ev'ry tender breast prevail.

The good, the bad, the great, the small,
She likes, she loves, she honors all.
And yet, if slanderous malice blame,
Patient she yields a sister's fame;
Alike if satire or if praise,
She says whatever the circle says;
Implicit does whatever they do,
Without one point in wish or view.
Sure test of others, faithful glass
Thro' which the various phantoms pass.
Wide blank, unfeeling when alone;
No care, no joy, no thought her own.

Not thus succeeds the peerless dame
Who looks, and talks, and acts for fame;
Intent so wide her cares extend,
To make the universe her friend.
Now with the gay, in frolics shines;
Now reasons deep with deep divines;
With courtiers now extols the great;
With patriots sighs o'er Britain's fate;
Now breathes with zealots holy fires;
Now melts in less refin'd desires.
Doom'd to exceed in each degree,
Too wise, too weak, too proud, too free;
Too various for one single word,
The high sublime of deep absurd.
While ev'ry talent nature grants
Just serves to shew how much she wants,

Altho' in ——— combine
The virtues of our sex and thine:
Her hand restrains the widow's tears;
Her sense informs, and soothes, and cheers:
Yet, like an angel in disguise,
She shines but to some favour'd eyes;
Nor is the distant herd allow'd
To view the radiance thro' the cloud.

But thine is ev'ry winning art;
Thine is the friendly honest heart;
And should the gen'rous spirit flow
Beyond where prudence fears to go;
Such fallies are of nobler kind
Than virtues of a narrow mind.

§ 112. *Alexander's Feast; or the Power of Music.*
An Ode on St. Cecilia's Day. DRYDEN.

'T WAS at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sat
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound:
So should desert in arms be crown'd.

The

The lovely Thais by his side
Sat, like a blooming eastern bride,
In flow'r of youth and beauty's pride,
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove;
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the pow'r of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form bely'd the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of
the world.

The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravis'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then, the sweet musician
sung:

Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young;
The jolly god, in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he
Bacchus, ever fair and young, [comes!
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure;
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is the pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he
slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he heav'n and earth defy'd,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride,
He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate,
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And weltring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With down-cast look the joyless victor fate,

Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd, to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love!
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honor but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O, think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee. —
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
And louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awak'd from the dead
And amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise,
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand,
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were
And unburied remain, [slain,
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods! —
The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the King seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to
Thais led the way [destroy;
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to sounds,
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize; [before.
 Or both divide the crown;
 He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
 She drew an angel down.

§ 113. *An Epistle, from Mr. Phillips to the Earl of Dorset. Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

FROM frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
 From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,

What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
 Or how, so near the Pole, attempt to sing?
 The hoary winter here conceals from sight
 All pleasing objects that to verse invite.
 The hills, and dales, and the delightful woods,
 The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,
 By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,
 And, with one dazzling waste, fatigue the eye;

No gentle breathing breeze prepares the spring,
 No birds within the desert region sing.
 The ships, unmov'd, the boist'rous winds defy,
 While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
 The vast Leviathan wants room to play,
 And spout his waters in the face of day.
 The starving wolves along the main sea prow,
 And to the moon in icy vallies howl.
 For many a shining league the level main
 Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
 There solid billows, of enormous size,
 Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
 And yet but lately have I seen, e'en here,
 The winter in a lovely dress appear.
 Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasure'd snow,
 Or winds begun thro' hazy skies to blow,
 At ev'ning a keen eastern breeze arose;
 And the descending rain untallied froze.
 Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
 The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view
 The face of nature in a rich disguise,
 And brighten'd every object to my eyes:
 For ev'ry shrub, and ev'ry blade of grass,
 And ev'ry pointed thorn seem'd wrought in glass,
 In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
 While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.
 The thick-sprung reeds the wat'ry marshes yield,
 Seem polish'd lances in a hostile field.
 The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
 Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise.
 The spreading oak, the beech, and tow'ring pine,
 Glaz'd over, in the freezing æther shine.
 The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
 That wave and glitter in the distant sun:
 When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
 The brittle forest into atoms flies:
 The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends,
 And in a spangled show'r the prospect ends;
 Or if a southern gale the region warm,
 And, by degrees, unbind the wint'ry charm,

The traveller a miry country sees,
 And journies sad beneath the dropping trees.
 Like some deluded peasant Merlin leads
 Thro' fragrant bow'rs, and thro' delicious meads;
 While here enchanted gardens to him rise;
 And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
 His wond'ring feet the magic paths pursue;
 And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
 The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
 And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways, appear
 A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
 And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns:

§ 114. *The Man of Sorrow. GREVILLE.*

AH! what avails the length'ning mead,
 By Nature's kindest bounty spread
 Along the vale of flowers!
 Ah! what avails the dark'ning grove,
 Or Philomel's melodious love,
 That glads the midnight hours!

From me (alas!) the god of day
 Ne'er glitters on the hawthorn spray;
 Nor night her comfort brings:
 I have no pleasure in the rose;
 For me no vernal beauty blows,
 Nor Philomela sings.

See how the sturdy peasants stride
 Adown yon hillock's verdant side,
 In cheerful ignorance blest;
 Alike to them the rose or thorn,
 Alike arises every morn,
 By gay Contentment drest.

Content, fair daughter of the skies,
 Or gives spontaneous, or denies,
 Her choice divinely free:
 She visits oft the hamlet cot,
 When Want and Sorrow are the lot
 Of Avarice and me.

But see — or is it Fancy's dream?
 Methought a bright celestial gleam
 Shot sudden thro' the groves;
 Behold, behold, in loose array,
 Euphrosyne, more bright than day,
 More mild than Paphian doves!

Welcome, O! welcome, Pleasure's queen!
 And see along the velvet green
 The jocund train advance:
 With scatter'd flow'rs they fill the air.
 The wood-nymph's dew-bespangled hair
 Plays in the sportive dance.

Ah! baneful grant of angry Heaven,
 When to the feeling wretch is given
 A soul alive to joy!
 Joys fly with ev'ry hour away,
 And leave th'unguarded heart a prey
 To cares, that peace destroy.

And see, with visionary haste
 (Too soon the gay delusion past)

Reality

Reality remains!
Despair has seiz'd my captive soul,
And horror drives without controul,
And slackens still the reins.

Ten thousand beauties round me throng:
What beauties, say, ye nymphs belong
To the distemper'd soul?
I see the lawn of hideous dye,
The tow'ring elm nods misery;
With groans the waters roll.

Ye gilded roofs, Palladian domes,
Ye vivid tints of Persia's looms,
Ye were for misery made. —
'Twas thus the Man of Sorrow spoke;
His wayward step then pensive took
Along th'unhallow'd shade.

§ 115. *Monody to the Memory of a Young Lady.*
SHAW.

YET do I live! O how shall I sustain
This vast unutterable weight of woe?
This worse than hunger, poverty, or pain,
Or all the complicated ills below —
She, in whose life my hopes were treasur'd all,
Is gone — for ever fled —
My dearest Emma's dead;
These eyes, these tear-swoln eyes beheld her fall:
Ah no — she lives on some far happier shore,
She lives — but (cruel thought!) she lives for me
no more.

I, who the tedious absence of a day [sigh;
Remov'd, would languish for my charmer's
Would chide the ling'ring moments for delay,
And fondly blame the slow return of night;
How, how shall I endure
(O misery past a cure!)

Hours, days, and years, successively to roll,
Nor ever more behold the comfort of my soul?

Was she not all my fondest wish could frame?
Did ever mind so much of heav'n partake?
Did she not love me with the purest flame?
And give up friends and fortune for my sake?

Though mild as ev'ning skies,
With downcast, streaming eyes,
Stood the stern frown of supercilious brows,
Deaf to their brutal threats, and faithful to her
vows.

Come then, some Muse, the saddest of the train
(No more your bard shall dwell on idle lays)
Teach me each moving melancholy strain,
And O discard the pageantry of phrase:
Ill suit the flower of speech with woes like mine!

Thus, haply, as I paint
The source of my complaint,
My soul may own th'impassion'd line;
A flood of tears may gush to my relief, [of grief.
And from my swelling heart discharge this load
Forbear, my fond officious friends, forbear
To wound my ears with the sad tales you tell;
"How good she was, how gentle, and how fair!"
In pity cease — alas! I know too well:

How in her sweet expressive face
Beam'd forth the beauties of her mind,
Yet heighten'd by exterior grace,
Of manners most engaging, most refin'd.

No piteous object could she see,
But her soft bosom shar'd the woe,
While smiles of affability
Endear'd whatever boon she might bestow.
Whate'er th' emotions of her heart,
Still shone conspicuous in her eyes,
Stranger to every female art,
Alike to feign or to disguise:

And O the boast how rare!
The secret in her faithful breast repos'd,
She ne'er with lawless tongue disclos'd,
In secret silence lodg'd inviolate there.
Of feeble words — unable to express
Her matchless virtues, or my own distress!

Relentless death! that, steel'd to human woe,
With murd'rous hands deals havoc on man-
Why (cruel!) strike this deprecated blow, [kind,
And leave such wretched multitudes behind?
Hark! Groans come wing'd on ev'ry breeze;
The sons of grief prefer their ardent vow;
Oppress'd with sorrow, want, or dire disease,
And supplicate thy aid, as I do now:
In vain — Perverse, still on the unweeting head
'Tis thine thy vengeful darts to shed;
Hope's infant blossoms to destroy,
And drench in tears the face of joy.

But oh! fell tyrant! yet expect the hour
When Virtue shall renounce thy power;
When thou no more shalt blot the face of day,
Nor mortals tremble at thy rigid sway.
Alas! the day — where'er I turn my eyes,
Some sad memento of my loss appears;
I fly the fatal house — suppress my sighs,
Resolv'd to dry my unavailing tears:

But, ah! in vain — no change of time
The memory can efface [or place
Of all that sweetness, that enchanting air, [spair.
Now lost; and nought remains but anguish and de-

Where were the delegates of Heav'n, oh, where!
Appointed Virtue's children safe to keep!
Had Innocence or Virtue been their care,
She had not dy'd, nor had I liv'd to weep:
Mov'd by my tears, and by her patience mov'd,
To see her force th'endearing smile,
My sorrows to beguile,

When Torture's keenest rage she prov'd;
Sure they had ward'd that untimely dart,
Which broke her thread of life, and rent a hus-
band's heart.

How shall I e'er forget that dreadful hour,
When, feeling Death's resistless pow'r,
My hand she press'd, wet with her falling tears,
And thus, in fault'ring accents, spoke her fears:

"Ah, my lov'd lord, the transient scene is o'er,
"And we must part (alas!) to meet no more!
"But oh! if e'er thy Emma's name was dear,
"If e'er thy vows have charm'd my ravish'd
"ear;

"If, from thy lov'd embrace my heart to gain,
 "Proud friends have frown'd, and Fortune
 "smil'd in vain;
 "If it has been my sole endeavour still
 "To act in all, obsequious to thy will;
 "To watch thy very smiles, thy wish to know,
 "Then only truly blest when thou wert so;
 "If I have doated with that fond excess,
 "Nor love could add, nor Fortune make it less;
 "If this I've done, and more—oh then be kind
 "To the dear lovely babe I leave behind.
 "When time my once lov'd mem'ry shall efface,
 "Some happier maid may take thy Emma's
 "place;
 "With envious eyes thy partial fondness see,
 "And hate it for the love thou bore to me—
 "My dearest Shaw, forgive a woman's fears;
 "But one word more (I cannot bear thy tears)
 "Promise—and I will trust thy faithful vow
 "(Oft have I try'd, and ever found thee true)
 "That to some distant spot thou wilt remove
 "This fatal pledge of hapless Emma's love,
 "Where safe, thy blandishments it may partake:
 "And oh! be tender for its mother's sake.
 "Wilt thou?—
 "I know thou wilt—sad silence speaks assent;
 "And in that pleasing hope thy Emma dies
 "content."

I, who with more than manly strength have bore
 The various ills impos'd by cruel Fate,
 Sustain the firmness of my soul no more,
 But sink beneath the weight; [day
 Just Heav'n! (I cry'd) from Mem'ry's earliest
 No comfort hasthy wretched suppliant known;
 Misfortune still, with unrelenting sway,
 Has claim'd me for her own.
 But O!—in pity to my grief, restore
 This only source of bliss; I ask, I ask no more—
 Vain hope—th'irrevocable doom is past;
 Ev'n now she looks—the sighs her last—
 Vainly I strive to stay her fleeting breath, [death.
 And, with rebellious heart, protest against her

When the stern tyrant clos'd her lovely eyes,
 How did I rave, untaught to bear the blow!
 With impious wish to tear her from the skies;
 How curse my fate in bitterness of woe!
 But whither would this dreadful frenzy lead?

 Fond man, forbear;
 Thy fruitless sorrow spare; [creed;
 Dare not to task what Heav'n's high will de-
 In humble rev'rence kiss th'afflictive rod,
 And prostrate bow to an offended God.

Perhaps kind Heaven in mercy dealt the blow,
 Some saving truth thy roving soul to teach;
 To wean thy heart from groveling views below,
 And point out bliss beyond Misfortune's
 reach:

To shew that all the flatt'ring schemes of joy,
 Which tow'ring hope so fondly builds in air,
 One fatal moment can destroy,
 And plunge th'exulting Maniac in despair.

Then O! with pious fortitude sustain
 Thy present loss—haply thy future gain;
 Nor let thy Emma die in vain;
 Time shall administer its wonted balm, [calm.
 And hush this storm of grief to no unpleasing
 Thus the poor bird, by some disastrous fate,
 Caught and imprison'd in a lonely cage,
 Torn from its native fields, and dearer mate,
 Flutters a while, and spends its little rage:
 But finding all its efforts weak and vain,
 No more it pants and rages for the plain;
 Moping a while, in sullen mood
 Droops the sweet mourner—but ere long
 Prunes its light wings, and pecks its food,
 And meditates the song:
 Serenely forrowing, breathes its piteous case,
 And with its plaintive warblings saddens all
 the place. [flow,
 Forgive me, Heaven!—yet—yet the tears will
 To think how soon my scene of bliss is past!
 My budding joys, just promising to blow,
 All nipt and wither'd by one envious blast!
 My hours, that laughing wont to fleet away,
 Move heavily along; [jocund song?
 Where's now the sprightly jest, the
 Time creeps unconscious of delight:
 How shall I cheat the tedious day!
 And O—the joyless night!
 Where shall I rest my weary head?
 How shall I find repose on a sad widow'd bed?
 Come, Theban drug †, the wretch's only aid,
 To my torn heart its former peace restore:
 Thy votary, wrap'd in thy Lethean shade,
 A while shall cease his sorrows to deplore:
 Haply when lock'd in sleep's embrace,
 Again I shall behold my Emma's face;
 Again with transport hear
 Her voice oft whispering in my ear;
 May steal once more a balmy kiss,
 And taste at least of visionary bliss.
 But, ah! th'unwelcome morn's obtruding light
 Will all my shadowy schemes of bliss deposit;
 Will tear the dear illusion from my sight,
 And wake me to the sense of all my woes!
 If to the verdant fields I stray,
 Alas! what pleasures now can these convey?
 Her lovely form pursues where'er I go,
 And darkens all the scene with woe.
 By Nature's lavish beauties cheer'd no more,
 Sorrowing I rove
 Through valley, grot, and grove;
 Nought can their beauties or my loss restore;
 No herb, no plant can med'cine my disease,
 And my sad sighs are borne on ev'ry passing breeze.
 Sickness and sorrow hov'ring round my bed,
 Who now with anxious haste shall bring relief,
 With lenient hand support my drooping head,
 Assuage my pains, and mitigate my grief?
 Should worldly business call away,
 Who now shall in my absence fondly mourn,
 Count ev'ry minute of the loitering day,
 Impatient for my quick return:

Should aught my bosom discompose,
Who now, with sweet complacent air,
Shall smooth the rugged brow of Care,
And soften all my woes?
Too faithful Memory—Cease, O cease—
How shall I e'er regain my peace?
(O to forget her!)—but how vain each art,
Whilst ev'ry virtue lives imprinted on my heart!

And thou, my little cherub, left behind,
To hear a father's plaints, to share his woes,
When Reason's dawn informs thy infant mind,
And thy sweet lisping tongue shall ask the cause,
How oft with sorrow shall mine eyes run o'er,
When, twining round my knees, I trace
Thy mother's smile upon thy face!
How oft to my full heart shalt thou restore
Sad mem'ry of my joys—ah, now no more!
By blessings once enjoyed now more distressed,
More beggar by the riches once possess'd,
My little darling—dearer to me grown; [hear!]

By all the tears thou'st caus'd—(O strange to
Bought with a life yet dearer than thy own,
Thy cradle purchas'd with thy mother's bier:

Who now shall seek with fond delight
Thy infant steps to guide aright?
She, who with doating eyes would gaze
On all thy little artless ways,
By all thy soft endearments blest,

And clasp thee oft with transport to her breast,
Alas! is gone—Yet shalt thou prove
A father's dearest, tenderest love;

And, O sweet senseless smiler (envy'd state!)
As yet unconscious of thy hapless fate,

When years thy judgment shall mature,
And Reason shows those ills it cannot cure,
Wilt thou a father's grief trawage,
For virtue prove the Phoenix of the earth
(Like her, thy mother dy'd to give thee birth)
And be the comfort of my age?

When sick and languishing I lie,
Wilt thou my Emma's wonted care supply?

And oft as to thy list'ning ear,
Thy mother's virtues and her fate I tell,

Say, wilt thou drop the tender tear,
Whilst on the mournful theme I dwell?

Then fondly stealing to thy father's side,
Whene'er thou seest the soft distress,
Which I would vainly seek to hide,

Say, wilt thou strive to make it less?
To sooth my sorrows all thy cares employ,
And in my cup of grief infuse one drop of joy?

§ 116. *An Evening Address to a Nightingale.*
SHAW.

SWEET bird! that kindly perching near,
Pourest thy plaints melodious in my ear,
Not, like base worldlings, tutor'd to forego
The melancholy haunts of woe;

Thanks for thy sorrow-soothing strain:—
For, surely thou hast known to prove,
Like me, the pangs of hapless love;

Else why so feelingly complain, [grove?
And with thy piteous notes thus sadden all the

Say, dost thou mourn my ravish'd mate,
That oft enamour'd on thy strains has hung?
Or has the cruel hand of Fate
Bereft thee of thy darling young?

Alas, for both I weep!—
In all the pride of youthful charms,
A beauteous bride torn from my circling arms!
A lovely babe, that should have liv'd to bless
And fill my doating eyes with frequent
tears,

At once the source of rapture and distress,
The flattering prop of my declining years!
In vain from death to rescue I essay'd,
By every art that science could devise;
Alas! it languish'd for a mother's aid,
And wing'd its flight to seek her in the
Then O our comforts be the same, [skies.—
At ev'ning's peaceful hour,
To shun the noisy paths of wealth and fame;
And breathe our sorrows in this lonely
bow'r.

But why, alas! to thee complain!
To thee—unconscious of my pain!
Soon shalt thou cease to mourn thy lot severe,
And hail the dawning of a happier year:
The genial warmth of joy renewing spring
Again shall plume thy shatter'd wing;
Again thy little heart shall transport move,
Again shall flow thy notes responsive to thy
But O! for me in vain may seasons roll, [move.
Nought can dry up the fountain of my tears;
Deploring still the comfort of my soul,
I count my sorrows by increasing years.

Tell me, thou Syren Hope, deceiver, say,
Where is the promis'd period of my woes?
Full three long lingering years have roll'd away,
And yet I weep, a stranger to repose:

“O what delusion did thy tongue employ!
“That Emma's fatal pledge of love,
“Her last bequest—with all a mother's care,
“The bitterness of sorrow should remove,
“Soften the horrors of despair,
“And cheer a heart long lost to joy!”

How oft, when fondling in mine arms,
Gazing enraptur'd on its angel-face,
My soul the maze of Fate would vainly trace,
And burn with all a father's fond alarms!
And O what flatt'ring scenes had fancy feign'd!
How did I rave of blessings yet in store!
Till ev'ry aching sense was sweetly pain'd,
And my full heart could bear, nor tongue
could utter more.—

“Just Heav'n,” I cry'd—with recent hopes
“elate, [dead—
“Yet will I live—will live though Emma's
“So long bow'd down beneath the storms of
“fate,
“Yet will I raise my woe-dejected head!
“My little Emma, now my all,
“Will want a father's care;
“Her looks, her wants, my rash resolves recall,
“And for her sake the ills of life I'll bear.

"And oft together we'll complain, [know.
 "Complaint, the only bliss my soul can
 "From me my child shall learn the mournful
 "And prattle tales of woe. [strain,
 "And O! in that auspicious hour, [pow'r,
 "When Fate resigns her persecuting
 "With duteous zeal her hand shall close,
 "No more to weep — my sorrow-streaming
 "When death gives misery repose, [eyes,
 "And opes a glorious passage to the skies."

Vain thought! it must not be. — She too is
 The flatt'ring scene is o'er, [dead—
 My hopes for ever — ever fled —
 And vengeance can no more —
 Crush'd by misfortune — blasted by disease —
 And none — none left to bear a friendly part!
 To meditate my welfare, health, or ease,
 Or sooth the anguish of an aching heart!
 Now all one gloomy scene, till welcome Death,
 With lenient hand (O falsely deem'd severe)
 Shall kindly stop my grief-exhausted breath,
 And dry up ev'ry tear,
 Perhaps, obsequious to my will,
 But ah! from my affections far remov'd!
 The last sad office strangers may fulfil,
 As if I ne'er had been belov'd;
 As if, unconscious of poetic fire,
 I ne'er had touch'd the trembling lyre;
 As if my niggard hand ne'er dealt relief,
 Nor my heart melted at another's grief.

Yet — while this weary life shall last,
 While yet my tongue can form th'impas-
 sion'd strain,
 In piteous accents shall the Muse complain,
 And dwell with fond delay on blessings past:
 For Oh! how grateful to a wounded heart
 The tale of misery to impart!
 From others eyes bid artless sorrows flow,
 And raise esteem upon the base of woe!
 Ev'n he*, the noblest of the tuneful throng,
 Shall deign my love-lorn tale to hear,
 Shall catch the soft contagion of my song, [tear.
 And pay my pensive Muse the tribute of a

§ 117. *An Ode to Narcissa.* SMOLLET,

THY fatal shafts unerring move;
 I bow before thine altar, Love!
 I feel thy soft resistless flame
 Glide swift thro' all my vital frame!

For while I gaze my bosom glows,
 My blood in tides impetuous flows;
 Hope, fear, and joy alternate roll,
 And floods of transports whelm my soul!

My fault'ring tongue attempts in vain
 In soothing murmurs to complain;
 My tongue some secret magic ties,
 My murmurs sink in broken sighs!

* Lord Lyttleton.

† The Moravian Missionaries in Greenland. Vide Krantz.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
 And ever drop the silent tear,
 Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
 Unfriended live, unpity'd die!

§ 118. *Elegy in Imitation of Tibullus.*

SMOLLET.

WHERE now are all my flatt'ring dreams of
 joy?

Monimia, give my soul her wonted rest:
 Since first thy beauty fix'd my roving eye,
 Heart-gnawing cares corrode my pensive breast!

Let happy lovers fly where pleasures call,
 With festive souls beguile the fleeting hour,
 Lead beauty thro' the mazes of the ball,
 Or press her wanton in love's roscate bow'r.

For me, no more I'll range th'empurpled mead,
 Where shepherds pipe, and virgins dance around,
 Nor wander thro' the woodbine's fragrant shade,
 To hear the music of the grove resound.

I'll seek some lonely church, or dreary hall,
 Where fancy paints the glimm'ring taper blue,
 Where damps hang mould'ring on the ivy'd wall,
 And sheeted ghosts drink up the midnight dew:
 There, leagu'd with hopeless anguish and despair,
 A while in silence o'er my fate repine:
 Then, with a long farewell to love and care,
 To kindred dust my weary limbs consign.

Wilt thou, Monimia, shed a gracious tear
 On the cold grave where all my sorrows rest;
 Strew vernal flow'rs, applaud my love sincere,
 And bid the turf lie easy on my breast?

§ 119. *The Propagation of the Gospel in Greenland.*

COWPER.

AND still it spreads. See Germany send forth
 Her † sons to pour it on the farthest north:
 Fir'd with a zeal peculiar, they defy
 The rage and rigour of a polar sky,
 And plant successfully sweet Sharon's rose
 On icy plains, and in eternal snows.

Oh! blest within th'inclosure of your rocks,
 Nor herds have ye to boast, nor bleating flocks,
 No fertilizing streams your fields divide,
 That shew revers'd the villas on their side;
 No groves have ye; no cheerful sound of bird,
 Or voice of turtle, in your land is heard:
 Nor grateful eglantine regales the smell
 Of those that walk at ev'ning, where ye dwell —
 But Winter, arm'd with terrors here unknown,
 Sits absolute on his unshaken throne.
 Piles up his stores amidst the frozen waste,
 And bids the mountains he has built stand fast;
 Beckons the legions of his storms away
 From happier scenes, to make your land a prey;
 Proclaims the soil a conquest he has won,
 And scorns to share it with the distant sun.

—Yet Truth is yours, remote, unenvy'd isle,
And peace, the genuine offspring of her smile:
The pride of letter'd ignorance, that binds
In chains of error our accomplish'd minds;
That decks, with all the splendour of the true,
A false religion, is unknown to you.
Nature indeed vouchsafes for our delight
The sweet vicissitudes of day and night;
Soft airs and genial moisture feed and cheer
Field, fruit, and flow'r, and ev'ry creature here;
But brighter beams than his who fires the skies
Have ris'n at length on your admiring eyes,
That shoot into your darkest caves the day,
From which our nicer optics turn away.

§ 120. *On Slavery, and the Slave Trade.*

COWPER.

BUT ah! what wish can prosper, or what
prayer,
For merchants rich in cargoes of despair,
Who drive a loathsome traffic, gage and span,
And buy the muscles and the bones of man;
The tender ties of father, husband, friend,
All bonds of nature in that moment end,
And each endures, while yet he draws his breath,
A stroke as fatal as the scythe of death.
The sable warrior, frantic with regret
Of her he loves, and never can forget,
Loses in tears the far-receding shore,
But not the thought that they must meet no
more!
Depriv'd of her and freedom at a blow,
What has he left that he can yet forego?
Yes, to deep sadness suddenly resign'd,
He feels his body's bondage in his mind;
Puts off his gen'rous nature, and to suit
His manners with his fate, puts on the brute.
Oh most degrading of all ills that wait
On man, a mourner in his best estate!
All other sorrows virtue may endure,
And find submission more than half a cure;
Grief is itself a medicine, and bestow'd
T' improve the fortitude that bears the load;
To teach the wand'rer, as his woes increase,
The path of wisdom, all whose paths are peace.
But slav'ry!—Virtue dreads it as her grave;
Patience itself is meanness in a slave:
Or, if the will and sovereignty of God
Bid suffer it a while and kiss the rod,
Wait for the dawning of a brighter day,
And snap the chain the moment when you may.
Nature imprints upon whatever we see
That has a heart and life in it, Be free!
The beasts are charter'd;—neither age nor force
Can quell the love of freedom in a horse:
He breaks the cord that held him at the rack,
And, conscious of an unincumber'd back,
Snuffs up the morning air, forgets the rein,
Loose fly his forelock and his ample mane;
Responsive to the distant neigh he neighs,
Nor stops till, overleaping all delays,
He finds the pasture where his fellows graze.

§ 121. *On Liberty, and in Praise of Mr. Howard.*
COWPER.

OH, could I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flow'rs as wild and fair
As ever dress'd a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when Evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading West,
My soul should yield the willing thanks and
praise

For the chief blessings of my fairest days:
But that were sacrilege—praise is not thine,
But his who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say, and as I spake bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,
This triple realm adores thee:—thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active, at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly pow'r,
While Conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior but the God she fears.
Propitious spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffer'd, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and
flood,

Are mighty mischiefs not to be withstood;
And honest merit stands on slipp'ry ground,
Where covert guile and artifice abound:
Let just restraint, for public peace design'd,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind,
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee,
But let insolvent innocence go free.

Patron of else the most despis'd of men,
Accept the tribute of a stranger's pen;
Verse, like the laurel, its immortal meed,
Should be the guerdon of a noble deed:
I may alarm thee, but I fear the shame
(Charity chosen as my theme and aim)
I must incur, forgetting Howard's name. }
Blest with all wealth can give thee, to resign
Joys doubly sweet to feelings quick as thine,
To quit the bliss thy rural scenes bestow,
To seek a nobler amidst scenes of woe; [home,
To traverse seas, range kingdoms, and bring
Not the proud monuments of Greece or Rome,
But knowledge—such as only dungeons teach!
And only sympathy like thine could reach!
That grief, sequester'd from the public stage,
Might smooth her feathers and enjoy her cage,
Speaks a divine ambition, and a zeal
The boldest patriot might be proud to feel.
Oh that the voice of clamour and debate,
That pleads for peace till it disturbs the state,
Were hush'd in favour of thy gen'rous plea,
The poor thy clients, and Heav'n's smile thy fee!

On

§ 122. *On Domestic Happiness as the Friend of Virtue, and of the false Good-nature of the Age.*

COWPER.

DOMESTIC happiness, thou only bliss
Of Paradise that has surviv'd the fall !
Tho' few now taste thee unimpair'd and pure,
Or, tasting, long enjoy thee; too infirm,
Or too incautious, to preserve thy sweets
Unmixt with drops of bitter, which neglect
Or temper sheds into thy crystal cup,
Thou art the nurse of virtue. In thine arms
She smiles, appearing, as in truth she is,
Heaven-born, and destin'd to the skies again.
Thou art not known where Pleasure is ador'd,
That reeling goddess, with the zoneless waist
And wand'ring eyes, still leaning on the arm
Of novelty, her fickle, frail support :
For thou art meek and constant, hating change,
And finding in the calm of truth-ty'd love
Joys that her stormy raptures never yield.
Forfaking thee, what shipwreck have we made
Of honour, dignity, and fair renown,
Till prostitution elbows us aside
In all our crowded streets, and senates seem
Conven'd for purposes of empire less,
Than to release th'adulteress from her bond !
Th'adulteress ! what a theme for angry verse,
What provocation to th'indignant heart
That feels for injur'd love ! but I disdain
The nauseous task to paint her as she is,
Cruel, abandon'd, glorying in her shame.
No. Let her pass, and, chariotted along
In guilty splendour, shake the public ways ;
The frequency of crimes has wash'd them white ;
And verse of mine shall never brand the wretch,
Whom matrons now of character unshrink'd
And chaste themselves, are not ashamed to own.
Virtue and Vice had bound'ries in old time
Not to be pass'd ; and she that had renounc'd
Her sex's honour, was renounc'd herself
By all that priz'd it ; not for Prudery's sake,
But Dignity's, resentful of the wrong.
'Twas hard, perhaps, on here and there a wail
Desirous to return, and not receiv'd ;
But was an wholesome rigour in the main,
And taught th'unblemish'd to preserve with care
That purity, whose loss was loss of all.
Men too were nice of honour in those days,
And judg'd offenders well ; and he that shar'd
And pocketed a prize by fraud obtain'd, [sold
Was mark'd and shunn'd as odious. He that
His country, or was slack when she requir'd
His ev'ry nerve in action and at stretch,
Paid with the blood that he had basely spar'd
The price of his default. But now, yes, now,
We are become so candid and so fair,
So lib'ral in construction, and so rich
In Christian charity, a good-natur'd age !
That they are safe ; sinners of either sex
Transgress what laws they may. Well dress'd,
Well bred,
Well equipag'd, is ticket good enough
To pass us readily thro' ev'ry door.
Hypocrisy, detest her as we may,

(And no man's hatred ever wrong'd her yet)
May claim this merit still, that she admits
The worth of what she mimics with such care,
And thus gives virtue indirect applause ;
But she has burnt her masks not needed here,
Where Vice has such allowance, that her shifts
And specious semblances have lost their use.

§ 123. *On the Employments of what is called an Idle Life.* COWPER.

HOW various his employments whom the world
Calls idle, and who justly in return
Esteems that busy world an idler too !
Friends ; books, a garden, and perhaps his pen,
Delightful industry enjoy'd at home,
And nature in her cultivated trim
Dress'd to his taste, inviting him abroad—
Can he want occupation who has these ?
Will he be idle who has much to enjoy ?
Me therefore, studious of laborious ease,
Not slothful ; happy to deceive the time,
Not waste it ; and aware that human life
Is but a loan to be repaid with use,
When he shall call his debtors to account,
From whom are all our blessings, bus'ness finds
Ev'n here. While sedulous I seek to improve,
At least neglect not, or leave unemploy'd
The mind he gave me ; driving it, tho' slack
Too oft, and much impeded in its work
By causes not to be divulg'd in vain,
To its just point—the service of mankind.
He that attends to his interior self,
That has a heart and keeps it ; has a mind
That hungers, and supplies it ; and who seeks
A social, not a dissipated life,
Has bus'ness : feels himself engag'd to achieve
No unimportant, tho' a silent task.
A life all turbulence and noise may seem
To him that leads it wise, and to be prais'd ;
But wisdom is a pearl with most success
Sought in still water, and beneath clear skies.
He that is ever occupy'd in storms,
Or dives not for it, or brings up instead,
Vainly industrious, a disgraceful prize.

§ 124. *The Post comes in—The News-paper is read—The World contemplated at a distance.*

COWPER.

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn ! o'er yonder
bridge
That with its wearisome but needful length
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;
He comes, the herald of a noisy world, [locks,
With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind,
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn ;
And having dropt th'expected bag—pass on.
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,

Cold

Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks
Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
Or charg'd with am'rous sighs of absent swains,
Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
But oh th'important budget ! usher'd in
With such heart-shaking music, who can say
What are its tidings ? have our troops awak'd !
Or do they still, as if with opium drugg'd,
Snore to the murmurs of th'Atlantic wave ?
Is India free ? and does she wear her plum'd
And jewell'd turban with a smile of peace,
Or do we grind her still ? the grand debate,
The popular harangue, the tart reply,
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
And the loud laugh—I long to know them all ;
I burn to set th'imprison'd wranglers free,
And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.
Not such his ev'ning who, with shining face,
Sweats in the crowded theatre, and, squeez'd
And bor'd with elbow-points thro' both his sides,
Outcolds the ranting actor on the stage :
Nor his, who patient stands till his feet throb
And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
Of patriots bursting with heroic rage ;
Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.
This folio of four pages, happy work !
Which not ev'n critics criticise, that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Tho' eloquent themselves, yet fear to break,
What is it but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?

Here runs the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit, see,
The seals of office glitter in his eyes ; [heels,
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them. At his
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And with a dext'rous jerk soon twists him down,
And wins them—but to loose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take :
The modest speaker is asham'd and griev'd
T'engross a moment's notice, and yet begs,
Begg a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
However trivial all that he conceives.
Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise,
The dearth of information and good-sense
That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
Cataracts of declamation thunder here :
There forests of no meaning spread the page
In which all comprehension wanders lost ;
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
With merry descants on a nation's woes.

The rest appears a wilderness of strange
But gay confusion—roses for the cheeks
And lilies for the brows of faded age,
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews, [sweets,
Sermons and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,
Æthereal journies, submarine exploits,
And Katterfelto, with his hair on end
At his own wonders, wond'ring for his bread.
'Tis pleasant thro' the loop-holes of retreat
To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
To hear the roar she sends thro' all her gates
At a safe distance, where the dying sound
Falls a soft murmur on th'uninjur'd ear.
Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanc'd
To some secure and more than mortal height,
That lib'rates and exempts me from them all.
It turns submitted to my view, turns round
With all its generations ; I behold
The tumult, and am still. The sound of war
Has lost its terrors ere it reaches me ;
Grieves, but not alarms me. I mourn the pride
And av'rice that makes man a wolf to man ;
Hear the faint echo of these brazen throats
By which he speaks the language of his heart,
And sigh, but never tremble at the sound.
He travels and expatiates ; as the bee
From flow'r to flow'r, so he from land to land ;
The manners, customs, policy of all
Pay contribution to the store he gleans ;
He sucks intelligence in ev'ry clime,
And spreads the honey of his deep research
At his return, a rich repast for me.
He travels and I too. I tread his deck,
Ascend his topmast, thro' his peering eyes
Discover countries, with a kindred heart
Suffer his woes, and share in his escapes ;
While fancy, like the finger of a clock,
Runs the great circuit, and is still at home.

§ 125. *A Fragment.* MALLET.

FAIR morn ascends : fresh zephyrs breath
Blows lib'ral o'er yon bloomy heath ;
Where sown profusely, herb and flow'r,
Of balmy smell, of healing pow'r,
Their souls in fragrant dews exhale,
And breathe fresh life in ev'ry gale.
Here spreads a green expanse of plains,
Where, sweetly pensive, Silence reigns :
And there, at utmost stretch of eye,
A mountain fades into the sky ;
While, winding round, diffus'd and deep,
A river rolls with sounding sweep.
Of human art no traces near,
I seem alone with nature here !
Here are thy walks, O sacred Health !
The Monarch's bliss, the Beggar's wealth ;
The seas'ning of all good below,
The sov'reign friend in joy or woe.
O Thou, most courted, most despis'd :
And but in absence duly priz'd !

Pow'r

Pow'r of the soft and rosy face !
 The vivid pulse, the vermil grace,
 The spirits, when they gayest shine,
 Youth, beauty, pleasure, all are thine !
 O sun of life ! whose heav'nly ray
 Lights up and cheers our various day,
 The turbulence of hopes and fears,
 The storm of fate, the cloud of years,
 Till nature, with thy parting light,
 Reposes late in Death's calm night :
 Fled from the trophy'd roofs of state,
 Abodes of splendid pain and hate ;
 Fled from the couch, where, in sweet sleep,
 Hot Riot would his anguish steep,
 But tosses thro' the midnight shade,
 Of death, of life, alike afraid ;
 For ever fled to shady cell,
 Where Temp'rance, where the Muses dwell ;
 Thou oft art seen, at early dawn,
 Slow-pacing o'er the breezy lawn :
 Or on the brow of mountain high,
 In silence feasting ear and eye,
 With song and prospect which abound
 From birds, and woods, and waters round.

But when the sun, with noon-tide ray,
 Flames forth intolerable day ;
 While Heat sits fervent on the plain,
 With Thirst and Languor in his train
 (All nature sick'ning in the blaze)
 Thou, in the wild and woody maze
 That clouds the vale with umbrage deep,
 Impendent from the neighb'ring steep,
 Wilt find betimes a calm retreat,
 Where breathing Coolness has her seat.

There, plung'd amid the shadows brown,
 Imagination lays him down ;
 Attentive, in his airy mood,
 To ev'ry murmur of the wood :
 The bee in yonder flow'ry nook,
 The chidings of the headlong brook,
 The green leaf quiv'ring in the gale,
 The warbling hill, the lowing vale,
 The distant woodman's echoing stroke,
 The thunder of the falling oak.
 From thought to thought in vision led,
 He holds high converse with the dead ;
 Sages or poets. See, they rise !
 And shadowy skim before his eyes.

Hark ! Orpheus strikes the lyre again,
 That soften'd savages to men :
 Lo ! Socrates, the Sent of Heav'n,
 To whom its moral will was giv'n.
 Fathers and Friends of human kind !
 They form'd the nations, or refin'd,
 With all that mends the head and heart,
 Enlight'ning truth, adorning art.

Thus musing in the solemn shade,
 At once the sounding breeze was laid :
 And nature, by the unknown law,
 Shook deep with reverential awe ;
 Dumb silence grew upon the hour ;
 A browner night involv'd the bow'r :
 When, issuing from the inmost wood,
 Appear'd fair Freedom's Genius good.

O Freedom ! sov'reign boon of Heav'n :
 Great Charter with our being giv'n ;
 For which the patriot and the sage
 Have plann'd, have bled thro' ev'ry age !
 High privilege of human race,
 Beyond a mortal monarch's grace :
 Who could not give, who cannot claim,
 What but from God immediate came !

* * * * *

§ 126. *Ode to Evening.* Dr. JOS. WARTON.

HAIL, meek-ey'd maiden, clad in sober grey,
 Whose soft approach the weary wood-man
 loves ;

As homeward bent, to kiss his prattling babes,
 Jocund, he whistles thro' the twilight groves.

When Phœbus sinks behind the gilded hills,
 You lightly o'er the misty meadows walk,
 The drooping daisies bathe in dulcet dews,
 And nurse the nodding violet's tender stalk.

The panting Dryads, that in day's fierce heat,
 To inmost bow'rs and cooling caverns ran,
 Return to trip in wanton ev'ning dance ;
 Old Sylvan too returns, and laughing Pan.

To the deep wood the clam'rous rooks repair,
 Light skims the swallow o'er the wat'ry scene ;
 And from the sheep-cote and fresh furrow'd field,
 Stout plowmen meet to wrestle on the green.

The swain that artless sings on yonder rock,
 His supping sheep and length'ning shadow spies,
 Pleas'd with the cool, the calm refreshing hour,
 And with hoarse humming of unnumber'd flies.

Now ev'ry passion sleeps : desponding Love,
 And pining Envy, ever-restless Pride ;
 And holy Calm creeps o'er my peaceful soul,
 Anger and mad Ambition's storms subside.

O modest Evening ! oft let me appear
 A wand'ring vot'ry in thy pensive train ;
 List'ning to ev'ry wildly-warbling note
 That fills with farewell sweet thy dark'ning plain.

§ 127. *Epistolary Verses to George Colman, Esq.*
written in the Year 1756.

ROBERT LLOYD.

YOU know, dear George, I'm none of those
 That condescend to write in prose :
 Inspir'd with pathos and sublime,
 I always soar—in doggrel rhyme,
 And scarce can ask you how you do,
 Without a jingling rhyme or two.
 Besides, I always took delight in
 What bears the name of easy writing :
 Perhaps the reason makes it please
 Is, that I find its writ with ease.

I vent a notion here in private,
 Which public taste can ne'er connive at,
 Which thinks no wit or judgment greater
 Than Addison and his Spectator ;

Who

Who says (it is no matter where,
But that he says it I can swear)
With easy verse most bards are smitten,
Because they think 'tis easy written;
Whereas the easier it appears,
The greater marks of care it wears;
Of which, to give an explanation,
Take this by way of illustration:
The fam'd Mat. Prior, it is said,
Oft bit his nails and scratch'd his head,
And chang'd a thought a hundred times,
Because he did not like the rhymes:
To make my meaning clear, and please ye,
In short, he labour'd to write easy;
And yet, no Critic e'er defines
His poems into labour'd lines.
I have a simile will hit him;
His verse, like clothes, was made to fit him,
Which (as no taylor e'er deny'd)
The better fit the more they're try'd.
Tho' I have mention'd Prior's name,
Think not I aim at Prior's fame:
'Tis the result of admiration,
To spend itself in imitation;
If imitation may be said,
Which is in me by nature bred,
And you have better proofs than these,
That I'm idolater of Ease.

Who but a madman would engage
A Poet in the present age?
Write what we will, our works bespeak us,
Imitatores, servum pecus.
Tale, Elegy, or lofty Ode,
We travel in the beaten road,
The proverb still sticks closely by us,
Nil dictum, quod non dictum prius.
The only comfort that I know
Is, that 'twas said an age ago,
Ere Milton soar'd in thought sublime,
Ere Pope refin'd the chink of rhyme,
Ere Coleman wrote in style so pure,
Or the great Two the Connoisseur;
Ere I burlesqu'd the rural cit,
Proud to hedge in my scraps of wit,
And happy in the close connection,
To acquire some name from their reflection;
So (the similitude is trite)
The moon still shines with borrow'd light,
And, like the race of modern beaux,
Ticks with the fun for her lac'd clothes.

Methinks, there is no better time
To shew the use I make of rhyme
Than now, when I, who, from beginning,
Was always fond of couplet-sinning,
Presuming on good-nature's score,
Thus lay my bantling at your door.

The first advantage which I see
Is, that I ramble loose and free:

The bard indeed full oft complains,
That rhymes are fetters, links, and chains;
And, when he wants to leap the fence,
Still keeps him pris'ner to the sense.
Howe'er in common-place he rage,
Rhyme's like your fetters on the stage,
Which when the player once hath wore,
It makes him only strut the more,
While, raving in pathetic strains,
He shakes his legs to clank his chains.

From rhyme, as from a handsome face,
Nonsense acquires a kind of grace;
I therefore give it all its scope,
That sense may unperceiv'd elope:
So M——rs of basest tricks
(I love a sling at politics)
Amuse the nation, court, and king,
With breaking F—kes, and hanging Byng;
And make each puny rogue a prey,
While they, the greater, sink away.
This simile perhaps would strike,
If match'd with something more alike;
Then take it, dress'd a second time,
In Prior's Ease, and *my* Sublime.
Say, did you never chance to meet
A mob of people in the street,
Ready to give the robb'd relief,
And all in haste to catch a thief,
While the sly rogue, who filch'd the prey,
Too close beset to run away,
Stop thief! stop thief! exclaims aloud,
And so escapes among the crowd?
So Ministers, &c.

O England, how I mourn thy fate!
For sure thy losses now are great;
Two such what Briton can endure,
Minorca and the Connoisseur!

To-day *, or ere the sun goes down,
Will die the *Censor*, Mr. Town!
He dies, whoe'er takes pains to con him,
With blushing honours thick upon him;
O may his name these verses save,
Be these inscrib'd upon his grave!

'Know, Reader, that on Thursday dy'd
'The Connoisseur, a Suicide!
'Yet think not that his soul is fled,
'Nor rank him 'mongst the vulgar dead;
'Howe'er defunct you set him down,
'He's only going out of *Town*.'

§ 128. *Ode † to Arthur Onslow, Esq.*

THIS goodly frame what virtue so approves,
And testifies the pure ethereal spirit,
As mild Benevolence?
She, with her sister Mercy, still awaits
Beside th'eternal throne of Jove,

* September 30th, 1756, when Mr. Town, author of the *Connoisseur*, a periodical Essay (since published in four volumes, printed for R. Baldwin, London) took leave of his readers with an humorous account of himself.

† This elegant Poem was written by a gentleman well known in the learned world, as a token of gratitude for favours conferred on his father during the last war, whose character he has therein assumed.

And measures forth, with unwithdrawing hand,
The blessings of the various year,
Sunshine or show'r, and chides the madding
tempest.

With her the heav'n-bred nymph meek Charity,
Shall fashion Onslow forth in fairest portrait;
And with recording care [claims.
Weave the fresh wreath that flow'ring Virtue
But oh, what Muse shall join the band?
He long has sojourn'd in the sacred haunts,
And knows each whisp'ring grot and
glade
Trod by Apollo and the light-foot Graces.

How then shall aukward gratitude
And the presumption of untutor'd duty
Attune my numbers, all too rude?
Little he recks the meed of such a song;
Yet will I stretch aloof,
And when I tell of Courtesy,
Of well-attemper'd Zeal,
Of awful Prudence soothing fell Contention,
Where shall the lineaments agree
But in thee, Onslow? You your wonted leave
Indulge me, nor misdeem a soldier's bold em-
prize;

Who in the dissonance of barb'rous war,
Long-train'd, revisits oft the sacred treasures
Of antique memory;
Or where sage Pindar reins his fiery car,
Thro' the vast vaults of heav'n, secure;
Or what the Attic Muse that Homer fill'd,
Her other son, thy Milton, taught;
Or range the flow'ry fields of gentle Spenser.

And ever as I go, allurements vain
Cherish a feeble fire, and feed my idle
Fancy: O could I once
Charm to their melody my shrilling reeds!
To Henries and to Edwards old,
Dread names! I'd meditate the faithful song;
Or tell what time Britannia,
Whilom the fairest daughter of old Ocean,
In loathly disarray, dull eyes,
And faded cheek, wept o'er her abject sons:
Till William, great deliverer,
Led on the comely train, gay Liberty,
Religion, matron staid,
With all her kindred goddesses;
Justice with steady brow,
Trim Plenty, laureat Peace, and green-hair'd
Commerce,
In flowing vest of thousand hues.

Fain would I shadow out old Bourbon's pile,
Tott'ring with doubtful weight, and threat'ning
cumb'rous fall;

Or trace our navy, where in tow'ring pride
O'er the wide-swelling waste it rolls avengeful.

As when collected clouds
Forth from the gloomy south in deep array,
Athwart the dark'ning landscape throng,
Fraught with loud storm's, and thunder's
dreadful peal,

At which the murd'rer stands aghast,
And wasting Riot ill dissembles terror.

How headlong Rhone and Ebro, erst disdain'd
With Moorish carnage, quakes through all her
branches!

Soon shall I greet the morn, [name
When Europe sav'd, Britain and George's
Shall sound o'er Flandria's level field,
Familiar in domestic merriment;
Or by the jolly mariner
Be carol'd loud adown the echoing Danube.

The just memorial of fair deeds
Still flourishes, and, like th'untainted soul,
Blossoms in freshest age, above
The weary flesh, and Envy's rankling wound,
Such after years mature
In full account shall be thy meed.
O! may your rising hope
Well principled in ev'ry virtue bloom!
Till a fresh-springing stock implore
With infant hands a grandfire's pow'rful
pray'r, [sports pursue.
Or round your honour'd couch their prattling

§ 129. *Ode to Melancholy.* OGILVIE.

HAIL, queen of thought sublime! propitious
power,

Who o'er th'unbounded waste art joy'd to roam,
Led by the moon, when at the midnight hour
Her pale rays tremble thro' the dusky gloom.

O bear me, goddess, to thy peaceful seat!
Whether to Hecla's cloud-wrapt brow convey'd,
Or lodg'd where mountains screen thy deep re-
treat,

Or wand'ring wild thro' Chili's boundless shade.

Say, rove thy steps o'er Lybia's naked waste?
Or seek some distant solitary shore?

Or on the Andes' topmost mountain plac'd,
Do'st sit, and hear the solemn thunder roar?

Fix'd on some hanging rock's projected brow,
Hear'st thou low murmurs from the distant dome?
Or stray thy feet where pale dejected Woe
Pours her long wail from some lamented tomb?

Hark! yon deep echo strikes the trembling ear!
See night's dun curtain wraps the darksome pole!
O'er heav'n's blue arch yon rolling worlds ap-
pear,

And rouse to solemn thought th'aspiring soul.

O lead my steps, beneath the moon's dim ray,
Where Tadmor stands all-desart and alone!
While from her time-shook tow'rs, the bird of
prey [moan.

Sounds through the night her long-refounding

Or bear me far to yon dark dismal plain,
Where fell-ey'd tigers, all athirst for blood,
Howl to the desert; while the horrid train
Roams o'er the wild where once great Babel
stood.

That queen of nations! whose superior call
Rous'd the broad East, and bid her arms destroy!
When warm'd to mirth, let judgment mark her
And deep reflection dash the lip of joy. [fall,
Short

Short is Ambition's gay deceitful dream;
Though wreaths of blooming laurel bind her brow,
Calm thought dispels the visionary scheme,
And Time's cold breath dissolves the withering bough.

Slow as some miner saps th'aspiring tow'r,
When working secret with destructive aim;
Unseen, unheard, thus moves the stealing hour,
But works the fall of empire, pomp, and name.

Then let thy pencil mark the traits of man;
Full in the draught be keen-ey'd Hope pour-tray'd:

Let flutt'ring Cupids crowd the growing plan:
Then give one touch, and dash it deep with shade.

Beneath the plume that flames with glancing rays

Be Care's deep engines on the soul impress'd;
Beneath the helmet's keen refulgent blaze
Let Grief sit pining in the canker'd breast.

Let Love's gay sons, a smiling train, appear,
With Beauty pierc'd—yet heedless of the dart:
While, closely couch'd, pale sick'ning Envy near

Whets her fell sting, and points it at the heart.

Perch'd like a raven on some blasted yew,
Let Guilt revolve the thought distracting sin;
Scar'd—while her eyes survey th'ethereal blue
Lest Heav'n's strong lightning burst the dark within.

Then paint, impending o'er the madd'ning deep,
That rock, where heart-struck Sappho, vainly brave,

Stood firm of soul;—then from the dizzy steep
Impetuous sprung, and dash'd the boiling wave.

Here, wrapt in studious thought, let Fancy rove,
Still prompt to mark Suspicion's secret snare;
To see where Anguish nips the bloom of Love,
Or trace proud Grandeur to the domes of Care.

Should e'er Ambition's tow'ring hopes inflame,
Let judging Reason draw the veil aside;
Or, fir'd with envy at some mighty name,
Read o'er the monument that tells—He dy'd.

What are the ensigns of imperial sway?
What all that Fortune's lib'ral hand has brought?

Teach they the voice to pour a sweeter lay?
Or rouse the soul to more exalted thought?

When bleeds the heart as Genius blooms unknown?

When melts the eye o'er Virtue's mournful bier?
Not Wealth, but Pity, swells the bursting groan,
Not Pow'r, but whisp'ring Nature, prompts the tear.

Say, gentle mourner, in yon mouldy vault,
Where the worm fattens on some scepter'd brow,
Beneath that roof with sculptur'd marble fraught,
Why sleeps unmov'd the breathless dust below?

Sleeps it more sweetly than the simple swain,
Beneath some mossy turf that rests his head?
Where the lone widow tells the night her pain,
And eve with dewy tears embalms the dead.

The lily, screen'd from ev'ry ruder gale,
Courts not the cultur'd spot where roses spring:
But blows neglected in the peaceful vale,
And scents the zephyr's balmy breathing wing.

The busts of grandeur and the pomp of pow'r,
Can these bid Sorrow's gushing tears subside?
Can these avail, in that tremendous hour, [tide!
When Death's cold hand congeals the purple

Ah no! the mighty names are heard no more:
Pride's thought sublime, and Beauty's kindling bloom,

Serve but to sport one flying moment o'er,
And swell with pompuous verse the scutcheon'd tomb.

For me—my Passion ne'er my soul invade,
Nor be the whims of tow'ring Frenzy giv'n;
Let Wealth ne'er court me from the peaceful shade,

Where Contemplation wings the soul to Heav'n!

O guard me safe from Joy's enticing snare!
With each extreme that Pleasure tries to hide,
The poison'd breath of slow-consuming Care,
The noise of Folly, and the dreams of Pride.

But oft, when midnight's sadly solemn knell
Sounds long and distant from the sky-topp'd tow'r,
Calm let me sit in Prosper's lonely cell*,
Or walk with Milton thro' the dark obscure.

Thus, when the transient dream of life is fled,
May some sad friend recall the former years;
Then stretch'd in silence o'er my dusty bed,
Pour the warm gush of sympathetic tears!

§ 130. Ode to the Genius of Shakespeare.

OGILVIE.

I. 1.

RAPT from the glance of mortal eye,
Say, bursts thy Genius to the world of light?
Seeks it yon star-bespangled sky?
Or skims its fields with rapid flight?
Or mid yon plains where Fancy strays,
Courts it the balmy breathing gale?
Or where the violet pale
Droops o'er the green-embroider'd stream;
Or where young Zephyr stirs the rustling sprays,
Lies all-dissolv'd in fairy dream.
O'er yon black desert's unfrequented round
See'st thou where Nature treads the deepening gloom,
Sits on yon hoary tow'r with ivy crown'd,
Or wildly wails o'er thy lamented tomb;
Hear'st thou the solemn music wind along?
Or thrills the warbling note in thy mellifluous song!

* See Shakespeare's Tempest.

I. 2.

Oft, while on earth, 'twas thine to rove
Where'er the wild-ey'd goddess lov'd to roam;
To trace, serene, the gloomy grove,
Or haunt meek Quiet's simple dome;
Still hov'ring round the Nine appear,
That pour the soul transporting strain;
Join'd to the Loves gay train,
The loose-rob'd Graces crown'd with flow'rs,
The light-wing'd gales that lead the vernal year,
And wake the rosy-featur'd hours.
O'er all bright Fancy's beamy radiance shone,
How flam'd thy bosom as her charms reveal!
Her fire-clad eye sublime, her starry zone,
Her tresses loose that wanton'd on the gale,
On thee the goddess fix'd her ardent look,
Then from her glowing lips these melting ac-
cents broke:

I. 3.

' To thee, my fav'rite son, belong
' The lays that steal the list'ning hour,
' To pour the rapture-darting song,
' To paint gay Hope's Elysium bow'r;
' From Nature's hand to snatch the dart,
' To cleave with pangs the bleeding heart,
' Or lightly sweep the trembling string,
' And call the Loves with purple wing
' From the blue deep, where they dwell
' With Naiads in the pearly cell,
' Soft on the sea-born goddess gaze ||,
' Or, in the loose robe's floating maze,
' Dissolv'd in downy slumbers rest;
' Or flutter o'er her panting breast:
' Or, wild to melt the yielding soul,
' Let Sorrow, clad in fable stole,
' Slow to thy musing thought appear,
' Or pensive Pity pale,
' Or Love's desponding tale [tear,
' Call from th'intender'd heart the sympathetic

II. 1.

Say, whence the magic of thy mind?
Why thrills thy music on the springs of thought?
Why, at thy pencil's touch refin'd,
Starts into life the glowing draught?
On yonder fairy carpet laid,
Where beauty pours eternal bloom,
And zephyr breathes perfume;
There, nightly, to the tranced eye
Profuse the radiant Goddess stood display'd,
With all her smiling offspring nigh.
Sudden, the mantling cliff, the arching wood,
The broider'd mead, the landskip, and the grove,
Hills, vales, and sky-dipt seas, and torrents rude,
Grotts, rills, and shades, and bow'rs that breath'd
of love,
All burst to sight! while glancing on the view,
Titania's sporting train brush'd lightly o'er the
dew.

|| Venus.

* Ariel; see the Tempest.

† See the Midsummer Night's Dream.

‡ Lear.

II. 2.

The pale-ey'd genius of the shade
Led thy bold step to Prosper's magic bow'r,
Whose voice the howling winds obey'd,
Whose dark spell chain'd the rapid hour;
Thence rose serene the sea-girt isle,
Gay scenes, by Fancy's touch refin'd,
Glow'd to the musing mind:
Such visions bless the hermit's dream,
When hov'ring angels prompt his placid smile,
Or paint some high ecstatic theme.
Then flam'd Miranda on th'enraptur'd gaze,
Then sail'd bright Ariel on the bat's fleet wing;
Or starts the list'ning throng in still amaze!
The wild note trembling on th'aërial string!
The form, in Heav'n's resplendent vesture gay,
Floats on the mantling cloud, and pours the
melting lay *.

II. 3.

O lay me near yon limpid stream,
Whose murmur soothes the ear of woe!
There, in some sweet poetic dream,
Let Fancy's bright Elysium glow!
'Tis done;—o'er all the blushing mead
The dark wood shakes his cloudy head;
Below, the lily-fringed dale
Breathes its mild fragrance on the gale;
While in pastime, all-unseen,
Titania, rob'd in mantle green,
Sports on the mossy bank; her train
Skims light along the gleaming plain,
Or to the flutt'ring breeze unfold
The blue wing streak'd with beamy gold,
Its pinions op'ning to the light!—
Say, bursts the vision on my sight?
Ah no! by Shakespear's pencil drawn,
The beauteous shapes appear,
While meek-ey'd Cynthia near [lawn †,
Illumes with streamy ray the silver-mantled

III. 1.

But hark! the tempest howls afar!
Bursts the wide whirlwind o'er the pathless waste!
What cherub blows the trump of war?
What demon rides the stormy blast?
Red from the lightning's livid blaze,
The bleak heath rushes on the sight,
Then, wrapt in sudden night,
Dissolves—But ah: what kingly form
Roams the lone desert's desolated maze †,
Unaw'd! nor heeds the sweeping storm.
Ye pale-ey'd lightnings spare the cheek of age!
Vain wish! tho' anguish heaves the bursting
groan,
Deaf as the flint, the marble ear of rage
Hears not the mourner's unavailing moan:
Heart-pierc'd he bleeds, and, stung with wild
despair, [hair ‡
Bares his time-blasted head, and tears his silver

Lo

III. 2.

Lo! on yon long-resounding shore,
Where the rock totters o'er the headlong deep,
What phantoms, bath'd in infant gore,
Stand mutt'ring on the dizzy steep!
Their murmur shakes the zephyr's wing!
The storm obeys their pow'rful spell!
See! from his gloomy cell
Fierce Winter starts! his scowling eye
Blots the fair mantle of the breathing Spring,
And lowers along the ruffled sky!
To the deep vault the yellow harpies run *;
Its yawning mouth receives th' infernal crew.
Dim thro' the black gloom winks the glimm'ring
sun, [blue!
And the pale furnace gleams with brimstone
Hell howls! and fiends that join the dire acclaim
Dance on the bubbling tide, and point the livid
flame!

III. 3.

But ah! on Sorrow's cypress bough
Can Beauty breathe her genial bloom?
On Death's cold cheek will Passion glow?
Or Music warble from the tomb?
There sleeps the bard, whose tuneful tongue
Pour'd the full stream of mazy song!
Young Spring, with lip of ruby, here
Showers from her lap the blushing Year;
While, along the turf reclin'd,
The loose wind swimming on the wind,
The Loves, with forward gesture bold,
Sprinkled the sod with spangling gold;
And oft the blue-ey'd Graces trim
Dance lightly round on downy limb;
Oft too, when Eve demure and still
Chequers the green dale's purling rill,
Sweet Fancy pours the plaintive strain,
Or, wrapt in soothing dream,
By Avon's ruffled stream, [the plain.
Hears the low-murmuring gale that dies along

§ 131. *Ode to Time. Occasioned by seeing the
Ruins of an Old Castle.* OGILVIE.

I. 1.

THOU! who, 'mid the world-involving
Sitt'st on yon solitary spire! [gloom,
Or slowly shak'st the sounding dome,
Or hear'st the wildly-warbling lyre;
Say when thy musing soul
Bids distant times unroll,
And marks the flight of each revolving year,—
Of years whose flow consuming pow'r
Has clad with moss yon leaning tow'r,
That saw the race of Glory run,
That mark'd Ambition's setting sun,
That shook old Empire's tow'ring pride,
That swept them down the floating tide;
Say, when these long-unfolding scenes appear,
Streams down thy hoary cheek the pity-darting
tear?

I. 2.

Cast o'er yon trackless waste thy wand'ring eye:
Yon hill, whose gold illumin'd brow,
Just trembling thro' the bending sky,
O'erlooks the boundless wild below,
Once bore the branching wood
That o'er yon murm'ring flood
Hung, wildly waving to the rustling gale;
The naked heath with moss o'ergrown,
That hears the lone owl's nightly moan,
Once bloom'd with summer's copious store,
Once rais'd the lawn-bespangling flow'r;
Or heard some lover's plaintive lay,
When by pale Cynthia's silver ray,
All wild he wander'd o'er the lonely dale, [tale.
And taught the list'ning moon the melancholy

I. 3.

Ye wilds, where heav'n-rapt Fancy roves,
Ye sky-crown'd hills and solemn groves!
Ye low-brow'd vaults, ye gloomy cells!
Ye caves, where night-bed Silence dwells!
Ghosts that in yon lonely hall
Lightly glance along the wall,
Or, beneath yon ivy'd tow'r,
At the silent midnight hour,
Stand, array'd in spotless white,
And stain the dusky robe of Night!
Or, with slow solemn pauses, roam
O'er the long-sounding hollow dome!
Say, 'mid yon desert solitary round,
When darkness wraps the boundless spheres,
Does ne'er some dismal dying sound
On Night's dull serious ear rebound,
That mourns the ceaseless lapse of life-consum-
ing years?

II. 1.

O call th'inspiring glorious hour to view,
When Caledonia's martial train
From yon steep rock's high-arching brow
Pour'd on the heart-struck flying Dane!
When War's blood-tinctur'd spear
Hung o'er the trembling rear; [long flight:
When light-heel'd Terror wing'd their head-
Yon tow'rs then rung with wild alarms!
Yon desert gleam'd with shining arms!
While on the bleak hill's bright'ning spire
Bold Vict'ry flam'd with eyes of fire,
Her limbs celestial robes infold,
Her wings were ting'd with spangling gold,
She spoke:—her words infus'd resistless might,
And warm'd the bounding heart, and rous'd the
soul of fight.

II. 2.

But ah! what hand the smiling prospect brings!
What voice recalls th'expiring day!
See, darting swift on eagle-wings,
The glancing moment bursts away!
So, from some mountain's head,
In mantling gold array'd,
While bright-ey'd Fancy stands in sweet surprise:

* The witches in Macbeth.

O hide me in romantic bow'rs!
Or lead my step to ruin'd tow'rs!
Where, gleaming thro' the chinky door,
The pale ray gilds the moulder'd floor:
While, beneath the hallow'd pile,
Deep in the desert-shrieking aisle,
'Rapt Contemplation stalks along,
And hears the slow clock's pealing tongue!
Or, 'mid the dun discolour'd gloom,
Sits on some hero's peaceful tomb,
Throws Life's gay glitt'ring robe aside,
And tramples on the neck of Pride.

Oft, shelter'd by the rambling sprays,
Lead o'er the forest's winding maze,
Where, thro' the mantling boughs, afar
Glimmers the silver-streaming star,
And, show'r'd from ev'ry rustling blade,
The loose light floats along the shade:
So, hov'ring o'er the human scene,
Gay Pleasure sports with brow serene;
By Fancy beam'd, the glancing ray
Shoots, flutters, gleams, and fleets away;
Unsettled, dubious, restless, blind,
Floats all the busy bustling mind;
While Mem'ry's unstain'd leaves retain
No trace from all th'ideal train.

But see, the landskip, op'ning fair,
Invites to breathe the purer air!
O when the cowslip-scented gale
Shakes the light dew-drop o'er the dale,
When, on her amber-dropping bed,
Loose Ease reclines her downy head,
How blest! by fairy-haunted stream
To melt in wild ecstatic dream,
Die to the pictur'd wish, or hear
(Breath'd soft in Fancy's trembling ear)
Such lays, by angel-harps refin'd,
As half unchain the flutt'ring mind,
When on life's edge it eyes the shore,
And all its pinions stretch to soar.

Lo, where the sun's broad orb, withdrawn,
Skirts with pale gold the dusky lawn,
While, led by ev'ry gentler pow'r,
Steals the slow, solemn, musing hour.
Now, from the green hill's purple brow,
Let me mark the scene below,
Where, feebly glancing thro' the gloom,
Yon myrtle shades the silent tomb:
Not far, beneath the ev'ning beam,
The dark lake rolls his azure stream,
Whose breast the swan's white plumes divide,
Slow-sailing o'er the floating tide.
Groves, meads, and spires, and forests bare,
Shoot glimm'ring thro' the misty air,
Dim as the vision-pictur'd bow'r
That gilds the saint's expiring hour,
When, rapt to ecstasy, his eye
Looks thro' the blue ethereal sky:—
All heav'n unfolding to his sight!
Gay forms that swim in floods of light!
The sun-pav'd floor, the balmy clime,
The ruby-beaming dome sublime,
The tow'rs in glitt'ring pomp display'd,—
The bright scene hovers o'er his bed.

He starts—but from his eager gaze
Black clouds obscure the less'ning rays;
On mem'ry still the scene is wrought,
And lives in Fancy's featur'd thought.

On the airy mount reclin'd,
What wishes soothe the musing mind!
How soft the velvet lap of Spring!
How sweet the Zephyr's violet wing!
Goddeffs of the plaintive song,
That leads the melting heart along,
O bid thy voice of genial pow'r
Reach Contemplation's lonely bow'r,
And call the sage with tranced sight
To climb the mountain's steepy height,—
To wing the kindling wish, or spread
O'er Thought's pale cheek enliv'ning red;
Come, hoary Pow'r, with serious eye,
Whose thought explores yon distant sky;
Now, when the busy world is still,
Nor passion tempts the wav'ring will,
When sweeter hopes each pow'r controul,
And Quiet whispers to the soul,
Now sweep from life th'illusive train
That dance in Folly's dizzy brain;
Be Reason's simple draught pourtray'd,
Where blends alternate light and shade;
Bid dimpled Mirth, with thought bely'd,
Sport on the bubble's glitt'ring side;
Bid Hope pursue the distant boon,
And Frenzy watch the fading moon;
Paint Superstition's starting eye,
And Wit that leers with gesture sly;
Let Censure whet her venom'd dart,
And green-ey'd Envy gnaw the heart;
Let Pleasure lie, on flow'rs reclin'd,
While Anguish aims her shaft behind.

Hail, Sire sublime! whose hollow'd cave
Howls to the hoarse deep's dashing wave,
Thee Solitude to Phœbus bore,
Far on the lone deserted shore,
Where Orellano's rushing tide
Roars on the rock's projected side:
Hence, bursting o'er thy ripen'd mind,
Beams all the father's thought refin'd:
Hence, oft in silent vales, unseen,
Thy footsteps print the fairy green;
Or thy soul melts to strains of woe,
That from the willow's quiv'ring bough
Sweet warbling breathe;—the zephyrs round
O'er Dee's smooth current waft the sound,
When soft, on bending osiers laid,
The broad sun trembling thro' the bed,
All wild thy heav'n-rapt Fancy strays,
Led thro' the soul-dissolving maze,
Till Slumber, downy pinion'd, near
Plants her strong fetlocks on thy ear,
The soul, unfetter'd bursts away,
And basks, enlarg'd, in beamy day.

§ 133. *Ode to Innocence.* OGILVIE.

'TWAS when the slow-declining ray
Had ting'd the cloud with ev'ning gold;
No warbler pour'd the melting lay,
No sound disturb'd the sleeping fold,

H h 2

When

When by a murmur'ing rill reclin'd
Sat wrapt in thought a wand'ring swain;
Calm peace compos'd his musing mind;
And thus he rais'd the flowing strain:

' Hail Innocence! celestial maid!
' What joys thy blushing charms reveal!
' Sweet, as the arbour's cooling shade,
' And milder than the vernal gale.
' On Thee attends a radiant choir,
' Soft-smiling Peace, and downy Rest;
' With Love, that prompts the warbling lyre,
' And Hope, that soothes the throbbing breast.

' O Sent from Heav'n to haunt the grove,
' Where squinting Envy ne'er can come!
' Nor pines the cheek with luckless Love,
' Nor Anguish chills the living bloom.

' But spotless Beauty, rob'd in white,
' Sits on yon moss-grown hill reclin'd;
' Serene as heav'n's unfully'd light,
' And pure as Delia's gentle mind.

' Grant, Heav'nly Pow'r! thy peaceful sway
' May still my ruder thoughts controul;
' Thy hand to point my dubious way,
' Thy voice to soothe the melting soul!

' Far in the shady sweet retreat
' Let Thought beguile the ling'ring hour;
' Let Quiet court the mossy seat,
' And twining olives form the bow'r!

' Let dove-ey'd Peace her wreath bestow,
' And oft sit list'ning in the dale,
' While Night's sweet warbler from the bough
' Tells to the grove her plaintive tale.

' Soft as in Delia's snowy breast,
' Let each consenting passion move;
' Let Angels watch its silent rest,
' And all its blissful dreams be Love!"

§ 134. *A Description of a Parish Poor-House.*
CRABBE.

THEIRS is yon house that holds the parish poor,
Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken
door;

There, where the putrid vapours flagging play,
And the dull wheel hums doleful thro' the day;
There children dwell who know no parents care,
Parents, who know no children's love, dwell there;
Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed;
Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
And crippled age with more than childhood-fears!
The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they!
The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here too the sick their final doom receive,
Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve:
Where the loud groans from some sad chamber
flow,

Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below;
Here sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
And the cold charities of man to man.
Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from
pride;

But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
And pride embitters what it can't deny.

Say ye, oppress'd by some fantastic woes,
Some jarring nerve that baffles your repose;
Who press the downy couch, while slaves advance
With timid eye, to read the distant glance;
Who with sad prayers the weary doctor tease
To name the nameless ever-new disease;
Who with mock-patience dire complaints endure,
Which real pain, and that alone can cure;
How would ye bear in real pain to lie,
Despis'd, neglected, left alone to die?

How would ye bear to draw your latest breath,
Where all that's wretched paves the way for death?
Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides;
Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud is all that lie between; [way
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patch'd, gives
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day:
Here, on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Nor wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Nor promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

§ 135. *Description of a Country Apothecary.*
CRABBE.

BUT soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the
Anon a figure enters, quaintly neat, [walls:
All pride and bus'ness, bustle and conceit;
With looks unalter'd by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye;
A potent quack, long vers'd in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills;
Whose murd'rous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer!
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience mark'd in his averted eyes;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door;
His drooping patient, long inur'd to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man, and mutely hastens to the grave.

§ 136. *Description of a Country Clergyman
visiting the Sick.* CRABBE.

BUT ere his death some pious doubts arise,
Some simple fears which "bold bad" men
despise;
Fain would he ask the parish-priest to prove
His title certain to the joys above;
For this he sends the murmuring nurse, who calls
The holy stranger to these dismal walls;
And doth not he, the pious man, appear,
He, "passing rich with forty pounds a year?"
Ah!

Ah ! no, a shepherd of a different stock,
And far unlike him, feeds this little flock ;
A jovial youth, who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask ;
The rest he gives to loves and labours light,
To fields the morning, and to feasts the night ;
None better skill'd the noisy pack to guide,
To urge their chace, to cheer them or to chide ;
Sure in his shot, his game he seldom mist,
And seldom fail'd to win his game at whist ;
Then, while such honors bloom around his head,
Shall he sit sadly by the sick man's bed,
To raise the hope he feels not, or with zeal
To combat fears that ev'n the pious feel ?

§ 137. *The Reason for describing the Vices of the Village.* CRABBE.

YET why, you ask, these humble crimes relate,
Why make the poor as guilty as the great ?
—To shew the great, those mightier sons of Pride,
How near in vice the lowest are ally'd ;
Such are their natures, and their passions such,
But these disguise too little, those too much :
So shall the man of power and pleasure see
In his own slave as vile a wretch as he ;
In his luxuriant lord the servant find
His own low pleasures and degenerate mind :
And each in all the kindred vices trace
Of a poor, blind, bewilder'd, erring race ;
Who, a short time in varied fortune past,
Die, and are equal in the dust at last.—
And you, ye poor, who still lament your fate,
Forbear to envy those you reckon great ;
And know, amid those blessings they possess,
They are, like you, the victims of distress ;
While Sloth with many a pang torments her slave,
Fear waits on guilt, and Danger shakes the brave.

§ 138. *Apology for Vagrants.* ANON.

FOR him who, lost to ev'ry hope of life,
Has long with fortune held unequal strife,
Known to no human love, no human care,
The friendless, homeless object of despair ;
For the poor vagrant, feel, while he complains,
Nor from sad freedom send to sadder chains.
Alike, if folly or misfortune brought
Those last of woes his evil days have wrought ;
Believe with social mercy, and with me,
Folly's misfortune in the first degree.
Perhaps on some inhospitable shore
The houseless wretch a widow'd parent bore ;
Who then, no more by golden prospects led,
Of the poor Indian begg'd a leafy bed.
Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain ;
Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
Gave the sad presage of his future years,
The child of misery, baptiz'd in tears !

§ 139. *Epistle to a young Gentleman, on his leaving Eton School.* By Dr. ROBERTS.

SINCE now a nobler scene awakes thy care,
Since manhood, dawning to fair Granta's towers,

Where once in life's gay spring I lov'd to roam,
Invites thy willing steps, accept, dear youth,
This parting strain ; accept the fervent prayer
Of him, who loves thee with a passion pure
As ever friendship dropp'd in human heart,
The prayer, That he who guides the hand of youth
Thro' all the puzzled and perplexed round
Of life's meandering path, upon thy head
May shower down every blessing, every joy, [give
Which health, which virtue, and which fame can

Yet think not I will deign to flatter thee :
Shall he, the guardian of my faith and truth,
The guide, the pilot of thy tender years,
Teach thy young heart to feel a spurious glow
At undeserved praise ? Perish the slave
Whose venal breath in youth's unpractis'd ear
Pours poison'd flattery, and corrupts the soul
With vain conceit ; whose base ungenerous art
Fawns on the vice which some with honest hand
Have torn for ever from the bleeding breast.

Say, gentle youth, remember'st thou the day
When o'er thy tender shoulders first I hung
The golden lyre, and taught thy trembling hand
To touch th'accordant strings ? From that blest
I've seen thee panting up the hill of fame ; [hour
Thy little heart beat high with honest praise,
Thy cheek was flush'd, and oft thy sparkling eye
Shot flames of young ambition. Never quench
That generous ardour in thy virtuous breast.
Sweet is the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear ; sweet is the breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart ;
But nor the concord of harmonious sounds,
When the soft lute or pealing organ strikes
The well-attemper'd ear ; nor the sweet breath
Of honest love, when nymph and gentle swain
Waft sighs alternate to each other's heart,
So charm with ravishment the raptur'd sense,
As does the voice of well-deserv'd report
Strike with sweet melody the conscious soul.

On every object thro' the giddy world
Which fashion to the dazzled eye presents,
Fresh is the gloss of newness ; look, dear youth,
Oh look, but not admire : O let not these
Rase from thy noble heart the fair records
Which youth and education planted there :
Let not affection's full impetuous tide,
Which riots in thy generous breast, be check'd
By selfish cares ; nor let the idle jeers
Of laughing fools make thee forget thyself.
When didst thou hear a tender tale of woe,
And feel thy heart at rest ? Have I not seen
In thy swollen eye the tear of sympathy,
The milk of human kindness ? When didst thou,
With envy rankling, hear a rival prais'd ?
When didst thou slight the wretched ? When
The modest humble suit of poverty ? [despise
These virtues still be thine ; nor ever learn
To look with cold eye on the charities
Of brother, or of parents ; think on those [path
Whose anxious care thro' childhood's slippery
Sustain'd thy feeble steps ; whose every wish
Is wafted still to thee : remember those,
Even in thy heart while memory holds her seat :

And oft as to thy mind thou shalt recal
The sweet companions of thy earliest years,
Mates of thy sport, and rivals in the strife
Of every generous art, remember me.

§ 140. *Ad Amicos.* †. R. WEST.

YES, happy youths, on Camus' sedgey side,
You feel each joy that friendship can divide;
Each realm of science and of art explore,
And with the ancient blend the modern lore.
Studious alone to learn whate'er may tend
To raise the genius, or the heart to mend;
Now pleas'd along the cloister'd walk you rove,
And trace the verdant mazes of the grove,
Where social oft, and oft alone, ye chuse
To catch the zephyr, and to court the Muse.
Meantime at me (while all devoid of art
These lines give back the image of my heart)
At me the pow'r that comes or soon or late,
Or aims, or seems to aim, the dart of fate,
From you remote, methinks, alone I stand,
Like some sad exile in a desert land:
Around no friends their lenient care to join
In mutual warmth, and mix their heart with
Or real pains, or those which fancy raise, [mine.
For ever blot the sunshine of my days;
To sickness still, and still to grief a prey,
Wealth turns from me her rosy face away.

Just Heav'n! what sin, ere life begins to bloom,

Devotes my head untimely to the tomb;
Did e'er this hand against a brother's life [knife?
Drug the dire bowl, or point the murd'rous
Did e'er this tongue the slanderer's tale proclaim,
Or madly violate my Maker's name?
Did e'er this heart betray a friend or foe,
Or know a thought but all the world might
As yet just started from the lifts of time, [know?
My growing years have scarcely told their prime;
Useless, as yet, through life I've idly run,
No pleasures tasted, and few duties done.
Ah, who, ere autumn's mellowing suns appear,
Would pluck the promise of the vernal year;
Or, ere the grapes their purple hue betray,
Tear the crude cluster from the mourning spray;
Stern power of Fate, whose ebony sceptre rules
The Stygian deserts and Cimmerian pools,
Forbear, nor rashly finite my youthful heart,
A victim yet unworthy of thy dart;
Ah, stay till age shall blast my withering face,
Shake in my head, and falter in my pace;
Then aim the shaft, then meditate below,
And to the dead my willing shade shall go.

How weak is Man to Reason's judging eye!
Born in this moment, in the next we die;
Part mortal clay, and part ethereal fire,
Too proud to creep, too humble to aspire.
In vain our plans of happiness we raise,
Pain is our lot, and patience is our praise;
Wealth, lineage, honors, conquest, or a throne,
Are what the wife would fear to call their own.
Health is at best a vain precarious thing,
And fair-fac'd youth is ever on the wing:

+ Almost all Tibullus's Elegy is imitated in this little piece, from whence his transition to Mr. Pope's letter is very artfully contrived, and bespeaks a degree of judgment much beyond Mr. West's years.

'Tis like the stream, beside whose wat'ry bed
Some blooming plant exalts his flow'ry head;
Nurs'd by the wave the spreading branches rise,
Shade all the ground, and flourish to the skies;
The waves the while beneath in secret flow,
And undermine the hollow bank below:
Wide and more wide the waters urge their way,
Bare all the roots, and on their fibres prey.
Too late the plant bewails his foolish pride,
And sinks, untimely, in the whelming tide.

But why repine, does life deserve my sigh!
Few will lament my loss whene'er I die.
For those, the wretches I despise or hate,
I neither envy nor regard their fate. [spread
For me, whene'er all-conquering Death shall
His wings around my unrepining head,
I care not, tho' this face be seen no more,
The world will pass as cheerful as before;
Bright as before the day-star will appear,
The fields as verdant, and the skies as clear;
Nor storms nor comets will my doom declare,
Nor signs on earth, nor portents in the air;
Unknown and silent will depart my breath,
Nor nature e'er take notice of my death.
Yet some there are (ere spent my vital days)
Within whose breasts my tomb I wish to raise;
Lov'd in my life, lamented in my end, [mend:
Their praise would crown me, as their precepts
To them may these fond lines my name endear,
Not from the Poet, but the Friend sincere.

§ 141. *Hymn to Contentment.* PARNELL,

LOVELY, lasting peace of mind!
Sweet delight of human kind!
Heav'nly born, and bred on high,
To crown the fav'rites of the sky
With more of happiness below
Than victors in a triumph know!
Whither, O whither art thou fled,
To lay thy meek contented head;
What happy region dost thou please
To make the seat of calms and ease!
Ambition searches all its sphere
Of pomp and state, to meet thee there:
Encreasing avarice would find
Thy presence in its gold inshrin'd:
The bold advent'rer ploughs his way
Through rocks, amidst the foaming sea,
To gain thy love; and then perceives
Thou wert not in the rocks and waves:
The silent heart which grief assails,
Treads soft and lonesome o'er the vales,
Sees daisies open, rivers run,
And seeks (as I have vainly done)
Amusing thought; but learns to know
That Solitude's the nurse of woe.
No real happiness is found
In trailing purple o'er the ground:
Or in a soul exalted high,
To range the circuit of the sky,
Converse with stars above, and know
All Nature in its forms below;

The

The rest it seeks, in seeking dies ;
And doubts at last for knowledge rise.

Lovely, lasting peace, appear ;
This world itself, if thou art here,
Is once again with Eden blest,
And man contains it in his breast.

'Twas thus, as under shade I stood,
I sung my wishes to the wood,
And, lost in thought, no more perceiv'd
The branches whisper as they wav'd ;
It seem'd as all the quiet place
Confess'd the presence of his grace,
When thus she spoke—Go rule thy will,
Bid thy wild passions all be still,
Know God—and bring thy heart to know
The joys which from religion flow ;
Then ev'ry grace shall prove its guest,
And I'll be there to crown the rest.

Oh ! by yonder mossy seat,
In my hours of sweet retreat,
Might I thus my soul employ,
With sense of gratitude and joy ;
Rais'd as ancient prophets were,
In heav'nly vision, praise, and prayer ;
Pleasing all men, hurting none,
Pleas'd and blest'd with God alone ;
Then while the gardens take my sight,
With all the colours of delight !
While silver waters glide along,
To please my ear and court my song,
I'll lift my voice and tune my string,
And thee, Great Source of Nature, sing.

The sun that walks his airy way,
To light the world, and give the day ;
The moon that shines with borrow'd light ;
The stars that gild the gloomy night ;
The seas that roll unnumber'd waves ;
The wood that spreads its shady leaves ;
The field whose ears conceal the grain,
The yellow treasure of the plain ;
All of these, and all I see,
Should be sung, and sung by me ;
They speak their Maker as they can,
But want and ask the tongue of man.

Go search among your idle dreams,
Your busy or your vain extremes ;
And find a life of equal bliss,
Or own the next begun in this.

§ 142. *An Address to Winter.* COWPER.

OH Winter ! ruler of th'inverted year,
The scatter'd hair with fleet like ashes fill'd,
Thy breath congeal'd upon thy lips, thy cheeks
Fring'd with a beard made white with other
snows

Than those of age ; thy forehead wrapt in clouds,
A leafless branch thy sceptre, and thy throne
A sliding car indebted to no wheels,
But urg'd by storms along its slipp'ry way ;
I love thee, all unlovely as thou seem'st,
And dreaded as thou art. Thou hold'st the sun
A pris'ner in the yet undawning East,
Short'ning his journey between morn and noon,

And hurrying him, impatient of his stay,
Down to the rosy West. But kindly still
Compensating his loss with added hours
Of social converse and instructive ease,
And gathering at short notice in one group
The family dispers'd, and fixing thought
Not less dispers'd by daylight and its cares,
I crown thee King of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturb'd retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evening know.
No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
No powder'd pert proficient in the art
Of sounding an alarm, assaults these doors
Till the street rings. No stationary steeds
Cough their own knell, while heedless of the
found

The silent circle fan themselves, and quake ;
But here the needle plies its busy task.
The pattern grows, the well-depicted flow'r,
Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
Unfolds its bosom, buds, and leaves, and sprigs,
And curling tendrils, gracefully dispos'd,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair,
A wreath that cannot fade, of flow'rs that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page, by one
Made vocal for th'amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet
sounds [out ;

The touch from many a trembling chord shakes
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry ; the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume clos'd, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence : a Roman meal,
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moon-light at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade
Enjoy'd, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.
Discourte ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or prescribes the sound of mirth.
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with mem'ry's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scap'd, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliv'rance found
Unlook'd for, life preserv'd and peace restor'd,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.
Oh evenings worthy of the Gods ! exclaim'd
The Sabine bard. Oh evenings, I reply,
More to be priz'd and coveted than yours,
As more illumin'd and with nobler truths,
That I and Mine, and those we love, enjoy.

§ 143. *Liberty renders England preferable to other Nations, notwithstanding Taxes, &c.*

COWPER.

TIS liberty alone that gives the flow'r
Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
And we are weeds without it. All constraint,
Except what wisdom lays on evil men,
Is evil; hurts the faculties, impedes
Their progress in the road of science; blinds
The eye-sight of discovery, and begets
In those that suffer it, a sordid mind
Bestial, a meagre intellect, unfit
To be the tenant of man's noble form.
Thee therefore still, blame-worthy as thou art,
With all thy loss of empire, and though squeez'd
By public exigence till annual food
Fails for the craving hunger of the state,
Thee I account still happy, and the chief
Among the nations, seeing thou art free!
My native nook of earth! thy clime is rude,
Replete with vapours, and disposes much
All hearts to sadness, and none more than mine;
Thine unadulterate manners are less soft
And plausible than social life requires,
And thou hast need of discipline and art
To give thee what politer France receives
From Nature's bounty—that humane address
And sweetness, without which no pleasure is
In converse, either starv'd by cold reserve,
Or flush'd with fierce dispute, a senseless brawl;
Yet, being free, I love thee. For the sake
Of that one feature, can be well content,
Disgrac'd as thou hast been, poor as thou art,
To seek no sublunary rest beside.
But once enslav'd, farewell! I could endure
Chains nowhere patiently; and chains at home,
Where I am free by birthright, not at all.
Then what were left of roughness in the grain
Of British natures, wanting its excuse
That it belongs to freemen; would disgust
And shock me. I should then with double pain
Feel all the rigour of thy fickle clime;
And if I must bewail the blessing lost
For which our Hampdens and our Sidneys bled,
I would at least bewail it under skies
Milder, among a people less austere,
In scenes which having never known me free,
Would not reproach me with the loss I felt.

§ 144 *Description of a Poet.* COWPER.

I KNOW the mind that feels indeed the fire
The muse imparts, and can command the
lyre,
Acts with a force, and kindles with a zeal,
Whate'er the theme, that others never feel.
If human woes her soft attention claim,
A tender sympathy pervades the frame:
She pours a sensibility divine
Along the nerve of ev'ry feeling line.
But if a deed not tamely to be borne,
Fire indignation and a sense of scorn,
The strings are swept with such a pow'r, so loud,
The storm of music shakes th'astonish'd crowd.

So when remote futurity is brought
Before the keen enquiry of her thought,
A terrible sagacity informs
The Poet's heart, he looks to distant storms,
He hears the thunder ere the tempest lowers,
And, arm'd with strength surpassing human
pow'rs,
Seizes events as yet unknown to man,
And darts his soul into the dawning plan.
Hence, in a Roman mouth, the graceful name
Of Prophet and of Poet was the same;
Hence British poets too the priesthood shar'd,
And ev'ry hallow'd druid was a bard.

145. *Love Elegies.* By ———

ELEGY I.

TIS night, dead night; and o'er the plain
Darkness extends her ebon ray,
While wide along the gloomy scene
Deep silence holds her solemn sway.
Throughout the earth no cheerful beam
The melancholic eye surveys,
Save where the worm's fantastic gleam
The 'nighted traveller betrays.
The savage race (so Heav'n decrees)
No longer through the forest rove;
All nature rests, and not a breeze
Disturbs the stillness of the grove.
All nature rests; in Sleep's soft arms
The village swain forgets his care:
Sleep, that the sting of Sorrow charms,
And heals all sadness but Despair.
Despair alone her power denies,
And when the sun withdraws his rays,
To the wild beach distracted flies,
Or cheerless through the desert strays;
Or, to the church-yard's horrors led,
While fearful echoes burst around,
On some cold stone he leans his head,
Or throws his body on the ground.
To some such drear and solemn scene,
Some friendly power direct my way,
Where pale Misfortune's haggard train,
Sad luxury! delight to stray.
Wrapp'd in the solitary gloom,
Retir'd from life's fantastic crew,
Resign'd, I'll wait my final doom,
And bid the busy world adieu.
The world has now no joy for me,
Nor can life now one pleasure boast,
Since all my eyes desir'd to see,
My wish, my hope, my all, is lost;
Since she, so form'd to please and bless,
So wise, so innocent, so fair,
Whose converse sweet made sorrow less,
And brighten'd all the gloom of care;
Since she is lost—Ye powers divine,
What have I done, or thought, or said?
O say, what horrid act of mine
Has drawn this vengeance on my head!

Why

Why should Heav'n favour Lycon's claim?

Why are my heart's best wishes crost?

What fairer deeds adorn his name?

What nobler merit can he boast?

What higher worth in him was found

My true heart's service to outweigh?

A senseless sop!—A dull compound

Of scarcely animated clay!

He dress'd, indeed, he danc'd with ease,

And charm'd her by repeating o'er

Unmeaning raptures in her praise,

That twenty fools had told before:

But I, alas! who thought all art

My passion's force would meanly prove,

Could only boast an honest heart,

And claim'd no merit but by love.

Have I not sat—ye conscious hours

Be witness—while my Stella sung

From morn to eve, with all my powers

Rapt in th'enchantment of her tongue!

Ye conscious hours that saw me stand

Entranc'd in wonder and surprise,

In silent rapture press her hand,

With passion bursting from my eyes.

Have I not lov'd—O earth and heav'n!

Where now is all my youthful boast?

The dear exchange I hop'd was given,

For slighted fame and fortune lost;

Where now the joys that once were mine?

Where all my hopes of future bliss?

Must I those joys, those hopes resign?

Is all her friendship come to this?

Must then each woman faithless prove,

And each fond lover be undone?

Are vows no more!—Almighty Love!

The sad resemblance let me shun!

It will not be—My honest heart

The dear sad image still retains;

And, spite of reason, spite of art,

The dreadful memory remains.

Ye Pow'rs divine, whose wond'rous skill

Deep in the womb of time can see,

Behold I bend me to your will,

Nor dare arraign your high decree.

Let her be blest with health, with ease,

With all your bounty has in store;

Let sorrow cloud my future days:

Be Stella blest! I ask no more.

But lo! where high in yonder east

The star of morning mounts apace!

Hence!—let me fly th'unwelcome guest,

And bid the Muse's labour cease.

ELEGY II.

WHEN, young, life's journey I began,

The glittering prospect charm'd my eyes,

I saw along th'extended plan

Joy after joy excessive rise:

And Fame her golden trumpet blew;

And Power display'd her gorgeous charms;

And Wealth engag'd my wandering view,

And Pleasure woo'd me to her arms:

To each by turns my vows I paid,

As Folly led me to admire;

While Fancy magnify'd each shade,

And Hope encreas'd each fond desire.

But soon I found 'twas all a dream;

And learn'd the fond pursuit to shun,

Where few can reach their purpos'd aim,

And thousands daily are undone:

And Fame, I found, was empty air;

And Wealth had Terror for her guest;

And Pleasure's path was strewn with Care;

And Power was vanity at best.

Tir'd of the chace I gave it o'er;

And in a far sequester'd shade,

To Contemplation's sober power

My youth's next services I paid.

There Health and Peace adorn'd the scene;

And oft, indulgent to my prayer,

With mirthful eye and frolic mien

The Muse would deign to visit there.

There would she oft delighted rove

The flower-enamell'd vale along:

Or wander with me through the grove,

And listen to the woodlark's song.

Or 'mid the forest's awful gloom,

Whilst wild amazement fill'd my eyes,

Recall past ages from the tomb,

And bid ideal worlds arise.

Thus in the Muse's favour blest,

One wish alone my soul could frame,

And Heav'n bestow'd, to crown the rest,

A friend, and Thyrsis was his name.

For manly constancy and truth,

And worth, unconscious of a stain,

He bloom'd the flower of Britain's youth;

The boast and wonder of the plain.

Still with our years our friendship grew;

No cares did then my peace destroy;

Time brought new blessings as he flew,

And every hour was wing'd with joy.

But soon the blissful scene was lost,

Soon did the sad reverse appear;

Love came, like an untimely frost,

To blast the promise of my year.

I saw young Daphne's angel-form

(Fool that I was I blest the smart)

And, while I gaz'd, nor thought of harm,

The dear infection seiz'd my heart.

She was—at least in Damon's eyes,—

Made up of loveliness and grace;

Her heart a stranger to disguise,

Her mind as perfect as her face.

To hear her speak, to see her move

(Unhappy I, alas! the while)

Her voice was joy, her look was love,

And Heaven was open'd in her smile!

She heard me breathe my amorous prayers,

She listen'd to the tender strain,

She heard my sighs, she saw my tears,

And seem'd at length to share my pain.

She

She said she lov'd—and I, poor youth !
 (How soon, alas, can Hope persuade)
 Thought all she said no more than truth ;
 And all my love was well repaid.
 In joys unknown to courts or kings,
 With her I sat the live-long day,
 And said and look'd such tender things,
 As none beside could look or say !
 How soon can Fortune shift the scene,
 And all our earthly bliss destroy !
 Care hovers round, and Grief's fell train
 Still treads upon the heels of Joy.
 My age's hope, my youth's best boast,
 My soul's chief blessing, and my pride,
 In one sad moment all were lost,
 And Daphne chang'd, and Thyrsis dy'd !
 O ! who, that heard her vows ere-while,
 Could dream these vows were insincere !
 Or who could think, that saw her smile,
 That fraud could find admittance there !
 Yet she was false—my heart will break !
 Her frauds, her perjuries were such—
 Some other tongue than mine must speak—
 I have not power to say how much !
 Ye swains, hence warn'd, avoid the bait,
 O shun her paths, the trait'ers shun !
 Her voice is death, her smile is fate ;
 Who hears or sees her is undone.
 And when Death's hand shall close my eyes
 (For soon, I know, the day will come)
 O cheer my spirit with a sigh,
 And grave these lines upon my tomb :

THE EPITAPH.

CONSIGN'D to dust, beneath this stone,
 In manhood's prime, is Damon laid ;
 Joyless he liv'd, and dy'd unknown,
 In bleak misfortune's barren shade.
 Lov'd by the Muse, but lov'd in vain :
 'Twas beauty drew his ruin on ;
 He saw young Daphne on the plain ;
 He lov'd, believ'd—and was undone !
 His heart then sunk beneath the storm
 (Sad meed of unexempl'd youth !)
 And sorrow, like an envious worm,
 Devour'd the blossom of his youth.
 Beneath this stone the youth is laid—
 O greet his ashes with a tear !
 May Heaven with blessings crown his shade,
 And grant that peace he wanted here !

§ 146. *Great Cities, and London in particular,*
allowed their due Praise. COWPER.

BUT tho' true worth and virtue, in the mild
 And genial soil of cultivated life
 Thrive most, and may perhaps thrive only there,
 Yet not in critics oft. In proud and gay
 And gain-devoted cities : thither flow,
 As to a common and most noisome sewer,

The dregs and fæculence of ev'ry land.
 In cities foul example on most minds
 Begets its likeness. Rank abundance breeds
 In gross and pamper'd cities sloth and lust,
 And wantonness and gluttonness excess.
 In cities, vice is hidden with most ease,
 Or seen with least reproach ; and virtue, taught
 By frequent lapse, can hope no triumph there
 Beyond th'achievement of successful flight.
 I do confess them nurs'ries of the arts,
 In which they flourish most ; where, in the beams
 Of warm encouragement, and in the eye
 Of public note, they reach their perfect size.
 Such London is, by taste and wealth proclaim'd
 The fairest capital of all the world,
 By riot and incontinence the worst.
 There, touch'd by Reynolds, a dull blank be-
 A lucid mirror, in which Nature sees [comes
 All her reflected features. Bacon there
 Gives more than female beauty to a stone,
 And Chatham's eloquence to marble lips.
 Nor does the chissel occupy alone
 The pow'rs of sculpture, but the style as much :
 Each province of her art her equal care.
 With nice incision of her guided steel
 She ploughs a brazen field, and clothes a soil
 So sterile with what charms soe'er she will,
 The richest scen'ry and the loveliest forms.
 Where finds philosophy her eagle eye,
 With which she gazes at yon burning disk
 Undazzled, and detects and counts his spots ?
 In London. Where her implements exact,
 With which she calculates, computes, and scans,
 All distance, motion, magnitude, and now
 Measures an atom, and now girds a world ?
 In London. Where has commerce such a mart,
 So rich, so throng'd, so drain'd, and so supplied
 As London, opulent, enlarg'd, and still
 Increasing London ? Babylon of old
 Not more the glory of the earth, then she
 A more accomplish'd world's chief glory now.
 She has her praise. Now mark a spot or two
 That so much beauty would do well to purge ;
 And shew this queen of cities, that so fair
 May yet be foul, so witty, yet not wise.
 It is not seemly, nor of good report,
 That she is slack in discipline : more prompt
 To avenge than to prevent the breach of law.
 That she is rigid in denouncing death
 On petty robbers, and indulges life
 And liberty, and oft-times honor too,
 To peculators of the public gold.
 That thieves at home must hang ; but he that puts
 Into his overgor'd and bloated purse
 The wealth of Indian provinces, escapes.
 Nor is it well, nor can it come to good,
 That, through profane and infidel contempt
 Of holy writ, she has presum'd t'annul
 And abrogate, as roundly as she may,
 The total ordinance and will of God ;
 Advancing fashion to the post of truth,
 And cent'ring all authority in modes
 And customs of her own, till Sabbath rites
 Have dwindled into unrespected forms,
 And knees and hassocks are well-nigh divorc'd.
 God

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound,
And least be threaten'd in the fields and groves?
Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only ye can shine;
There only minds like yours can do harm.
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moon-beam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendor of your lamps, they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scar'd, and th'offended nightingale is mute:
There is a public mischief in your mirth,
It plagues your country. Folly such as yours,
Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, which enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure soon to fall.

§ 147. *The Want of Discipline in the English Universities.* COWPER.

IN colleges and halls in ancient days,
When learning, virtue, piety, and truth,
Were precious and inculcated with care,
There dwelt a sage call'd Discipline His head
Not yet by Time completely silver'd o'er,
Bespoke him past the bounds of freakish youth,
But strong for service still, and unimpair'd.
His eye was meek and gentle, and a smile
Play'd on his lips, and in his speech was heard
Paternal sweetness, dignity, and love.
The occupation dearest to his heart
Was to encourage goodness. He would stroke
The head of modest and ingenuous worth
That blush'd at its own praise, and press the
youth [grew,
Close to his side that pleas'd him. Learning
Beneath his care a thriving vigorous plant;
The mind was well inform'd, the passions held
Subordinate, and diligence was choice.
If e'er it chanc'd, as sometimes chance it must,
That one among so many overleap'd
The limits of controul, his gentle eye
Grew stern, and darted a severe rebuke;
His frown was full of terror, and his voice
Shook the delinquent with such fits of awe,
As left him not, till penitence had won
Lost favour back again, and clos'd the breach.
But Discipline, a faithful servant long,
Declin'd at length into the vale of years:
A palsy struck his arm, his sparkling eye
Was quench'd in rheums of age, his voice un-
strung,
Grew tremulous, and mov'd derision more
Than rev'rence in perverse rebellious youth.
So colleges and halls neglected much

Their good old friend; and Discipline at length,
O'erlook'd and unemploy'd, fell sick and died.
Then Study languish'd, Emulation slept,
And Virtue fled. The schools became a scene
Of solemn farce, where ignorance in stilts,
His cap well lin'd with logic not his own,
With parrot-tongue perform'd the Scholar's part,
Proceeding soon a graduated Dunce.
Then Compromise had place, and Scrutiny
Became stone-blind, Precedence went in truck,
And he was competent whose purse was so.
A dissolution of all bonds ensu'd;
The curbs invented for the muleish mouth
Of headstrong youth were broken; bars and bolts
Grew rusty by disuse, and massy gates
Forgot their office, op'ning with a touch;
Till gowns at length are found mere masquerade;
The tassell'd cap and the spruce band a jest,
A mock'ry of the world. What need of these
For gamesters, jockies, brothellers impure,
Spendthrifts, and booted sportsmen, oft'ner seen
With belted waist and pointers at their heels,
Than in the bounds of duty? What was learn'd,
If aught was learn'd in childhood is forgot;
And such expence as pinches patents blue,
And mortifies the lib'ral hand of love,
Is squander'd in pursuit of idle sports
And vicious pleasures; buys the boy a name
That sits a stigma on his father's house,
And cleaves through life inseparably close
To him that wears it. What can after-games
Of riper joys, and commerce with the world,
The lewd vain world that must receive him soon,
Add to such erudition thus acquir'd,
Where science and where virtue are profess'd?
They may confirm his habits, rivet fast
His folly; but to spoil him is a task
That bids defiance to th'united pow'rs
Of fashion, dissipation, taverns, stews.
Now, blame we most the nurslings or the nurse?
The children crook'd, and twisted, and deform'd
Through want of care, or her whosewinking eye
And slumb'ring oscitancy mars the brood?
The nurse no doubt. Regardless of her charge,
She needs herself correction; needs to learn
That it is dang'rous sporting with the world,
With things so sacred as a nation's trust,
The nurture of her youth, her dearest pledge.

§ 148. *Happy the Freedom of the Man whom Grace makes free — His relish of the Works of God — Address to the Creator.* COWPER.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
And all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
That hellish foes confed'rate for his harm
Can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of Nature, and tho' poor, perhaps, compar'd
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the vallies his,
And the resplendent rivers; his t'enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,

But

But who with filial confidence inspir'd,
Can lift to Heav'n an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say — My Father made them all:
Are they not his by a peculiar right;
And by an emphasis of int'rest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built; and still upholds a world,
So cloth'd with beauty, for rebellious man?
Yes — ye may fill your garner, ye that reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot; but ye will not find
In feast or in the chace, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpation, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you.
He is indeed a freeman; free by birth
Of no mean city, plann'd ere the hills
Were built, the fountains open'd, or the sea
With all his roaring multitude of waves.
His freedom is the same in ev'ry state,
And no condition of this changeable life,
So manifold in cares, whose ev'ry day
Brings its own evil with it, makes it less:
For he has wings that neither sickness, pain,
Nor penury, can cripple or confine;
No nook so narrow but he spreads them there
With ease, and is at large. Th'oppressor holds
His body bound, but knows not what a range
His spirit takes, unconscious of a chain;
And that to bind him is a vain attempt,
Whom God delights in, and in whom he dwells.
Acquaint thyself with God, if thou wouldst taste
His works. Admitted once to his embrace,
Thou shalt perceive that thou wast blind before;
Thine eye shall be instructed, and thine heart,
Made pure, shall relish with divine delight,
Till then unfelt, what hands divine have wrought.
Brutes graze the mountain-top with faces prone,
And eyes intent upon the scanty herb
It yields them, or, recumbent on its brow,
Ruminate heedless of the scene outspread
Beneath, beyond, and stretching far away
From inland regions to the distant main.
Man views it and admires, but rests content
With what he views. The landscape has his
praise;

But not its Author! Unconcern'd who form'd
The paradise he sees, he finds it such,
And such well pleas'd to find it, asks no more.
Not so the mind that has been touch'd from Heav'n,
And in the school of sacred wisdom taught
To read his wonders, in whose thought the
Fair as it is, existed ere it was: [world,
Not for its own sake merely, but for his
Much more who fashion'd it, he gives it praise;
Praise that, from earth resulting as it ought,
To earth's acknowledg'd Sovereign, finds at once
Its only just proprietor in Him.
The soul that sees him, or receives sublim'd
New faculties, or learns at least, to employ
More worthily the pow'rs she own'd before,
Discerns in all things, what with stupid gaze

Of ignorance till then she overlook'd,
A ray of heav'nly light gilding all forms
Terrestrial, in the vast and the minute,
The unambiguous footsteps of the God
Who gives its lustre to an insect's wing,
And wheels his throne upon the rolling worlds.
Much conversant with Heav'n she often holds
With those fair ministers of light to man,
That fill the skies nightly with silent pomp,
Sweet conference; enquires what strains were they
With which heav'n rang, when ev'ry star, in
To gratulate the new-created earth, (haste
Sent forth a voice, and all the sons of God
Shouted for joy — "Tell me, ye shining hosts,
"That navigate a sea that knows no storms,
"Beneath a vault un sullied with a cloud,
"If from your elevation, whence ye view
"Distinctly scenes invisible to man,
"And systems of whose birth no tidings yet
"Have reach'd this nether world, ye spy a race
"Favour'd as ours, transgressors from the womb,
"And hasting to a grave, yet doom'd to rise,
"And to possess a brighter heav'n than yours?
"As one who, long detain'd on foreign shores
"Pants to return, and when he sees afar [rocks
"His country's weather-bleach'd and batter'd
"From the green wave emerging, darts an eye
"Radiant with joy towards the happy land;
"So I with animated hopes behold,
"And many an aching wish, your beamy fires,
"That shew like beacons in the blue abyss,
"Ordain'd to guide th'embodied spirit home
"From toilsome life to never-ending rest.
"Love kindles as I gaze. I feel desires
"That give assurance of their own success,
"And that infus'd from heav'n must thither
"tend."

So reads he nature, whom the lamp of truth
Illuminates; thy lamp, mysterious word!
Which who so sees no longer wanders lost,
With intellects bemaz'd, in endless doubt,
But runs the road of wisdom. Thou hast built,
With means that were not till by thee employ'd,
Worlds that had never been, hadst thou in strength
Been less, or less benevolent than strong.
They are thy witnesses, who speak thy pow'r
And goodness infinite, but speak in ears
That hear not, or receive not their report.
In vain thy creatures testify of thee
Till thou proclaim thyself. Theirs is indeed
A teaching voice; but 'tis the praise of thine,
That whom it teaches it makes prompt to learn,
And with the boon gives talents for its use.
Till thou art heard, imaginations vain
Possess the heart, and fables false as hell,
Yet deem'd oracular, lure down to death
The uninstruct'd and heedless sons of men.
We give to chance, blind chance, ourselves as
blind,
The glory of thy work, which yet appears
Perfect and unimpeachable of blame,
Challenging human scrutiny, and prov'd
Then skilful most when most severely judg'd.
But chance is not; or is not where thou reign'st:
Thy providence forbids that fickle pow'r

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§ 149

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(If pow'r she be that works but to confound)
To mix her wild vagaries with thy laws.
Yet thus we doat, refusing while we can
Instruction, and inventing to ourselves
Gods such as guilt makes welcome, Gods that
Or disregard our follies, or that sit [sleep
Amus'd spectators of this bustling stage.
Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till pure as thou art pure,
Made such by thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.
Then we are free: then liberty like day
Breaks on the soul, and by a flash from Heav'n
Fires all the faculties with glorious joy.
A voice is heard that mortal ears hear not
Till thou hast touch'd them:—'tis the voice of
songs,

A loud Hosanna sent from all thy works,
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the gen'ral praise.
In that blest moment, Nature throwing wide
Her veil opaque, discloses with a smile
The Author of her beauties, who, retir'd
Behind his own creation, works unseen
By the impure, and hears his pow'r deny'd.
Thou art the source and centre of all minds,
Their only point of rest, Eternal Word!
From thee departing, they are lost, and rove
At random, without honor, hope, or peace.
From thee is all that soothes the life of man,
His high endeavour, and his glad success,
His strength to suffer, and his will to serve.
But, oh! thou bounteous Giver of all good,
Thou art of all thy gifts thyself the crown!
Give what thou canst, without thee we are poor,
And with thee rich, take what thou wilt away.

§ 149. *That Philosophy which stops at Secondary Causes, reprov'd.* COWPER.

HAPPY the man who sees a God employ'd
In all the good and ill that chequer life!
Resolving all events, with their effects
And manifold results, into the will
And arbitration wise of the Supreme.
Did not his eye rule all things, and intend
The least of our concerns (since from the least
The greatest oft originate) could chance
Find place in his dominion, or dispose
One lawless particle to thwart his plan,
Then God might be surpris'd, an unforeseen
Contingence might alarm him, and disturb
The smooth and equal course of his affairs.
This truth, philosophy, though eagle-eyed
In nature's tendencies, oft overlooks,
And having found his instrument, forgets
Or disregards, or, more presumptuous still,
Denies the pow'r that wields it. God proclaims
His hot displeasure against foolish men
That live an atheist life; involves the heav'n
In tempests; quits his grasp upon the winds,
And gives them all their fury; bids a plague
Kindle a fiery bile upon the skin,
And putrify the breath of blooming health.

He calls for famine,—and the meagre fiend
Blows mildew from between his shrivell'd lips,
And taints the golden ear: he springs his mines,
And desolates a nation at a blast.
Forth steps the spruce philosopher, and tells
Of homogeneous and discordant springs
And principles; of causes, how they work
By necessary laws their sure effects;
Of action and re-action. He has found
The source of the disease that Nature feels,
And bids the world take heart and banish fear.
Thou fool! will thy discovery of the cause
Suspend th'effect or heal it? Has not God
Still wrought by means since first he made the
world?

And did he not of old employ his means
To drown it? What is his creation less
Than a capacious reservoir of means
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?
Go, dress thine eyes with eye-salve, ask of him,
Or ask of whomsoever he has taught,
And learn, tho' late, the genuine cause of all.

§ 150. *Rural Sounds as well as Sights delightful.* COWPER.

NOR rural sights alone, but rural sounds
Exhilarate the spirit, and restore
The tone of languid Nature. Mighty winds,
That sweep the skirt of some far-spreading wood
Of ancient growth, make music not unlike
The dash of ocean on his winding shore,
And lull the spirit while they fill the mind,
Unnumber'd branches waving in the blast,
And all their leaves fast flutt'ring, all at once.
Nor less composure waits upon the roar
Of distant floods, or on the softer voice
Of neighb'ring fountain, or of rills that slip
Through the cleft rock, and chiming as they fall
Upon loose pebbles, lose themselves at length
In matted grass, that with a livelier green
Betrays the secret of their silent course.
Nature inanimate employs sweet sounds,
But animated nature sweeter still,
To sooth and satisfy the human ear.
Ten thousand warblers cheer the day, and one
The live-long night: nor these alone, whose
Nice-finger'd art must emulate in vain, [notes
But cawing rocks, and kites that swim sublime
In still repeated circles, screaming loud,
The jay, the pie, and e'en the boding owl
That hails the rising moon, have charms for me.
Sounds inharmonious in themselves and harsh,
Yet heard in scenes where peace for ever reigns,
And only there, please highly for their sake.

§ 151. *The Wearisomeness of what is commonly called a Life of Pleasure.* COWPER.

THE spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns;
The lowering eye, the petulance, the frown,
And sullen sadness that o'er shades, distort
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause

For

For such immeasurable woe appears;
 These Flora banishes, and gives the fair [own.
 Sweet smiles and bloom, less transient than her
 It is the constant revolution, stale
 And tasteless of the same repeated joys,
 That palls and satiates, and makes languid life
 A pedlar's pack, that bows the bearer down.
 Health suffers, and the spirits ebb; the heart
 Recoils from its own choice—at the full feast
 Is famish'd—finds no music in the song,
 No smartness in the jest, and wonders why.
 Yet thousands still desire to journey on,
 Though halt and weary of the path they tread.
 The paralytic, who can hold her cards,
 But cannot play them, borrows a friend's hand
 To deal and shuffle, to divide and sort
 Her mingled suits and sequences, and sits
 Spectatress both and spectacle, a sad
 And silent cypher, while her proxy plays.
 Others are dragg'd into the crowded room
 Between supporters; and once seated, sit,
 Through downright inability to rise,
 Till the stout bearers lift the corpse again.
 These speak a loud memento. Yet even these
 Themselves love life, and cling to it, as he
 That overhangs a torrent to a twig.
 They love it, and yet loath it; fear to die,
 Yet scorn the purposes for which they live.
 Then wherefore not renounce them? No—the
 dread,

The slavish dread of solitude that breeds
 Reflection and remorse, the fear of shame,
 And their inveterate habits all forbid.

Whom call we gay? That honor has been long
 The boast of mere pretenders to the name.
 The innocent are gay—the lark is gay
 That dries his feathers, saturate with dew,
 Beneath the rosy cloud, while yet the beams
 Of day-spring overshoot his humble nest.
 The peasant too, a witness of his song,
 Himself a songster, is as gay as he.
 But save me from the gaiety of those
 Whose head-achs nail them to a noon-day bed;
 And save me too from theirs whose haggard eyes
 Flash desperation, and betray their pangs
 For property stripp'd off by cruel chance;
 From gaiety that fills the bones with pain,
 The mouth with blasphemy, the heart with woe.

§ 152. *Satirical Review of our Trips to France.*
 COWPER.

NOW hoist the sail, and let the streamers float
 Upon the wanton breezes; strew the deck
 With lavender, and sprinkle liquid sweets,
 That no rude favour maritime invade
 The nose of nice nobility. Breathe soft
 Ye clarionets, and softer still ye flutes,
 That winds and waters, lull'd by magic sounds,
 May bear us smoothly to the Gallic shore.
 True, we have lost an empire—let it pass.
 True, we may thank the perfidy of France,
 That pick'd the jewel out of England's crown,
 With all the cunning of an envious shrew.

And let that pass—'twas but a trick of state.
 A brave man knows no malice, but at once
 Forgets, in peace, the injuries of war,
 And gives his direst foe a friend's embrace.
 And, sham'd as we have been, to the very beard
 Brav'd and defy'd, and in our own sea prov'd
 Too weak for those decisive blows, that once
 Insur'd us mast'ry there, we yet retain
 Some small pre-eminence; we justly boast
 At least superior jockeyship, and claim
 The honors of the turf as all our own.
 Go then, well worthy of the praise ye seek,
 And shew the shame ye might conceal at home,
 In foreign eyes!—be grooms, and win the plate,
 Where once your nobler fathers won a crown!

§ 153. *The Pulpit the Engine of Reformation.*
 COWPER.

THE pulpit therefore (and I name it, fill'd
 With solemn awe, that bids me well beware
 With what intent I touch the holy thing)
 The pulpit (when the sat'rist has at last,
 Strutting and vap'ring in an empty school,
 Spent all his force and made no profelyte)
 I say the pulpit (in the sober use
 Of its legitimate peculiar pow'rs) [stand,
 Must stand acknowledg'd, while the world shall
 The most important and effectual guard,
 Support, and ornament, of virtue's cause.
 There stands the messenger of truth; there stands
 The legate of the skies: his theme divine,
 His office sacred, his credentials clear.
 By him the violated law speaks out
 Its thunders; and by him, in strains as sweet
 As angels use, the gospel whispers peace.
 He establishes the strong, restores the weak,
 Reclaims the ward'ner, binds the broken heart,
 And, arm'd himself in panoply complete
 Of heav'nly temper, furnishes with arms
 Bright as his own, and trains by ev'ry rule
 Of holy discipline, to glorious war,
 The sacramental host of God's elect.

§ 154. *The Petit-Maitre Clergyman.* COWPER.

I VENERATE the man, whose heart is warm,
 Whose hands are pure, whose doctrine and
 Coincident, exhibit lucid proof [whose life
 That he is honest in the sacred cause.
 To such I render more than mere-respect,
 Whose actions say that they respect themselves.
 But loose in morals, and in manners vain,
 In conversation frivolous, in dress
 Extreme, at once rapacious and profuse;
 Frequent in park, with lady at his side,
 Ambling and prattling scandal as he goes;
 But rare at home, and never at his books
 Or with his pen, save when he scrawls a card;
 Constant at routs, familiar with a round
 Of ladyships, a stranger to the poor;
 Ambitious of preferment for its gold,
 And well prepar'd by ignorance and sloth,
 By infidelity and love o' th' world,

To

To make God's work a finecure : a slave
To his own pleasures and his patron's pride—
From such Apostles, oh, ye mitred heads,
Preserve the church ! and lay not careless hands
On sculls that cannot teach, and will not learn.

§ 155. *Verses written upon a Pedestal beneath a Row of Elms in a Meadow near Richmond-Ferry, belonging to Richard Owen Cambridge, Esq. September, 1760.*

By the Author of Love Elegies.

YE green-hair'd nymphs whom Pan allows
To guard from harm these favour'd boughs ;
Ye blue-ey'd Naiads of the stream,
That soothe the warm poetic dream ;
Ye elves and sprites, that thronging round,
When midnight darkens all the ground,
In antic measures uncontroll'd,
Your fairy sports and revels hold,
And up and down, where'er ye pass,
With many a ringlet print the grass ;
If e'er the bard hath hail'd your pow'r
At morn's grey dawn, or evening hour ;
If e'er by moon-light on the plain
Your ears have caught th'enraptur'd strain ;
From every flow'ret's velvet head,
From reverend Thames's oozy bed,
From these moss'd elms, where, prison'd deep,
Conceal'd from human eyes, ye sleep,
If these your haunts be worth your care,
Awake, arise, and hear my prayer !

O banish from this peaceful plain
The perjurd nymph, the faithless swain,
The stubborn heart, that scorns to bow,
And harsh rejects the honest vow :
The fop, who wounds the virgin's ear,
With aught that sense would blush to hear,
Or, false to honor, mean and vain,
Defames the worth he cannot stain :
The light coquet, with various art,
Who casts her net for ev'ry heart,
And smiling flatters to the chace
Alike the worthy and the base :
The dame, who, proud of virtue's praise,
Is happy if a sister strays,
And, conscious of unclouded fame,
Delighted, spreads the tale of shame :
But far, O ! banish'd far be they,

Who hear unmov'd the orphan's cry,
Who see, nor wish to wipe away
The tear that swells the widow's eye ;
Th'unloving man, whose narrow mind
Disdains to feel for human-kind,
At others blis whose cheek ne'er glows,
Whose breast ne'er throbs with others woes,
Whose hoarded sum of private joys
His private care alone destroys ;
Ye fairies, cast your spells around,
And guard from such this hallow'd ground !

But welcome all, who sigh with truth,
Each constant maid and faithful youth,
Whom mutual love alone hath join'd,
Sweet union of the willing mind !

Hearts pair'd in Heaven, not meanly sold,
Law-licenc'd prostitutes for gold :
And welcome thrice, and thrice again
The chosen few, the worthy train,
Whose steady feet, untaught to stray,
Still tread where virtue marks the way ;
Whose souls no thought, whose hands have
No deed which honour might not own ; [known
Who, torn with pain, or stung with care,
In others blis can claim a part,
And, in life's brightest hour, can share
Each pang that wrings another heart !
Ye guardian spirits, when such ye see,
Sweet peace be theirs, and welcome free !
Clear be the sky from clouds or showers !
Green be the turf, and fresh the flowers !
And that the youth, whose pious care
Lays on your shrine this honest prayer,
May, with the rest, admittance gain,
And visit oft this pleasant scene,
Let all who love the Muse attend :
Who loves the Muse is Virtue's friend !

Such then alone may venture here,
Who, free from guilt, are free from fear ;
Whose wide affections can embrace
The whole extent of human race ;
Whom Virtue and her friends approve ;
Whom Cambridge and the Muses love.

§ 156. *The Recantation. An Ode. By the same.*

BY Love too long depriv'd of rest
(Fell tyrant of the human breast !)
His vassal long, and worn with pain,
Indignant late I spurn'd the chain ;
In verse, in prose, I sung and swore,
No charms should e'er enslave me more,
Nor neck, nor air, nor lip, nor eye,
Again should force one tender sigh.

As, taught by Heaven's informing power,
From ev'ry fruit and ev'ry flower,
That nature opens to the view,
The bee extracts the nectar-dew ;
A vagrant thus, and free to change,
From fair to fair I vow'd to range,
And part from each without regret
As pleas'd and happy as I met.

Then freedom's praise inspir'd my tongue,
With freedom's praise the vallies rung,
And every night, and every day
My heart thus pour'd th'enraptur'd lay :
" My cares are gone, my sorrows cease,
" My breast regains its wonted peace,
" And joy and hope returning prove,
" That Reason is too strong for Love."

Such was my boast—but ah ! how vain !
How short was Reason's vaunted reign !
The firm resolve I form'd ere-while,
How weak, oppos'd to Clara's smile !
Chang'd is the strain—The vallies round
With Freedom's praise no more resound ;
But ev'ry night and ev'ry day
My full heart pour'd the alter'd lay.

Offended

Offended Deity, whose power
My rebel tongue but now forswore,
Accept my penitence sincere,
My crime forgive, and grant my prayer!
Let not thy slave, condemn'd to mourn,
With unrequited passion burn;
With Love's soft thoughts her breast inspire,
And kindle there an equal fire!

It is not beauty's gaudy flower
(The empty triumph of an hour)
Nor practis'd wiles of female art,
That now subdue my destin'd heart:
O no!—'Tis Heaven, whose wond'rous hand
A transcript of itself hath plann'd;
And to each outward grace hath join'd
Each lovelier feature of the mind.

These charms shall last, when others fly,
When roses fade, and lilies die;
When that dear eye's declining beam
Its living fire no more shall stream:
Blest then, and happy in my chain,
The song of Freedom flows in vain;
Nor Reason's harsh reproof I fear,
For Reason's self is Passion here.

O dearer far than wealth or fame,
My daily thought, my nightly dream,
If yet no youth's successful art
(Sweet Hope) hath touch'd thy gentle heart,
If yet no swain hath blest thy choice,
Indulgent hear thy Damon's voice;
From doubts, from fears, his bosom free,
And bid him live—for Love and Thee!

§ 157. *The Country Life.* COWLEY.

BLEST be the man (and blest he is) whose'er
(Plac'd far out of the roads of hope and fear)
A little field and little garden, feeds:
The field gives all that frugal nature needs;
The wealthy garden liberally bestows
All she can ask, when she luxurious grows.
The specious inconveniences, that wait
Upon a life of business and of state,
He sees (nor does the sight disturb his rest)
By fools desir'd, by wicked men possess'd.
Thus, thus (and this deserv'd great Virgil's
praise)

The old Corycian yeomen pass'd his days;
Thus his wife life Abdolonymus spent:
Th'ambassadors, which the great emperor sent
To offer him a crown, with wonder found
The rev'rend gardener hoeing of his ground;
Unwillingly, and slow, and discontent,
From his lov'd cottage to a throne he went;
And oft he stopt, in his triumphant way,
And oft look'd back, and oft was heard to say,
Not without sighs,—Alas! I there forsake
A happier kingdom than I go to take!
Thus Aglaus (a man unknown to men,
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then)
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,
Aglaus, now consign'd t'eternal fame.
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,
Presum'd, at wise Apollo's Delphic seat

Presum'd to ask, Oh thou, the whole world's
See'st thou a man that happier is than I? [eye,
The god, who scorns to flatter man, reply'd,
Aglaus happier is. But Gyges cry'd,
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaus be?
We have heard, as yet, of no such king as he.
And true it was, through the whole earth around
No king of such a name was to be found.
Is some old hero of that name alive,
Who his high race does from the gods derive?
Is it some mighty general, that has done
Wonders in fight, and god-like honours won?
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he.
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaus be?
After long search, and vain enquiries past,
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last
(Th'Arcadian life has always shady been)
Near Sopho's town (which he but once had seen)
This Aglaus, who monarchs envy drew,
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,
This mighty Aglaus, was labouring found,
With his own hands, in his own little ground.
So, gracious God! (if it may lawful be,
Among those foolish gods to mention thee)
So let me act, on such a private stage,
The last dull scenes of my declining age;
After long toils and voyages in vain,
This quiet port let my toilt vessel gain;
Of heavenly rest, this earnest to me lend,
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

§ 158. *Of Justice.* DENHAM.

'TIS the first sanction nature gave to man,
Each other to assist in what they can;
Just or unjust, this law for ever stands,
All things are good by law which she commands;
The first step, man towards Christ must justly live,
Who 't'us himself, and all we have, did give;
In vain doth man the name of just expect,
If his devotions he to God neglect;
So must we reverence God, as first to know
Justice from him, not from ourselves, doth flow;
God those accepts, who to mankind are friends,
Whose justice far as their own power extends;
In that they imitate the power divine,
The sun alike on good and bad doth shine;
And he that doth no good, although no ill,
Does not the office of the just fulfil.
Virtue doth man to virtuous actions steer,
'Tis not enough that he should vice forbear;
We live not only for ourselves to care,
Whilst they that want it are deny'd their share.
Wise Plato said, the world with men was stor'd,
That succour each to other might afford;
Nor are those succours to one sort confin'd,
But several parts to several men consign'd;
He that of his own stores no part can give,
May with his counsel or his hands relieve.
If fortune make thee powerful, give defence
'Gainst fraud and force, to naked innocence:
And when our justice doth her tributes pay,
Method and order must direct the way:
First to our God we must with reverence bow;
The second honour to our prince we owe;

Next

Next to wives, parents, children, fit respect,
And to our friends and kindred we direct :
Then we must those who groan beneath the
weight

Of age, disease, or want, commiserate : [mend,
'Mongst those whom honest lives can recom-
Our justice more compassion should extend ;
To such, who thee in some distress did aid,
Thy debt of thanks with interest should be paid :
As Hesiod sings, spread waters o'er thy field,
And a most just and glad increase 'twill yield.
But yet take heed, lest doing good to one,
Mischief and wrong be to another done ;
Such moderation with thy bounty join,
That thou may'st nothing give that is not thine ;
That liberality's but cast away
Which makes us borrow what we cannot pay :
And no access to wealth let rapine bring ;
Do nothing that's unjust to be a king.
Justice must be from violence exempt,
But Fraud's her only object of contempt.
Fraud in the fox, force in the lion dwells ;
But justice both from human hearts expells ;
But he's the greatest monster (without doubt)
Who is a wolf within, a sheep without.
Nor only ill injurious actions are,
But evil words and slanders bear a share.
Truth justice loves, and truth injustice fears,
Truth above all things a just man reveres :
Though not by oaths we God to witness call,
He sees and hears, and still remembers all ;
And yet our attestations we may wrest,
Sometimes to make the truth more manifest ;
If by a lye a man preserve his faith,
He pardon, leave, and absolution hath ;
Or if I break my promise, which to thee
Would bring no good, but prejudice to me.
All things committed to thy trust conceal,
Nor what's forbid by any means reveal.
Express thyself in plain, not doubtful words,
That ground for quarrels or disputes affords :
Unless thou find occasion, hold thy tongue ;
Thyself or others careless talk may wrong.
When thou art called into public power,
And when a crowd of suitors throng thy door,
Be sure no great offenders 'scape their dooms ;
Small praise from lenity and remissness comes :
Crimes pardon'd, others to those crimes invite,
Whilst lookers-on severe examples fright :
When by a pardon'd murd'rer blood is spilt,
The judge that pardon'd hath the greatest guilt ;
Who accuse rigour make a gross mistake ;
One criminal pardon'd may an hundred make :
When justice on offenders is not done,
Law, government, and commerce are o'erthrown ;
As besieg'd traitors with the foe conspire,
T'unlock the gates, and set the town on fire.
Yet lest the punishment th'offence exceed,
Justice with weight and measure must proceed :
Yet when pronouncing sentence seem not glad,
Such spectacles, tho' they are just, are sad ;
Tho' what thou dost thou ought'st not to re-
Yet human bowels cannot but relent : [pent,
Rather than all must suffer, some must die ;
Yet nature must condole their misery.

And yet, if many equal guilt involve,
Thou may'st not these condemn, and those ab-
solve.

Justice, when equal scales she holds, is blind,
Nor cruelty nor mercy change her mind ;
When some escape for that which others die,
Mercy to those, to these is cruelty.
A fine and slender net the spider weaves,
Which little and light animals receives ;
And if she catch a common bee or fly,
They with a piteous groan and murmur die ;
But if a wasp or hornet she entrap,
They tear her cords, like Sampson, and escape ;
So like a fly the poor offender dies ;
But, like the wasp, the rich escapes and flies.
Do not, if one but lightly thee offend,
The punishment beyond the crime extend ;
Or after warning the offence forget ;
So God himself our failings doth remit.
Expect not more from servants than is just ;
Reward them well if they observe their trust ;
Nor them with cruelty or pride invade,
Since God and nature them our brothers made ;
If his offence be great, let that suffice ;
If light, forgive ; for no man's always wise.

§ 159. *The Progress of Learning.* DENHAM.

P R E F A C E.

My early Mistress, now my ancient Muse,
That strong Circæan liquor cease t'infuse,
Wherewith thou didst intoxicate my youth,
Now stoop with disenchanting wings to truth ;
As the dove's flight did guide Æneas, now
May thine conduct me to the golden bough ;
Tell (like a tall old oak) how learning shoots
To heaven her branches, and to hell her roots.

WHEN God from earth form'd Adam in the
east,
He his own image on the clay impress ;
As subjects then the whole creation came,
And from their natures Adam them did name ;
Not from experience (for the world was new)
He only from their cause their natures knew.
Had memory been lost with innocence,
We had not known the sentence nor th'offence ;
'Twas his chief punishment to keep in store
The sad remembrance, what he was before ;
And, tho' th'offending part felt mortal pain,
Th'immortal part its knowledge did retain.
After the flood, arts to Chaldaea fell,
The father of the faithful there did dwell,
Who both their parent and instructor was ;
From thence did learning into Ægypt pass :
Moses in all th'Ægyptian arts was skill'd,
When heav'nly power that chosen vessel fill'd ;
And we to his high inspiration owe,
That what was done before the flood we know.
From Ægypt arts their progress made to Greece.
Wrapt in the fable of the Golden Fleece.
Musæus first, then Orpheus, civilize
Mankind, and gave the world their deities ;

To many gods they taught devotion,
Which were the distinct faculties of one;
Th'Eternal Cause in their immortal lines
Was taught, and poets were the first divines:
God Moses first, then David did inspire,
To compose anthems for his heavenly quire;
To th'one the style of friend he did impart;
On th'other stamp the likeness of his heart:
And Moses, in the old original,
Even God the Poet of the World doth call.
Next those old Greeks, Pythagoras did rise,
Then Socrates, whom th'oracle call'd wise;
The divine Plato moral virtue shews,
Then his disciple Aristotle rose,
Who nature's secrets to the world did teach,
Yet that great soul our novelists impeach;
Too much manuring fill'd that field with weeds;
While sects, like locusts, did destroy the seeds;
The tree of knowledge, blasted by disputes,
Produces sapless leaves instead of fruits;
Proud Greece all nations else barbarians held,
Boasting her learning, all the world excell'd.
Flying from thence, to Italy it came,
And to the realm of Naples gave the name,
Till both their nation and their arts did come
A welcome trophy to triumphant Rome;
Then wheresoe'er her conquering eagles fled,
Arts, learning, and civility were spread;
And as in this our microcosm, the heart
Heat, spirit, motion, gives to every part;
So Rome's victorious influence did disperse
All her own virtues through the universe.
Here some digression I must make, & accuse
Thee, my forgetful and ungrateful Muse:
Could'st thou from Greece to Latium take thy
And not to thy great ancestor do right? [flight,
I can no more believe old Homer blind,
Than those who say the sun hath never shin'd;
The age wherein he liv'd was dark; but he
Could not want sight, who taught the world
to see:

They who Minerva from Jove's head derive,
Might make old Homer's skull the Muses hive;
And from his brain that Helicon distill,
Whose racy liquor did his offspring fill,
Nor old Anacreon, Hesiod, Theocrite,
Must we forget, nor Pindar's lofty flight.
Old Homer's soul, at last from Greece retir'd,
In Italy the Mantuan swain inspir'd. [cease,
When great Augustus made war's tempests
His halcyon days brought forth the arts of
peace;

He still in his triumphant chariot shines,
By Horace drawn, and Virgil's mighty lines.
'Twas certainly mysterious that the name
Of prophets and of poets is the same!
What the Tragedian † wrote, the late success
Declares was inspiration, and not guess;
As dark a truth that author did unfold,
As oracles or prophets e'er foretold:
"At last the ocean shall unlock ‡ the bound
"Of things, and a new world by Tiphys found;

"Then ages far remote shall understand
"The isle of Thule is not the farthest land."
Sure God, by these discoveries, did design
That his clear light through all the world should
shine;

But the obstruction from that discord springs
The Prince of Darkness made 'twixt Christian
kings;

That peaceful age with happiness to crown,
From heav'n the Prince of Peace himself came
down;

Then the true Sun of Knowledge first appear'd,
And the old dark mysterious clouds were clear'd,
The heavy cause of th'old accursed flood
Sunk in the sacred deluge of his blood:

His passion man from his first fall redeem'd;
Once more to Paradise restor'd we seem'd;
Satan himself was bound, till th'iron chain
Our pride did break, and let him loose again.
Still the old sting remain'd, and man began
To tempt the serpent as he tempted man;
Then Hell sends forth her furies, Avarice,
Pride,

Fraud, Discord, Force, Hypocrisy, their guide,
Tho' the foundation on a rock were laid,
The church was undermin'd, and then betray'd:
Tho' the apostles these events foretold,

Yet even the shepherd did devour the fold:
The fisher to convert the world began,
The pride convincing of vainglorious man;
But soon his followers grew a sovereign lord,
And Peter's keys exchang'd for Peter's sword,
Which still maintains for his adopted son
Vast patrimonies, tho' himself had none;
Wresting the text to the old giant's sense,
That heav'n once more must suffer violence.
Then subtle doctors scriptures made their prize,
Casuists, like cocks, struck out each other's eyes;
Then dark distinctions reason's light disguis'd,
And into atoms truth anatomiz'd.

Then Mahomet's crescent, by our feuds encreast,
Blasted the learn'd remainders of the east:
That project, when from Greece to Rome it
came,

Made mother Ignorance Devotion's dame;
Then he whom Lucifer's own pride did swell,
His faithful emissary, rose from hell
To possess Peter's chair, that Hildebrand,
Whose foot on mitres, then on crowns did stand;
And before that exalted idol all [fall.
(Whom we call Gods on earth) did prostrate
Then darkness Europe's face did overspread,
From lazy cells, where superstition bred,
Which, link'd with blind obedience, so encreast,
That the whole world some ages they oppress;
Till through those clouds the sun of knowledge
brake,

And Europe from her lethargy did wake;
Then first our monarchs were acknowledg'd here,
That they their churches nursing-fathers were.
When Lucifer no longer could advance
His works on the false ground of ignorance,

* Vates. † Seneca. ‡ The Prophecy.

New arts he tries, and new designs he lays,
Then his well-study'd master-piece he plays;
Loyola, Luther, Calvin he inspires,
And kindles with infernal flames their fires,
Sends their forerunner (conscious of th'event)
Printing, his most pernicious instrument!
Wild controversy then, which long had slept,
Into the press from ruin'd cloysters leapt;
No longer by implicit faith we err,
Whilst ev'ry man's his own interpreter;
No more conducted now by Aaron's rod,
Lay elders from their ends create their God;
But seven wise men the ancient world did know,
We scarce know seven who think themselves
not so.

When man learn'd undefil'd religion,
We were commanded to be all as one;
Fiery disputes that union have calcin'd,
Almost as many minds as men we find;
And when that flame finds combustible earth,
Thence *fatuus* fires and meteors take their birth,
Legions of sects and insects come in throngs;
To name them all would tire a hundred tongues.
So were the Centaurs of Ixion's race,
Who a bright cloud for Juno did embrace;
And such the monsters of Chimæra's kind,
Lions before, and dragons were behind.
Then from the clashes between popes and kings,
Debate, like sparks from flint's collision springs:
As Jove's loud thunder-bolts were forg'd by
heat,

The like our Cyclops on their anvils beat;
All the rich mines of learning ransack'd are,
To furnish ammunition for this war:
Uncharitable zeal our reason whets,
And double edges on our passions sets;
'Tis the most certain sign the world's accurst,
That the best things corrupted are the worst;
'Twas the corrupted light of knowledge hurl'd
Sin, death, and ignorance, o'er all the world;
That fun like this (from which our fight we
have)

Gaz'd on too long, resumes the light he gave;
And when thick mists of doubts obscure his
beams,

Our guide is error, and our visions dreams;
'Twas no false heraldry, when madness drew
Her pedigree from those who too much knew;
Who in deep mines for hidden knowledge toils,
Like guns o'ercharg'd, breaks, misses, or re-
coils;

When subtle wits have spun their thread too fine,
'Tis weak and fragile, like Arachne's line:
True piety, without cessation tost
By theories, the practic part is lost,
And, like a ball, bandy'd 'twixt pride and wit,
Rather than yield, both sides the prize will quit;
Then whilst his foe each gladiator foils,
The atheist looking on, enjoys the spoils.
Through seas of knowledge we our course ad-
vance,

Discovering still new worlds of ignorance;
And these discoveries make us all confess
That sublunary science is but guess;

Matters of fact to man are only known,
And what seems more is mere opinion;
The standers-by see clearly this event,
All parties say they're sure, yet all dissent!
With their new light our bold inspectors press,
Like Cham, to shew their father's nakedness,
By whose example, after-ages may
Discover we more naked are than they;
All human wisdom to divine is folly;
This truth the wisest man made melancholy;
Hope, or belief, or guess, gives some relief,
But to be sure we are deceiv'd, brings grief:
Who thinks his wife is virtuous, tho' not so,
Is pleas'd and patient till the truth he know.
Our God, when heaven and earth he did create,
Form'd man, who should of both participate;
If our lives motions theirs must imitate,
Our knowledge, like our blood, must circulate.
When, like a bridegroom, from the east the sun
Sets forth, he thither, whence he came, doth run;
Into earth's spongy veins the ocean sinks,
Those rivers to replenish which he drinks;
So Learning, which from Reason's fountain
springs,
Back to the source some secret channel brings.
'Tis happy when our streams of knowledge
flow
To fill their banks, but not to overthrow.

§ 160. *The Conversation. A Tale.* PRIOR.

IT always has been thought discreet,
To know the company you meet;
And sure there may be secret danger
In talking much before a stranger.
"Agreed: What then?" Then drink your ale;
I'll pledge you, and repeat my tale:
No matter where the scene is fixt:
The persons were but oddly mixt;
When sober Damon thus began
(And Damon is a clever man)
"I now grow old; but still, from youth,
"Have held for Modesty and Truth.
"The men who by these sea-marks steer,
"In life's great voyage never err:
"Upon this point I dare defy
"The world. I pause for a reply."
'Sir, either is a good assistant,'
Said one who sat a little distant:
'Truth decks our speeches and our books;
'And Modesty adorns our looks:
'But farther progress we must make;
'Not only born to look and speak:
'The man must act. The Stagyrite
'Says thus, and says extremely right:
'Strict justice is the sovereign guide
'That o'er our actions should preside:
'This Queen of Virtues is confess'd
'To regulate and bind the rest.
'Thrice happy, if you once can find
'Her equal balance poise your mind:
'All different graces soon will enter,
'Like lines concurrent to their center.'

'Twas

'Twas thus, in short, these two went on,
 With *Yea* and *Nay*, and *Pro* and *Con*.
 Thro' many points divinely dark,
 And Waterland assailing Clarke;
 Till, in theology half-lost,
 Damon took up the Evening-Post;
 Confounded Spain, compos'd the North,
 And, deep in politics, held forth:
 "Methinks we're in the like condition,
 "As at the Treaty of Partition:
 "That stroke, for all King William's care,
 "Begot another tedious war.
 "Matthew, who knew the whole intrigue,
 "Ne'er much approv'd that mystic league:
 "In the vile Utrecht Treaty too,
 "Poor Man! he found enough to do.
 "Sometimes to me he did apply;
 "But Downright Dunstable was I,
 "And told him where they were mistaken,
 "And counsel'd him to save his bacon:
 "But (pass his politics and prose)
 "I never herded with his foes;
 "Nay, in his verses, as a friend,
 "I still found something to commend.
 "Sir, I excus'd his Nut-brown Maid,
 "Whate'er severer critics said:
 "Too far, I own, the girl was try'd:
 "The women all were on my side.
 "For Alma I return'd him thanks;
 "I lik'd her with her little pranks:

"Indeed, poor Solomon in rhyme
 "Was much too grave to be sublime."
 Pindar and Damon scorn transition,
 So on he ran a new division;
 Till, out of breath, he turn'd to spit;
 (Chance often helps us more than wit.)
 T'other that lucky moment took,
 Just nick'd the time, broke in, and spoke.
 "Of all the gifts the gods afford
 " (If we may take old Tully's word)
 "The greatest is a friend; whose love
 "Knows how to praise, and when reprove:
 "From such a treasure never part,
 "But hang the jewel on your heart:
 "And, pray Sir (it delights me) tell;
 "You know this Author mighty well?"
 "Know him! d'ye question it? Ods-fish!
 "Sir, does a beggar know his dish?
 "I lov'd him; as I told you, I
 "Advis'd him—" Here a stander-by
 Twitch'd Damon gently by the cloke,
 And thus, unwilling, silence broke:
 "Damon, 'tis time we should retire:
 "The man you talk with is Mat. Prior."
 Patron thro' life, and from my birth my friend,
 Dorset! to thee, this Fable let me send:
 With Damon's lightness weigh thy solid worth;
 The foil is known to set the diamond forth:
 Let the feign'd Tale this real moral give,
 How *many* Damons, how *few* Dorsets, live!

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.



II.

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end,

arth;